

The Parish Messenger

July & Aug. 1908.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, ALLENDALE N. J.

No. 58 & 59

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THE TREASURY.

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements For the month of

July 1908.

Receipts.

July 1, 1908	
Cash on hand.....	\$ 30.36
Plate Account	19.70
Pledge Account	20.00
Donation Sunday School ...	35.00
Donation Bedford Bag	3.53
Miss'y Stipend	16.66
The Fair	198.00
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	\$323.25

Disbursements.

Maintenance	\$107.42
August 1, 1908	

Cash on hand	\$155.83
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Comparisons.

The Fair	1907.....\$202.87
The Fair	1908.....172.76

Deficit	30.11
Pledge Account	July 1907.....\$34.90
	July 1908
	19.70

Deficit	15.46
Plate Collection	July 1907
	July 1908
	\$31.05
	20.00
Deficit	11.05

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1908.

Receipts.

August 1, 1908	
Cash on hand	\$155.83
Plate Account	33.89
Pledge Account	15.15
Fair Account	1.20
St. Margaret's Chapter	10.00

Miss'y Stipend	16.66
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\$232.73

Disbursements

Parish House	\$86.38
Maintenance	82.54
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	\$168.92

Sept. 1, 1908

Cash on hand	\$ 63.81
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Comparison.

Pledge Account	August 1907
	August 1908
	\$15.35
	15.15

Deficit	\$.20
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Plate Account	August 1907
	1908
	\$33.29
	22.89

Increase	\$.60
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Average Receipts for the first six months of 1908	\$145.90
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Average Receipts for the first six months of 1908	\$142.65
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PARISH NOTES.

Resumption of regular services: The present arrangement of services, omitting the Sunday evening service, will be continued until the regular vestry meeting on the second Tuesday of September. Then the date for resuming the regular order of services will be decided upon and due notice given.

The Sunday School picnic was held on August 19th. It was the largest ever planned by the school, at least in later years. Seven wagons were required to transport the picnickers to Ramapo Lake, where a most enjoyable day was spent, under weather conditions quite ideal. This picnic was marked by a union lunch; and it was gratifying to see a greater interest than usual taken by the adult members of the Church.

St. Margaret's Chapter gave the entertainment of the "Lion and the Mouse" on August 17th, the chief attraction being the interpretation of that play by

Miss Lampson, of the Star Lyceum bureau, New York. Miss Alva Young, Contralto, was an invaluable aid. Her beautiful voice was largely responsible for the enjoyable evening spent by a good audience. The net profits of the entertainment were over twenty dollars. One half of which will be given to the Parish House Fund and the other half to the Church treasury.

St. Margaret's planned at the same time the Mrs. Wigg's Cabbage Patch Party. After a postponement the date was fixed for September second. Besides the sale of ice cream there was the unique privilege of buying cabbage at twenty-five cents a head. Before the cabbage was planted — it never grew—some article worth twenty-five cents was incorporated within its leaves. Mrs. Wiggs, of humorous memory, presided over the sale.

On August 9th. Sunday, the minister officiated at Madison, New Jersey, for the rector of Ridgewood, who on that date preached in St. John's, Ramsey. On the remaining three Sundays of August the minister officiated in Christ Church, Ridgewood, during the absence of Mr. Learned, the rector.

Baptisms.

On Sunday, August second, in the Church of the Epiphany, there were baptised Dorothy Milne Vine and Mabel Bourke Vine, of Allendale.

On Monday, August 24th, for the rector of Ridgewood, the minister buried the infant son of William T. Donnelly, of Ridgewood.

During the month of September the Sunday School superintendent will be absent. The care of two Sunday School services and three Church services will devolve upon the minister. Proffers of assistance will be very gratefully received. One of our greatest needs is the coming forward of a man to volunteer as Sunday School assistant permanently, as well as lay reader. In the

absence of the superintendent a sick call upon the minister would seriously cripple our work.

The minister would like to suggest to the benevolently disposed the very good practice of putting aside pennies from change. From time to time these might be turned over to the minister to use in a charitable way. A full report and accounting will be given at regular periods to those who are willing to follow this practice. Acknowledgement will be made through the Messenger of expenditures or receipts.

