Delegates And Increasing

ions of The Alliance are -Resolution of Con--Other Matters

AMP, July 3.-Beulah number of delegates sessions of the alliance

Baker and M.S. Trafthe following resoluh as our Heavenly divine wisdom has seen m the church militant triumphant our faithappreciated brother,

ore resolved, that beeful life thus ended ie very prime and most nd apparently at a time ded by his wife and ing children, and the in its various ction with this branch church, this allia ss its deep sense of the by the removal rof so ctive a worker and c several departments of

h to extend to his so: sister, and her dear est sympathy in their

iance to take steps to vay a weekly issue. Saturday evening of missions. Rev. S. A. ng of Scripture and iful quartette was rend-Trafton and Blaisdell and Lena Slipp from retary's report, which th in the mission work bers and amounts raised

of this report was A. L. Bubar, seconded ife and daughter Reita

ed treasurer Bro. M. St. John, then gave his ne missions, and \$1,240 the emergency fund and al collection, making a \$1,900 raised this year sion purposes. work is standing on a nicial basis, and the ofted for the wise and

vesterday were well at-was a love feast at 3 nies were givching by Rev. J. H. th an altar service. eeting at 1:30. Preacheking help from God service and a duet M. S. and P. J. Traf-Slipp, after which s Slipp, tev. S. A. Baker bwed by a general altar

i. M. Campbell, the dis-of the Canadian Bible as head offices at Tok in the interests Tabernacle was filled

oday were largely de-

d that this meeting exaim and work of the eign Bible Society, and Canadian Branch Sonoon at 2 o'clock a

nacle, at which Bro. of Calais and Brook. ort Fairfield will be orapart to the work of

n of St. John per are on the grounds. ful. Grounds, walks, ers and fountains are by Jno. F. Bullock

beautiful and ce for large religious the public appreciate

year at the grounds. By the way, count, it

nt-Vould you like to

vill tell it to you.

## THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

In all the state there was not a better known citizen than Thomas Jefferson Kieby. Mayor of his town for ferson Kirby. Mayor of his town number of years, and connected with most of the big affairs of the district, he was a person of power and influence, honored in public, rather feared in private, and disliked by those who had gone contrary to his will. The Kirby spirit was acknowledged throughout the state as a compound of ice and iron. The judge was a born leader, his friends were wont to

born leader, his friends were wont to sweet and fragrant meeting places, to say. He never followed. He would say nothing of the hospitable houses organize a club or association or com- of friends.

mittee, and run it. No passive membership for him; if he could not be Rebellion against what she considered president or chairman or the leading her father's injustice rankled in member of the board—whichever it Ethel's young heart, but long habit might happen to be he would re- had made her yielding to his will. It sign. But he rarely resigned. Most people were content to let him run was so with them all. the incorrigible, would answer meekly ngs; he did it so well and he had to his master's tones when no amount of coaxing on the children's part could move him. But somewhere in his eldest daughter. Ethel, used to say the disposition of each of the six was to him. How like to boss people a spark of the spirit of independence around so." But papa, knowing full well that he other peo

such a cheery, gental way about him. "Papa, you ought to be president,"

There were six of the Kirby chil-

that it appeared that the judge did it

was best for them, he prescribed it; they had but to follow. In public life,

vocate of liberty, no one spoke more eloquently on the subject of freedom

than Judge Kirby, and as is often the

case, no one was a greater tyrant.

When Ethel reached her eighteenth

summer and Chester Dean appeared on her horizon, she had her first con-

flict with the judge. It was June and

Chester had walked home with her from a garden party. They paused at

the gate a few moments, as the judge was sitting on the front piazza reading

erroneous views that he felt impelled to challenge them in an open letter to

the local paper. He glanced up in time to see Ethel break off a rose from the

and fasten it in the buttonhole of a

ing rather longer than was absolutely

up the walk with her pink and white flowered gown, with her big hat tied

under her chin, but hanging off the

"Who was that, Ethel?" he asked

although he knew perfectly well.

"It was Chester Dean, papa," she answered, hot without trepidation.

"He says you know his father!"

