

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1867.

THE GARDEN VIOLET

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodil. I see
With down on the hills.
A cloud of gray hangs over the town
And overwhelms the town.
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.
It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any bee can find a home.
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to all happy,
A gift to all who feel.
It is raining rain to me,
It is raining violet!

Robert Lowman.

ALL SHE COULD

Some years ago a deaconess moved from New England to the northern part of Iowa and settled upon a farm. Many people and their families had to do this, that is, leaving his home away. The deaconess began to work hard, however, as soon as she got there. She was a widow, her husband having died before her. He was old and began to go to bed at 10 o'clock. But he got up again, making him a broad field, unshaded and ready for spiritual cultivation.

He had meant to go into this home missionary work-years before, but his wife had persuaded him to wait until their daughter had finished her education at an Eastern college. Now the opportunity had arrived, and with an eagerness like that of youth, left a community that, as he expressed it, had been "for generations prodded to death," in order to go to a people beginning to be pre-pared to life.

There in the Middle West the family built a small cabin of three rooms and a "loaner" for the kitchen. No trees protected them from the burning sun in summer or from the fierce heat of winter. The country was new. There were no roads. Their nearest neighbor was six miles away across the prairie, and one Sunday the good man, who was reaching an audience of twelve persons several miles away from his home, was lost in a blizzard in endeavoring to return to it. From the effects of this exposure he died, and his wife soon followed him.

The daughter, twenty years of age, was left alone. What was she to do? Should she pack up and return to the comfortable East, or stay and fight it out in the pioneer West? She decided to stay and continue her father's work.

She went out upon the vast prairie to teach. Most of the settlers were Norwegian, and in a little two-roomed house, occupied by a large family, she went to board so that she might learn the language. But the food was so poor that she became ill. Finally, she secured the position of principal in a small, struggling college. Here her surroundings were pleasant, but the trustees could not pay her salary, and after three years she went back to the prairie.

This time she was paired with a kind but ignorant Irish family. During the winter the mother died, leaving two young girls to care for a household of men. Here the teacher found her mission in life.

She taught those girls how to work. She helped them to cook, to sew, to make their own clothes, to make the home cheerful and sweet. She made herself an older sister to the two. She shaved their whalebone. She mended with them, baked with them, made butter with them, milked with them, and endured the hay field with them. Soon the two sisters became noted for their gentleness, consideration and excellent home qualities. Wherever they went they carried a spirit of helpfulness and an electric ray of cheerfulness.

But the world never knew of the sacrifice of the minister's daughter, who was one of the best and most beloved of her people. In order to make the lives of two little girls worth living, the story of this noble sacrifice came recently to the writer from the West. What can be said of her who could have had the sweet, but chose the bitter for humanity's and for Christ's sake? There are many bright, educated girls in the West, enduring poverty and hardship as good soldiers of the Master, that they may do all they can for Him. Such unreserved giving of self ought to shame us out of our easy, self-satisfied lives of nominal Christian service.

Tested by Time.—In his Justly celebrated Pill Dr. Parmenter has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in a remarkable and it is in general not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alternative and corrective powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

Duty is that which is due; it is a debt from man to God.—Dana Parent. There never was and never will be a universal panacea for one remedy for all life to which flesh is heir. What could relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, undiluted state a remedy for many and grievousills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves dispenses to sound and refreshing sleep. Imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, carries through the veins strong and healthy, and vital functions of the system. Thus, making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any of the market. All druggists sell it.

PAINE'S CULINARY COMPOUND.
If you are a sufferer from kidney-disease, liver complaint, blood trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia or nervous prostration, we confidently recommend the use of Paine's Culinary Compound. This reliable and never disappointing medicine is a true disease balsom and system builder. We supply the genuine Paine's Culinary Compound, A. E. Brown, Acton, Ont., **DRUGGISTS.**

Quantity over dwells with men of noble minds. Petham.

A man may know much and yet be nothing.—Dr. Parker.

The worst of slaves is he whom padron rules. Broke.

Conscience is the highest of all men's, Victor Hugo.

Women seldom take kindly to advice.

Too many blows will extinguish the light of love.

A savage dog is the wayward cross of the hungry hound.

Love may intoxicate a man, but inebriation leads to sober him.

Please notice that the old banister is wedged to single bleakness.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—