Mr. Pollock is industriously collecting funds for an improvement of the chancel lighting. It will be a decided advantage to the congregation when the lights are concealed and the blinding glare of the chandelier eliminated. No one is allowed to give more than one dollar; and the smallest sum will be gratefully accepted.

In taking account of Church expenditures it is worthy of notice that nothing is spared to keep the ground neat and trim. It is an easy temptation, when funds are low, to save at such points; but it is believed that no one will find fault with the policy of looking our best, however hard it may be at moments to find the wherewithal.

On Tuesday, August 25th, George Washington Baldauf, of Waldwick, was buried by the minister. Services were at the house and included both the service of the Church and that of the railroad order to which Mr. Baldauf belonged. Interment was at Vallean Cemetery.

HONOR ROLL JUNIOR CHOIR.

August 1908.

Alice Barrett
Paul Belinsky
Gladys LeComte
Carrie Nidd
Helen Belinsky

It would add very much to our service if our men of the Parish would make it their duty to be present at the services, it does not speak well for the Vestry to have one of the Choir leave the recessional, and assist the Rector in greeting the members of the Parish—especially when strangers are present with us.

	Attendance	
	A. M.	P. M.
Aug. 2d	27	40
" 9th	12	23
" 16th	28	22
" 22d	17	21
" 30th	23	35
	107	141
Average	21	28

CLASS DISTINCTION IN ALLENDALE

Not a thousand miles from the station the following incident took place, which is illustrative of the human tendency to seize upon appearances and act accordingly. Mrs. A—is the possessor of a mansion of improving front, a place of spacious lawns, and terraces.

It may be said that Mrs. A—fits with a nicety the setting she occupies, and is perhaps as beautiful as her home.

Mrs. B—equally charming, minus however the imposing back ground, occupies the cottage directly opposite, a sweet homelike summer resting place.

A peddler passing one day espied Mrs. A— on her broad verandah—surveyed her for a moment, then with due respect accompanied by a sweet tone of voice, touched his hat, and accosted her as follows; "Lady do you wish any cantaloupes to day?" being answered in the negative, he turned and seeing Mrs. B— on her little porch he bawled out as loudly as possible, "Hey Missus do you want to buy any Mush Melons.

AROUND THE BOROUGH.

Mr. Potter now occupying the Cable Cottage, has bought 16 acres of the Storm Farm, and will commence to build this fall.

The old fashioned flower garden on the grounds of our esteemed townsman Mr. R. Cockroft, has been greatly admired this summer, by those privileged to enjoy this beautiful picture—it certainly excels anything of the kind in the Borough.

Mr. Elwood Moore of Brooklyn, has bought the two acres of ground on the turnpike now occupied by Charles Simon, and will shortly commence building operations.

Mr. A. K. Merrill's house in Walton Park, is rapidly approaching completion and must be seen to be appreciated.

Rev. E. Learned of Christ Church Ridgewood has accepted a call to a large Parish in Pasadena, Calif.

Miss Mary Parkhurst of Allendale is spending the summer at her cottage in the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Will Ackerman's new Ford Car is a thing of beauty forever, provided it does not go out of business on one of his tours through the country.

Mr. Geo. W. W. Pollock and family will occupy the Cable Cottage permanently after November 1st.

Mr. Geo. C. Parigot has purchased 10 acres of farm land on the Saddle River road.

Many new residences are being built which will add to the attractiveness of our town.

Various repairs have been made to the School House which will add to the comfort of the children attending School during the coming winter.

The same staff of teachers will direct the school during the ensuing term.

Mr. Apperts new house, when completed will prove a very attractive one and improve the appearance of an already pretty location.

THE WAY TO WIN.

Strike while the iron is heated,
Pause and the iron's cold;
If you strike too late on a hardened
plate
The weld will never hold.

Seek, and success will follow;
Wait, and it passes by;
Be quick to grasp, then hold it fast
And trust for a better try.

Work, and the world works with you;
Loaf, and you loaf alone;
This strenuous world is a continuous
whirl—
It offers no room for the drone.

Life is an undertaking;
Death is a silent thought;
So let life's light illumine the night
With the deeds which you have
wrought.

A STRONG CHURCH.

"Is it a strong congregation?" asked
a man, respecting a body of worshippers.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How many members are there?"

"Seventy-six."

"Are they so very wealthy?"

