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BUSINESS CARDS.

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E. & E. NICKLIN, Proprietors.
Flour and Feed always on hand, Wholesale and Retail. Grist ing and Chopping Done. Cash or exchange for grain.

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Corner G. T. R. Station. Excellent accommodation for the travelling public. HIRAM CAMPBELL, Prop.

DOMINION HOTEL, Acton.
Robert Agnew, Proprietor. This new House is fitted up in first-class style with the modern Commercial Travellers in view. Large rooms, lofty and well ventilated, and a table furnished with the best the market affords. Stabling attached. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

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Licensed Auctioneer
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

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Licensed Auctioneer
For the County of Halton.
Sales attended to in any part of the County, at reasonable rates.
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Marble Works,
Opposite side from Mills & Goodfellow's Foundry, and
Near Eramosa Bridge, Guelph.
ALL KINDS OF
MONUMENTS
Tomb Stones, Mantle Pieces, &c., made to any size or design, and put up in any part of the country.
Scotch Granite Monuments imported to order.
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Practical Bookbinder.
All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.
Account Books of all Kinds Made to Order.
Ruling Promptly Attended to.
BIXDERY—St. George's Square, Guelph.
Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office will receive prompt attention.

FARM FOR SALE.
One hundred acres of land, well wooded, being the east half of Lot 21, in the 3rd Concession, in the Township of Esquesing. For particulars address THOMAS GARVIN, Erin P.O., Ont., Nov. 30, 1875.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

DOMINION HARNESS SHOP.
The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the
Old Post Office Building,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well selected stock of
Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.
Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.
J. F. DEMPSEY
Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

ACTON BAKERY.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
CHEAP BREAD.
Opposition is the life of trade. Try Galloway's superior Bread.
D. GALLOWAY
Begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has removed his Baking Establishment to the premises next door to Morrow's drug store, where he has built a first-class new oven and refitted the premises in a first-class style for a Bakery and Confectionery Business, and is turning out
BETTER BREAD THAN EVER,
Buns,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Pastry,
Candies,
All of the best quality and at greatly reduced prices.
Mixed Candies at 25c per lb.
Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods.
Weight for weight given in Bread in exchange for flour.
Bread, Buns and Cakes delivered every day, free of charge, to all parts of the village.
WEDDING & FANCY CAKES
made to order upon hand, in the latest styles and at reasonable charges.
N.B.—A good office warranted pure, as no adulterating, the best of material is used.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
Call and see for yourselves.
GALLOWAY BROS.
Acton, March 8, 1876.

ACTON PLANING MILLS
AND
Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.
THOMAS ERBAGE,
Manufacturer of
Window Sash,
Doors,
Venetian Blinds
Mouldings,
And other Building Requisites
Also Makers of
IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS
Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.
All work guaranteed.
Acton, Jan., 1876.

PURE MILK.
The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure, fresh milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for $1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents.
P. S. ARMSTRONG.
Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and promptly executed at the
FREE PRESS OFFICE,
Next the Post Office, Mill Street.

CHEAP BREAD
FOR THE MILLION
B. & E. NICKLIN
Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a
First-Class Baker,
and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna.
Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity.
Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c.,
made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, good and fresh. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, Cheese, &c.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

GUELPH ARMORY.

JOHN KIRKHAM,
Gunsmith, Silver-Plater, &c.,
Wishes to inform the public that he has removed to
Hatch's Block,
Next door to Tyson's Butcher Shop.
AMMUNITION FOR ALL BREECH LOADING ARMS.
Fly & Kynoch's Cartridge Cases and Caps for reloading same. Reloaders, Decappers, Cap Expanders, Curlers, Bullet Moulds, Loading Tools, and all articles necessary for sportsman's outfit.
Advance of 50 cents on Plating and Jobbing executed on the shortest notice at
Guelph, April 27, 1876.

HEIGH HO, STOP!
What's the Matter?
Why any person who wants a good and cheap
SET OF HARNESS
Should call on
ROBT. CREECH,
MILL STREET, ACTON,
Who is always ready to supply customers with everything usually kept in a first-class Harness Shop.
Harness made to order on the shortest possible notice.
COLLARS A SPECIALTY.
R. CREECH, Acton.
Nov. 18, 1875.

