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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
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WEARINESS OR BEREAVEMENT—WHICH?

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so
tight.

You do not prize the blessing overmuch—
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the little hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped—
I could not blame you for your heartache
then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At precious darlings clinging to their gown,
Or that the foot prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown,
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I!
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never ruffled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

—Sd.

Should America Have a Westminster Abbey?

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

The mere fact that a building was in contemplation would fire the imagination of many artists. It should be entrusted only to American genius, and only to the very best and highest which can be found available. Hitherto, it may perhaps be said that the progress of America in Art has fallen short of her progress in all other things. But were it once known that she contemplated the erection of a building which was to attain, as nearly as possible, to the ideal of her beauty and magnificence, how intense a stimulus would be given to the toil and to the gifts of every native artist! Of course, the conception of such a structure should be of the grandest and stateliest description.

The architecture should be of the most magnificent proportions; the floors of the most lustrous marbles; the mosaics enriched with precious stone, malachite and lapis lazuli, and agate, and carnelian, and crystal, and every native gem, like those of the most splendid Russian Cathedrals. No painting, no sculpture should be admitted into it which had not stood the test of time, or which did not satisfy the severest canons of contemporary taste. I believe that the beginning of such a building, the mere fact that such a building was in contemplation, would form an epoch in the history of American art. It is true that at the best there would be in your Valhalla, as in our Abbey, many sculptures which succeeding generations would condemn. But even these have their value. They visibly present to the student the history of art. They teach him what to imitate and what to avoid. They reflect with unflinching and unsuspecting accuracy the varying emotions and ideals of the periods by which they were produced.

I should like to point out the certain incidental advantages which would ac-

crue to the American nation from the possession of such a building.

I. It would fire the honorable passion for glory, the desire for earthly immortality won by the bestowal of great and lifelong services. America already feels the spell exercised over her imagination by the "modest mansion on the banks of the Potomac," by the memorial at Gettysburg, by the statues around her capitol at Washington, by the monument on Bunker Hill. How much was expressed by the exclamation of Lord Nelson: "To-morrow a peerage, or Westminster Abbey!"

II. It would give a fresh impulse to literature. A complete literature has sprung up around Westminster Abbey; and it would be difficult to estimate how many valuable books have first been suggested to their authors by lingering in its precincts. The most interesting of Lord Macaulay's essays was suggested to the great historian as he stood talking to Dean Milman under the bust of the great Proconsul, Warren Hastings. It is to that cenotaph that we owe so brilliant a chapter in our Indian history.

III. It would stimulate courage in the faint-hearted, and hopefulness in the despondent. To me history and biography have ever been books of God; and some of the most touching lessons of history and biography are recalled to the mind as we gaze on the memorials, and stand upon the graves of the illustrious dead. Many, strange, and terrible were the calamities which afflicted the great men whose bodies are now buried in peace under those ancient roofs; but they wrestled with them, and they conquered. One day, more than a hundred years ago, a poor bookseller's boy came into the Abbey, groaning under the weight of a load of books which he had to carry to the house of his master's customer. Tired out, the poor boy came in at the great north door, and sat down to rest; as he sat down he burst into involuntary tears as the thought came into his mind: "I am nothing but a poor bookseller's boy, and I shall have nothing to do all my life long but to trudge the streets of London under these heavy burdens!" And then, lifting up his eyes, he caught sight of the statues of the great and good everywhere around him; and he thought: "These men became great, many of them from positions of poverty and obscurity; why should not I?" The boy dried his tears, shouldered his burden. The sacred fire of a noble purpose was kindled in his heart. He grew up to be the eminent and saintly Dr. William Marshman, the first who translated the Holy Scriptures into the dialect of Hindustan—one of the earliest of our great missionaries to that new empire, and the father-in-law of the stainless hero, Sir Henry Havelock, who saved India in the terrible mutiny, and died, like Wolfe, in the hour of victory.

IV. And the lessons derived from these memorials may be indirect, yet very precious. What nation, can afford to let go of any influence which may help to save it from vulgar and commonplace views of life; from false types of excellence; from the paltry competition which strives above all things after material success; from the deification of current popular opinion; from the desire to swim with the stream and to spread the sails to the passing breeze? The memorial of the great and good may tend to inspire purer hopes and loftier aspirations.

V. Such a building is not without its blessed power in making for peace, and unity, and brotherly love, amid the bitterness of political and religious warfare. In the Abbey, Catholic Bishop and Protestant Dean lie side by side, and men who in their lifetime would have burned each other. There is the memorial of Milton, and the tomb of Bishop Sprat, who thought that the name of Milton was a pollution to the Abbey walls. There, side by side, *Reyno Consortes et urna*, in the stately tomb of the Tudors lie the sister Queens, Elizabeth, who burned Catholics, and Mary, who burned Protestants. There, side by side, are the memorials of statesmen whose lives were internecine warfare.—*The Brooklyn Magazine*, for November.

Make Excuses.

Not for your self, but for others. So little is known of the interior life of even those whose history is thought to be well known, that motives would often justify what seem like very strange acts. A brother in the church whose income was known to be constant on the increase, was condemned because his contributions towards the support of the Gospel did not increase, as was thought proportionately. But matters of equal importance with those of the church's interest were making constant demands upon his purse, and as it was in the direction of a private nature, outsiders thought him simply close and unwilling to give as he was able.

A beautiful fable, read long ago, relate show a person who was thought to be very contrary, was being constantly impelled to act in a manner at variance with the wishes of his friends by an unseen spirit, who was continually guiding and commanding the actions of the man, who alone could see and understand the spirit's teachings and presence. The ancient philosophers used to command their sons to exact much of themselves to be severe in condemning their own deeds but to be slow in passing judgment upon the acts of other men. One of their mottoes was, "Believe only half that you see, and nothing that you hear." This referred to adverse hearings. This spirit of making excuses for seemingly questionable conduct finds only another expression in the warning of the Scriptures, "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

A nobleman whose sensitiveness was mistaken for hauteur, was anxious to secure as private secretary a man who would be likely to think charitably of his unfortunate manners. While riding one day, he overtook a man who had been pointed out to him as a very eccentric, though learned person. The nobleman, in his hunting suit, presented so different an appearance from what he did in court costume, that the gentleman failed entirely to recognize him when he overtook him and began a conversation.

