THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, NOV. 22.

To Our Friends.

When trading with any of our advertisers either in Birmingham, Pontiac or Detroit, it will be a great favor to us if you will mention the fact that you noticed their advertisement in our paper. A word from you at the time of trading, costs you nothing and benefits us greatly. Will you be good and do so?

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HOME NOTES.

The Blessed Clouds.

If all the world is sweet, blood is red
Of wind-chill, clear, unclouded,
If all the gulfs were mapped and all
Its no-soil, gnome-inhabited,
If all the flowers were long flow
Without the need of bloom,
And happiness were fadeless things
Of fact and not of fume,
Should we not miss the blessed clouds
That drift across the blue,
And shadow all the earth with love
And mystery and dew?

If there were no sorrow
What would there be to borrow
Or lend? Two sides to a coin
Are as necessary to it
As head and tail; and so
Faith would grow cold and memory, dimmed
Its sacred use unused
If sorrow never came to test
And prove with weeping
Patience would die for want
Of exercise. The world
Is full of need.

Now I beg and borrow
Where I can find one
Of God's own Men.

Where can I find one?
Not in the street
Where the world's feet
Trample the daisies
Into the dust
Of sordid ways.

Not in the mart
Where the world's heart
Is dead to the cry
Of human needs.

Not in the church
Where the world's search
Is for the perfect
Instead of the sinful.

Not in the home
Where the world's throne
Is occupied by
Self instead of God.

Where can I find one?
Where God's sunshine
Is not shut out
By the world's rout.

Where God's love
Is not thrust out
By the world's hate.

Where God's peace
Is not broken
By the world's din.

Where God's rest
Is not disturbed
By the world's unrest.

Where can I find one?
Where God's own
Are not overthrown
By the world's throng.

Where God's own
Are not dethroned
By the world's wrong.

Where God's own
Are not dishonored
By the world's sin.

Where can I find one?
Where God's own
Are not overgrown
By the world's weeds.

Where God's own
Are not overrun
By the world's greed