MEAT SHOP.
The undersigned has commenced the
Butchering Business
IN ACTON,
Opposite Allan's Livery Stable,
and will keep constantly on hand
Fresh and Salt Meats, Fish, Fowls and Vegetables,
at all seasons of the year.
The support of the public is most respectfully solicited.
CHEAP FOR CASH,
the best plan—so say you all.
EDWARD MATTHEWS
Acton, March 15, 1876 38-3m

The Tongue Instructed.

Guard well thy lips; none, none can know
What evils from the tongue may flow;
What guilt, what grief may be incurred,
By one incautious, hasty word.

Be "Slow to Speak," look well within,
To check what there may lead to sin;
And pray unceasingly for aid,
Lest unaware thou be betrayed.

"Condemn not," "Judge not,"—not to man
Is given, his brother's faults to scan;
One task is thine—and one alone,
To search out and subdue thine own.

Indulge no murmurings; oh, constrain
Those lips so ready to complain;
And, if they can be numbered, count
Of one-day's mercies the amount.

Shun vain discussions—trifling themes;
Dwell not on earthly hopes or schemes.
Let words of meekness, wisdom, love,
Thy heart's true renovation prove.

Set God before thee; every word
Thy lips pronounce by Him is heard;
O, couldst thou realize this thought,
What care, what caution, would be taught!

"The time is short," this day may be
The very last assigned to thee;
So speak that should'st thou never speak more
Thou mayest not this day's words deplore

THAT ROLL OF BUTTER.

The clear sunshine of a May morning pierced the lattice of the little back porch and fell in golden lines across the neat floor and white pine table where Mrs. Tabitha Gibbons stood with her sleeves rolled up, contemplating a tray of new butter.

Mrs. Gibbons was supposed to be an honest woman; but an inclination to avarice had increased with years, and she was often heard to complain that old ways of money making were too slow. This was strongly her feeling this morning.

"Butter is too cheap at twenty cents per pound," she said to herself; "such butter as *this*, especially. This five pound roll will bring only a dollar at Perkins', and I know he sifts chalk in his sugar to make it go farther, and sprinkles it with water to make it weigh more." Is it a greater wrong to adulterate one article of produce than another? Lord is seven cents a pound. Now if I mix equal quantities of lard and butter I shall get two dollars instead of one, and twenty cents a a pound for the lard instead of seven.

"A false weight is an abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is His delight," spoke conscience.

But avarice, after a long struggle was getting the better of conscience. Mrs. Gibbons continued her soliloquy, the tempter standing ready to help her dangerous reasoning.

"You've as good a right to cheat a little as your neighbor has. Everyone for himself in this world. If you expect to always deal honestly, while others are all the time taking advantage of you, you cannot expect to succeed."

The rule of measuring our conduct by our neighbor's is hardly a Scriptural one, but Mrs. Tabitha did not stop to recall her early Bible training. Caution suggested the possibility of detection; but she soon reasoned down that danger.

"Thrown in with dozens of other rolls who will know I made it!" she argued. "I shall gain a dollar by it, and count myself even with the grocer who gave me sanded sugar, that's all."

The prospect of gaining a dollar in trade was too much for poor Mrs. Tabitha. Covetousness swept away the last barrier of principle, and (as we shall see) blunted even her ordinary foresight. Temptation that makes people wicked does not, by any means, always make them shrewd.

With her wooden ladle she divided the butter in two equal parts, of two and a half pounds each, and placed in the centre of each roll an equal quantity of lard. It was a stupid deception, and its very stupidity showed how unaccustomed she was to such dishonesty. But the deed was done; and the two five pound rolls looked temptingly delicious as they reposed side by side upon a snow-white napkin, on a white stone china plate.

"No one in the world could tell but that it was genuine all through," thought Mrs Tabitha Gibbons, as she folded her arms and gazed at it with growing complacency.

"Now, I suppose Joshua (meaning her husband) would not allow that to go to market if—if he knew. Well, I don't care; if Joshua Gibbons had only looked after his own interest, and been as sharp at a bargain as other folks are with him, we might have been better off."

Mrs. Tabitha entered the village store with a happy countenance, and a white willow basket on her arm covered with a nice cloth.

"What are you giving for butter?" she asked.

"Twenty cents for first-rate," said the active little clerk in attendance.

The butter was taken into an adjoining room, and Mrs. Tabitha, having completed her purchases departed. But somehow she did not feel half so proud of her bargain as she expected to.

