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H. H. KITTRECKE, BANKER, ACTON, ONTARIO.

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STARTLING DISCOVERY!

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1881.

A SERMON IN REHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving, Love him. Yes, and let him know

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sing by any clime or tongue.

If you see the hot tears falling From a brother's eye,

If your work is made more easy By a friendly, helping hand,

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness, All enriching as you go.

THE NEW SCHOOLMAM.

The new schoolmams coming—the schoolmams coming!

How tall she is! exclaimed one.

How tall she is! exclaimed one.

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one or two large boys in my school, you can be of great assistance to me.

Thomas, if you will stop a few moments after school this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan I have formed.

This was a mystery to all, and particularly to Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to anybody, and for the first time in his life he felt as if he was of some importance in the world.

Miss Wescott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape things accordingly.

When schoolmams came, they were a great deal of a mystery to the school.

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that wild spirit to books. She would give him employment; but such as would call out a new train of ideas and thoughts.

He must feel that he was doing good for others' sake, and that he was not guided along by his own wayward will, and yet there must be no appearance of restraint upon him; he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first-time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming somewhat greater and better than he was.

His mind became inundated with new and strange emotions, and like a mighty river turned from its course—his thoughts and energies from that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Wescott arrived at the school house, she found Tom Jones there with his evergreens.

'Good morning, Thomas,' she said kindly—'so you are here before me; you must have risen early, and I see you have found some beautiful evergreen. Now, if you will help me hang them, we will have the room arranged by nine o'clock.'

'I have brought a hamper and some nails,' said Tom. 'I thought we should need some.'

'Yes, so we shall; I am glad you thought of it,' replied Miss Wescott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and hear him answer several questions correctly; and they were still more confounded when at recess Miss Wescott said:

'You will take care of these little children, will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? You must be their protector.'

One would as soon have thought of asking a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom Jones to take good care of little children.

'Well,' exclaimed Sam Evans, 'I never saw such a schoolmams in all my life; did you, Tom?'

'No,' replied Tom, 'but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now; but I am going to study now, and learn something. Miss Wescott says I can, and I am determined to try.'

It was astonishing to observe the effect Miss Wescott's treatment of Tom had upon the scholars. They began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him, which they manifested, first by dropping the nickname 'Tom,' and substituting 'Tommy,' which certainly revealed a more kindly feeling toward him.

In less than a week Miss Wescott had the school completely under her control, yet it was by love and respect that she governed, and not by iron rule; she moved among her scholars as a very queen, and yet she gained their confidence and esteem that it did not seem to them submissive to another's will, but the promptings of their own desire to please. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Wescott understood human nature. She made it a study, as every teacher ought to do. She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil sin and beauty of virtue, the advantages of education, and the consequences of ignorance; taught them their own capabilities and responsibilities, and she adapted her instructions to capacities and necessities. And thus she went on year after year, scattering good seed into good ground, and she reaped an abundant harvest. From many a happy home and high place came a blessing upon her; and there is no one that breathes her name with greater reverence, or remembers her with more grateful affection, than Tom Jones, who has filled with ability one of the highest judicial offices in the country, and freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position, under God's providence, to her treatment and instructions.

It Ain't Gals.

Little Johnny was visiting at a neighbor's house. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but not with any degree of enthusiasm.

'What do you say?' said the lady, expecting him to say 'Thank you.'

'I say it ain't cake,' was the impulsive response.

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The End of a Bachelor.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note, As our friends to the bridal we hurried;

We married him quickly to save his fright, Our friends from the sad sight turning;

Slowly and sally we munched away, From the top to the lowestmost story;

THE ATHEIST.

Streak of lightning, for mile long, Some days ago twice hit him;

MARRIED PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER.

Standard Advice.

Standard Advice.

Standard Advice.

Standard Advice.

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