CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE GOOD-WILL HABIT

The story is told of a great king who had one little son whom he worshipped. The boy had everything he desired, all that wealth and love could give; no wish was ungratified, but he was not happy. His face was always disfigured by a scowl of discontent. One day a great magician came to the palace of the king, and told him that he could make his son happy and turn his scowls into smiles. "If you can do this, said the king, I will give you whatever you ask." The magician took the boy into a private chamber and wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. He gave the paper to the boy and told him to go into a darkened room and hold a lighted candle under it and see what would happen. Then the magician went away. The young prince did as he was instructed, and the white letters, illuminated by the light from beneath, turned into a beautiful blue, and formed the words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince followed the magician's advice and soon became the happiest boy in his father's kingdom.

No life is really happy until it is helpful, is really successful until it is radiant with joy and gladness, the gladness of good cheer, of good will toward everybody, of the spirit of brotherhood toward all men. Only by giving ourselves can we hold what we have, can we grow.

Like that wonderful substance radium, which flings off itself millions of particles every second, yet never seems to lose anything, never grows smaller, no matter how much we give of ourselves, how much we fling off of helpfulness, of good cheer and encouragement, there is not only no diminution of our supply, but, on the contrary, the more we give, the more we have; the more we fling out of life, the more helpfulness, inspiration, encouragement and hope come back to us.

Yet there is a strange weakness of human nature which blinds many of us to the good in others and which delights in making us say unkind things about them, hurting them instead of helping them.

We have all met the habitual belittler, who never sees any good in anything which does not immediately concern himself, advance in interests, the man who is always flinging out his sarcasm, sticking a knife into other people's backs, making light of others' motives, finding faults and defects in their characters, and implying that they are not what they ought to be or pretend to be.

It is positively painful to the small soul to hear a competitor complimented or spoken well of. He always tries to minimize the virtue and quality of the praise of another by a malicious "of" or "but," or endeavors in some way to throw doubt upon the character of the person praised.

The habit of belittling is a confession of weakness, of inferiority, of a small, jealous, envious nature; a confession that one's life is not well poised, well balanced. The large, magnanimous soul has no room for jealousy, for the belittling spirit. It magnifies the good and minimizes the bad.

A spirit of generosity and kindness is an indication of greatness of soul. Jealousy, envy, a disposition to keep from others the credit which belongs to them, are marks of a small nature, a pinched mentality. A kindly spirit always accompanies largeness of nature, breadth of character. The man who belittles a competitor, who maintains a mean silence when he should praise, only exhibits to the world his own narrowness and stinginess of soul. A man with a really large nature is generous, charitable, even to his worst enemy.

The belittler does not realize that in disparaging others, in discounting the achievements of competitors, he is exposing the limitations of his own soul, the smallness of his nature, and not only that, but all the time is making the person he is talking to think less of him. We little imagine that when we draw a picture of others we draw one of ourselves. A small, mean soul sees only small, mean things in another. A really great nature sees only the good qualities of others.

Unfortunately, men of great ability who have been distinguished for brilliant intellectual gifts, often unusual courage and tenacity of purpose, men who have really done big things, have frequently been insanely jealous and envious of others, especially those in the same profession or business as themselves.

Many singers and actors, and, I am sorry to say some clergymen, suffer from professional jealousy. They are pained by hearing others in their profession praised. This jealousy is perhaps more characteristic of professional people generally than of business people.

One reason why we get such stingy result from our life work is because we are not more generous givers of ourselves, our sympathy and encouragement. We must give more in order to get more. He who is stingy of his sympathy, of his helpfulness, of his praise and appreciation, pinches, starves and strangles his own nature.

It is the generous giving of ourselves that produces the generous harvest. Many people are so stingy of their sympathies, their praise and appreciation, are so afraid of giving away something, they are so shut in—the shutters of their lives so tightly closed—that their natures are stunted and starved for the lack of sunshine and air.

It is astonishing how rapidly a person will develop when he opens up his nature and flings out his life with all his might in the service of others. There is nothing which will do so much for the life as the early forming of the good will habit, the kindly habit, the habit of saying pleasant things about others. To radiate helpfulness, a friendly feeling toward everybody, has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and weaknesses. It enriches and enlarges the personality, broadens and ennobles the whole life.

A philosopher once asked his pupils, "What is the most desirable thing in the world?" After many answers had been given, one finally said, "A good heart." "True," said the philosopher, "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said, for he that hath a good heart will be contented, a good companion, a good neighbor, and will easily see what is fit to be done by him."