"I see," said the nobleman, "we are riding over the domains of the Earl of X—." "Yes; so I thought." "He is said to be a very dogged sort of person." "Is he indeed? Do you know the Earl?" "Yes I know him well. I'm sorry to say he is churlish at times." "Then he is a man to be respected." "Why so?" "If he is only churlish at times, he must be heroic, as the occasional petulance must be the result of a constant trial. This must be under control when he is

pleasant." "But he is distant and haughty besides." "You must excuse me, but I should have to be convinced of that before I could accept it as a fact." "Then my word is not enough for it?" "Sir the word of no one is sufficient guarantee in attacking the name or fame of a person unknown. My own character and motives are too difficult of analysis to admit of an instant's doubt on my part as to the motives which actuate another. The mercy I to others show must be the mercy to expect from others to me. Such were my teachings in the nursery. I can never unlearn them."

The man, though poor when he entered the Earl's grounds, was soon raised to a position of trust and honor, one for which his early teachings, never to be unlearned, had fully fitted him. An aged Christian, who always would find excuses for every one, no matter how glaring the fault was once told of the shameful misdeeds of a professing Christian the account being concluded with the words, "You surely cannot make excuses for such conduct as that." "Very well," was the reply, "then I shall leave it to God to condemn him." Make excuses wherever you can; when that is impossible, imitate the example of this aged saint—leave condemnation to God.—*Golden Rule*.

A great many people are wondering why the pulpit has lost its old-time power over the masses, and a great many other people are either explaining the causes of this decline, or mourning over its existence. Meanwhile, the simple facts all go to show that there was never a time since the days of John the Baptist, or of Jonah, or of Noah, when the pulpit exercised so large a power—actually or relatively—as in our own generation. It is probably true that no single preacher ever reached so many persons, or so large a proportion of the population of the globe, as Mr. Spurgeon, or, again, as Mr. Moody. Certain it is, that pulpit talent never commanded such respect or such remuneration in the great cities of Europe and America as at the present time. And among the many eminent and illustrious recent visitors from one shore of the Atlantic to the other, no class of persons has received warmer welcome, or been greeted by larger and more enthusiastic assemblages, than well-known preachers. Archdeacon Farrar is certainly not limited in his influence, in the pulpit or on the platform, by a lack of popular or of critical appreciation of the preacher's mission. Crowds welcomed Monsignor Capel, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Rev. Newman Hall, throughout our country. On the other side, the Rev. Phillips Brooks was no less of a sensation in Great Britain, all the way from the ordinary parish church to the chapel of royalty; and neither Dr. Cuyler nor Dr. Talmage had cause to complain that he was without such attention as was formerly given to a popular preacher. It may, indeed, be fair to ask, What is the cause of the greatly added prominence of the Christian pulpit in our day?—*S. S. Times*.

Keeping Sunday.

At a Summer seaside resort a young man asked permission to take a young lady out yachting, but her mother objected on account of its being the Sabbath.

"Oh, we don't have Sundays down here," returned one of the guests.

Yielding to her daughter's entreaties and the arguments of the other boarders that they did not keep Sunday there, the mother consented.

The two young people were gone until late.

On their return the mother expressed herself much relieved to see her daughter safe, saying in apology to the others: "I worried all the time that M—was gone, for I thought if she had met with any accident how it would sound when noticed in the papers that it happened on Sunday."

There was no Sunday in this woman's heart or principles. How her conduct appeared in the eyes of the Most High did not concern her; she thought only of the world—what the world might say.

A young man at the same place said, in excuse for his going yachting that day, "Really, we cannot tell Sundays from week days down here."

And why not?

"There was no church there."

Well, what of that? Is it necessary to attend church in order to keep the Sabbath? Not at all. All people keep the Sabbath who have Sabbath principles, even where there is no church service.

"Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

"I have in a long life of authorship never written on Sunday," said a popular author of good influence to us recently.

There was a Sabbath wherever this woman was. She carried the Sabbath principles in her heart. We can make a Sunday of our own if those around us do not.

In our hearts there is a place where we can raise an altar to the King of kings, and be sure that the Holy Spirit will descend in the silent worship, and the Father rejoices in the homage of his children.—*Youth's Companion*.

Comparative Giving.

There is room for profitable reflection in the following contrast between the Presbyterian and the Methodist Episcopal Church, in reference to their comparative work in cause of missions, as drawn by the *Golden Censer*. It says: "While the Methodists under Chaplain McCabe's inspiration are hoping to raise a million for missions, home and foreign together, the Presbyterians have been giving more than a million a year for some time. In 1885 their report was \$632,906 for home missions, 548,623 for foreign missions, a total of \$1,181,529, about \$5,000 more than in 1884, and yet they number only 643,745 communicants, while the Methodists have 1,800,150. The missionary contributions of the Presbyterians have averaged, therefore, \$1.84 per member, while the Methodists average on the million basis will be but 55½ cents. True, the former control more wealth, proportionately, but there is room for the million to come without hurt." It would certainly pay our Methodist Episcopal brethren to note the suggestions of the above contrast, and it might prove just as profitable for some other denominations to study the same thing.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

J. B. Talman, of Lynn, Mass., has given \$30,000 for the enforcement of the liquor laws, and the trustees of the fund are pushing liquor prosecutors.

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.

General Harrison's Temperance.

A public dinner had been given him on one occasion. At the close of the dinner one of the gentlemen drank his health. The general pledged his toast by drinking water. Another gentleman offered a toast and said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The general, in a very gentlemanly way, begged to be excused. He was again urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from his seat and said, in the most dignified manner, "Gentlemen, I have twice refused to partake of the wine-cup. I hope that will be sufficient. Though you press the matter ever so much, not a drop shall pass my lips. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated at college together. The other sixteen members of my class now fill drunkard's graves, and all from the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, my happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Would you urge me to break it now?"—Youth's World.

A prominent paper in Maine thus speaks in regard to the curtailment of the liquor traffic in that state:

"In a large part of Maine an entire generation has grown up practically ignorant of the liquor traffic, never having seen a liquor shop, nor the pernicious effects of the saloon."

We hope the day is not distant, and that we may live to see it, when as much can be truthfully said of every other state in the Union. Our fathers rebelled against the taxation of tea. Another rebellion is near. Rum has got to go overboard. The liquor traffic must stop. Let the fight go on. Let us save the hundreds of millions of dollars paid in the past, in grog bills. Let us do more—far more—save from the drunkard's grave yearly an uncounted army of young men, and thousands of families from disgrace and ruin.—Independent.

