

Real Estate Exchange

OF WHITHEAD & MITCHELL
Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.



Bethlehem.

Sheltered within the hollow of her arm
The Son of Man lay sleeping. On her cheek
She felt his warm breath stirring, like
The faint
And fragrant breeze that fans the
silver leaves
Upon the slopes of Olivet. Her eyes,
Still shadowed with the pains of motherhood,
Dwelt tenderly upon the placid brow
And cherub features of the infant
Christ.
The babe in swaddling clothes, whose
destiny
Led to Golgotha's summit, where the
Cross
Was yet to groan beneath the sacred
weight
Of his perfected manhood. All the cave
Was luminous with starbeams, and her
face,
Like some pale lily, drooping on its
stem,
And washed with heaven's dew,
Gleamed pearly white
In that strange radiance. Somewhat
And leaning on his staff, the carpenter,
Joseph of Nazareth, musing, stooped,
"Lord, who art thou?" he marvelled in
his soul
"That thou shouldst deign from thy
exalted place
To cast thy eyes upon me and to say
Behold! he shall be warden to this
pearl,
This pearl of perfect womanhood,
more pure
Than any of the daughters of mankind
From the beginning of the world and
down
Through all the ages that are yet to
come
Lo! shaller she shall find, and sus-
tenance
And one round arm encircled the fair
child
As if the newly-awakened mother love
Lay listless, with transparent fingers
curved
As though she clasped some blossom
in her sleep—
Some rare, sweet flower she was fain
to keep
And cherish always. Joseph took the
hand
And held it in his rough, toil-hardened
palm,
Wondering at its softness, the blue
veins
That threaded all its whiteness, and the
beam
That made a sea-shell of each finger-
tip—
But he forbore, though sore his heart
did yearn,
To clasp the little sleeping newborn
babe
Whose golden head lay pillowed on
her arm.
Thinking, "it were not well for her
or him
That he should waken suddenly." A
sigh
Heaved the soft breast of Mary, and
her eyes,
Like heavenly blue flowers, opened
wide
Meeting the gaze of Joseph, as he
kneel
In reverent adoration. Her low tones
Heard the angel strains; her ten-
der smile
Flooded his soul like sunshine as she
spoke:
"Joseph, my husband, I have dreamed a
dream!
The Angel of the Lord hath been
saying:
Behold! that which thou hast
brought forth
This night is the Redeemer of the
World—
Even Messiah!" But a grave voice
cried
"As she ceased speaking: "Peace to all
whom it
And, lo, there stood upon the thresh-
old
Who bore much gold and frankincense
and myrrh
In his two hands. And Joseph an-
swered: "Sir,
Peace be unto thee, now and ever-
more!"
And, lo, there came two others bear-
ing gold
And precious spices, who likewise
did say,
"Peace and good will!" And Joseph
made reply:
"Peace unto thee and thine forever-
more!"
Then spake the foremost stranger:
"Where is he,
Born King of Jews this night in Beth-
lehem?"

Three kings are we that come to wor-
ship him
For we have seen his star in the Far
East
Beyond the deserts. We have jour-
neyed far,
Star-led, and, lo, it standeth over thy
roof,
A sign celestial!" Then each laid
aside
His mantle and his sandals, bowing
low
Before the mother and the holy child,
Crying: "All hail, Redeemer of the
World!
King of the Jews, all hail!" and they
did break
Boxes of precious ointments, and the
air
Was heavy with the perfume of their
scents:
And costly spices, cinnamon and
myrrh,
And sandalwood and cedar, and the
scents:
Distilled from blooms in gardens of
the East,
And fragrant frankincense and
nard,
And they laid down their offerings of
price,
Soft yellow bars and bags of shining
gold,
All intermixed with amethysts and
pearls
And carbuncles and diamonds and the
gem
Lack-luster topaz. And the foremost
gave
Unclassed the heavy chain of beaten
gold
That hung about his swarthy throat,
and showed
Its curious pendant, fashioned in
strange
And hammered from a nugget, soft
and pure,
For uncouth semblance to a rugged
cross,
Speaking in awed, low tones of
prophecy:
"A voice cried in the desert wastes,
"Aris!"
Take of pure gold a nugget large and
bright
And hammer it into a massive cross
Such as the common criminal, con-
demned
To die, yields up his shrinking
spirit on,
And hang it to the chain about thy
neck,
And when thou comest to the jour-
ney's end
Lay it within the mother's hand, that
she
May read therein a sign! Lo, I have
done
According to the word!" And Mary's
eyes
Grew wide with terror, as her fingers
glazed
About the gleaming symbol, for she
saw,
As in a dream, three crosses on a hill,
And, nalled between two thieves of
aspect vile,
Upon the middle cross, a tortured form
That moved her strangely with a
sense of loss
And was unutterable, for multitudes
Saw and
Saw the sufferer and scoffed at
him,
Crying, in mocking tones: "Hail, King
of Jews!
But thy that hung cast downward typ-
ing eyes,
Full of meek pardon and of tender
grief,
Gazing: "Forgive them, Father! Oh,
forgive
Thy children, for they know not what
they do!"
And in those dying orbs compassionate
She saw a semblance of the holy light
That shone within the eyes of her
fair child,
And moaned: "Take it away—the
cross of gold!
I shudder at the phantasies it brings
To the
East
Arose and gave their blessing to the
child
And passed into the night. And Mary
and the
The sleep of sweet forgetfulness,
while he
Who stood in place of father to the
babe
Watched the sweet pair until the morn-
ing
The songbirds in the clustering olive
trees
And tinged with light the roofs of
Bethlehem.

LICITA LEVER.

WHY CHILDREN ARE SPANKED

How the Settler Prepared the Young Ones for Christmas.

On the morning of the day before Christmas I dismounted at the door of a North Dakota cabin to inquire the whereabouts of a man living in that neighborhood, and the sounds from within told me that one of the children was being spanked. When the spanking had been concluded the set-

ter opened the door and invited me in. I saw nine children standing up in a row, and the tenth one sitting down on the other side of the room. The man thought some explanation should be made, and he said: "It's the way I do every Christmas time, and I had just begun when you rode up. Can you wait till I have spanked the other nine?" "Of course, but may I ask why you

do it? They look to me to be nice well-behaved children." "They are as good children as you will find in the state, sir; but the spanking must go on." "I would not say any more, of course, and I went up to the gate and waited. The nine were called up one after another, and put through the machine, and then the man, who was breathing hard from his exertions, joined me at the gate and said:

- 5. Several houses and lots for sale...
- 6. Village lots on Woodward Avenue...
- 66. Good comfortable, well-furnished house...
- 67. One lot on Bagshaw street...
- 68. Eighty-acre farm in White Lake township...
- 69. Small lots for sale...
- 70. Farm of 100 acres...
- 71. Farm of 100 acres...
- 72. Farm of 100 acres...
- 73. Farm of 100 acres...
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Why Children are Spanked (continued from page 2)

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