"No, they are poor."

"How, then, do you say it is a strong
church?"

"Because," said the gentleman, "they
are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each
other and striving to do the Master's
work. Such a congregation is strong,
whether composed of five or five hundred
members."

To have no interest in that which the
Church is doing, to be indifferent to its
work and plans and merely to drop in
occasionally upon its services but to
know nothing about the work that is
near the Rector's heart; to read no
Church papers, to be utterly ignorant of
that which the Bishop is trying to ac-
complish, is to indicate that you are a
very poor member of the Church and
contribute very little to its life and spir-
it. We need an intelligent membership.

It is an almost impossible task to pro-
duce parish life with people who are
indifferent to every enterprise which you
may suggest.

He who tells one lie, becomes an aw-
ful liar, for he is forced to invent twenty
more to cover up that one.

A man will go to Church and thank
God for all that he possesses—life,
health, opportunity, property—and then
think it strange when he is asked to
give only one-tenth of what has been
made to carry on God's work in the
world.

Take notice that those persons who
are continually wanting "to be noticed"
never grow spiritually. They cannot,
because they put themselves first, and
the humble, obedient life, next.

Of the book of Common Prayer, Dr.
Adam Clark, the eminent Methodist
divine and Bible commentator, said: "It
is the greatest effort of the Reformation
next to the translation of the Scriptures
into the English language. As a form of
devotion it has no equal in any part of
the universal Church of God. Next to
the Bible it is the book of my under-
standing and of my heart."

THE CHURCH—A FAMILY.

The glory of the Episcopal Church con-
sists in the fact that she regards the
fundamental idea of the Church as that
of a family; the "Our Father" teaches
us that Christ had in mind that we
should become the children of God, gath-
ered into a common family, manifesting
reverence toward our Father, and the
spirit of kindly charity toward our
brethren.

This is the theory of the Church. The
people of every age or of every country
do not always grasp this principle; and
just as in ordinary life, when the family
life is a mere shell without reverence or
love, then the theory becomes travesty.
We know of nothing more ideal than the
family when properly constituted; and
we know of nothing more miserable than

the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, without reverence and love. The fact that the family is an ideal condition does not necessarily imply that every family is ideal. People wonder sometimes why the claims of the Church are so totally opposite to the practice of its congregations. People say, "You have a beautiful theory in the Episcopal Church, but it is so seldom carried out." much the same as they might say, "the family is a beautiful theory, but we seldom see an ideal family." We know of nothing that is less to be admired than one of our churches which has lost the spirit and preserves only the shell of Church life. I really believe that an Episcopalian who gives a nominal adherence to the Church has less real religion than almost anybody else. Just as I believe that the Churchman who is faithful to his religious duties and has caught the spirit which the Church preserves most usefully fulfils the broad ideals of the Christ. In short the Church is not mechanical in its influence on its members. But quite the contrary; for the greater the opportunity that we neglect, the more are we to be condemned.—Gethsemane Parish Visitor.

I have read that in a town in Italy there is a beautiful statue, a figure cut out of stone, of a young girl. One day a poor girl was seen looking at it. Her face was dirty, her hair untidy, and her clothes ragged. While she stood and looked at the beautiful statue she seemed to think of something, and quickly went away.

Next day she came back and stood there again, but her face was washed, and her hair was combed, and made as neat as the hair of the girl made of stone.

Then she noticed something else, and again she went away. Next day the people who watched for her saw her come again, and all her clothes were tidy; the rents were mended, and she looked quite a different girl as she stood and looked at the statue and smiled. The girl had seemed to her so beautiful she wanted to be like her.

It is far more beautiful to be like children of God, and this can be, for He has adopted us. Think what we must wash away, what bad things, dark things that stain, if we would be what He wants. What things have to be mended—bad habits, bad ways, bad faults of all kinds. It may be hard to get rid of some of these things, but, until we do, we cannot say that we are free, we cannot really be like Sons of God.—The Bishop of Springfield.

AN ARGUMENT—INFANT BAPTISM.

1. The papers say that a new line of Cunard steamships is about to be started from Boston to Liverpool.

2. I presume that babies will be permitted to cross on it.

3. Because babies have been hitherto permitted to cross on Cunard steamships, and this line has said nothing to the contrary.

