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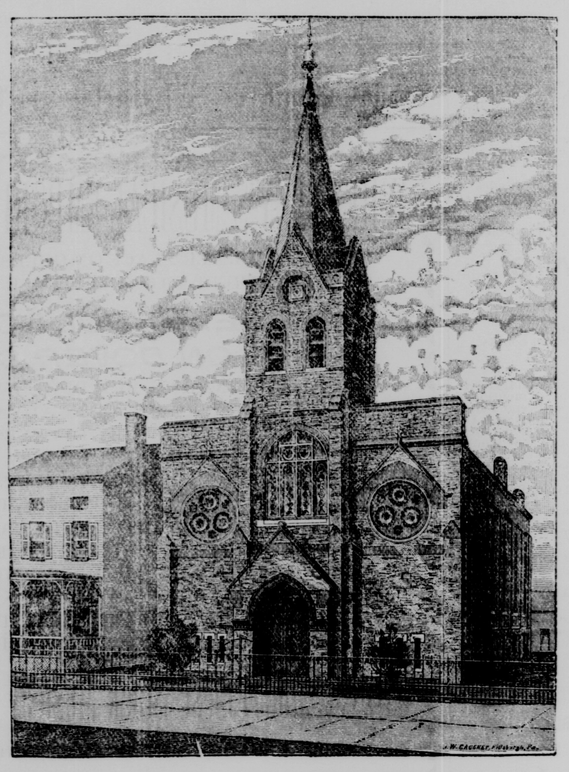
Calvary M. P. Church.

A SKETCH OF ITS FOUNDING AND HISTORY.

Calvary Methodist Protestant Church of Easton, Md., was organized in 1828. The first church building was re-constructed from a bank building standing midway between Washington and West streets, the house in which the Easton Bank commenced business in 1805.

Among the first members of the church were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lockerman, Mr. and Mrs. James Parrott, Mr. Samuel Roberts and family, Miss Margaret A. Roberts, Mr. Edward Stewart and family, Rev. Joseph Scull, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Graham, Miss Mary Graham, Mrs. Sheppard, Benjamin Faulkner, Gen. Richard Thomas.

In July, 1842, while temporarily without a pastor, the church had a remarkable mid-summer revival. During the meeting Rev. S. K. Cox was appointed to the charge. The revival work started up under the auspices of a corps of church workers from Centreville, Md., headed by Judge Hopper. The meetings, day and night, were held in a tent on the church lot, and resulted in an accession of more than a hundred members, among whom were Rev. T. D. Valliant, for many years and until his late decease an honored member of the Maryland Conference; and Rev. Josiah Clifft, who, after several years of membership in the Conference, retired and lived until his decease in Lynchburg, Va. Mrs. T. A. Reese and Mr. John Satterfield are the only persons yet living who came into the church from the revival of 1842.



About 1850 the organization outgrew the old building and reared a church on Washington street at a cost of about $7000. This building has since been enlarged and improved at various times. In 1882, under the pastorate of Rev. F. T. Tagg, the church building was vastly improved, extended in the rear, a massive stone front, with spire and peal of bells, etc., at a cost of $8,500. Later a pipe organ was put into the church when Rev. F. T. Little was pastor, and other improvements made during the pastorate of Rev. J. W. Trout. The present incumbent of the pastorate, Rev. W. M. Poisal, at a cost of $1200 greatly improved and beautified the auditorium. It is figurged up that the total cost of improvements on this building in the past sixteen years is $16,000. The church is now one of the most attractive and comfortable in the Conference, and with the adjoining commodious and well-furnished parsonage, constitutes a very desirable property.

Easton was at first a part of a charge known as the Eastern Shore Circuit, and later was one of the appointments on the old Talbot Circuit. It commanded the best talent in the Conference and was served by ministers some of whom became famous in the history and work of the Conference and church, among whom were Revs. Charles Jacobs, John S. Reese, Josiah Varden, Thomas H. Stockton, Levi R. Reese, Samuel Raleigh, Wm. H. Bowley, John Morgan, Washington Roby, Wm. T. Wright, D. E. Reese, J. W. Everist, L. W. Bates and others.