As she walked home, a sensation entirely new to her made her shy and solitary, and disinclined to look anybody in the face. She had made an extra dollar, but so far from congratulating herself she had never felt less like exulting over anything than she did now. To tell the truth, she would gladly have given the whole price of the butter to have had it safely home again.

On her way she met Deacon Jones, an old and familiar acquaintance.

"Glad to see you, Tabitha, glad to see you," broke out the old man in his cherry, breezy way. "Come up to my house to tea—you and your husband. The minister will be there, and my wife won't take no for an answer."

Mrs. Gibbons could not well refuse the invitation; and after urging her to bring Joshua, too, without fail," the deacon passed on.

About an hour afterward Deacon Jones entered the store Tabitha had left.

"Have you any good butter?"

"Yes, sir, as good as you ever saw," answered the village merchant, confidently; and leading the way to the back room he showed the two rolls brought in by Mrs. Gibbons.

"That's good butter," remarked the deacon, thrusting his penknife into one golden ball and tasting it.

"Who made it?"

"Mrs. Gibbons. She left it here not more than an hour ago."

"I'll take the whole of it, Mr. Perkins. My wife will be delighted. We've been without good butter for ever so long."

That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, or Aunt Tabitha and Uncle Josh, as they were familiarly called, repaired to Deacon Jones' and found the minister and his wife already in the parlor.

In due time all assembled around the hospitable board, the blessing was asked and the meal began. The deacon showed signs of vexation as he spread his slice of bread with butter. He was not the only one who had noticed something wrong.

"My dear, where is that butter I ordered from 'Perkins'?" and without waiting for a reply, called "Sarah!"

A red faced girl answered the summons.

"Get some of that butter that came this afternoon. *This* isn't fit to eat."

"It's the virry same as did come, Misther Jones!" exclaimed the girl. "Bad luck to the one that made that butther, anyhow."

"What do you mean?" sternly demanded the deacon. "That butter was made by the best butter-maker in the county," he continued with a meaning glance at Mrs Gibbons.

The poor woman's face, at the first mention of butter, had grown as red as a blood beet, but the deacon supposed it was the effect of his compliment.

"Why, indade, sir," protested Sarah, with great emphasis, "I mane that the butther's all hairdy inside!" And she slipped out, leaving the company feeling very awkward indeed.

Mrs. Tabitha Gibbons looked almost purple. But judge of her confusion and horror, and the tenfold embarrassment of the rest, when the girl returned, bringing on a plate the very roll of butter from which the offending lump had been cut.

"That's itself, an' ye can jes' see how it looks," she said.

"Oh, carry it back, carry it back, Sarah," fluttered Mrs. Jones. "We don't want that now."

But the company had seen. There it was, the nice, yellow roll, sliced down the middle, and disclosing its centre — the unmistakable evidence of deliberate fraud. Good Mrs. Jones, the hostess, seemed as much distressed as anyone. Busy with her cookery and other preparations she had not been present when her maid cut the butter for the table. But there could not long be any doubt who the real sufferer was. "Aunt Tabitha's" usually glib tongue lost all power of locomotion, and the food upon her plate, remained almost wholly untasted. By this time everyone felt that something disagreeable had occurred. Everyone but her husband, honest Joshua. He, good, simple hearted man, launched out indignant invectives at the "miserable cheat" who would perpetrate such an imposition on unsuspecting customers, and he secretely thought it strange that the others did not join with him.

In spite of the silence and considerate charity of Mrs. Gibbons' friends the whole story of the larded butter leaked out, and poor Uncle Josh, who still remained blissfully ignorant of the real offender, wondered that the butter market suddenly became glutted, so that their butter was no longer in demand, and that his good wife had lost all her former pleasure in manufacturing it.

It was years before Mrs. Tabitha succeeded in re-establishing her character above suspicion; and even then the remembrance of her wrong remained, to quicken her sense of weakness, and warn her of the necessity of higher motives of life than over-reaching selfishness or greed of immediate gain.

A Leap Year Story.

There is a young gentleman in a Nevada town who is looked upon as a sort of woman-hater, and who, it was believed until recently, would not marry the handsomest and best woman on earth. On account of leap year, some young ladies concluded to put up a job on this young man and arrange it for one of their number to propose marriage to him, while the others watched the fun through holes bored in a partition.