The Grand Jury of the General Sessions in one of their presentations to the Recorder of this city state that out of 323 cases acted on during the October term "a large proportion was directly traceable to the very prevalent indulgence in drinking intoxicating liquors." They add: "We are impressed with the fact that the depraved appetite is not alone responsible for the evils that exist, but conjointly with the temptations that are presented on every hand throughout our city in the very large number of licensed saloons and drinking places, standing open night and day, and numbering about 10,000, many of them being notoriously disreputable. . . . We do therefore present the Board of Excise of the city of New York as being highly culpable, according to their own statements recently made to the Senate investigating committee, for the most indiscriminate system of licensing now being practised in our city."—New York Observer.

The Hon. Neal Dow gives the "results" of prohibition in the State of Maine, in the following pithy sentences: "Every distillery and brewery has been suppressed; there is not one remaining in the state. The liquor traffic has been reduced at least to one-twentieth of its former volume. In more than three-fourths of the state, containing more than three-fourths of our population, the traffic is practically unknown. All our rural districts, our smaller towns and villages, have been delivered from the curse of the saloons, where they were numerous and obtrusive in the old rum time."

The liquor dealers in the Southern States where the temperance sentiment is spreading have it in their power to measurably secure their trade and promote temperance as well by working for high license in the larger towns. The rural sentiment is setting strongly against the liquor traffic by reason of the effect it has upon the colored laborers. Improvement has followed local option in many sections and there are many who think that local option or high license will ere long constitute the policy of the cotton states toward the liquor trade.—Baltimore Morning Herald.

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the braves of any country or of any age.—Ruskin.

The study of the drink question in Switzerland has disclosed the fact that the use of alcoholic beverages is largest in those cantons in which wages are lowest, and the people are the poorest. Drunkenness tends to poverty and want; and then this state of things fosters the drunkenness.

The Curse of our Era.

The drink habit is beyond all question the greatest curse of modern life. Social drinking ruins more homes and destroys more young men and young women, than all the social habits combined. The drink traffic does more to corrupt politics, perpetuate and multiply poverty, to incite to violence and brawls, to keep the poor, poor, and make them poorer, than all other curses combined. It costs the nation more in life and money than war, pestilence and famine. It more urgently demands quarantine than the cholera; it is a more serious menace to national well-being than armies and fleets of foreign powers. It is the obstacle to all moral and social progress.

"The temperance cause," says Richard Cobden, "lies at the foundation of all social and political reform." How shall we lay out this foundation? How shall we establish this quarantine? How shall we decrease this awful expenditure? How shall we check, restrain, regulate, or extirpate this drink habit? This is the immediate question which addresses itself to every citizen, every parent, every social reformer.—Christian Union.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, talent or style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any or every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference—the bright little fountain of joy will bubble up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is too serious for them "to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face across its turbid tide would not awake an answering gleam? Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics, just get one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything that she can cure you. The long drawn line about your mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish—nobody knows where—and the first thing you know you are laughing. Ah! what a blessing are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch? No one knows, no one will ever know, until the judgement reveals, how much we owe to these hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women!—Household Beacon.

Youth's Department.

How Boy Blue Mended the World.

Boy Blue was listening, while grandpa and another old gentleman talked. I don't know why they called him Boy Blue, unless it was because he had such blue eyes, for he would have been the very last boy to go fast asleep under a hay-stack, while the cows were getting into the corn. Not he, indeed; those bright eyes of his would have spied them before they got within smelling distance of the corn, and he would have been on hand with his big dog to make them scamper the other way in a hurry.

If you asked that dog's name, Boy Blue would answer, "Guess;" and then after you had guessed Rover and Dash and Fido and Carlo, and all the other dogs' names you ever heard of, and got tired of it and asked, "Well what is his name, then?" Boy Blue would still answer "Guess," with his eyes just brimful and running over with fun. And then, if you began again, and guessed all the dogs' names you never did hear of, and got quite out of patience this time, and declared you would not guess any more, and he must tell you, Boy Blue would laugh so hard that he would tumble down and roll around the ground, shouting, "Guess! Guess!" For that was the dog's name.

Well, as I said, Boy Blue and Guess were listening to grandpa and another old gentleman talking. Boy Blue was very much interested in listening, for they were telling about something which he thought ought to be attended to right away. They were saying that the world needed mending; that it was in a very bad way, and getting worse all the time; that things were not at all like they used to be, and nobody could tell where it would all end.

"Grandpa," said Boy Blue, "is it really true that the world needs mending?" "Yes, indeed, child, badly enough," sighed the old man, shaking his head, but never looking down at Boy Blue's earnest face.

"But where, grandpa—where does it need mending?"

"Everywhere, child. You can't take a step right or left without seeing it."

Boy Blue looked around. Sure enough, there was a big hole in the middle of the road. It had been there ever so long, and horses had stumbled into it, and wagons had jounced off part of their loads by running a wheel into it, and the drivers had scolded and grumbled, but nobody had ever tried to mend it. Boy Blue stood still and thought about it. The world was getting worn out, it was plain.

"It'll have to be mended, that's all about it," said he to himself. "I should think grandpa and Mr. Peters would go right to work at it now. I know I can mend that hole in the road, anyhow, and that'll be so much done. Come along, Guess."

Guess came along, and did not hang back even when he saw the little cart pulled out, which he was not at all fond of drawing. He had learned by melancholy experience that if Boy Blue made up his mind to have a thing done, it had to be done sooner or later, and he might as well be good-natured about it. So back and forth he trotted, dogfully doing his part to mend the world. It took a good deal of hard work to get big stones and little stones and gravel enough to fill that hole, but Boy Blue and Guess kept at it, and when the last cartful of gravel was finally stamped down hard you would hardly have known there had ever been a hole there.

All that time grandpa and Mr. Peters stood and talked and shook their heads; but Boy Blue did not mind them any more. He had found out what needed to be done, and he meant to do his part of it anyway. When the hole was filled up, he looked around for something else to mend, and he saw a hen hopping

through a gap in the fence where two pickets were off. Up jumped Boy Blue as eager as ever, and trudged off for hammer and nails, and was soon pounding away at the pickets, as if his life depended on getting them in place. He remembered now how many times mother had run out yesterday to scare hens away. People got worn out, too, sometimes, and have to be mended, he reflected.