In 1873 Easton was separated from Talbot Circuit and made a station, and has been served successively by the following pastors: Revs. B. F. Benson, J. T. Lassell, J. E. Read, F. T. Tagg, F. T. Little, J. W. Trout, J. M. Sheridan and W. M. Poisal.

Among others from this charge who entered the ministry of the church in the membership of the Maryland Conference were Rev. T. H. Lewis, now President of Western Maryland College, and Rev. Luther R. Dyott, pastor at Newark, N. J.

Of the first members of the church all are gone excepting the venerable Gen. Richard Thomas, now and for nearly fifty consecutive years the Cashier of the Easton National Bank of Maryland. To the intelligent and generous devotion of Gen. Thomas to the church much of its success is due. For forty years he was the very efficient and popular Superintendent of the Sabbath School, always receiving the hearty and affectionate co-operation of the officiary and membership of the school, and his work there is referred to by his successors with loving remembrance, and leaves many lasting results in the membership of the church. In all the work of the church for half a century Gen. Thomas was a wise counselor and active worker, giving it in every way a generous support. The infirmities of years prevent him from going up to the sanctuary "at the hour of prayer, as was his custom," but his heart is there, and the pastor and church have his sympathy and prayers. May his years yet be lengthened by a Providence so kind in years agone!

In 1842, as stated, Mrs. T. A. Reese joined the church, and by her unostentatious generosity and pious devotion to the church has done much for its prosperity. She is still punctual in her attendance upon the services of the church, and noted for her liberal support both to the local church and the general interests of the Church at large.

In the same year Mr. John Satterfield joined the church. He is now a veteran in the ranks, notable in his loyalty to the church, and as far as his health and weather conditions permit, always in his place and alive to the interests of the cause which has engaged his hand and heart for more than half a century.

The church is now in a highly prosperous condition. Its membership is one of the largest in Easton, and the congregation is foremost in all good works. Rev. Mr. Poisal is one of the ablest ministers in the Conference, and the people hope long to retain his services.

The present officiary of the church is as follows:

Pastor--Rev. W. M. Poisal. Sabbath School Superintendent—Charles H. Hughes. Trustees—Gen. Richard Thomas, M. P. Flowers, J. T. Rathell, W. J. Golt, B. H. Brenneman, A. A. Hughes, J. C. Godwin. Stewards—John Mason, John Satterfield, Charles H. Hughes, M. P. Flowers, J. B. Bennett, W. G. Ball, James C. Godwin.

Says Cuba Will be Free.

Senator-elect Money has given his observations in Cuba, and the impression made on the mind coincides with that made by Consul General Lee, who informed Secretary Olney while at home on a vacation that there was no hope of Spanish success in Cuba, and he said to Mr. Money, as the latter was leaving Havana: "Please see Secretary Olney and tell him that today I am more firmly convinced than ever that Spain cannot put down the insurrection, and that every day it continues means loss of life and property, without the remotest encouragement of any final success. As I long since told him, the insurrection will succeed.—My judgment in that effect receives daily confirmation."

A Perilous Ascent.

While the ice-bridge is one of the winter wonders of Niagara, the mound is the wonder of the bridge. It is nothing more or less than a hill of frozen spray. The vapor which ceaselessly rises from the falling water settles upon the ice and freezes in layers until it becomes a great ice-knoll, whose top is something higher than the precipice over which the water rushes. To ascend it is almost like Alpine climbing You must take great care to catch the sharp spikes of your shoes firmly in the ice; otherwise there may be a catastrophe with a serious ending, for there is an element of danger in the climbing of the mound. The grade is so steep that the unwilling coaster slips down with a speed which is apt to be injurious to limbs; and if the decent should be on the side facing the Falls it would in all probability end in death, for the incline veers of abruptly into waters which are churning and seething under the mighty down-pour from above.