A grim smile passed over the judge's face. 'Humph! I should say I did. He

will know me, too, some day, better

cent Ethel. "Next week Chester will be twenty-one and they are going to have a big party. We are all invited."

back of her golden head.

ung man who held her hand at part-

politics, no one was a stronger ad-

had far more attocracy in Pine Crest than he could exercise in the White House, was satisfied to stay where he Every Fourth of July there were great celebrations in Pine Crest, Many country came in to attend the meeting which Judge Kirby always organized and addressed. Lemonade and cake and popcorn were always served in great dren, and ever since they could remember papa had done everything for them. To be sure their Aunt Emma antitles at the Judge's expense, and had taken their mother's place and mended and tended them for years, but in the evening a grand display of fire-works was made on the Judge's lawn. such was the spirit of the household It was always an exciting time and the Judge, being the center of things, enall. Certainly he ruled them with the joyed every minute of it, tradition rod of iron. He knew what The day dawned beautifully bright

and clear. The little Kirbys were up at the first streak of dawn firing off crackers and risking their lives with that cheerful recklessness which is the that cheerful recklessness which is the characteristic Fourth of July spirit with the American youth.

Immediately after breakfast the children filed into the library with their aunt, followed by the servants, the extreme rear being guarded by old Rover. Here their father, in his Sunday frock coat and with a pomp of manner worthy of the highest cause, read to them, according to his custom, the De-elaration of Independence. Then he would give them a short and impres-sive talk on the beauties of freedom, the sacredness of liberty and the rights of American citizens, This done, he is-sued his orders for the day and the sued his orders for the day and the children were free to do as they liked for a while. Of course they all had to attend the meeting in the opera house and hear the exercises. The town hall was not large enough to held all those who attended the celebration, so it was always held in the opera house, where, her the man course had never been by the way, opera had never been given within the memory of man, but where lurid melo-drama made occasional appearances throughout the season. The children always enjoyed the ceremonies, for they sat in a bunt-ing draped box and were quite important, They had little flags in their hands and knew just when to wave them, which was whenever Papa paus-ed for a moment, and at the conclusion

well, I don't want you to so. No child of mine shall visit the Deans, ed., even to the humblest. No many of cotton and sweet oil and arrive control of the property of cotton and sweet oil and arrive control of the property of cotton and sweet oil and arrive control of the property of t

they stood up and started off singing "The Star Spangled Banner," of which they had known every word since they



of evry child born under our glorious

With this final burst of oratory the Judge turned with an impassioned gesture to the huge flag that hung on the stage behind him. Then the audience cheered wildly, the fife and drum corps burst into the strains of the national anthem, and the Kirby children knew it was time for them to open them little mouths and sing "Oh say can you see?" at the tops of their voices.

Then the meeting broke up with

everybody shaking hands and saying then you could get up in church "What a fine speech the Judge made," like Patrick Henry and make a speech, or cross the Delaware, like Washing-etc. And all the children rushed home could remember.

"Liberty is the birthright of every while their mothers made sure that plenty of cotton and sweet oil and ared."

"It was just thinking over your form of their cannons and crackers, while their mothers made sure that plenty of cotton and sweet oil and ared."

"I was just thinking over your broke in little Amy, who did not want to see her sex neglected."

"So were we," chimed in the others.

of evry child born under our glorious "I think so, too," burst in Bobby, tion settled on her pretty face. She who was eight years old, "It's all very rose and softly passed around the house, went out the side gate and discovered down the lane.

"Liberty isn't what it used to be:

"Where's Ethel?" asked the Judge. But just then she slipped in rather breathlessly, and with considerably more color than usual in her cheeks.

by Beatrice Sturges.

were fastened on her.
"Well?" he demanded.
"So Chester Dean and I were mared at the rectory an hour ago."

The children paused open-mouthed at Ethel's magnificent act of indepen-

"You dared to marry Chester Dean without my consent?"
"I couldn't marry him with it."

"Never mind about being funny. I am your father, and no child of mine ean act in such a way. Married to Chester Dean, indeed!" I'll have it annulled, I won't allow it. It's preposterous. Go to your room and stay there until I send for you." Alas for freedom and the spirit of

Seventy-six! The young disciple of Patrick Henry The young disciple of Patrick Henry rose, so strong was the force of habit. There was a smouldering flash in her eye, to be sure, but the other will was the stronger. The bride of an hour went meekly upstairs to her room.

The meal was finished in a silence that bordered on gloom. Even the red

and white ice cream served on blue pates failed to excite the children to conversation. They spent the afternoon relping the neighbors make all the noise possible, and their father shut

himself up in his study.

Supper was light and early that night, for the fireworks were to be set off as soon as the darkness would who looked at that first.

The orator of the day looked at the admit. Large boxes of Roman candles. pin-wheels, skyrockets and all the stunning pyrotechnic novelties in the market had been provided by the Judge. Half the town was there to

by Robert Barr.

in a tone that should have warned the young patriots.