Well, this would be one more thing mended. When he got the pickets on he meant to go and nail down the loose board on the back door-steps. Mother had said that morning that she believed she would break her leg on that board. It would be easier to mend the board than the leg, and would not take so long either.

When the fence and the steps were in good condition again Boy Blue stood still a few minutes, not immediately seeing any more work to do. Presently he caught sight of a broken place in one of the square, hollow pillars of the porch. Joe had staved it in one day with the handle of his rake, and Boy Blue remembered that grandpa had said that it must be pretty rotten, or it would not have broken so easily. He looked at the hole and poked his fingers into it; then he pulled out his knife and proceeded to investigate further. Then he went and examined the other pillar, and as the result of that examination, he dodged outside of the porch, and shouted, "grandpa!" at the top of his lungs.

Grandpa, who had finished his talk with Mr. Peters, and was taking a quiet doze on the sitting-room lounge, sprang up, and rushed out on the porch, expecting at least to see Boy Blue lying on the ground under the big apple-tree with his leg broken. But Boy Blue's legs appeared to be perfectly sound, and he remarked calmly: "I wouldn't stand under that porch roof if I were you, grandpa, 'cause the pillars are so rotten it might come down almost any time."

"Pillars rotten!" said grandpa. "Oh, nonsense. Is that all you're screaming about?"

"Come out here and give me leave to give 'em one good hit?" asked Boy Blue, eagerly, longing for a bit of fun after all his hard work. But grandpa thought it prudent to examine before giving his permission; and the result of his examination was that he immediately went to work to prop up the porch roof with stout poles.

"May I now?" asked Boy Blue.

"Well, yes," responded grandpa; "if they come down with one hit, they can't be of much use."

Boy Blue rushed off for a club and aimed a valiant blow at one of the pillars. Cr-rack! and with a splintering and crumbling noise the decayed wood fell into so many pieces that there was hardly one large enough to pick up. The other pillar met with a like fate.

"My patience!" exclaimed grandpa, surveying the ruins; "that thing might have come down on our heads any evening when we were sitting out here, and broken all our skulls for us. How did you come to find out 'twas so rotten, sonny?"

"Why, I was looking for something to mend, and I thought I'd mend that hole Joe punched in the pillar, and then I found it was so rotten I was afraid it would come down on my head, so I hollered at you."

"What did you want something to mend for?" asked the old man in surprise.

"Because I heard you and Mr. Peters saying the world needed mending, and I thought I'd do my share; and I mended the hole in the road while you stood there talking; and then I fixed the fence and the door-step—"

"Mended the hole in the road!" interrupted grandpa, greatly astonished; and down he went to the gate to see for himself that the dreaded hole was actually filled up and smoothed over as if it had never been.

"And he did it while we stood groaning over the world needing mending," muttered grandpa, under his breath; "and it's been there for months, and neither of us ever thought of touching it. Such little hands too! I hope the next generation will be like Boy Blue."—Ida M. Lano, in Harper's Young People.

The Queen and the Child.

One day Queen Elizabeth, the wife of Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, was walking in the garden connected with the palace. Her gardener had a niece named Gretchen with him in the garden. She was on a visit to her uncle. Gretchen lived in the city of Berlin. Her father was a gardener too.

The queen talked with little Gretchen and was so pleased with her simplicity and her bright and intelligent answers that she told her uncle to let her come to the palace and make her a visit. So Gretchen dressed herself very neatly and went to the palace at the time appointed.

The good queen who was then at dinner, was much pleased to hear that her little visitor had come, and ordered her to be brought in at once. Gretchen ran up to her kind friend, courtesied to her very respectfully, and kissed her dress. At the request of the queen she was placed on a chair by her side, where she could see at once all the splendid sights which the table presented. There was a large company dining with the queen; lords, and princes and officers of the army, and ladies were there, sparkling with gold and jewels. It was the first time this innocent child had ever seen such a sight, and the queen felt curious to know what effect it would have upon her.

Gretchen looked quietly upon the costly dresses of the company, and at the beautiful dishes of china and gold that covered the table, and was silent for awhile. Then, while all the persons at the table were looking at her, she closed her eyes and repeated in a simple, touching way, this verse of a hymn her father had taught her:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are—my glorious dress, 'Midst flaming words, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head."

The company was greatly surprised, and deeply moved. One of the ladies said to the queen with tears in her eyes, "Happy child! We thought she would envy us, but we have much more reason to envy her."—The Fountain.

The resignation of Dr. Noah Porter, the veteran president of Yale College, took the community (outside, certainly, of New Haven) by surprise. Dr. Porter has been at the head of Yale College for fourteen years, and seemed to be still in the ripe vigor of a masculine intellect. We have heard, however, intimation that his heavy labors were making serious inroads upon his nervous system. He has for years held an enviable position in the world of letters for his broad scholarship especially in philosophy and Christian apologetics. He has held both the reverence and affection of the graduates of the college, and no man has enjoyed the profounder respect of the Christian public. His philosophical volumes and his admirable shorter essays will be his permanent monument. His release from the government of the institution will give him time, that he must have desired, to give the world, in permanent form, the further results of his life's studies.—Zion's Herald.

STRIKES.—Strike, not for better wages in servitude, but for independence. Organize, not to be idle, but to be busy. Combine, not against your employers, but that you may employ yourselves. You battle, not for the rights of labor, but for the right not to labor; it is a barren, fruitless right, not worth fighting for. Victory is as bad as defeat. For combination, put co-operation; for the few hours and fair wages, put independence; for a right to be idle put power to work. Make yourselves capitalists, combine your capital with your industry, and add to it by your credit, and so become your own masters.—Century.

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Ministers and laymen on the Peninsula are requested to furnish items of interest connected with the work of the Church for insertion. All communications intended for publication to be addressed to the PENINSULA METHODIST, Wilmington, Del. Those desired for any particular number must be in hand, the longer ones by Saturday, and the news items not later than Tuesday morning. All subscribers changing their post-office address should give both the old as well as the new.

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

HAVING put in a new Gordon Steam Power Job Press, of the latest improved pattern, as well as a lot of new type, we are now prepared, better than ever heretofore, to do all kinds of Church, Sunday School and Commercial Job Printing, at reasonable prices.

THE PENINSULA METHODIST will be sent free for the remaining months of the present year to any one subscribing now for the year 1886; in other words, we will send the paper from now until December 31, 1886, to any one enclosing to us, ONE DOLLAR, or paying the same to his pastor.