The gentleman was invited to call at the house of a young lady who was to do the proposing, and on the designated evening he was there seated in the parlor, while the accessories to the plot were stationed at their eye-holes. After some desultory conversation about the weather and the club party, the young lady suddenly dropped on her knees before the gentleman, and in endearing terms declared her passion:

"Darling," she said, "I long have loved you, but the cruel conventionalities of society have forced me to conceal my passion. Leap-year, which gives to oppressed women one blessed privilege, is now here, and I take advantage of it to tell thee I adore thee. Look not thus coldly on me, dearest; spurn me not from your presence. See me on my beaded knees imploring that you will not say me nay. Grant me but one kiss from those ruby lips; fold me to thy arms and say that thou wilt be mine; mine, only mine, forever and for aye."

Contrary to expectation, the gentleman displayed not the least astonishment during the foregoing recital, and when it was concluded he went over to the stove, and folding his hands under his coat-tails, thus replied:

"I'm told your dad owns a hundred shares of North Carson mine, and that you've got two bindle bulldogs in your own right without incumbrance; likewise I am informed that you are a good hand at making slapjacks and biscuit; that you don't chaw gum, which by the way, is powerful expensive these hard times. In view of these facts, I consent, and leave it to you to name the day."

Horrified at this turn of affairs, the lady tried to explain that it was all a joke, but the gentleman would not accept such an explanation, and threatens a breach of promise suit unless she fulfills her promise, in which event he will summon the peepers as witnesses.

She'd Bring Him to Time.

It was midnight. The young man had farewelled himself out, and Emeline had locked the door and was untying her shoes when her mother came down stairs with a bed-quilt around her, and said:

"Wanted to creep up stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't think I knew it was an hour after midnight, did you?"

The girl had no reply, and the mother continued:

"Did he propose this time?"

"Why—mother!" exclaimed the daughter.

"You can Why mother! all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up at least four tons of coal counting around here?"

The girl got her shoes off, and the mother stood in the stair-door and asked:

"Emeline, have you got any grit?"

"I guess so."

"I guess you haven't. I just wish that a feller with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen, Emeline?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for sun-flower seeds."

Emeline went to bed to reflect over it.

The Liquor Traffic.

There are 140,000 drinking saloons, 128,000 school houses, and 54,000 church buildings in the United States. The manufacturers and sellers of spirituous liquors number about 560,000. It is estimated that in the saloons there are five million daily customers, one-seventh of the entire population. Of these, 100,000 are annually tried for crimes committed under the influence of liquor. The 29,000 distilleries make annually 72,500,000 gallons of ardent spirits.

The Three Rogues; an Oriental Story.

A peasant was taking a goat to Bagdad. He was mounted on a donkey, and the goat, with a bell tied round his neck, was following him. Three rogues saw this little company go past, and desired to enrich themselves.

Said the one, "May I carry off that fellow's goat in such a way that he shall never be able to ask it again of me?"

And the other cried, "Grant me the wit to rob him of the ass on which he is mounted."

"Oh, truly what an exploit!" exclaimed the third, "What would you say if I meant so to despoil him of his clothes that he will actually be obliged to me?"

The first rascal followed the traveler softly, by stealth took the bell from the goat's neck, fastened it to the ass' tail and made off with his booty.

The man, still riding the ass, heard the sound of the bell constantly behind him, and never for one instant imagined that the goat was no longer there, till, by-and-by he happened to turn around. Picture to yourself his astonishment when he could not see the animal he had been taking to market to sell! Of every one who passed he asked news of his goat.

Presently he met the second rogue, who answered:—

"At the corner of yonder lane I saw a man running off, dragging a goat with him."

The countryman jumped from his ass saying:—

"Please take charge of my donkey," and ran after the thief in the direction he supposed him to have taken.

When he had been running hither and thither for some time, he came back to find that neither ass nor keeper were to be seen. Our two rascals had already got far away, both well content with their booty. The third now awaited the simple man, leaning against a well by which the latter must pass. Then, with a loud wail, he began to lament so bitterly that the loser of the ass and the goat was led to accost a person who seemed thus afflicted. Approaching him he said:

"What are you grieving about? I am sure you cannot have as much ill-luck as I have had. I have lost two animals, the price of which would have made my fortune."

