The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1920

HERE IS WHAT A WOMAN WROTE

"I can cite the sum of two and two,
I know the age of the Wandering Jew,
I know which mushroom is safe to chew,
I can tell Goulash from Irish stew,
I can tighten the frill in a modern brew,
I know what's what and I know who's who,
I can wise to many things old and new,
But why is the heel of a woman's shoe?"

And here is what a scathing man has to say on the subject:

"It parodies anything God ever grew,
It kills all comfort and grace adieu,
It aids the chiropodist's revenue,
It discredits the maker and wearer, too,
Like a still awry, with tilt untrue,
It sets her suffice physique askew,
And yet it persists the season through,
Oh why, is the heel of woman's shoe?"

PLENTY OF SAND IN THE SAND-BOX

"Well, well, what's all this? It looks to me as though somebody had the 'back to the land' fever. Is it you, Wallace?"

Uncle Eben, pausing in the doorway of Wallace's cozy dormer-windowed room, looked with interest at the periodicals that strewed the table. In the concentrated radiance of the reading lamp the titles showed up plainly: The Amateur Beekeeper, The Poultry Journal, The Fruit-Growers' Guide.

"This is certainly a surprise," Uncle Eben went on jovially. "I'm turned out downstairs because some neighbor wants to talk over some church business with your father and mother. I come upstairs thinking I'll inform myself on business affairs by a chat with our young insurance man, and I find you absorbed in 'The Amateur Beekeeper.' What's the explanation, Wallace? Tell your old uncle."

Wallace laughed as he laid aside his magazine and drew another chair up to the table.

"The fact is, Uncle Eben, that you've stumbled onto my pet secret. Oh, no," as his uncle made a hasty gesture, "there's no harm done. The secret is pretty nearly ripe for disclosure, anyway. You see, Uncle Eben, I happen to know that there's nothing father and mother would like so well as a small fruit and chicken farm across the lake. They're neither of them very strong, and since father had the 'flu' he has aged perceptibly. He earns only a bare living now, and even that is uncertain in these times. I've never yet well when I'm shut up in an office, so a little place where we could work outdoors would be good for us all."

"But those magazines—don't your father and mother guess from those what you are planning?"

Wallace shook his head. "They know that I'm interested, but they think the farm is in the dim and distant — very distant — future. What they don't know is that by next spring, if luck stays with me, I shall have enough saved to make a substantial first payment on a place and have a margin to carry us along for a few weeks. I'm looking forward to the day when I can give them a joyful surprise-by inviting them to step up and pick out their farm."

"Really, Wallace?" Uncle Eben's face was aglow with interest. "I'm mighty glad to hear that. I think it is a wise move. Don't let anything sidetrack you." Uncle Eben's early years as a railroad man still colored his speech at times.

"I don't mean to," Wallace answered quietly, but his tone was significant. He had not forgotten what it had meant in hard work and self-denial to save the sum that lay slowly increasing in the savings bank.

In saying that, however, he had not counted on the suddenness with which the wheel of fortune often turns over. Only a few days later he came home one night with a face that had grown weary and haggard in a day.

"I'm going to lose my place," he explained. "The company intends to give up the western office at the end of this month and handle everything in this territory from the New York office. Of course, it will not be a reflection on any of us, but it means that we will all have to get out and scramble for new positions at a time when the scrambling is not very good."

He looked tired and discouraged, and Uncle Eben, remembering the "pet secret" was full of sympathy.

"One of the hard grades that everybody comes to now and then," he observed, "but from what I've seen of you, Wallace, I'm sure you carry enough sand in your sand-box to take you up this grade and any others that may lie beyond."

For a moment Wallace stared at his uncle in bewilderment; then, catching his meaning, he straightened his shoulders and lifted his head.

"I hope you're right, Uncle Eben, and I'll try to prove to you that you are. I'll begin looking for something right away and perhaps I shall find something by the time we're turned adrift."