Missions.

The annual review of the Missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church is carefully made early in November, soon after the close of the fiscal year, Oct. 31st. While the Society is an incorporated body under the laws of New York, the entire administration is under the supervision of a body known as the General Committee, which is constituted so as to represent the entire Church. The Annual Conferences are classified in thirteen Districts, as equally as to number of ministers and members as may be, and each District has one representative on this General Committee: the corporation has thirteen representatives; these twenty-six lay and clerical members, with the secretaries and treasurers and the Bishops compose this General Committee. It would seem that every possible provision was made for the wise and faithful administration of this great department of Church work. The estimates furnished by the missions themselves are examined and modified or approved by the Corporation, and then referred to this General Committee for their consideration, and approval or and modification.

The last session of this committee was held in the city of New York, Nov. 5-11, inst., and the proceedings were of special interest to the entire Church. We give a condensed resume. The treasurer's report showed an aggregate of receipts of \$826,827.86, an advance of \$95,702.50 on those of the year preceding. Of this increase \$41,895.96 were in the regular Conference collections; \$51,931.81 in legacies, and \$1,924.73 in what is termed sundries. The entire expense of administration, \$47,511.83, is but five and three quarters per cent. of the amount received, so that the stale slander, that it takes one dollar of Missionary money to send another to the heathen is exploded, by the fact that on the above showing it only takes five and three quarters cents to send it. But the expense of administration is really less; for, of the above charges, \$12,626.54 is for interest, and \$6,390.09, for publication account: reducing the item, strictly chargeable to expenses, to \$28,495.20, or less than two and one half per cent. on receipts. We think this a most satisfac-

tory showing. Chaplain McCabe, commenting on the gratification felt at the advance in missionary collections, said, "there are still greater surprises in store for us, if we get into harmony with God in his great plans for the salvation of the world." On his motion it was resolved to ask the Church for one million dollars, and that appropriations to the foreign and domestic missions be made to the amount of \$850,000, for the ensuing year. On motion of Bishop Andrews, after considerable discussion, \$360,000 of this amount was apportioned to mission work in this country.

The several foreign fields were represented, and so gratifying were the reports that proceedings were suspended, on the suggestion of Bishop Harris, when the doxology was sung, and prayer offered by Rev. J. F. Goucher, of Baltimore. As to Africa, it was stated that in Liberia there was a steady increase in members. On motion of Bishop Foss \$3,000 were placed at the disposal of the Board of Managers for payment of salary to Bishop Taylor; The work in South America has peculiar difficulties, but is steadily growing in religious interest. Bishop Fowler spoke of successful hospital work in China, and that a door was opened to twenty millions of people speaking the same dialect; Bishop Hurst was glad to announce perfect religious liberty now prevails in Bavaria.

Bishop Hurst said that the North India Missions were characterized especially by direct revival work, and the results obtained were really remarkable. Dr. Curry stated that his conviction, after thorough investigation was that the sun does not shine upon any more successful Mission work, than that which we have in India. Millions of heathen are accessible to the Gospel, and ready to surrender, at the command of the Lord Jesus. Dr. Hatfield described it, as a work more resembling Pentecost than any since the days of the Apostles. Bishop Fowler had an impression this growth was rather too rapid for healthy spiritual development. The South India Mission, having applied for a grant, upon the stipulation that it be used for mission work by native agencies, and for every dollar so expended a dollar shall be contributed from the field so aided, Bishop Taylor's plan of self-support came up for comment, when Chaplain McCabe spoke of the necessity of enthusiasm in carrying on the work of the Church, and declared his belief that Bishop Taylor had done a great work for the Church. Dr. Curry stated his conviction that Bishop Taylor's plan was the only one which had any chance of success in Africa. From Sweden we have a very interesting and inviting field opening into Russian Finland.

The rest of our summary must be deferred till next week.

Freedmen's Aid.

The eighteenth Anniversary of this Society, whose special mission is to assist in the education of the illiterate white and black population of the South, was held Nov. 7, in New York city. Receipts \$143,752.53, an increase over last year of \$10,299.48. The Conference collections were \$70,992.73, an advance of \$4,530.83. Students contributions toward self-help were \$15,570.42, an advance of \$2,427.84; showing a commendable disposition to help themselves, which should enlist the sympathies of others to supply what is lacking. Each year we are assured, more is being received in tuition and room-rent from the students. The schools maintained and aided the last year are as follows: Colored schools, 22, teachers, 112, students, 4243; white schools, 18, teachers, 55, students, 1709.

The following facts indicate the gratifying progress that has been made in the work among the colored people. The Gannon School of Theology in Atlanta, Georgia, in which there are now 40 candidates for the ministry, will soon have, through the continued benefactions of Mr. Gannon, a second large building

costing \$27,000. Biblical classes are maintained in all the colleges. Meharry Medical College has graduated over 50 cultured Christian physicians, and 41 students are now in attendance. A first class seminary, is at Winstead, La., and two new buildings have been erected at a cost of \$10,000; in New Orleans a three acre lot on the principal avenue of the city has been bought, and a contract has been let for a \$30,000 college building; and if friends will promptly furnish the money, it will be ready for occupancy next fall. The industrial schools are doing a most successful work. The colored churches are largely used as school-houses: in Louisiana, alone there are forty such in which there are 1500 pupils.

Buildings and grounds have been secured for a University for whites, at Little Rock, Ark., costing \$47,000, of which the citizens have given \$7000. At Chattanooga, Tenn., a building costing \$40,000 will be completed next August. Of this the citizens gave \$15,000. Besides this, fourteen acres of ground were bought for its site two years ago for \$31,000. The seminary work suffers for lack of funds. A most gracious revival influence has pervaded all the schools.

Bishop Malliecu made an eloquent plea for more sympathy and money for the South in its poverty and need, and paid glowing tributes to the heroism and success of our ministers and teachers there. Gen. Fisk said, "No million and a half dollars given by the Methodist Episcopal Church has yielded more in return, than that given to this Society, and no benevolence of the Church has been managed with greater care or efficiency."

