

## The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1868

### A CONFIRMATION.

We have not known them as we ought, Nor learned thy wisdom, grace and power.

The thoughts of earth have filled our hearts.

And truths of the passing hour:

Lord, give us light thy truth to see,

And make us wise in knowing Thee.

We have not feared them as we ought,

Nor known through thy awful eye,

Nor quailed dead and word and thought.

Remembering that God was nigh!

Lord, give us both to know these near,

And grant the grace of thy Holy Spirit.

We have not loved them as we ought,

Nor cared that we were loved by them.

Thy presence we have gladly sought,

And truly bared thy face to us!

Lord, give a pure and loving heart,

To love, to know, the love we seek.

—T. B. Pollock

### GENERAL HOWARD'S REWARD.

A beautiful story is told of two great generals in the American Civil War. During General Sherman's last campaign in the South, certain changes in command were made. General Howard was placed at the head of a special division. Soon after this the war closed and there was to be a grand review of the army at Washington. The night before the review, Sherman sent for Howard and said: "The political friends of the officer you are to command determine that he shall sit at the head of the corps, and I want you to help me out."

"It is my command," said Howard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course you are," replied Sherman. "You led the men through Georgia and Carolina; but, Howard, you are a Christian, and can stand the disappointment."

"If you put it up that ground," said Howard, "there is but one answer. Let him ride at the head of the corps."

"Yes, let him have the honor," said Sherman, "but you will report to me at nine o'clock, and will ride by my side at the head of the army."

Howard protested, but his command or's orders were positive. So that day, in the grand review, the man who had yielded his rights had a place of higher honor at the head of the whole army. It is a lesson to the world to hard the worthies those who serve the master and serve without striving for place, in the end receive the true honor before both God and man.—Current Anecdotes.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ill to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailst systems are fitted 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 nervous disposition to the action of the limbs, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, natural functions of the system, thereby 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 on the market. All druggists sell it.

We are all made of dust, and some of us seem always to need a little more of the raw material.

A soiled black coat may be quickly cleaned by applying to it with a sponge strong coffee to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Finish the process by rubbing the coat with a piece of colored woolen cloth.

### A COURTEOUS RETORT.

One may be excused for feeling a little joy when the man who goes out of his way to make a rude remark in order to show his wit conveys a rebuke that is courteous; it is effective.

The retort given by a certain learned scientist must have been more amusing to the onlookers than to the learned gentleman's antagonist.

It happened at dinner that one of the guests began to discuss philosophy, and went on rudely to express the opinion that philosopher was but an other way of spelling fool.

"What is your opinion, professor?" he asked. "Is there much distance between them?"

The professor, with a polite bow to his host, responded gravely, "Sometimes only the width of a table."

### A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

Colonel Plummer, of New York, the other day bought a handsome brown mare. A day or two later, he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival. John replied:

"She's certainly a fine lookin' horse, but I'm afraid her temper's a bit too touchy."

"What makes you think so?" asked the colonel.

"She don't appear to take kindly to nobody, sir; she don't like me to go into the box to feed her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a day or two. The surroundings are strange, you know. You talkin' them leavin' things wrong with her tempers?"

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### THE MOTHER AND HER GIRLS.

Do not be unduly disturbed, dear mother, at the dawning of a day almost to bring back to you the experience of your youth," writes Mrs. Hanger in "Woman's Home." "It is in woman's nature to be fond of her children; but if they are able to stand on their own feet, they will reach the station where the train they take may lead them away from you. Girls have said to me, with a shade of sadness, that they regretted that they did sometimes make decisions of which their mothers did not approve. One of the temptations to which we fallible mothers are liable is that of ignoring the obvious fact that grown-up daughters or daughters nearly ready are not babies any longer, and are not compelled to yield their individuality to ours. They are crises in young lives, and the only thing for a mother to do, having given such counsel, as she thinks best, is to leave her daughters entirely free to work out their own problems. Enormous trouble and even whistling disaster may follow when a mother tries to interfere with the movements of her offspring."

### HELPING SOMEWHERE.

A writer tells how a little child once patted a sermon to him. The father at home P. asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep.

"N—" he said, "he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well," he said, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

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