An acquaintance of the writer experienced an unexperienced and unpleasant realization of this danger a year or two ago. The mound was rougher than usual, owing to a cover of snow that had melted and then frozen again; therefore he and his companion thought that the ascent would be safe without the spiked shoes that are ordinarily worn. They relied for their foothold upon rubber overshoes. While they were standing upon the very apex, the wind suddenly changed and began blowing the heavy spray from the Falls upon the mound. It froze as it fell, and the feet of the climbers began to slip from under them. They found it impossible to stand upright, or to get away from the dangerous slope on the Falls side. My acquaintance began to slowly slide in that direction. He extended his arms, but there was nothing to grasp; there was nothing to stay his feet. He had apparently begun a fatal journey.

"Lie down!" shouted his companion, at the same time throwing himself upon the ice. The imperiled man follow de the direction, and just as he was slipping away the other reached over and caught him, and by exerting all his muscular power held him until aid came. This episode illustrates the possibilities of the ascent of the mound.—*From "Niagara in Winter" in Demorests Magazine for February.*

An American's Sarcasm Abroad.

An old story revived by the late historic festival in Plymouth is about Joseph Bartlett, an American lawyer, who went to England shortly after the close of the revolutionary war. One evening he strayed into a theatre and found the actors performing a species of satire on the war. A company of American soldiery was introduced—a ragged, motley set—armed with scythes, hammers and soldering irons.—In contrast there moved across the stage a troop of British warrior in fine gay trappings and glittering arms. The difference was amusing and the British audience laughed. In the midst of the merriment Lawyer Joe arose and shouted, "Long live his majesty, King George of England, whipped by tailors, tinkers and cobblers!" There was a profound hush. For a second it seemed as though the American would pay for his temerity with his life, but admiration for his pluck won the day, and the ominous silence was broken with a ringing cheer.

How Miss Paston Did It.

When the girl went to London for a visit, her brother recommended that she should pray for a good husband at the most celebrated shrines. While, however, she was supposed to be looking to heaven and her family searching on earth for a man with just the right "livelihood," Margery's heart chose a husband for her, and her heart made the fatal mistake of choosing without any thought of the real merit conferred by real estate. The foolish girl engaged herself to Richard Calle, a bailiff in the service of her eldest brother. Her family were indignant at the idea of such a marriage. Practical John the younger wrote scornfully that if all the others gave their consent he would never give his that his sister should sell mustard and candles at Framlingham, which would probably be the elegant occupation of Dame Calle.

However, if the girl had really promised, the match could not be broken off. If she had given her word to Richard Calle, she was bound to marry him.—Everything depended on what she had said, and her lover besought her to repeat it boldly. Calle felt sure that when the girl's family knew she had promised, they would not dare to interfere. "I suppose they will not damn their souls for us," he wrote, calling her his "true wife before God." The bishop consented to examine Margery to see if her words had really "made matrimony." The girl plucked up courage at the examination, and, after repeating what she had said to her lover, added that "if those words made it not sure," she would make it surer ere she went thence. That settled the matter; her mother could do nothing; Margery had promised, and she must be allowed to fulfil her words.—Emily Baily Stone, in February Lippincott's.

How it all Happened.

Sunday New York Journal: "What kind of a time did you have at the wedding last night, Ike?" inquired the able editor of the Hawville Clarion.

"First rate!" replied Alkali Ike, who presented a decidedly battered appearance. "Don't remember when I ever enjoyed myself more in the same length of time."

"H'm! How do you make that out?" asked the scribe, regarding him critically. "You seems to have lost several teeth, your arm is in a sling, your left ear is hanging at half mast, and while doubtless your eyes will presently resume their normal color, at present they look a great deal like a couple of holes burned in a black blanket. In short, you have every appearance of having been dragged headforemost through a thrashing machine."