Quite a little breeze was raised in the General Committee of Church Extension, by the distribution of a pamphlet, written by Mr. Thomas W. Price, a well known layman of Philadelphia and a delegate at one time to the General Conference, sharply criticising the administration of the Board of Church Extension. A telegram from our book-agents in Cincinnati, asking for explanation of sensational rumors of defalcation was read, and added not a little to the velocity of the wind. Mr. Price, it seems had sent his pamphlet to the Board of Church Extension, at their meeting on the 11th inst., and it had been received and referred to a special committee. Being apprehensive that it would not have the attention he desired, and wishing to bring it to the notice of the Church through the General Committee, he sent a copy to them, and distributed copies freely among the members and visitors. Of course the reporters made the most of the facts to accomplish an attractive sensation. The General Committee deemed it wise to order that a telegram signed by the chairman, Bishop S. M. Merrill, and secretary, Rev. John S. J. McConnell, be sent abroad through the Associated Press, denying that there was any defalcation, and stating that the accounts had been properly audited, and found to be correct. In the excitement, it seemed to be overlooked that Mr. Price had stated in his pamphlet, "I have no doubt of the personal honesty of any one connected with your Board, or the administration of its affairs;" his chief object being to call attention to the methods of administration to which he took grave exception, as unwise and calculated to make erroneous impressions as to what was actually done. Dr. Kynett, the Cor. Secretary was conceded the privilege of making a statement vindicating himself and the Board in the various matters criticised by Mr. Price; and charging that the pamphlet misrepresented the facts in the case. The General Committee decided, in view of the fact that Mr. Price's communication was already in the hands of a committee of the Board, able and willing to thoroughly examine and determine the whole matter, it would be unwise for them to consider it further.

Dr. Wallace, our racy correspondent, whose serial articles in the PENINSULA METHODIST, have attracted so widespread and so favorable attention, does us the honor of a complimentary notice in the *Ocean Grove Record* of last Saturday, his own popular sea-side Weekly. Commendation from so proficient a veteran in the "art preservative," and so accomplished an occupant of the chair-editorial, means a good deal, and is highly appreciated. But here is what he says: "Few of the papers falling under our eye every week show a healthier indication of progress than the *Peninsula Methodist*. Both in its typographical and editorial departments, we notice a steady improvement."

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The General Executive Committee of this Society convened the 28th ult., in its sixteenth annual session, in the beautiful village of Evanston Ill. Evanston, with its broad streets, wealth of shade, honey homes encircled by extensive and perfectly kept lawns, seems entitled to perpetual summer. But we found it a bit—a choice bit of Earth; and the serene and yellow leaf, the russet and scarlet fluttering from parent stem or rustling under passing feet repeated the old lesson of life's brevity, and reminded of the faithfulness of Him who said, "summer and winter shall not cease" of Him whom we serve and on whom we depend.

The village with its seven thousand inhabitants, is beautiful for situation, on the shore of Lake Michigan, twelve miles north of Chicago, and is a centre of Methodist influence, culture and devotion. The Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute are beautifully located directly upon the shore of the Lake, and the Woman's College, but a few blocks distant. Mrs. Cummings, (wife of Rev. Dr. Joseph Cummings President of the University and College) being asked, "What is the standing of the College?" replied, turning toward the score or more of women by whom she was surrounded, "These are its graduates."

Three delegates from each of the nine Branches, with a president and secretaries elected at the time of meeting, comprise the General Executive Committee: whose business it is to review the record of the past year, both at home and abroad, to consider estimates for work in hand and other work deemed necessary or desirable, to pass upon credentials and qualifications of missionary applicants, and to plan and pray that He whose right it is to reign may speedily reign over all the earth.

Reports from Branch secretaries showed an aggregate of 3,670 auxiliary societies, and 110,847 members: \$157,442.66 had been collected during the year an increase over the previous year of \$14,243. Appropriations for the present year aggregate \$190,695. Of this amount Philadelphia Branch pledges \$21,000, Baltimore Branch \$11,157. The writer served in the committee on missionary candidate and also in committee on new work; and can testify to thoroughness in the sifting of the candidates, and extra caution in recommending or rejecting proposals for New Work. Five young ladies, upon the recommendation of the committee were accepted as missionaries; and Nankin and Singapore added to the list of mission fields.

The committee were about to offer a resolution to the effect, that owing to the lack of funds they could not recommend the opening of work at Nankin, when lo! a woman whose heart God had stirred, stepped forward with the requisite funds, \$4,000, and the work was recommended. Another pledged the \$3,000 called for, to commence operations at Singapore,—a city so wicked that a member of the committee said to Dr. Parkhurst, after his representation, "Brother, you have uncapped the mouth of hell!" A woman in Calcutta, strongly recommended by Dr. Thoburn, offers herself for the

service. "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." The reader can hardly imagine the sorrow with which we said nay, to a request for \$10,000, with which to open an "Industrial Home" for the women of Japan. This is the need of such a charity, as represented by one who has labored among them, "Such is the poverty of 'progressive Japan,' that to large numbers of poor women there can be but one of three destinies. One is slow death by starvation, the second is death by suicide, the third is death by physical dishonor."

Oh, sisters of this conference! how much owest thou? Do two cents per week represent it?"

E. B. S.

What are Christians For?

A lady who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded, was once spoken to by one who was familiar with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with for going among such a class of people.

It does seem wonderful to me how you can do such work," her friend said, "You sit beside these people, and talk to the min a way that I don't think you could possibly do if you knew all about them—just what they are, and from what places they have come."

Her answer: "I suppose they are dreadful people; but if Christ were on earth, are they not the very sort of people he would strive to reach? Would he feel himself too good to go among them?"

A poor illiterate person who stood listening to this talk, said with great earnestness and simplicity, "Why! I always thought that was just what Christians were for."

The objector was silenced and what wonder? Is that not what Christians are for? If not, then, in the name of all that is good, what are they for? Are people to come respectably into a fashionable church, and be known as Christians only by their presence at regular intervals at the communion table, but never to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?"

Let us hear and remember His Word: "As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." Do we at all recognize this as a fact—that we are sent of God into the world in some sense as Christ was sent, that men through him might be saved? If we do, let us remember that there is no human soul too degraded to be sought out and brought to Him who stooped to the vilest; who came to "seek and to save that which was lost," and whose command to His servants is, even yet, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—*Presbyterian Journal*.

The Men Who are Promoted.