A good heart, a kindly disposition, a frank cordial, open, generous nature are riches beside which the fortune of a multi-millionaire shrinks into insignificance. The man who has these, though he have not a cent to give away, may do as much good as any multi-millionaire, be he ever so generous with his money.

"My office is in the Exchange; come in and see me," said Jesse Goodrich to John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, the morning after the latter had signed the pledge. "I shall be happy to make your acquaintance," he added, cordially. "I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-by; God bless you; don't forget to call."

"It would be impossible to describe how this little act of kindness cheered me," Gough used to say. "'Yes, now I can fight,' I said to myself; and I did fight, six days and nights, encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy. And, so encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthful sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips for six days and nights."

A few works of kindly sympathy, of loving encouragement, helped him to recover his manhood and become a great power for good in the world.

The habit of saying kind things to others and about them, of always looking for the good in them, savors of Heaven.

We can not help admiring and loving those who hold such a mental attitude toward us. Whole communities are often lighted up and cheered by one of these happiness radiators. Oh, what riches live in a sweet, sunny soul, what a blessed heritage is a sunny face, a sweet disposition; what joy to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to scatter shadows and lighten sorrow-laden hearts!

The trouble with us is that we misunderstand, misjudge one another. We judge people too much by their mean traits, their mistakes, their shortcomings, their peculiarities. How quickly the millennium would come if we could only realize the truth that there is a God in the meanest of men, a philanthropist in the stingiest miser, a hero in the biggest coward, which an emergency great enough would call out.

During an epidemic of yellow fever at Memphis it was almost impossible to get enough watchers and nurses to attend the stricken. One day a man with coarse features, closely cropped hair, and shuffling gait, went to one of the attending physicians, and said, "I want to nurse." The doctor, looking him over critically, said, curtly, "You are not needed." "But I wish to nurse," persisted the man. "Try me for a week. If you don't like me then, dismiss me; if you do, pay me my wages." "Very well," said the doctor. "I'll take you," adding mentally, "I'll keep my eye on you."

The uncouth volunteer became one of the most valuable nurses on the staff. He was tireless and self-denying. Wherever the pestilence raged most fiercely he was, also, and worked the hardest. The sufferers adored him. To them his rough face was as the face of an angel. Not only did he nurse them with the care and devotion that a mother gives to her children, but it was found afterward that he put every cent of his earnings into a relief box for the benefit of the plague-stricken.

When "John the nurse," the name he was known by, later sickened and died of the fever, those who prepared him for burial found on his body a livid mark—the brand of a convicted felon!

Many of us are so blinded by the blighting greed of gain, by the marbleizing usages and cold laws of trade which encrust our hearts with selfishness, that we do not see the good in people. When we learn to look for the good in them instead of the bad, we shall bring out the good instead of the bad, for our estimate of others helps to form their estimate of themselves; and no one can bring out the best when he believes and sees only the worst of himself. If we held charitable, helpful views of one another our attitude would revolutionize civilization.

A Cleveland paper tells of a tramp who came to the back door of a residence and begged for shoes. The mistress of the house gave him a good pair, and to him, "There, put these on, and if you want to show your gratitude, just happen around here some morning after a snow-storm and clean off our sidewalk."

Sometime after, the lady was awakened early one morning by some one scraping the sidewalk in front of the house. Looking out she found that there had been quite a heavy fall of snow, and there she beheld the tramp to whom she had given the shoes, clearing away the snow from the sidewalk with an old broken shovel. When he caught sight of his benefactress at the window, he raised his tattered hat to her, and, his self-imposed task finished, went away without saying a word or even asking for anything to eat. Three times, the same thing happened during the winter, but the man never asked for compensation or food.

A New York woman once invited a ragged, dirty beggar into her house, and after he had had a comfortable meal and some clean clothing, she sent him away with words of encouragement, telling him that he was made for something better than tramping; that it was a shame for a man of his apparent intelligence and good health to be getting a living in such a disgraceful way.

A year afterward, when she had forgotten all about the tramp she had befriended, this lady became embarrassed financially and was in sore need of money. She asked a friend if he knew where she could borrow $500, but he could not accommodate her, nor did he know of any one who could. Next day, to her great astonishment, a man, a total stranger, as she thought, called at her house and told her that he had heard she was pressed for money, and that he had come to lend her the amount she needed. With growing surprise she asked how it was that a complete stranger, whom she had never seen, was willing to trust her. The man then explained that he was the tramp whom, a year before, she had taken to her home and treated like a brother that her kindness on that occasion had been the turning-point in his career, had made a man of him again; that he had prospered beyond his deserts, and that ever since he had gotten on his feet he had been wishing for an opportunity to show his appreciation of what she had done for him.