Wallace was right in saying that it was a bad time to be thrown out of employment. He answered advertisements, and advertised himself, but for weeks there were no results. His share of the household expenses made steady inroads on his precious savings, and a slight necessary operation which had to be performed at a hospital gave him a feeling of sick dismay as he noted the reduced total in his bank book. It began to look as though the farm would be in the dim and very distant future, as he had jokingly said to Uncle Eben.

But at last Wallace's hunt for work was rewarded, and Uncle Eben, who was going on to Massachusetts to spend the winter with a brother there, left with a lighter heart. He gave Wallace a firm handclasp.

"I'll be back early in the spring, and I hope everything will be all right again. I know you can make the grade if you try."

Uncle Eben on his return found Wallace in the best of spirits. He had brought his bank account back to the figure he felt was necessary, and was ready to spring his "joyful surprise." He had made no mistake in saying that his father and mother would rather have the little Ontario fruit farm than anything else he could give them, and their surprise and happiness when he told them his plans was enough to repay him for all the hard work and sacrifice that had made his comfortable bank account possible.

"Oh, Wallace!" his mother said with shining eyes. His father found it hard to realize that he was soon to be set free from the office drudgery that were down his strength, and way to spend his days in the beautiful out-of-doors at the kind of work he liked best.

"We have our farm picked out, Uncle Eben," Wallace said happily. "I heard last summer, when we were in Ontario, that the owners were thinking of giving it up, and now it is for sale. It's exactly what we want. I have an option on it, and we'll probably close the deal in a couple of weeks. The owner was called away from home a few days ago."

He had reason to feel happy that night, for everything was carrying him forward smoothly toward the goal for which he had been working and saving. At breakfast the next morning he mentioned casually that he was going to transfer two hundred dollars, the first of his savings, from the local bank where it was deposited, to the national bank down town where he carried his principal account. He had heard a rumor that the local bank was not as strong as it might be. "I don't think there's anything to it," he said lightly, "but we don't want anything to happen now."

But when he came home at night, it was evident that something had happened.

"Yes, my two hundred dollars is all gone," he said heavily, in answer to his mother's alarmed inquiry. "The bank was closed when I got there at noon. It's evidently in serious condition, for they say that the depositors will be lucky if they get back ten per cent. of their accounts. I called up the agent, but they won't take a cent less than five hundred for the first payment. Oh, mother, I'm afraid we will lose out on it, after all, and I've worked so hard!"

The good little his mother could say to comfort him; and she left the room, with a face from which all the brightness had fled. His father followed her, but Uncle Eben crossed to where Wallace sat beside the table, with his head sunk upon his folded arms. "Another hard grade to climb when you thought you had struck a nice level stretch. But you'll make it, the same that you have the others; I'm sure of that. You know, it's not good railroading to empty your sand-box on the first grade."

Wallace raised a wan face, on which the shadow of a smile flickered. "I'll try, Uncle Eben, but I can't have to give me till to-morrow morning to brace up and readjust myself."

Though he was pale and weary-eyed the next morning, he had got back some of his courage. "I'll see to-day if there is any possible arrangement I can make with the agents," he said. "I can't and won't give it up."

He reported at night that he had secured an extension of the option for another month and also was to undertake some night work at the office. "I don't just see how I'm to get two hundred dollars in the course of the next month, but the only thing to do is to try."

He had found Uncle Eben packing up. "Had a letter from your cousin Charles," he explained. "He thinks I've been away from home long enough and I guess likely I have, so I'm going to-morrow."

A week later there was a letter for Wallace from Uncle Eben. It told of his safe arrival, and it contained a check for two hundred dollars.

"I didn't spend as much on my trip as I expected," Uncle Eben wrote, "and as I shall want to visit you when you get comfortably settled on the farm, I'd like to have a little stake in it. I know that you've saved enough left in your sand-box to pull up this grade, but you're handicapped just now by shortness of time, and in an emergency like this a helping engine comes in pretty handy. So I'm sending you this check to make sure that you get the farm you've all got your hearts upon."

There were other things in the letter that were good to read, and when Wallace had tucked the precious check away in his bill-fold, he slipped the latter into his breast pocket. "Where it will be handy if I'm ever in danger of losing my 'sand.'" Wallace said to himself with a smile.—By Alice Griggs Goode.