"Aw, yes," returned the battered one cheerfully. "I reckon I do. This yere arm is broke in two places, my mouth feels like it was about to be pulled out by the roots, likely that thar ear will always lop down more than the other, thar is a good long stab across my tank that you can't see, considerable of my hair has been snatched off, and the groom like to have dug my eyes out with his thums; but that's all right—you just ort to see the other fellers!"

"Wish I could! What caused the trouble?"

"The touchiness of the groom. Some people are so gosh-blamed peppery that they fly up at nothing! Tell you how it was. You see, I used to sorter set up alongside of the young lady who was married last night. I stirred her maw's soft soap an' let her paw beat me in hoss trade an' shot up two or three fellers that came peroozin' around thar—in fact, I thought I was High Kack with the whole family. But wimmen folks is fickle, an' the young lady shook me an' took up with another feller. An' then, to rub it in on me, she invited me to be the best man at the weddin'

"Wal, I reckon I proved to the satisfaction of everybody present that if I wasn't the best man thar I was jest about as good as any of em! Things went along as smooth as you please till the preacher asked, "Who giveth this yere woman away?" an' I says, aimin to show that I did'nt hold no hard feelin's:

"I reckon I could, but I haint that mean!"

"An' then we had it! The groom an' the bride's father an' several other kin-folks an' well-wishers came at me like I was a long-lost step-son, an' I 'tended to 'em as well as I could as fast as they got to me. While it lasted it was as pretty a little affair as I ever had the pleasure of being mixed up in, an' I reckon I'd have been on top of the heap an' doin' all the crowin' if it hadn't been that the bride's mother flung a skillet of scaldin' water on me with a deftness born of long practice, as they say in stories. I came away then. I may look sorter tore-up to-day, an' all that but, as I said before, you ort to see the rest of 'em!"

His First Success.

In his cheerless attic, lighted by straggling moonbeams, a young man sat in solitude. With the gnawing despondency of realized failure, he gazed despairingly at a prominent object upon the rickety little table before him. It was a huge pile of world-worn manuscript, plentifully interspersed with ominous little cards which in distressingly formal language expressed regret for rejection of contributions.

His was no unusual case. So common was it, in fact, that the tale scarcely justifies narration.

Some time before, in his comfortable country home, he had become infected by that dread disease endemic in rural districts, the desire to move to a large city and therein compel recognition of those talents appreciation of which was impossible in his limited sphere at home. He would sally forth. The world must be his. Had he not been born on a farm? Had he not contributed to the support of aged parents? That was enough to insure success, and he knew it well, as he had read many biographies of great men, the one and only reason of whose success it was plainly implied was that they had spent their early life under just such conditions as those that had developed him. He would take the world of literature by assault. A new, bright star would ascend to its heavens. He was well equipped for conquest. Hadn't he read an original poem before the annual church festival? Hadn't he furnished the country paper with local personals which showed marvelous style, piquancy and veracity?

So it was that, confident of immediate recognition, he journeyed to the great city. How he wrote night and day! How prolific his pen! How voluminous his contributions!

Alas! It was the same old story! How futile his efforts!

And now, reduced to surroundings of misery and poverty, contemplating the beauties of death and the inadequate compensations for existence, he sees that all is in vain.

Often in the history of the world has it been that in just such hopeless moments defeat has been changed to triumph, sterility to fecundity.

Seizing pen and paper, the young man in inspired frenzy dashes off a product of his brain.

To a newspaper office he rushes. He is admitted. Without hesitation his contribution is accepted and money, more than a liberal price, changes hands. At last he has succeeded.

In the morning issue it appears. What throbbing, ecstatic, rapturous bliss it must excite to see for the first time a creation of your own before the public eye, to find yourself proclaimed a successful author!

He sees it in print, and here it is:

"WANTED—By a young man of good habits, a situation; will take anything at all."

From The New York Journal.