"No man has come to true greatness," says Phillips Brooks, "who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, He gives him for mankind."

Yet one would think by the way in which many of us push, drive, elbow and trample one another in our mad rush for the dollar, that there were no ties of humanity binding us together, that we were natural enemies instead of brothers. Everywhere we see men in distress, whom we are amply able to assist and do not. We see them go to ruin financially when we might save them, because "it is none of our affairs."

There is nothing so brutal, so hard-hearted as the man who is swallowed up in his own selfishness, who has allowed greed to eat out of his heart all of its nobler instincts, whose nature has become so hard that he can see no good in his fellow man.

Cultivate an open nature, a kindly manner, a generous spirit. Do not be stingy with your cordiality, your praise, your helpfulness. Fling out your best to everybody, every time. Learn to say pleasant things to people, and about them, to do generous things, and you will be surprised to see how your life will enlarge, your soul expand, and your whole nature become enriched and ennobled.

The persistent effort to give everybody a lift when possible, to make everybody we come in contact with a little better off, to radiate sunshine, cheer, hope, good will, to scatter flowers as we go along, not only brings light and joy to other hearts, but opens wide the door to our own happiness.

There is no habit will give more satisfaction that will enrich you more than that of doing a good turn for others at every opportunity. If you cannot give material help, if you have no money to give, you can always help by a cheerful spirit, by cordial words of sympathy, kindness and encouragement. There are more hearts hungering for sympathy than for money, and these you can always give.

A poor foreigner, who could speak very little English, was recently accosted in Central Park, New York, by a kind hearted man who saw that he looked dejected, and thought that he might be in need. To his offer of assistance, however, the foreigner replied that he did not need money, but that he was lonely, and "just hungry for a handshake."—O. S. M. in Success.

We all like the person who flings the door of his hearts wide open and bids us welcome with a warm grasp of the hand and a cordial good fellowship, who sees a brother in every man he meets, instead of a rival, a competitor, a possible enemy.

The whole-souled, large hearted, open-minded, kindly-disposed person has an infinite advantage over the narrow, pinched, clam-like nature that repels instead of attracting. Cultivate an open nature, do not be afraid of speaking to strangers, letting yourself out, of giving your best to everbody you meet. Do not draw within yourself and shut up like a clam whenever you approach any one you have not been introduced to.

The cultivation of a helpful spirit of cordiality, of large-mindedness, a broad generous way of looking at things, is of inestimable advantage, not only to the growth of character, but also to getting on in the world. So much of one's success depends on the personal equation, so much upon the possession of attractive qualities, upon the personality, that the importance of those things can not be overestimated. There is nothing else, for instance, which creates a good first impression so quickly, and calls out such a feeling of good will, as a frank, cordial manner—a manner that is perfectly transparent, that conceals no guile, covers no malice; while there is nothing else that will freeze a person so quickly as an icy, formal, suspicious manner.

I have sat down at table in a hotel or restaurant with a cold, repellent personality, when it has been positively depressing to sit there, even without speaking to the man; for his whole manner forbade one to look at him. On the other hand, I have sat at table with foreigners who could speak a word of our language, and yet their cordial, gracious salute as I sat down warmed me for the rest of the day. Their manner spoke a language all nationalities understood. It was the language of brotherhood, of good will.

While travelling through New Mexico and Arizona, sometime ago, in hot weather, there was a young Southerner on the train who seemed to get acquainted with his fellow-travellers without effort, and who made the hot, dry, dusty and otherwise dreary trip a real pleasure because of his sunshine. His face was so radiant and he was so full of animal spirits and simple, kindly good nature that it did one good to look at him. He seemed eager to give himself out, to help everyone and to tell all he knew about the country we were passing through.

That young man's cheerfulness and cordial manner will win him a welcome wherever he goes.

In some sections of the country, especially where the climate is severe, the soil poor, and the conditions hard, the people seem to partake of the nature of their environment. They act as if they were afraid that they might cast their pearls before swine. They are not quite sure that they want to make friends with the people they meet; there is a cold reserve, a hesitancy in giving the hand, in opening the heart. They feel that they must take every step with the greatest caution; that they must investigate one's character, one's standing, before they dare to give themselves out without reserve; that they must not be too generous with their cordiality, or it may cost them dear later.