THE OLD MAN OF THE BIG CLOCK TOWER

Well, we're off on the first lap of the New Year. Our "Happy New Year's" have been spoken and we've started out with the purpose to make our wishes come true to all. The year will have much of joy and its full quota of sorrow for many, but we'll live it one day at a time, old and young, and let us each endeavor to make every day count for some kind deed or word to others.

To toil and to be kind—
Those are the chores I find.

To work and to be gay—
This rule for every day.

To take life unafraid—
This task is on me laid.

On you too. Let us, then,
Do our task well. AMEN.

One of the first business places in Acton occupied the lot on which Knox Church now stands. It was built in the days of the Adamses, the founders of the town, in the days when Acton was Adamsville, and it was known until the day it was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1870, as the Adams' Block. There was quite a commodious store, with a dwelling alongside and also occupying the second floor, and a large store house and barn adjoining. The cellar was of good dimensions and had ample room for the storage of sundry merchandise. A large area was provided for "wet goods," which invariably formed a considerable portion of the stock in trade of the average merchant in those days.

The story is told—I will not vouch for the truth of it—that when James Matthews, our venerable postmaster, was a young chap he was engaged in teaming from Hamilton and Oakville. This was before the days of the railways in this part of Canada. He had taken a load of grain to Hamilton, and on his return trip his load was made up of ten barrels of whiskey for the merchant in the Adams' Store. He got along all right until he reached the mountain near Speyside, when one of the waggon stakes gave way and the barrel which was supported by it rolled off the load. It struck with its head on a stone and one of the hoardings gave way and the precious (?) whiskey gurgled forth. Young Matthews stopped, blocked his waggon, and upended the barrel to save the whiskey which had not run out. A neighboring farmer happened along and helped him replace the barrel, deploring the woeful waste of the liquid refreshment. This event occurred before the days when Mr. Matthews' ardent prohibitionist as he is, solemnly declared in the old temperance hall which stood where the road now leads into Henderson's saw mill, that he would never "touch, taste nor handle any intoxicating beverage," as he took the obligation administered by Worthy Patriarch John Speight in Acton Division No. 242 of the Sons of Temperance.

This store was a prominent centre of business in the early days of Acton's history. When it was built, and for years afterward, all the business transacted in Acton was done on Main Street. The two taverns were there. There were three or four blacksmith shops on the street. There was a woollen mill and two tanneries, the school, and the Presbyterian Church, and the old graveyard behind it.

The first storekeeper I can remember in this building was Col. Leonard, though I believe some of the older residents say that James Young, who afterwards owned the Norval Mills on the Norval Road, kept there first. Col. Leonard was not long in business in Acton. He was a generous patron of the liquor department, went wrong mentally, and one day took his own life and ended his earthly career.

Charles Davidson, who afterward went to Guelph to take the position of manager of the Wellington Fire Insurance Company, also kept store here. Mr. Davidson was a somewhat stern man, but the soul of honor, and everybody esteemed him. He continued as manager of the Insurance Company until his death about thirty years ago, when his son, Col. John Davidson, succeeded him, and still remains in charge of the Wellington's extensive business interests in Guelph.

Henry Lane was the merchant here for a time, but he did not make much a stir as the McClenahan's who followed. Mr. and Mrs. McClenahan were very active people. The wife was as aggressive in business as the husband. When he went to Toronto on business she remained at home in charge of the store and could barter dry goods and sell whiskey as well as he could. On his last trip to Toronto Mr. McClenahan was overcome with gas in his hotel room during the night and never recovered consciousness.

P. H. Corrigill did business in this stand for a number of years. Though it is over fifty years since he left Acton his name is still spoken here with great respect. He was a trained merchant, cleaned out the whiskey corner of the store and specialized in dry goods. Shortly before this property was destroyed by fire he removed to Cheltenham. Here he died and Mrs. Corrigill returned to Acton with Annie, the foster daughter of the home. A number of years later Mrs. Corrigill and Peter McNabb were joined in wedlock and they lived in the cozy cottage on Mill Street where Mr. McNabb and Miss Corrigill still reside, until her death a few years ago.