4. If such a revolution were contemplated, of course a distinct notice would be given to that effect.

5. In absence of such prohibition there is but one inference.

6. Christ organized a new covenant to carry men across the chasm between earth and heaven.

7. I dare say he wishes infants admitted to this covenant.

8. Because infants were freely admitted to God's old covenant, and He has said nothing about forbidding them.

9. Christ's hearers never heard of such a thing as keeping children out of God's covenant.

10. If such a revolution were contemplated distinct notice would be given.

11. Yet we are told that infant baptism is not hinted at in the New Testament.

12. Then it is certainly not distinctly forbidden.—R. S. B.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not, work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the best things that God meant him to do and will be his best.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

From the Days of St. John's Revelation
The marvelous story is told,
And down thro' the ages has come the
song,
The song of the City of Gold.

To the innocent hearts of the children,
To the toilers who faint 'neath earth's
sun,
To the old who have fought out its prob-
lems,
To the dying whose journey is done,

Comes the dream of the mystical City,
With color and loveliness rife,
Iridescent its jeweled foundations,
Flower-bordered its River of Life;

And the streets of the city are golden,
And the sea as of crystal appears,
And the sound of harpers is in it
And it knows not of sorrow or tears.

Like a mirage far out in the desert,
Like the fabric that fashions our
dreams,
Like some many-hued mirrored reflection
The heavenly Jerusalem seems.

We grope 'mid the types and the shad-
ows,
We fret at its veiling disguise;
But our hearts cannot grasp nor conceive
it—
Its glory is hid from our eyes.

We catch but a note of the music,
A glimpse swiftly passing and faint,
A hint of its wondrous perfection,
Low whispered to seer and to saint.

Yet the glow of it shortens the journey,
And our feet tread more bravely the
road
Which leads to the sorrowless City
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

And thus as a gift to the ages
The marvelous story flows on,
And the heart of man rests on the vision
That illumined the eyes of St. John.
—Christain Burke, in the Argosy.

THE TEST.

Tried by fire is a sore process. To go into the furnace is not to our liking. It is the last step that we desire to take. It means so much pain and testing. But no miner would risk his life for the crude ore if there were to be no fires to fit it for its varied uses. The fire burns between the mine and the mint. The Lapidary's wheel turns between the jewel in the rough and the blazing gem in the circlet of the King. If we would escape the fire we must forever content ourselves with the fellowship of common clay. To shun the lapidary's wheel is to consign ourselves to the clay levels of the commonplace. We should welcome the processes in the sovereign plan of God by which we are made meet for the uses of His will. He may test us in the furnace; He may break us on the wheel; but beyond the furnace lies the fields of His purpose, and beyond the wheel lies the crown.

IT'S YOUR MOVE.

Long years ago the wise old bard told us that "Life is a game of chess," but it still remains for the disappointed man of today to find out for himself that the trouble with his particular game is that it is "his move," while he sits waiting for someone else to make a play.

When things seem to have gone wrong generally, and nothing is quite as it should be; when the other man gets the promotion; the other man makes the wise investment; the other man, in short, annexes to himself the desired things of life, the trouble is that you forget your part in the game while watching him play his. You've sat gaping at his brilliant moves, and stupidly allowed your own men to get cornered.

Wake up; take a hand; make a skillful move; get so in earnest, so absorbed in the old game of winning, that you compel others to watch you.

It's your move now; make it count!

There is nothing in life which has not its lesson for us, or its gift.

NOW.

I leave with God tomorrow's when and
how,
And do concern myself but with the now.
That little word, though half the future's
length,
Well used, holds twice its meaning and
its strength.

Like one blindfolded, groping out his
way,
I will not try to touch beyond today,
Since all the future is concealed from
sight,
I need but strive to make the next step
right.

That done, the next! and so on, till I
find,
Perchance, some day I am no longer
blind;
And, looking up, behold a radiant Friend,
Who says: "Rest now, for you have
reached the end!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

OUR OBLIGATIONS.