Contrast this stinginess of generosity, this lack of brotherly feeling, with the cordial, whole-hearted manner of those from more genial, hospitable environments. A typical Southerner or Westerner will grasp your hand upon first introduction as warmly as though he had known you for years. He gives you his heart, his confidence, with his hand. There is no stingy, suspicious reserve, no narrow critical scrutiny of your person lest he make a mistake, or say something, make some friendly advance which he will regret later. He just gives himself to you generously, broadly, magnanimously, gives you his best wishes, and makes you feel at home, as if you had met a brother.

Some people have a faculty for touching the wrong keys; from the finest instrument they extract only discord. All their songs are in a minor key. They sound the note of pessimism everywhere. The shadows predominate in all their pictures. Their outlook is always gloomy; times are always hard and money tight. Everything in them seems to be contracting; nothing expanding or growing in their lives.

With others it is just the reverse. They cast no shadows. They radiate sunshine. Every bud they touch opens its petals and flings out its fragrance and beauty. They never approach you but to cheer; they never speak to you but to inspire. They scatter flowers wherever they go. They have that happy alchemy which turns prose to poetry, ugliness to beauty, discord to melody. They see the best in people and so pleasant and helpful things about them.

Let us open up our natures, throw wide the doors of our heart and let in the sunshine of good will and kindness; let us be at least as generous in judging others as we are in judging ourselves, as tolerant of their weaknesses. Let us throw away all animosities, forgive all of our enemies—if we have any—and try to be large enough and grand enough at this Christmas time to see the God in the meanest man.—O. S. M. Success.

PURE WHOLESOME
MADE IN CANADA
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
RELIABLE ECONOMICAL

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHRISTMAS VIOLIN

He was only a little street Arab standing amid the throng with his violin clasped tightly in his arms. The child was doing his best, but he did not attract much attention as he sang his simple little songs. People were doing their Christmas shopping and were too busily engaged buying for their own little ones to give a thought to such as he.

But, suddenly, a cry of horror made them turn and they saw the little fellow lying white and still in the muddy street. He had been struck by a heavy wagon, and lay with one leg twisted and bent under him in a cruel way while in his arms he clasped his broken violin.

An ambulance was summoned and the first return of consciousness found the child in a little white bed in the hospital a sweet-faced Sister bending over him.

"I am so glad to see you open your eyes, dear. Try to drink this glass of water. Are you in much pain now, my boy?"

The little fellow made an effort to keep back the tears. "No, not much. If my leg didn't hurt and my head didn't feel so queer, I'd be real well. I don't mind nothin' else as long's my fiddle's all right."

"I am sorry to say your violin is broken, dear. But there! don't feel so badly about it: you know you could not play now until you are well again. Then we'll see what can be done. Tell me all about yourself: what is your name?"

"Johnny Smith, but they mostly calls me Jack. I hain't got no father nor no mother. They both died last winter, with the fever. I tried to keep the baby, but she jes couldn't stand it without mother and she died, too. So the family's only jes me. Say, are you an angel?"

This unexpected ending of the family history quite amused the Sister. She could hardly refrain from smiling as she answered:

"O no, my boy, I am only Sister Margaret, a nurse sent to comfort and care for children like yourself."

"Well, that's what angels does mostly 'cordin' to the pictures."

He pointed to the opposite wall where hung a photograph of Luini's painting of the Holy Child soothed to rest by Angel music. The instruments in their hands recalled his beloved violin.

"Sister Marg'ret," he asked, "do you suppose Santa Claus'll be around this year?"

"O yes, indeed, Santa Claus never forgets the children in the hospital."

"And do you s'pose he'll send me another fiddle if I write and ask him?"

"I could not say, dear; but you may write if you wish."

The Sister privately resolved to ask a subscription from some of the numerous visitors who called. She was determined the little fellow should have his violin if it were possible, but she did not think best to tell him her plan. So she only said, "Good-night my brave boy. Try to get a little sleep if you can."

On the afternoon before Christmas visitors at the hospital were amused at the sight of a bed in the children's ward. The small occupant was lying in softest slumber with a little smile on his face as if dreaming of Christmas joys. Above his head and fastened to the brass rods of his bedstead there hung a large piece of paper. It read:

Deer Santy Claus—My name is Johnny Smith. I am the feller what got run over and jamed my leg an smashed my hed but worsen' all I busted my fidle an I would like a new one. I put this sine up so you wouldn't get stuck an give the fidle to the wrong feller. So no more from Johnny Smith.