"Freedom is our birthright," they chanted in unison. "You said so."

"Yes, I did; but liberty is one thing and license is another. I know what is good for you. You will not visit the Deans, you will net have any guineapigs, and everything will go on just as before."

The spirit of Seventy-six melted and wilted and faded away utterly. The The spirit of Seventy-six melted and wilted and faded away utterly. The five children ate their bread and gravy without more ado. It was what they expected, and really they didn't mind some careless passerby in the street. There was a sudden rush toward the porch when the smoke cleared. They papa to get angry before that happened. Ethel, alone, sat with her dinner scarcely tasted.

"Well Fibel?" gwerled the Judge, others for stimulants, still others for a

period. Ethel, alone, sat with her dinner scarcely tasted.

"Well, Ethel?" queried the Judge,
"What's the declaration?"

"I believe in personal liberty, father," she began.
"Quite right, when a person has the sense for it," responded the Judge.
"And your speech this morning inspired me to do what I have lacked courage to do for a long time."

"I am glad to hear that you are bracing up! Courage is the quality above all others I want my children to have."
"You wouldn't want us to be slaves, would do, father? Bound to obey an That part of the porch roof under

"You wouldn't want us to be slaves, would do, father? Bound to obey an unreasonable tryant, and without any which the Judge had lain fell in and the room where the stray rocket had entered was pretty badly burned, but after a little the flames were worsted.

The excited crowd was divided between weighing the sweet was pretty badly burned, but after a little the flames were worsted.

"Then it's all right; I was sure you would feel that way."

"What's all right?"

"Why, I decided to ast independently this morning after I heard your speech."

She paused, for her courage was ebbing fast as her father's cold grey eyes were fastened on her.

"Well?" he demanded,

"The excited crowd was divided between watching the fire and hovering over the Judge. The children were crying wildly and Ethel, who had been in soiltary confinement since dinner time, kneit on the grass with her father's head in her lap.

"Just a bad knock, that's all," said the doctor, who arrived in a few moments. "He will be all right pretty.

ments.

Presently the Judge opened his eyes. The first thing he saw was the blazing corner of the house.

"Ethel's room," he gasped, struggling to rise, "and I locked her in!" Then hefore he could say any more he lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he came to the same to the sam

When he came to it was several hours later. He was in his own bed, with only Aunt Emma and the doctor "Ethel ?" he whispe

"Here, father," said his eldest daugh-er, gently, as she came in from the mext room, where she was sitting, weeping softly, with her head on Ches-ter's shoulder.

He looked at her wonderingly.
"I wasn't in the room, father," she whispered, kneeling down by the bed.
"I had run away. I went to meet—"

"To meet Chester, and we came back when we heard the noise. He—he helped you some, father, and he put out the fire. He

"Bring him in," said the Judge.
Ethel blushed and stepped to the
door. In an instant she returned with

The orator of the day looked at the

"It's all right, my boy," he said.

Suddenly, no one ever understood (Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas.)

## THE STORY OF THE SECOND BROTHER

A STORMY SATURDAY NIGHT.

Angrily the rain lashed shuddering windows—audible—evidence of the supper dishes. The eldest son, with a piece of broken glass, scraped a new storm's strength—the prequesor of winder; for every weather-wise farmer will live as a bone and almost as hard. It was an artistic production of gentle cell you that frost and snow cannot.

A STORMY SATURDAY NIGHT.

daughter was putting away the last of the supper dishes, The eldest son, with a piece of broken glass, scraped a new leaving her cheeks.

The farmer flung wide the door, heedless of the lashing rain which the veranda roof but scantily interposed in the supper dishes, The eldest son, with a piece of broken glass, scraped a new leaving her cheeks.

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The farmer flung wide the door, heedless of the lashing rain which the veranda roof but scantily interposed.

It was an artistic production of gentle course.

A GLOOMY SUNDAY. windows—audible evidence of the storm's strength—the precursor of winter; for every weather-wise farmer will tell you that frost and snow cannot

the simple living-room of the family, parlor and dining-room being reserved for formal occasions. From the stout for formal occasions. From the stout beams hung savory hams smoked to a rich brown, representing the solid requirements of life; while the graceful festoons of dried apples, quartered and strung like loops of pearls, gave promise that the table would not be with-mise that the table would not be wi Strung like loops of pearls, gave promise that the table would not be without a dainty dish even if nothing were seen of the sugared preserves in the cellar, that appetizing storehouse of the farm. This practical decoration of the roof was also reminiscent of the lightsomest of farm festivals, the paringsomest of farm festivals, the paringsomest of farm festivals, the paringsomest of gathered together amidst laughter.

