

The Acton Free Press

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The Young Folks.

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin holding his mother's hand.
Says "Good night" to the big folks all.
There's a tear in her eye from the love.
Laughs with glee at the tickled ball.
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Greater mother with food comes.

Slips her hand through his sweet brown hair.

Thinks of his fortune all unknown,

Speaks also in an earnest voice,

"I am a little too old now;

Gives God thanks for baby girl."

Mamma, what is an angel like?

Asks the boy in a wondering tone;

"How will they look if they come here,

Watching me while I am alone?"

Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;

Answered the mother tenderly.

"I suppose it is all known,

Little ones have seen them eyes;

Cried with a look of pleased surprise,

"Love and trust in his eyes of blue,

"I know mamma; they're just like that."

—Howe hold

They Were All Shoemakers.

Sir Clodio Shovel, the noted English admiral.

Elmer Sibley, English Physician and astrologer.

Robert Morrison, English missionary and orientalist.

William Sturgeon, English electrician and inventor.

George Fox, English founder of the Society of Friends.

Hans Sachs, German poet; Jacob Bohme, German mystic.

James Woodhouse, English bookseller and minor poet.

John Peckridge, English astrologer and almanac maker.

Robert Bloxfield, the well-known English pastoral poet.

Anthony Forster, English linguist and Biblical translator.

William Carney, English orientalist and Baptist translator.

Samuel Bradburn, English Wesleyan Methodist preacher.

Henry Wilson, eighteen Vice President of the United States.

Monach Sibyl, English orientalist and Swedenborgian preacher.

Francesco Brizzi, Italian painter; Ludovico de Joss, Flemish painter.

Noah Webster, lexicographer, and John Greenleaf Whittier, poet.

John Pounds, English philanthropist and founder of ragged schools.

William Gifford, English journalist and critic, editor of *Quarterly Review*.

Roger Sherman, statesman and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Jane Locketton, English bookseller, and author of "Autobiography and Confessions."

A Cold Invitation.

Never take "come and see me" as a pleasant invitation in earnest, unless it is accompanied with a date. An invitation without a "certain circumstance" is no invitation at all.

Depend upon it, if any man or woman desires your company, he or she will appoint a time for you visit. "Call on me when you can make it convenient." "Drop in if you are passing." "Pay me a visit whenever you have an hour or two to spare," are social "infinities" by which men of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested. When people wish to be wholly polite, there is nothing like this kind of vagueness. The compliment, any small change of society should always be taken at a large discount. It is never worth its face, or anything like it. Yet it is a convenient exchange of exchange for all that, and heavy debts of gratitude that ought to be repaid in better coin are often paid with it. People who have more polish than principle use it lavishly—plain blunt men sparingly, or not at all.

Love Your Parents.

Someone said to a Grecian General: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment and then said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent home word to my parents that I gained the victory." And the proudest moment and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send to your parents that you have conquered your evil habit by the grace of God and become eternal victor. O, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will visit the place where they used to watch over you, and find them gone from the house and from the neighborhood. Cry as long for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, and they will not answer. Dead! Dead! and then, when you take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her and you will take the same with which your father used to walk, and you will shrink and with you had done just what they wanted you to do, and would give the world if you had never thong a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hours of his life, instead of being cast against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who wanders about through the dismal cemetery reading the hair and wringing the hands and crying: "Mother! Mother!"

There is nothing gained or retained in this world without care.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

—**THE STRONGEST, BEST, PURTEST, CHEAPEST.**

—**FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.**

—**FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.**