Sister Margaret explained the circumstances to the visitors, and more than one purse was opened as the owner was moved to give something toward the little violin.

Among the visitors was one who lingered by the bedside after the others had passed on. She was clad in deepest mourning, for her only child was buried only a few weeks before. She gazed long and earnestly at the sleeping boy as if trying to settle an important question. At last she called the Sister to her.

"Sister Margaret, if this child has neither home nor friends and is quite alone in the world, as you say, I think I shall adopt him."

"May God bless you and make up to you all that you have lost," was the fervent reply.

You can imagine Johnny's delight on Christmas morning when he found a beautiful violin lying on the chair beside his bed; but when told he was to live in a beautiful house with one who would be a kind mother to him, his joy knew no bounds.

"I just know'd Sister Marg'ret fix things all right for me," he said. "She's an angel, that's what she is."

Of course the neighborhood felt called upon to sit in judgment on the wealthy Mrs. Edmunds. "If she must adopt a child why on earth did she not find some respectable boy who she knew something about, one who would be a credit to her; but that little street Arab! Well, she would surely live to regret it."

That is what the neighbors said, but the angels whispered "inasmuch."—Laura M. Fairchild.

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas eve. All day the sky had been overcast with snow clouds and now the flakes were beginning to fall fine and fast, promising a good old-fashioned snowstorm and a veritable "white Christmas." From early morn until night the streets had been thronged with happy shoppers, hurrying to and fro, each one intent upon reaching his or her own particular destination. Shop windows were ablaze with lights, and one could see the busy salespeople rushing hither and thither, while the customers jostled one another in their eagerness to be waited upon.

In front of one of the windows stood a boy about twelve years of age, poorly but neatly dressed, gazing with a longing and admiration at the tempting goods displayed and wishing that he, too, and Rose, and "Teddy," could all have a "Merry Christmas" on the morrow. For some time past things had looked pretty dark for "Bobby" and his family with no bright or definite outlook for the future. Poor little fellow! How he had thought and planned, hoped and trusted—aye, implicitly trusted in his young heart that something would eventually turn up and he would be able to welcome the morrow with a glad "Merry Christmas."

Now the Grahams had once been in comfortable circumstances, but alas! the unfortunate change which sometimes seems to follow in the lives of various human beings at last overtook them, and where plenty and comfort had reigned, there stepped in hard times and want.

So "Bobby" lingered for awhile and then with a very forlorn little face indeed turned his steps homeward. And methinks his thoughts were with the dear ones there; what would his mother think of his long absence? He knew she would be worried. He was only a little fellow, the night was stormy, and time was quickly passing, so he hurried on.

How his heart sank as he came within sight of his home, hoping against hope, fearful lest he be disappointed again. Wondering if it were possible that through some kind act of Providence their fortunes had changed and they would say goodnight this Christmas Eve as in former years with happy anticipating hearts, waiting for the morrow with all its joyousness.

The first thing that arrested "Bobby's" attention, and one which he devoutly hoped would prove a good omen was a light burning brightly in their apartments. Now this was somewhat unusual, for the Grahams had thoroughly learned by this time the meaning of strict economy. Faster beat his heart, while in his throat a pathetic little sob arose, but which he manfully choked back, for it was then a full knowledge of the glad Christmas-tide and what it meant came to him.

Up the stoop he went, now hurrying, now faltering, still fearful; but at last his hands clasped the door-knob and turning it, he stepped within the hall. There he paused abruptly with a bewildering expression for the voices of Rose and "Teddy" floated merrily down to him and above them every now and then he caught the subdued happy tones of his parents. "My! something must have happened," said "Bobby"; "and I guess we're going to have a 'Merry Christmas' after all. Oh!" here a sob arose again. "I hope so, but it seems almost too good to be true."

So with a lighter heart he ascended the stairs, a little of the old fearfulness still nestling within him and he entered the room.

"Well, Bobby, where have you been at this late hour? I was beginning to feel very much worried about you," said his mother. "Time for you to have been in long ago."

"Yes, I know, mother, but I forgot all about it looking at the pretty things in the windows and wishing that Rose and 'Teddy' and I were going to have a 'Merry Christmas' to-morrow."

"And so you shall, my son," replied his father.

"And mother says we're going to hang up our stockings and Santa Claus will fill them," chimed in Rose.

"Are we really, mother?" asked "Bobby."