The *Manufacturers' Gazette*, in a recent editorial, made the following statements, regarding young men and their advancement, which others than the class to whom it is addressed will do well to heed;

"The young men who receive promotion are the men who do not drink on the sly. They are not the men who are always at the front whenever there is any strike, nor are they the men who watch for the clock to strike twelve, and leave their picks hanging in the air. They are not the men to growl if they are required to attend to some duty a few minutes after the whistle has sounded. They are the men usually who pay the closest attention to the details of their business, who act as if they were trying to work for their employer's interest instead of to beat him at every crook and turn. They are the men who give the closest attention to every practical detail, and who look continually to see whether they can do any better or not. This class of men are never out of a job. They are scarce. They never strike, they never loaf, and they do not ask for their pay two or three weeks before pay day."

TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me; I look across the years, and see Myself beside my mother's knee. I feel her gentle hand restrain My selfish moods, and know again A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

The Worth of a Song.

A hot, blazing summer's day, with the sun pouring its almost perpendicular rays into every court and cranny of a quaint old town! It brightens with sunny fingers qucer tumble-down gables, brilliant emerald patches of greensward, and somber fir-trees.

The door is opened and a welcome spoken by the little granddaughter, who hastily sets a chair for the visitor. It is a sad scene that meets her eyes. A bed with tumbled covering, in the full blaze of the sun, and upon it the form of a poor invalid.

"Can you sing?" asks the poor woman.

"A little," is the answer; and then the well known strains of "Rock of Ages" and "The Gates Ajar" sound within the room.

"Not only ajar, dear Mrs. Chew, but wide open—as wide as the Lord could set it and God can keep it."

Once more the old, old story is told, and again a hymn is sung. This time it is "Sweeping Through the Gates;" and then the visitor takes her departure.

Day after day passes, and life is quietly ebbing away. Lower and lower flickers the flame, but brighter and brighter gleams the trust kindled that day.

At last comes the summons, and a hasty message is dispatched to the now well-known visitor: "Mother is dying, and wants to see you."

"Mother is 'most gone, miss," are the first words that meet her. But still the eyes have a pleading look, and the daughter (well accustomed to read the slightest glance) says, "She wants a hymn miss."

"Two or three are begun and abandoned as 'not right,' but at last, tremblingly and falteringly, comes— "Sweeping through the Gates of the New Jerusalem.

Washed in the blood of the Lamb." Ah! it is right at last! The tired eyes seem to reflect the glow from "over the river," and it deepens as no earthly glory could do.

The song ceases, and then Mrs. Chew lifts her hand, and the voice, thought to be silent forever, says, gladly and triumphantly, "Yes! washed thoroughly—thoroughly—THOROUGHLY!"

A last good-bye is spoken, and that night the weary sufferer "wins home." A message is left for the young visitor: "Tell Miss—I shall meet her there!"

Dear girls, I have told you this little

incident to show you how "singing for Jesus" is blessed. Will you not take it up, and, by God's grace and through love to him who has done so much for you, consecrate your "gift of song" to his service?—Our Own Magazine.

Very few persons have any idea of the enormous amount of business done by some of the Western pork-houses. For instance, the firm of Armour & Co., who have houses in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Kansas City, did a business last year of \$102,000,000.

Rev. Zacheus Bowen, an old and highly esteemed local preacher from the Peninsula, passed to his home in heaven on the 8th day of August, in the 82d year of his age, having been born February 9, 1804.

OBITUARY.

Sunday, Nov. 1st, 1885, the Trappe charge lost, by death, one of its noble women. Mrs. Joseph H. Mullikin, for a number of years an active member of our church, and at the time of her death a steward good and true.

Almost at the same hour of her burial, a noble young man, son of Bro. E. Corkran of Landing Neck was laid away in his last resting place, leaving many sad hearts.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 24th, 1885, Mrs. Sallie Coulbourne Conner, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Thomas L. Coulbourne, in Somerset County, Maryland, aged sixty-eight years, five months and seven days.

When nineteen years of age she was converted, and with her brother and sister, united with the class at St. Peter's Methodist Episcopal Church, on Annapessex Circuit.

December 20th 1837, she was united in marriage with Rev. Nathan C. Conner, who as a local preacher, has, like herself, been devoted to the interests of Methodism, laboring faithfully to extend the cause of the Redeemer; and now in the evening of life, beyond three-score years and ten, bereft of the companion of his youth, he awaits the call of his Master.

The altar of prayer was erected, the family bible was daily consulted, and the songs of Zion rose, like incense to the skies. It was her delight to entertain God's servants, and like Martha, supply their temporal need, or like Mary at the Master's feet, learn more of the way of life.

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She was the mother of seven sons and one daughter, whom she carefully trained in the knowledge of the scriptures, and the catechism of the church. Nor did she rest satisfied, until they had professed conversion and united with the church.

One of her sons, a bright boy understanding much of the plan of salvation, died when about eight years of age. Another son Rev. Samuel S. Conner, entered the Philadelphia Conference, but after traveling two years was stricken down with the small-pox, on his way to his Circuit, and died in Seaford, Del., March 1865.

About seven years ago, by an accident, she was confined to her room for months, and became permanently lame, but no murmur escaped her lips; she was the same cheerful Christian. Her death sickness was of short duration.

"Don't suffer cold to accumulate on cold until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation. Attack the first symptoms of pulmonary irritation with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tarr and achieve an easy victory."

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Don't suffer cold to accumulate on cold until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation.

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Sunday School Cards.

The Ten Commandments, Illuminated Border Size 4 x 24. Price per set, 25cts. The Lord's Prayer, with Illuminated Border Size 4 x 24. Price per set, 25cts.

The Cardinal Virtues, Illustrated: Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, Prudence, Justice and Fortitude. Selections from Scripture bearing on each. Price per set, 10 cts.

Precious Words. A series of eighty short verses, mostly from the Bible. Miniature Floral cards drab ground. Eight cards on sheet. Price per set, 20 cts.

Floral Cards; with short Texts: Six cards on sheet. Price per set, 20 cts. Floral Cards; drab ground, short Texts. Four cards on sheet. Price per set, 20 cts.

Floral Cards. Precious Words from the Book of Life. Twenty Texts. Price per set, 25 cts.

Kindness to Animals. Texts and appropriate Poetry. Price per set, 10 cts. Floral Texts Cards. All different Texts. Price per set, 10 cts.

Flowers on gold and drab. Miniature Panels, ten cards on each sheet, with short, impressive Texts. Twenty different. Price per set, 25 cts.

Floral Cards, gold and drab ground Short Texts. Eight cards on sheet. Price per set, 25 cts. Words of Love. Miniature Floral Panels. Four panels on sheet. Price per set, 25 cts.

