

dashed against the rocks of adversity, look at the Star, call upon Mary. If the waves of pride, of ambition, of dejection, of anger, of avarice, or lust, threaten your soul, call upon Mary. If troubled at the sight of your manifold sins, frightened at the thought of the just Judge, you begin to sink into the abyss of sorrow and despair, think of Mary. Let her name be on your lips, let her memory be in your heart.

If you follow her, you will not go astray; if you trust in her, you will not be disappointed; if she takes care of you, you need not fear; if she protects you and intercedes for you, you will safely arrive at the haven of eternal felicity.

#### AVE MARIA!

Come, run with me, O stalwart youth and maiden!  
And run with me, O children young and fleet!  
And even ye with years so heavy-laden.  
Now struggle yet to use your failing feet!

Come, crowding forth from the lanes and alleys.  
Come hurrying out from all the fields and woods,  
And make your paths in all the pathless valleys,  
And leave your tracks on all the trackless floods!

For unto earth has come a mighty wonder.  
And sweeter words are spoken now by God,  
Then when of old he spoke to us in thunder,  
And scourged the faithless nations with His rod.

Oh, come and see the lily He has planted—  
Eve's fairer daughter, blooming in the land;  
And make again the prayers that he has granted  
And ask the world's redemption at His hand!

For lo! the stars in heaven's serenest story  
Are grouped to crown this womanhood sublime,  
And lo! the sun has woven of his glory  
A robe to be her raiment for all time!

Oh, come, and see a spotless Virgin kneeling,  
Oh, come, and hear an angel at her side,  
The earliest tidings of our joy revealing—  
The herald of the glorious Christmastide.

Come here, for this is Mary, and no other,  
And she will nurse the Lord upon her knee;  
And Jesus will bequeath her as a mother  
To us upon the cross of Calvary.

Then let us run, and greet her with the angel;  
*Ave Maria!* give us to thy Son!  
O'er all the earth ring out the loud evangel—  
The gates of hell are closed and Heaven is won.

#### WANTED A LIAR.

I was sitting on a salt barrel on the shady side of the depot while waiting for a train on the other road, when a farmer drove up in his wagon. He went around and talked with the station agent for a few minutes, and returned to ask:

"Stranger, do you want to make \$20,000 as easy as rolling off a log?"

"I do."

"Are you a religious man?"

"Not exactly."

"Any scruples ag'in lyin'?"

"That's according to circumstances. State your case."

"The case is just this: I own one hundred acres of land right around here. As it stands it's worth about \$8 an acre. Split her up into city lots, and each one will bring \$50. You can figure on \$1,000 an acre."

"But this is no site for a city!" I protested.

"That's whar the lyin' will come in. I should calkerlate on your makin' the site."

"There's no fuel, no water, no agriculture."

"Got to lie about 'em!"

"You've got to have natural advantages to make a city."

"More lyin'."

"You've simply got a railroad junction, one house, and one hundred acres of mighty poor land to start on," I said, as I looked around on the lonesome prospect.

"That's whar the lyin' will come in!" he answered. "I've known twenty towns out here to start on a heap less. Is it a bargain or no? You do the lyin' and the advertisin', and I do the sellin', and in a year we'll clear up a carload of money. Best chance in the world for a risin' young man; knocks a silver mine all holler."

"I—I'm afraid I couldn't accept your liberal proposition."

"All right. No harm done. I'm