"Yes, my child. The unexpected has happened; success at last has crowned your father's earnest efforts and our untiring faith. By mere accident he met an old friend to-day who offered him a position—with hardly a doubt of a permanent one—and with all delicate forethought and kindness advanced him a week's salary. You see your father had acquainted him with a few facts relating to our present circumstances, so please God, our troubles are over."

A happier boy than "Bobby" it would have been hard to find that Christmas eve, when everything looked so dark, and he knelt by his bed in all the simplicity and innocence of childhood, he thanked God for the many blessings He had showered upon them and for the "Merry Christmas" they would have on the morrow. And methinks his dreams were sweet that night of the wondrous joys that awaited them, and of a Saviour born in Bethlehem far away!

Now, friends, what does this story teach us? It proves as it has proven many times before the truth of those old-time adages. "All is darkest before dawn," and "To every cloud there's a silver lining. So ought we always put our faith in God, then shall we find the "silver lining" just as patient "Bobby" did.—Catholic Sun.

THE STAR

Ages and ages ago there shone over Bethlehem the wonderful, the marvelous star. The wise men followed it. To-day we are with the wise of the earth and are following the star over hill and vale, through thorns and desert waste, over the deep waters and on sunny slopes, we press our way to where the star shines. Sometimes we forget what we are following, we tire of keeping our eyes straight forward, we stray a little and see other brightness, we find the path too thorny and sore for our feet, we haste to find shelter for a threatening cloud, we grieve that congenial friends are not sharing our quest and seek them in other paths. We hear of ease in quite another direction and we falter in our journeying. The star does not beckon so insistently as when we first saw its shining and we listen for other wise men to tell us that the starts, after all, an ordinary comet and does not at all tell of peace and good-will.

Then memory turns a sweet page and prayers at a mother's knee draw again to the star; the old church, where the waters of baptism sparkled, where the joy of a first forgiveness was realized, where the heavenly host clustered around while the Lord of heaven condescended to unworthiness again seems the dearest spot on earth. Again the brightness of the star leads us on and heart and soul we are with the wise ones of earth and sharing their joyful quest. And, after all, what is there on earth worth doing but to follow the star? Our dearest hopes fade and fall; friendships grow cold and love burns to ashes; ambitions and plans and success slip from our grasp, leaving our fingers too nerveless to clutch anything in their place; death shuts a door which never opens again on earth. We waken from a foolish dream to find the world an empty bubble. But the star shines on. If we turn away, it still shines, for we shall surely turn back to it; if we are blind awhile, it still shines and shines waiting for the unsealing of our eyes. It shines and beckons all the time and, strongly or falteringly, we follow its gleam.

All Hail, Thou Night, Than Day More Bright

From the Amiens Breviary

Ah hail, thou day, than night more bright,
Through whose mysterious shade,
I wondrous birth, arose on earth,
From bosom of pure Maid,
The Sun new born, a Star of morn,
Filling the world with light!

He Who alone from Heaven's high throne
Rules all, and doth restore
To God's embrace man's fallen race,
Lies on a cottage floor;
Like Him, so we, save poverty,
Have nought to call our own.

While o'er their sheep close watch they keep,
Those shepherds first receive
The heavenly call, that doth to all
Great joy and gladness give—
The call from Heaven, to watchmen given
That wake and never sleep.

It will never rain roses. If we want more roses we must plant more trees.

It is as hard for God to bless a stingy man as it is for rain to fall on a desert.

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Grain Elevator, capacity 15,000 bushels; price $2,000. Located on G. T. R. and Wabash; built 2 years ago of timber, sanitary; clad with corrugated galvanized iron on sides and roof; basement of heavy concrete walls, main floor of 14 inch timber; 7 upper flrs. built of 12x4 inch scantling laid flat and braced; eight port leads to steel tube conveying grain to cars on track; gas engine in basement run by natural gas costing 25 cents per thousand; capacity of 500 bushels per hour; 8 port self-locking distributor; hopper receives grain outside, emptying into a 25 bushel hopper scales. Can easily be operated by a boy of 12 years old, as there are no handling of bags. Along with the grain business we will sell our Flour and Feed business, which can be handled on the main floor of the elevator. Annual turnover of wheat is about 40,000 to 50,000 bushels, besides the coarse grains, and the corn which we shipped in. Basement has a capacity for several cars of potatoes. Annual turnover of Flour and Feed about $5,000 to $6,000. Will sell our stock to purchaser at cost price; business is a good live one. Also have for sale a Feeding and Sale Stable in good location. An opportunity for a good business, there being no other in town. Will sell at reasonable price, below cost, as owner is leaving Ontario. For further particulars, apply to

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