Floral reward Tickets on diagonal old-gold and olive backgrounds, with short Texts of Scriptures. Eight cards on each sheet. Price per set, 20 cts.

Reward Tickets. Flowers on birch bark ground, with short verses from the Bible. Eight cards on each sheet. Price per set, 25 cts.

Favorite Flowers birch bark ground Miniature Panels, with Texts. Price per set, 12 cts.

Proverbs and Promises. Favorite Flowers, drab ground, with selections from the Proverbs of Solomon. Size 3 1/2 x 3 1/2. Price per set, 20 cts.

Flowers on Gold Disk, green ground. Brief Texts. All different. Price per set, 20 cts. Miniature Floral Panels, assorted grounds, with Texts. Price per set, 25 cts.

Floral and Fern Reward Tickets with brief, impressive Texts. Six cards on each sheet. Price 25 cts.

Any of the above sent by mail on receipt of price. One and two cent stamps taken.

J. MILLER THOMAS, Wilmington, Del.

CLUB LIST.

The PENINSULA METHODIST and any of the following Periodicals will be sent to any address, postage free at prices named.

Table with columns: Periodical Title, Regular Price, Price for 6 mos. Includes Independent, Godey's Lady's Book, Cottage Hearth, Wide Awake, Our Little Men and Women, The Pansy, Cultivator & Country Gentleman, Century Magazine, St. Nicholas, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Harper's Young People, American Agriculturist, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sunday Magazine, Popular Monthly, Pleasant Hours, The Golden Rule, Christian Thought, Babbyhood, Peterson's Magazine, Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia Medical Times, Dorcas Magazine, Good Words, Atlantic Monthly, Andover Review, The Edinburgh Review, Little's Living Age, Rural New Yorker, Woman's Magazine, Homeletic Review.

Cash must accompany order. Address: J. MILLER THOMAS, Fourth & Shipley Srs., Wilmington, Del.

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Comprising Antiquities, Biography, Geography, Natural History and Literature, with the latest researches and references to the Revised Version of the New Testament.

Presented for 10 new subscriptions at \$1 each, or sent post-paid on receipt of price, or we will send a copy of the Dictionary and Peninsula Methodist for one year for \$2.25 cash with order.

J. MILLER THOMAS, 100 West 4th St., Wilmington, Del.

The first baptism in the Hebrew-Christian Church, 17 Saint Mark's Place, New York City, took place on Sunday evening, Nov. 1, after an earnest sermon by the Rev. Jacob Froshman, pastor. It was a remarkable occasion for several reasons.

P. W. & B. Railroad

Trains will leave Wilmington as follows: For Philadelphia and Intermediate stations, 4.40 a.m. For Philadelphia, 6.15 a.m. For Philadelphia, 7.00 a.m. For Philadelphia, 8.15 a.m. For Philadelphia, 9.15 a.m. For Philadelphia, 10.45 a.m.

Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad.

IN CONNECTION WITH O. D. S. Co and P. R. R. CHANGE OF TIME. On and after Monday, June, 22 1885, trains will move as follows, Sundays excepted:

Between Harrington and Lewes.

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, GOING SOUTH, Stations, Time. Includes stations like Rehoboth, Lewes, Nassau, Coolspring, Harbeson, Bennetts, Messick, Georgetown, Redden, Robbins, Ellendale, Lincoln, Millford, Houston, Harrington, Ar. Arrive, Wilmington, Baltimore, Philadelphia.

Between Franklin City & Georgetown.

Table with columns: GOING SOUTH, GOING NORTH, Stations, Time. Includes stations like Georgetown, Stockley, Millsborough, Dagsboro, Frankford, Solbyville, Showville, Friendship, Berlin, Poplar, Quinceo, Wesley, Snow Hill, Scarborough, Girdletree, Stockton, Franklin City.

Express Train leaves Harrington for Rehoboth at 5.45 a.m. Leave Rehoboth for Harrington 3.00 p.m. CONNECTIONS: At Franklin City with Steamer from Chincoteague.

At Georgetown for Rehoboth and Intermediate points. At Georgetown for Franklin City and Chincoteague. At Lewes with Steamer for New York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Steamer leaves New York for Lewes Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 4 o'clock, p. m. arriving at Lewes early next morning.

Steamer Widgeon leaves Franklin City for Chincoteague at 2.45 p. m. on arrival of train. Leaves Chincoteague 4.45 a. m. to connect with train from Franklin City.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Rehoboth express train, No 10 stops only at Millford, Georgetown and Lewes, except to passengers holding tickets from points beyond Harrington.

Rehoboth Express Train, No. 9, stops only at Lewes, Georgetown and Millford, except to leave off passengers from Rehoboth.

H. A. BOURNE, Supt. O. D. S. Co., 235 West Street, N. Y. THOMAS GROOM, A. BROWN, Superintendent, Traffic Manager.

Wilmington & Northern R. R.

Time Table, in effect October 1, 1885. GOING NORTH. Daily except Sunday.

Table with columns: Stations, Time. Includes Wilmington, P, W & B Station, Dupont, Chadd's Ford, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg, St. Peter's, Warwick, Springfield, Reading P & R Station.

GOING SOUTH. Daily except Sunday. Includes stations like Reading P & R, Birdsboro, Springfield, Warwick, St. Peter's, Waynesburg, Coatesville, Lenape, Chadd's Ford, Dupont.

For connections at Wilmington, Chadd's Ford Junction, Lenape, Coatesville, Waynesburg Junction, Birdsboro, and Reading, see time-tables at all stations.

L. A. BOWEN, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. A. G. McCAUSLAND, Superintendent.

WYATT & CO.,



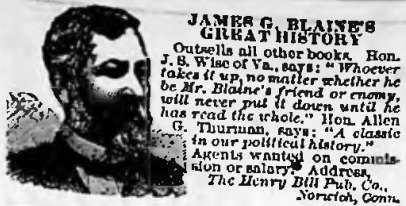
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McShane Bell Foundry Finest Grade of Bells, CHIMES AND PEALS FOR CHURCHES, &c. Send for Price and Catalogue. Address H. McSHANE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER HAS NO EQUAL OUT OF ORDER. NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK. CHICAGO, ILL. ORANGE, MASS. ATLANTA, GA. FOR SALE BY D. S. EWING, Gen'l agent. 1127 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

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