

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1927

HE WILL NOT FAIL THEE

The waters may dry of the singing river,
But the hills remain, the sun still burns;
East and west, the world may turn;
Cast your lot with him, never forget;
The Lord who loves thy numberless
Beast on that love, nor fear, nor fret,
Thou shalt see His great deliverance
yet.

His promises fail not; day by day
Thee giveth fresh strength for the
journey.

If only the glance go up to Him,
The fears that vexed thee shall pass
and fade.
And nothing shall make thine heart
Anxious questions and doubts shall
cease.
For He shall keep thee in perfect
peace.

He will not fail thee—oh! count it
true;
Tis only to trust Him the whole way
through.

Then we win not, His plan may
cross;

The gain we strive for be endless long;
We can not judge, and we can not
know;

But still we let the worries go,
And look for that calm life gives
the training heart hath no room for
dread.

We toil and struggle for many an aim
Who are slow to trust in His blessed
name;

The love of earthly comfort fail,
And all things change—tis the old, old
tale;

But where's a better, first or last?
Still doth the love of the Lord end all
doubt, though we're not going to school on any
money!

—Mary George

SOME VACATION THOUGHTS AND SAVINGS (D. R.)

The holiday season is upon us. With the increasing number of people the modern habit of an annual relaxation invades the majority of households and men and women, like weary sailors, proceed to turn themselves out to sea. It is however considered that the vacation period is one of the finest discoveries ever made in its beneficial influence on the health of man, but the many other good things it is often greatly abused and the holiday weeks occasionally are dedicated to the physical, mental and spiritual development of the individual. It also has little value to those who do not work, and whose lives are already nauticated with idleness; only those who work deserve a vacation, and those are the only people who can truly appreciate it when it comes.

If this season of the year is to be a vitalizing force, then religion must be vitalized. Every day we are told of "nothing that will more readily reveal the true character of religious life like the way we spend a holiday." If we are to turn our backs on the business life we live under a certain restraint that more or less binds us. It is when these restraints are removed that we find its solution. Somebody was sure to say something that would clear the air.

Too many regular church-going folk take church services while on holidays, and others go to visit friends and relatives, but few make any noticeable in rural sections. There is no encouragement it would be to many of these small churches if visitors could be induced to turn their backs on the tourist strong gave religion and worship a place during their supposedly recreation days! If such were to give religion a place in a prominent position in their vacation they would return feeling the vitalizing power of a vacation so spent.

A vacation—why not the better for it? Even those who have paid for months and ledger and characterize need to be stretched, if possible, across mountain valleys, ocean wastes of waving fields of grain. Let me assure you that the sun will be renewed in the ozone of green fields and woodland paths. Even from material gifts, our portions of rest are not to be despised. They are for us return with invigorated energies of body and mind, the better prepared for the duties and responsibilities of life.

"The poor we have with us always, but the rich go away in the summer time."

"A mountain pass is a place given by the railroad to its employees so that they can spend their vacation in the mountains."

"Jones: 'It's such a bother deciding about vacation.' Anna: 'Don't worry. It doesn't bother me. The bus tells me when to go and my wife tells me where.'

"We are looking for a place to spend the summer, where you don't have to spend much else."

We wish all good luck to this fine good weather, a restoring and reviving holiday pleasure, good friendship and Nature's joys and peace.

THE AGENCY MISSED THE TRAIN

The real estate man from the West was eager to close the deal for Uncle Billy Weatherman's forty acres, which Uncle Billy had held his lake after the big White River dam in the Missouri Ozarks was built.

The papers lay on the table, awaiting Uncle Billy's signature. The real estate man was impatient. He was in a hurry to get back to Hollister, the nearest railway station, so as to catch the only train that would get him back to town.

"Now, if you sign right there—on the dotted line," he said, handing a fountain pen to Uncle Billy.

Uncle Billy took off his spectacles, and read the papers carefully.

"I reckon I'd better not be in too big a hurry about this paper," he temporized with the shrewdness of the Ozarks mountaineer. Then he said, "Well, I'll have some time to read them over."

"Uncle Billy scratched his head a minute, and said, "Eighteen."

NO GUARANTEE

Golfer—"Can you let me have a caddie who doesn't glibble all the time?"

Caddie Master—"Well, there's old Mac over there hasn't said for 40 years—but, of course, I can't guarantee him!"

EASILY SATISFIED

Father—"You're always wanting more money. Now, I was always satisfied with a very small allowance my father gave me."

Son—"Then he would have been foolish to have increased it. Now, with me the case is different."

The Free Press' Short Story

TEAM-WORK

BY MARIE BURKHOLDER

NATHAN, we have only one child to educate," said the father, "but we have eight," said Mrs. Ortwein.

"I know," replied Mr. Ortwein, "and that's why Almer Pratt wants to teach us now. He's got a class of eight children at the High School, and he's got another class of four or five at the Continuation Class. But I say it would be nice if we could pay for extra teachers, because the Pratt family is the only one who knows Latin, and the one who dabbles in science with wife has hands of mathematics."

One day, just when the crop was ready for cutting, Elijah Neff, a young boy, came to the house, having been sent by his father to help with the wheat. Nellie Ortwein had been near the time to turn them back, much damage would have been done. They disliked being uprooted, but they could not be pulled out without breaking the stalks. Nathan Ortwein had purposely left that weak spot in the fence.

It required two hours to repair the fence, and when the wheat was harvested, the loss was not great, but the yield was less than it would have been if the stalks had not been broken.

"That's nothing to me!" declared Nathan Ortwein. "All we have to do is look out for our own boy, Nellie. We can send him into town pretty safe, and look for that calm life gives him."

The training heart hath no room for dread.

We toil and struggle for many an aim.

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PART II.

Maple forests are abundant in the Eastern Townships and tapped annually for sugar and syrup. Birch, too, is plentiful with sap, and maple, birch, beech, maple, elm, hemlock, and tamarack. Trout streams permeate everywhere, but the fish are not really plentiful except in the very small and shallow creeks, and are nowhere very large.

I heard a great many promising remarks about the future of farming in this district, but nothing definite. This however, I am sure, is a case of personal thrift or failure, and that there was still a good living to be made here, but that individual enterprise and initiative were not enough to leave large profits.

On turning up a sanguine, lean-looking boy, the father asked him, "What's the matter with that boy?"

"I wonder what you know about the magic wheel," said Nellie.

Because there was no hospital in Elk River, or near it, the Pratts took the stranger and nursed him.

"He looks quite exhausted," said Hester as Nellie lifted him up. "Wonder if he's been far."

"I wonder what you know about the magic wheel," said Nellie.

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