The average man lives for what he can get out of life. To him the riches of the world are spread out before him, and in striving to acquire them he puts forth every energy, uses up the natural forces with which he has been endowed and recklessly dissipates the highest qualities of his manhood in the acquisition of them. To this man Christ asks, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

The Christ set the world the very opposite method of action. To Him every opportunity in which He could be of service to others was the opportunity He seized. He came to give Himself and all that He had to the service of His fellowmen. He gave so freely that He gave all; and after Him the apostles, following His example, giving all to the service in which He had enlisted them,—the service of their fellowmen. In this service they were misunderstood, and, like their Divine Master, were put to death by the very ones whom they were trying to save. Yet they accounted the

love of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of this world, and died happy that they were accounted worthy to suffer for His sake. They died poor and misunderstood of many, yet they not only preserved the noblest qualities of manhood, but they developed them so that in their death they were spiritual princes and rich in heavenly treasure.

To the man of the world and to the man of God death comes alike; but from the one death takes all that he has, from the other death can take nothing, for he has nothing that death can destroy. "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of men they seem to die but they are in peace."

CURE FOR SORROW.

It is a plain duty to make others glad. Christianity is the greatest Joy-bringer the world has ever known, and those persons are not true to Christianity who do not daily bring gladness and joy into the lives of those around them. We are not to dictate to others; we are to seek to brighten their lives. "Not that we have lordship over your faith," wrote Paul, "but are helpers of your joy." What a heroic light-bearer the loving-hearted apostle was! Not a bit more so, however, than we can all be if we are willing to devote ourselves to lightening the loads and brightening the lives of those near us. To keep our sorrows to ourselves in this effort is to find sure comfort for ourselves while we are making life joyful for others.—Sunday School Times.

"May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom
some good:
Some little grace, one kindly thought.
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of
courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of
faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond
the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The following poem is from the parish paper of the Church of the Holy Apostles, Philadelphia. It is a concise summary of the contents of the books comprised in the Old Testament:

In Genesis the world was made
By God's creative hand,
In Exodus the Hebrews marched
To gain the promised land.
Leviticus contains the law,
Holy and just and good;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled,
All sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses, in Deuteronomy,
Records God's mighty deeds:
Brave Joshua into Canaan's land
The hosts of Israel leads.
In Judges their rebellion oft
Provokes the Lord to smite;
But Ruth records the faith of one
Well pleasing in his sight.
In First and Second Samuel
Of Jesse's son we read.
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings
Revolted from his seed.
The First and Second Chronicles
See Judah captive made;
But Ezra leads a remnant back
By princely Cyrus aid.
The city wails of Zion
Nehemiah builds again.
Whilst Esther saves her people
From the plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live
Beneath affliction's rod,
And David's Psalms are precious songs
To every child of God.
The Proverbs, like a goodly string
Of choicest pearls appear.
Ecclesiastes teaches man
How vain are all things here.
The mystic Song of Solomon
Exalts sweet Sharon's Rose.
Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King,
The rapt Isaiah shows.
The warning Jeremiah
Apostate Israel scorns,
His plaintive lamentations
Their awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words
Of dazzling mysteries.
Whilst kings and empires yet to come
Daniel in vision sees.

Of judgment and of mercy
Hosea loves to tell.
Joel describes the blessed days
When God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen
Amos received his call.
Whilst Obadiah prophesies
Of Edom's final fall.
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type
Of Christ our risen Lord.
Micah pronounces Judah lost,
Lost, but again restored.
Nahum declares on Nineveh
Just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom
Habakkuk's visions give.
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews
To turn, repent and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw
The Temple built again.
And Zachariah prophesied
Of Christ's triumphant reign.
Malachi was the last who touched
The high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show
The coming of the Lord!— F. D. S.

CAN THESE PEOPLE LOVE!

I have a little friend somewhere in Mott Street whose picture comes up before me. I wish I could show it to the reader, but to photograph Tony is one of the unattained ambitions of my life. He is one of the whimsical birds one sees when he hasn't got a gun, and then never long enough in one place to give one a chance to get it. A ragged coat three sizes at least too large for the boy, though it has evidently been cropped to meet his case, hitched by its one button across a bare brown breast; one sleeve patched on the under side with a piece of sole-leather that sticks out straight, refusing to be reconciled; trousers that boasted a seat once, but probably not while Tony has worn them; two left boots tied on with packing twine, bare legs in them the color of the leather, heel and toe showing through; a shock of sunburnt hair struggling through the rent in the old straw hat; two frank, laughing eyes under its broken rim—that is Tony.