"Oh, but think what a loss mine is!" exclaimed the thief. "Have you, like me, ever let a casket full of diamonds fall into a well when you were told to carry them to the judge? I shall perhaps be hanged for theft."

"But why do you not go down into the well?" asked the countryman; "it is not very deep."

"Alas! I am not clever enough, answered the rogue. "I would rather run the risk of being hanged than drown myself, which I should certainly do; but if there were any one willing to do me this service, I would gladly give him ten pieces of gold."

"Promise me those ten pieces of gold," cried the poor dupe, thinking the sum would more than repay him for the loss of his animals, "and I will get your casket back for you."

No sooner said than done. He threw off his clothes with such rapidity, and descended into the well so quickly, that the robber saw at once that he would scarcely have time to possess himself of his spoil.

The countryman, having reached the bottom of the well without finding any casket there, came up again and speedily became aware of his new misfortune. The clothes, ass, and goat had all gone different ways; and their unlucky owner, with all his toil, could scarcely find people charitable enough to be willing to clothe him.

Moral, "Be careful of the company you choose."

Wisdom in Paragraphs.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily.

The wife makes the home, and the home makes the man.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

Curiosity is as much the parent of attention as attention is of memory.

Many a fool who has sense enough to get him a good wife, lacks the wit to know it.

People shouldn't talk about having the second sober thought who never had the first.

The man who is honest from policy is the most dangerous customer we have to deal with.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shaddow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever?

He who has once done you a kindness will more readily do you another than will one whom you have benefitted.

A cockle fish may as soon empty the ocean into its narrow shell, as a vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God.

Violent observations of affected blunders look not more suspicious than strained sanctity or over-offended modesty.

It is vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half the world.

Hotel Licenses in Halton.

Milton. — Taverns—John Wallace, Samuel Cook, Wm. Robson; three granted, one undecided, one refused. Shops—None; two refused.

Oakville. — Taverns—John Anderson, John Williams; George J. Baker, Wm. Walsh, Arthur Goring; one refused. Shop—C. W. Pearce & Co; one refused.

Wellington Square.—Taverns—Peter T. Evans, John Callanane, Martha DeGarmo, John Wray; one refused.

Nassagaweya—Tavern—Henry Stingle, Rosalia Farrell; two refused.

Trafalgar.—Taverns—E. Burger, Marian McClanaghan, Jos. M. Trifler, James Young, Jaynes Sevens; two refused.

Esquesing.—Taverns—D. Lindsay, J. C. Marshall, Thos. Beamish, Thos McAndrew, Duncan Clarke, Geo. T. Clark, David Hill, J. Heslett, Donald Stewart; four refused.

Acton. — Taverns—Robert Agnew, Thos. H. Campbell; one refused.

Nelson.—Taverns—R. B. Smith, John Bunton, John Naisbitt; two refused.

Georgetown. — Taverns—Thos. Clark, Robert Bennett, B. Thompson, Henry H. Speiss; one refused. Shop—Geo. Robinson.

There were 52 applications received for hotel licenses, of which 37 were granted. For shops there were five applications, only two of which were granted.

Ozone and Epidemics.

According to modern researches, the amount of ozone in the atmosphere has much to do with our health. Recently a member of the French Academy of Sciences, who has been investigating the subject, has discovered that the largest amount of ozone exists when the wind is from the west, and the least when it is from the east. It is said also that epidemics are found to be most virulent during periods of east winds, and to subside when the wind changes to the west. As the direction of the wind is beyond our control, our ingenious men of science, who have ascertained so much, should now devote their attention to the discovery of some means of supplying us with artificial ozone.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

Virtue without talent is a coat of mail without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not protect his friend.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

It is better to yield a little, than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

Out of the heart not out of the brain, are the best issues of life. And many a one who has not been able to find God or to construct any satisfactory doctrine concerning Him, through the speculations of the intellect, has found Him by the path of that old beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." They have seen Him, not as a visible being, standing before their outward eyes, nor comprehended Him, perhaps, as an infinite person by their intellectual faculty, but found Him in the inner consciousness of their hearts, through the vitilizing impulses of that energy of goodness which is the fulfilling of every law of duty.

Sorrow sobers us and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night, so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is better for him, and it will help to make him immortal. It is not in the bright, happy days, but in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be shining in the long distance. And it is in sorrow—the night, the soul—that we see the farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity, and sons and daughters of the Most High.