Personal Work

REV. ARTHUR BARNER

This article by Rev. Arthur Barner will be read with interest at this time when the Interchurch National Movement is such a live issue throughout Canada:

By **Personal Work** we mean that effort put forth thoughtfully and prayerfully by one individual with the ultimate object of leading another individual to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.

1ST—THE GREATNESS OF THE TASK

"A great and effectual door is opened unto me."—II. Cor.

The world will be evangelized by the preaching of the gospel, but the people will be won to Christ by the carefully studied and earnestly prosecuted personal efforts of those who know Him as Saviour and Lord. This constitutes a great task.

(a). It is great because it has to do with the Human Will. Preaching the gospel may have to do only with the mind. Before God's greatest desire can be accomplished the WILL must turn to Him. This is the great and honored task committed to the personal worker. The successful evangelist, the one whose work abides and stands the test of time, never neglects personal work. Sometimes, when the work assumes large proportions, a company of carefully-trained personal workers are on hand to deal with those who in an intellectual or emotional way have decided to follow Christ. The duty of those workers is to see that the WILL has consented and that Christ is accepted by faith as personal Saviour. Until the will is surrendered to Christ there can be no certainty and stability. The life follows the will.

(b). It is a great task because every obedient child of God can take part in it. It is unlike every other form of Christian activity excepting the ministry of intercession. Preaching, Sunday School Teaching, Visiting the Sick, Stewardships and various business offices in Church work are all limited to the ability and certain natural qualifications of comparatively few people. Personal Work is open to All. Everybody ought to be at it. Every individual has a circle of influence with individuals which ought to be used for the highest good of such individuals. Andrew brought Simon Peter to Jesus, and the woman of Samaria brought her fellow-citizens to Jesus, not because they were trained personal workers, but because they yielded to the Divine plan for all who know Him. The best training we can have for this task, so great, so holy, is to commence praying for some wandering one and, then watch, Watch, WATCH, for the opportunity of winning them to Christ.

2ND—THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE TASK

"A great and effectual door is opened unto me and there are many adversaries."—St. Paul.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the difficulties of such a task. Like all great tasks personal work is literally hedged in with difficulties and beset with adversaries. What these will mean to us, will depend upon our view point. If like John Mark—(Acts 15: 38) we see in them nothing but causes for retreat, they will mean defeat and lost opportunities. If like Paul, we see in them challenges to purity, self-conquest and a more strenuous campaign, they will prove the pathway to glorious victory. It may be helpful to consider a few of the reasons contributing to the conclusion that Personal Work is a difficult task.

(a). A fundamental reason is found in our natural diffidence in regard to personal conversation about the things of our spirit life. We meet strangers and are soon busy with the most personal phases of commercial, scholastic or social life. How slow we are to approach the spirit side of our life, and when a conversation is opened on this subject, how often it drags and dies.

(b). Unfortunately we often find the task difficult because of conscious wrong within. This is the place where secret sin puts in its effective veto, for while the worker may be able to brave an audience and still hold on to secret sin, conscience doth make cowards of us all when engaged in personal effort.

(c). Neglect of communion with God in the word and prayer is equally an adversary which stands in the way of many Christians. We must be in the pink of spiritual condition to do Personal Work successfully.

(d). The fact that it is largely a secret service which receives little recognition, marks it a difficult task.

(e). In Personal Work we come into contact with the seamy side of life, and from that the average person naturally shrinks. When hearts are warmed by confidence and tongues are loosened by the touch of kindness, as is often the case in Personal Work, we become conscious of the depths of sin from which our client must be rescued.

(f). Another strong adversary, ever ready to attack us in our work of rescue is lack of faith in our fellows. Well has Darlow said, "Let us not be weary of Hoping. Never to give up hope of a single man or woman—that is the finest perseverance by which the Church prevails. The task which we attempt, so feebly and artfully, is a tiny fragment of the eternal work which He carries, unhasting, unresting, toward its perfect end."