He stood over the gutter the day I met him, reaching for a handful of mud with which to "paste" another hoodlum who was shouting defiance from across the street. He did not see me, and when my hand touched his shoulder his whole little body shrank with a convulsive shudder, as from an expected blow. Quick as a flash, he dodged, and, turning, out of reach, confronted the unknown enemy, gripping tight his handful of mud. I had a bunch of white pinks which a young lady had given me half an hour before for one of my little friends. "They are yours," I said, and held them out to him; "take them."

Doubt, delight and utter bewilderment struggled in the boy's face. He said not one word, but when he had brought his mind to believe that it really was so, clutched the flowers with one eager, grimy fist, held them close against his bare breast, and shielding them with the other, ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the street. Not far; fifty feet away, he stopped short, looked back, hesitated a moment, then turned on his track as fast as he had come. He brought up directly in front of me, a picture a painter would have loved, ragamuffin that he was, with the flowers held so tightly against his brown skin, scraped out with one foot, and made one of the funniest little bows.

"Thank you," he said. Then he was off. Down the street I saw squads of children like himself running out to meet him. He darted past and through them all, never stopping, but pointing back my way, and in a minute there bore down upon me a crowd of little ones, running breathless with desperate entreaty: "Oh, mister! give me a flower." Hot tears of grief and envy—human passions are much the same in rags and in silks—fell when they saw I had no more. By that time Tony was safe.

And where did he run so fast? For whom did he shield the "posy" so eagerly, so faithfully—that ragged little wretch that was all mud and patches? I found out afterwards, when I met him giving his sister a ride in a dismantled tomato-crate, likely enough "hooked" at the grocer's. It was his mother, in the

dark hovel he called home, to the level of which all it sheltered had long since sunk through the brutal indifference of a drunken father, my lady's pinks blossomed, and, long after they were withered and yellow, still stood in their cracked jar.

THE AWAKENING IN CHINA.

Rev. R. W. Clark, D. D., Dep't Sec'y.

About fifty years ago Bishop Boone proposed to go to China and he was told there was a wall about it, but he said, there's a door. The reply given was, the door is closed. "I can go, however, and oil the hinges, and if I can accomplish that, I will consider that my mission is not in vain." Considering the fact that he worked eight years before he made a single convert, it was not surprising that there were those who made their criticisms as to the waste of men and the useless expenditure of money in trying to carry the Church where, it was said, it was not wanted. The work, however, was persisted in, and today we have in our Diocese there, fifty clergymen, ten physicians two hundred teachers and five thousand communicants.

Altogether in China, there are now over two hundred thousand members of Christian churches and at least a million of adherents. The literary and student classes have been reached. The Bible has been adopted as a part of the teaching of the public schools in many of the provinces. A viceroy, nearest the throne, has published a book advocating Christianity as a part of the coming civilization in China. With the marvelous awakening in the East, there should certainly be on our part a corresponding awakening in supplying men and equipment, in entering the doors of opportunity that are now open and in responding to the calls of encouragement which are given.

The trouble with some people is that they allow themselves to be discouraged by criticism, and the trouble with others is that they do not.

DON'T GRIP THE THORNS.

A novice, working among prickly plants, noticed how deftly the Scotch gardener handled them, and commented upon the fact. "Aye there's many a scratch ye get at the first," answered the old man, "but if ye're canny, ye soon learn not to grip the thorns." It is a lesson of life as well as of gardening. The prickly disagreeable things are plentiful; the uncomfortable happenings, the little slights and offences, the cross grained tempers, and unreasonable words, are everywhere pushing themselves into unpleasant notice, but it is not necessary to "grip" them. There are those who do that all their days, and go about in a continual state of hurt, soreness and complaint. He who is "canny" will learn to put them aside with light touch and for the most part avoid their sting. They are not worth taking seriously enough to bring torn hands or heart.

ENVY.

By Cyrus Mendenhall.

