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MINUTES

OF THE

FORTIETH SESSION

OF THE

East Maine Conference

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

HELD AT BANGOR, MAY 5--8, 1887.

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1887.

portions upon the threefold basis assumed, the number of Church property, and the pastor's estimate, many ap-
 dollar were assigned for the objects for which the smaller
 erefore pastors reporting one dollar for these causes are
 of the requirement of the Church in these lines, and are not
 1, "Each one dollar which appears in the table of benevo-
 the pastor as confession of duty neglected."

GENERAL CONFERENCE EXPENSES.

have reported the collection for this purpose. Two have
 until next year because of heavy demands this year for re-
 debts. A few have not raised the amount needed but will
 e coming year. The sum raised has been forwarded to the
 mission of General Conference Entertainment of the Meth-
 h."

REVIVALS.

of salvation in most of the charges. The pastors have been
 n revival services by Bro. W. L. Parker and wife, Brother E.
 e, and others in the local ministry, and many of the more
 men and elect women, have shown the zeal of perfect love
 orts to win souls to Christ.

gs have been held within the District. That at Northport
 ng and was led very efficiently by Rev. W. T. Jewell. It
 ual refreshing. The meeting at Nobleboro, though not so
 the earlier years of its history, was a season of the revela-
 od to save. It was commonly reported by those who have
 held on the grounds, that more persons were converted
 in any previous week in which meetings have been held
 t China, smaller in numbers than the others, was blessed
 e of the "Head of the Church." Here as elsewhere souls
 converts from these meetings have been gathered into the

MEMBERSHIP.

been reported in the Quarterly Conferences as received to
 eived the sacrament of baptism. More than 200 have been
 rship. The apparent gain will be small, for by an error
 ear, the District is credited with more than 100 more mem-
 2 have been called to the Church triumphant, "Which is
 e Throne of God."

MEMOIRS.

REV. WILLIAM W. MARSH.

Rev. William W. Marsh was born in Orono, Maine, Feb. 12th, 1836, and on
 the 18th of June, 1886, in the town of Brewer, surrounded by his loving, weeping
 family, in the possession of all his faculties, he calmly passed to his reward above,
 thus yielding another victory to death, the conquering hero of the human family.

Bro. Marsh became the subject of saving grace at the age of 22 under the la-
 bors of Rev. John Atwell, and one year later entered the work of the ministry, in
 which work he continued until the winter of 1885, when he met with an accident
 from which his frail body never recovered.

In 1862, he was married to Miss Ellen S. Brann, who for 24 years shared with
 him the joys and toils of the Master's work, and who with three children deeply
 mourn their loss.

He joined the East Maine Conference on probation at Belfast, April 13th, 1860,
 and was received into full membership at Cherryfield, 1862, and ordained deacon
 by Bishop Baker. Two years later he was elected to elder's orders at Bucksport
 and ordained by Bishop Ames.

He filled with great acceptability the following appointments: 1860-'61, Patten;
 '62-'63, Lincoln; '64-'65, Corinth; '66-'68, Dover; '69-'71, Bangor Union st;
 '72-'74, Damariscotta; '75-'77, Bucksport; '78-'81, Bangor District; '82-'83, Dex-
 ter; '84-'85, Brewer.

Brother Marsh was loved and respected by all who knew him. His private
 character and social qualities, give to his death ground for peculiar grief to those
 who knew him best, so genial and kindly was his spirit, always tender in his
 words, and loving in his deeds. Wherever he moved his spirit emitted a fragrance
 like that distilled from the flowers, or like incense from the burning oil which
 floats upward on the balmy air. His memory will ever be fragrant and beautiful.

Though gentle and modest, yet he was straight forward, turning neither to the
 right nor left, but every day walking direct as a line heavenward. When the path
 of duty led away from that of profit or pleasure, he never hesitated. Blessed
 with a logical and poetic mind, his sermons were rich in thought and beautiful in
 expression.

He had a passionate love for the beautiful, but looked upon sin as ugly and
 hateful. His life was spotless, he lived above suspicion. "He wore the white
 flowers of a blameless life."

His name is his best memoir. It may appear of but little import to the
 stranger who may read it, but to those who knew him it will always have the
 power to call up the recollection of his virtues, and to the eye of affection bring
 the tear of undissembled sorrow. He is not dead,

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

No gloomy shadows hovered about his sick chamber. He arranged his business, received his friends, and as the scenes of earth receded, he grasped with a firmer hold and a more triumphant faith the enduring realities of the life to come. His philosophy taught him that this life is but the beginning, not the end; that after death he would open his eyes in another sphere of existence. In that faith he lived, in that faith he died.

Standing in the open door of eternity, he turned to give his loved ones the parting kiss, and whispered, "Jesus is so near," and at once,

"He passed through glories morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

With pleasure we review his life work, and with a glorious hope look forward to the time when we shall see him face to face in that undiscovered country where his pure spirit is marching to glories which we in the body cannot see.

"There is no death; what seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath,
Is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portals we call death."

We need not to-day indulge in any fulsome adulation of our deceased brother. No eulogistic praise can add to the measure of a life rounded up, completed, the volume ended, the record closed and sealed with the clasp of death. But it is most befitting, and in accordance with our feelings to bring our tribute of memory to cast at the dead feet of one whose familiar form we shall see no more until we to shall pass

"At God's command through the shadowy gates,
To reach the sunlight of the eternal hills."

His body rests in Mt. Hope, the city of the dead. There the flowers of Spring will bloom above his sleeping dust. There the snows of Winter will weave above his lowly bed a covering of spotless purity. The years will come and go, time will mark its changes, heaven and earth will pass away, but his immortal spirit will live when time itself is a forgotten thing.

Again we are reminded of the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death. Again we are solemnly admonished so to do our work here as to secure the reward of the great hereafter.

"Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year."