(g). The patient follow-up work necessarily involved in all thorough personal effort, makes it a seemingly hopeless task to many. We must thoughtfully study and determinately follow our cases until they are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, until they also are engaged in the task. Such work gave to the world a Simon Peter, for did not Jesus rescue him after base denials? And a John B. Gough, for did not patient workers rescue him many times?

(h). The Holy Spirit must be the leader in all successful personal work. We must never be anything less than free clear channels of God, but we must never attempt to be anything more. Humility must be our continuous attitude so that He may use us as He will. This constitutes a very serious difficulty in the way of successful Personal Work.

(i). Not the least perplexing thing in personal work is that many of its duties are so commonplace, some so extremely ordinary, that it requires very close touch with the Holy Spirit to recognize them as having anything to do with God's plan. The finest and most strategic phases of Personal Work are often done not by stated conversation, but by creating an atmosphere around the life of the subject in which it will be natural to yield to Christ.

3RD—THE SCOPE OF THE TASK

There are three natural divisions in Personal Work: the children; the unconverted; the converted.

1—Work With the Children

It is very important that a clear distinction be made between children and adults in the personal approach on matters of the spirit life. **The child belongs to Jesus until there is determined rebellion.** To suggest any doubt regarding that relationship is likely to create a situation with which it may be very difficult to deal. From the earliest days of mental alertness in the life of the child every reference to its relationship to Christ should be so positive that the question will never be raised in the young mind. Personal Work with the child, however, cannot end there. There must be careful watching for the occasion of awakening consciousness to this relationship on the part of the child. Then will come the supreme privilege of securing from the child a declaration of that consciousness. O the joy of grasping this opportunity and thus providing the child with an anchor for the remainder of life. The child must be approached in a simple, natural way regarding its spirit life, for we must remember that, while these things have become difficult and strained to us, owing to our many disobedience to God, they are the natural atmosphere of child life, and we must school ourselves to meet the children on their own ground. There is no more exacting field of personal work than that among children, for they will not be influenced so much by what we say as by what we are.

2—Work With the Unconverted

"Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."—Jesus.

Here we have at once the point of contact with the foundation for the foregoing statement. "Men are only boys grown tall." The unconverted are simply neglected, poorly-trained or rebellious children, and the task of the Personal Worker is to win them for Christ.

Will you study under the following classification the types with which you may be called upon to deal?

(a). The slave to appetite and passion.

(b). The materialist, not necessarily the wealthy person, but all who are governed by materialistic ideals.

You may add to this any other types which you discover. Each type will be a study for you, each individual will be a sub-study.

3—Work With the Converted

(c). The rationalist, not necessarily the scholar or savant, but all who exalt reason above faith and spiritual insight.

(d). The gay and frivolous who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." The great throng seeking happiness and satisfaction in empty worldly amusement.

(e). The indifferent.

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."—St. Peter.

Is it not strange that such a fruitful field of labor is so much neglected? What tremendous scope is here for the Personal Worker. What interesting "cases" we might have under our care all the time if we would systematically prosecute the task. Every Church and almost every home, invites the "Big Brother" and "Big Sister" movement.

Too often there is among professing Christians much of the spirit of criticism instead of the spirit of co-operation. This is the source of many dissensions and of much inefficiency. And it is a demonstration of waning spiritual life.

There are many around us weighed down with temptations and problems who need a friend to give the necessary word of guidance, or perhaps only the atmosphere of confidence and victory so that they may take fresh courage. Thousands would be saved from falling by the way, thousands more would be saved in careers of large and far-reaching usefulness in the work of the Kingdom if those who are established in the faith would enter into prayerful and systematic personal effort for the faltering ones among us.

AN APOLOGY

Aunt—"Tommy I put three pies here this morning and now there's only one. How is that?"

Tommy—"Please, Auntie, it was so dark that I didn't see that one."

E. K. Cook

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Geo. Wallace
GUELPH ONTARIO

ceremonies the corner stones were laid, one by Rev. J. Goforth, missionary to China, and the other by Archibald Campbell, Jr., one of the early elders of the church, whose appointment or election as deacon dates back to March 14, 1852.