There are individuals so unfortunate in disposition as to be actually pained when any one is praised in their presence. Another's prosperity or popularity carries no joy; their downfall or loss is much better endured. Such persons would not enjoy heaven did they not comfort themselves with the thought that most of people will be writhing in a less favorable locality. I think it was Josh Billings who said, in his unique way: "It is not so much the comfort and convenience of owning a fine carriage that makes it desirable, but it is the knowledge that the other fellow hasn't any." We are forced to admit that there is some truth in the thought. One has said: "There is nothing so universally commended as a fine day. The reason is, that people can commend it without envy." The envious person is sure to be unhappy if another does well or stands well. Such a character Spencer describes:

"And if she haft of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,

Then would she inwardly fret, and grieve
and teare

Her flesh for felnesse, which she in-
ward had;

But if she heard of ill that any did
Or harm that any had, then would she
make

Great cheer, like one unto a banque bid:
And in another's loss great pleasure
take,

As if she had got thereby and gayned
a state."

Sin in any form deceives its victim. This sin is particularly deceptive. The envious person somehow persuades himself that whatever is detracted from another's worth raises him. Can he by a look, or a hint, or by "faint praise damn" his rival, he imagines he is exalted thereby.

What a delusion!

There are those who are wise in many directions, but otherwise in this. Clergymen are not all exempt. Praise some one, speak of his good work in the parish, and the good word will be offset by a bit of gossip or needless criticism. One is heterodox, another not Churchly, this one ritualistic, that one sensational, the other prosy, no matter how pure or eloquent, or efficient in given lines of work, some flaw, some blot is mentioned—unless he is dead.

There is consolation for all. If we can have the privilege of reading our own obituary notices, we shall be so happy to learn what people really did think of us that all unkind, unjust, uncalled for utterances will be forgotten.

"Envy feeds upon the living,
After death it ceases."

Put away "all wickedness, all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and evil speakings," cultivate charity, for it "envieth not," and thus love one another from the heart fervently.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.

God's mercies often spring out of
man's miseries.

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:30 A. M.

MORNING SERVICE 11:00 A. M.

EVENING SERVICE 8:00 P. M.

ALL ARE WELCOME

A few sidewalks, more electric lights would be an additional inducement to those anticipating buying land with a view of locating in Allendale permanently. We are living in a progressive age, and the more inducements we offer, the greater will be the desire of Home Seekers to locate in the most ideal town between Jersey City and Suffern on the Erie Railroad.

If the Town Council would purchase a few barrels of oil, and have the roads sprinkled to lay the dust—it is among the possibilities that the populace might acclaim with one accord. Well done thou good and faithful servants.

It is rumored that Mr. A. K. Walton, one of Allendale's prominent Real Estate operators is negotiating for another large tract of land.

The property of Mr. F. Drummond located on the turnpike, consisting of five acres of good meadow land, large house with all the modern improvements, is now in the market for sale. This property will no doubt be quickly disposed of—location is unsurpassed and house is in strictly first class condition. This is a good investment and will stand the closest inspection.

It is said that The Erie Realty Co. have purchased several acres on the road going to Saddle River, and will develop the same in the near future.

Mr. Smith's house in Walton Park is gradually approaching completion and will be a very handsome one when finished.

Subscription Price to The Messenger is only Fifty Cents per annum—payable in advance. No donations but simply coin of the realm!

While Christ was on earth He talked a great deal about Heaven, and gave us promises concerning that life which is to come. When He ascended, He showed us that Heaven is a reality. He has entered it as our forerunner, and is preparing mansions for his followers. Think no longer, then, of Christian truth as a lot of opinions—a mere system of morality with a budget of visions—but rather think of every thought as a reality, with the greatest reality of all as its completion—Heaven.

There is a race to be run—a crown to be won—a work to be done. The race is long, the crown is bright, the work of consecration must be complete. Life is not to be a dull round of so-called religious observances—a mumbling of masses and a fumbling of rosaries—but a glorification of the humblest employments to the service of the Master. The author must use his pen, the mechanic wield his hammer, the student solve his problem, so that every thought that flashes through the brain—every movement of the muscles—will help him onward to the celestial goal.

"I have a special work to do as one individual, who, by God's plan and appointment, has a separate position, separate responsibilities and separate work, a work which, if I do not do it, must be left undone."

JOHN RUSKIN.

To co-operate with God is to defeat all the conspiracies of men.

He who makes no mistakes makes no progress.

We speak of a just or an unjust character, of one true or false, and in so speaking we mean that the acts of a life have been just acts or unjust, false acts or true. We pass our verdict on human actions when we designate human character.

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