Civil War had been ended sometime past, and a senson of rather feverish, the function of the past, and a senson of rather feverish, the turned from his task and viewed the disconsolate object standing there he is saw that a pool of water was forming round the broken boots.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will get you some dry clothes. Susy, set out a bit of supper."

The two disappeared to the loft above the kitchen, and the girl placed food the land, the land was fertile and the

gathered together amidst laughter, the land, the land was fertile, and the story and song, to peel the apples, to farmer, supreme master of his acres, core and string them, and to dance to had cause for contentment,

tell you that frost and snow cannot come until the marshes are overflowing. This was a swamp-filling deluge, the death of the autumn, and might turn to snow before morning, presenting to the world new-born winter in its swaddling clothes.

Inside the farm-house warmth and comfort were enhanced by the violence of the tempest without. Here was good cheer sweetened by companionship and affection. The kitchen was ship and affection. The kitchen was ship and affection. The kitchen was ship and affection and affection of the family, parlor and dining-room being reserved.

It was an artistic production of gentle curves; and every now and then the boy fitted its smooth surface to his palm and swung it as a warrior might swing a sword, critical of his own work, and ever trying to perfect fitted in the door-woy, a hapless presonification of the black storm which seemed to have tossed him against this square of light; nevertheless, there was a suggestion of sullen defiance in the deep tones with which he announced himself.

The solid house withstood the blast staunchly, momentarily quivering, however, to its root timbers—an involuntary tribute to the strength of the

untary tribute to the strength of the asks food and shelter without the

The two disappeared to the loft above the kitchen, and the girl placed food upon the table. The word "tramp" was at that time practically unknown in its present baleful significance, and this was the first of these human dere-

"Ill in hospital, perhaps?" "To what regiment did you belong?

"I saw nothing of the army and othing of the war." "Then I must have misunderstood your remark that you were wrecked

Wrecked by the war and a woman." "Oh. You married badly?" "I never married." The farmer now glanced uneasily

On Sunday morning the rain had ceased and the wind had fallen, but the clouds dropped down and covered all with gray again.
When John Harmon came downstairs

When John Harmon came downstairs breakfast was past, but he found that an ample portion had been left on the table for him. "We are early risers," was the farm-

The tramp laughed, but there was no mirth in the hardness of his laugh, and it was a sound so unpleasant to ceased and the wind had fallen, but the heavy clouds hung low and threatening. Once the red sun shone for a moment over a flooded landscape, touching the long pools in the autumn furrows with crimson, and giving the hosom of the earth the appearance of the earth the appearance of the state of the control of the c terest was so fully aroused that he concentrated his whole attention on the stranger, and paid small heed to the

"We are early risers," was the farmer's greeting, "and we breakfast early "The morning hour has gold in its mouth, says the proverb. Even on Sunday it is hard to break the habit of the week."

not been for the war I should not nave been placed in the peril that encompassed me at its close. If it had not been for the woman, that peril would have passed me by. If it had not been for heredity, habit might not have encompassed me so, easily If it had not not been for the war I should not have

to the account of habit and heredity, whatever the last may be. Did all four combine to injure you, or did one after another overthrow you, the last downfall leaving you unable to rise again?"

The tramp laughed, but there was no mirth in the hardness of his laugh, and if were a cound so unpleasant to the relate."

what comes from hearkening to a tragedy. Last night I was unpardonably rude to you when I said that my story would profit neither me in the telling nor you in the hearing. Its telling is the only return I can make for your are to listen, I am most willing to a story what comes from hearkening to a tragedy. Last night I was unpardonably ready.

The farmer expressed his desire to hear, but his wife regarded the stranger with deep distrust. The children, however, were so eager for the story that they pressed around their mother, clamoring and whispering. She bade them sit down and be quiet, the terms of the state of the interposing no objection, greatly to their relief. The tramp began and con-tinued his narration in a dull voice that had little of either emphasis or ction in it, and he was uninter rupted to the end.

"My father, Richard Harmon, was of the week."

"Habit makes strange playthings of us," replied the tramp, with more of geniality in his tone than had been noticeable the night before, although he made no apology for his own tardiness. "I am myself a victim of habit. All my days I have been a farmer, so the land was fertile, and to dance to the supple. The farmer supreme master of his zeros; had cause for contentment. "What a fearful light," murmured the house shook, while the was often. "What a fearful light," murmured the house shook, while the and the house shook, while the country of the house shook, while the house shook in the house shook of the house shook in the house shook in