Speaking of the subscriptions for the new church Rev. Mr. Rae, to whom was given the burden of the work of canvassing the congregation, said to me one day after he had made many calls upon members in the community, when I tendered him my subscription before he had time to make a request: "Well, I'm glad to find there are some people who do not have to build new barns, nor mortgage the home, nor pay off a mortgage or meet a note that will soon be due. I've made about forty calls this week and I've hardly found a place where the friends of the church were not in debt or in imperitive need of improvements, or new machinery or something else demanding money. I wouldn't have believed the people here were in such good circumstances. I was heretofore deluded with the notion that most of the people who came to church in Acton were well-to-do." This must have been "Rae Monday" for the preacher. At any rate the subscriptions came in handsomely, and in sufficient volume to cover the cost of the fine edifice erected, and by the time the entire expenditure was wiped off.

At the corner stone ceremonies Rev.

REV. J. W. RAE
Now of Orono

Mr. Rae officiated. Rev. R. Powis, of Erin, then moderator of the synod of Toronto and Kingston, offered prayer; Rev. D. Henderson, M. P. P., read a brief historical record of the church, the dedicatory prayer was made by Rev. J. C. Smith, B. D., of Guelph, and brief addresses followed by Revs. R. J. M. Glassford, James Argo, T. J. Sabine, D. Strachan, L. Perrin and Messrs. D. D. Christie and John Warren.

With commendable celerity the work of erection of the new church was pushed to completion, and having reached completion was opened and dedicated with impressive ceremonies on Building Jubilee—just—forty-five years and next month.

The opening services marked a great event in the history of the congregation. The beautiful new church was crowded. There was fully a thousand people at the evening service. This was announced for 7 o'clock, but the church was so crowded a half hour before that the service commenced at 6:45! The Presbyter service was withdrawn in honor of the occasion.

Rev. D. C. Hossack, LL. B., of Parkdale, who afterward left the ministry and went into law, preached powerful sermons morning and evening. Rev. J. E. Howell, M. A., of the Methodist Church, preached at three in the afternoon. The following evening there was a big old fashioned tea-meeting. Prof. Leopold, of Toronto, gave an organ recital and sang "The Irish Emigrant's Lament" and in harmony with this Rev. William Patterson, Cooke's Church, Toronto, gave one of his characteristically eloquent addresses on "Ireland and the Irish."

This fine new structure was built and furnished including the organ and the cost of the lot for $6,607.00. The contractors and their contract prices were: Carpenter work, John J. Lawson, $3,600; mason work and plastering, Joseph Anderson, $1,715; painting, Globe Furniture Co., $900; whitewash, McCausland & Co., $103; two furnaces, Copp Bros., Hamilton, $229; organ, Gourley, Winter and Leeming, $320; the lot, J. R. Kennedy, $150; carpets, chairs, etc., $550; Greene & Gregg, architects, $200. This property could not be replaced to-day for twice the amount of original cost.

A couple of years after the church was opened Rev. Mr. Rae, resigned, having accepted a call to Aylmer. His successor was Rev. Hugh W. Macphee-son, whose ministry for six or seven years was greatly enjoyed. He was called to Chalmers' Church, Toronto, and in the midst of a strenuous ministry was "called home." Rev. J. C. Wilson, B. A., followed and for sixteen years in the prime of life gave his very best for the church and the community. He resigned last fall and this afternoon his successor, Rev. W. T. Findlay, B. A., is to be inducted by the Guelph Presbytery.

As I journey northerly up Main Street I will come to the site of the original church and will then endeavor to give recollections of the earlier days, in association therewith.

—THE OLD MAN.

Editorial Comment Worth While

Brief Pointed Articles on a Wide Field of Subjects

We are naturally a little proud of our Editorial Page since we have been able to branch into a six-page weekly. Every week these articles take up considerable time and attention. They are not written at random. Everyone is carefully considered and thought upon. Another feature of these brief Editorial Comments is the wide range of subjects covered every week—A complete synopsis of activities in all fields being carefully commented upon.

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Just Another Feature of the Many

Talk About Them

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