

"The Wind Bloweth Where it Listeth."

The wind blows softly o'er the house
Where those we love to sleep are lain,
Locked eyelids shut their wearied souls—
The moon is on the wane.

The wind blows strongly o'er the sea
Where ships turn to the helmsman's hand;
The crew are clustered on the deck,
And look and long for land.

The wind blows sadly by the graves
Where yet the autumn earth is brown,
The sexton's spade-marks scar it deep,
And rain is showering down.

The wind blows gladly thro' the woods,
Where spring buds swell and spring flowers bloom;
It shakes the shimmering grass, and bears
Onward a rich perfume.

The wind is blowing on and on
By field and farm, by town and sea;
Oh Holy One, so symbolised,
Come Thou and move in me.

Approach my dreaming, dowsy soul
With varied, plaintive, searching tone—
Whisper the mystic words of God,
And claim me for Thy own.

Sweep off with passioned power old lusts,
Search in and cleanse the secret fault,
Spring up and lead my life in truth—
No more to swerve or halt.

ALFRED NORRIS.

Don't physic and physic to cure indigestion.
K.D.C. is not a physic. It cleanses and strengthens
the stomach without weakening and destroying
the tissues. Try K.D.C.

George Frederick Handel.

At eight years of age the boy Handel, who in after life was the greatest musician of his day, was described as master of one of the most difficult instruments played at the time, namely, the spinet. When a mere child, he had such a passionate love of music that his father caused all musical instruments to be put out of his reach, lest he should grow too fond of them and neglect his lessons. As he became older he devoted his whole life to music. A German duke heard of his wonderful powers, and had him taught by the best masters, who, however, were soon excelled by their wonderful pupil. When quite a young man, he was recognized as the great musical genius of his age, and his compositions produced a great effect among those who heard them. Crowds used to attend the performances of his operas and oratorios. It is related, for instance, that his masterpiece, "The Messiah," fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan. Within the space of a few years the sum of \$10,300 was raised from performances of the oratorio and handed over to the funds of the Foundling Hospital.

In 1710, when Handel was 25 years of age, he came to London, and there soon attained his highest fame. Who does not know his grand choruses and his sweet harmonies! Their majesty and sweetness are being only more and more recognized as time rolls on. He died in 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey—a suitable resting-place for one who had attained such greatness. It will be long before the world looks upon his like again.

Can dyspepsia be cured? Yes! K.D.C. is a "positive cure," "a safe cure," "a complete cure," "a marvellous cure," "the best cure," "a thorough cure," and a guaranteed cure. See testimonials.

An Alarm.

Many instances are related of the manner in which God arouses the sinner to a sense of his danger, and necessity of turning from his evil ways. Perhaps among the most remarkable of these is one which happened to a youth who afterwards became a famous poet, and a steadfast Christian. When a young man he had occasion to pass through a churchyard on his way home. It was evening, and darkness was quickly creeping on. He perceived at a distance a grave-digger at work by the glimmer of a lamp. Attracted by

the light he hastened to the spot, and stood on the verge of the grave gazing at the workman. As the latter shovelled up the earth, a skull was thrown forth and struck the youth. He himself says, "It was an alarm to my conscience;" so that he was then forced to think of death. He began to pray to God to have mercy upon him.

Few indeed are awakened in this manner, but in some way or other a knock comes to each of our hearts, and a warning voice speaks to our conscience, "Prepare to meet thy God!" "The preparation of the heart is from the Lord." Come to Jesus just as you are, and He will fit you for a useful life on earth and endless joys in heaven. "The sting of death is sin." If sin is pardoned and put away, death will lose its terrors and the grave its victory.

Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives renewed strength.

Sleep They Not Well?

Sleep they not well, the sainted dead?
For sorrow they have peace instead:
Our Father housed His children dear,
Before the tempest gathered near
And burst in thunders loud and dread.

Healed are the hearts that inly bled,
The mourning souls are comforted,
And stanch'd the fount of every tear:
Sleep they not well?

And if, until the Lord appear,
Earth, like a mother pressing near
To watch beside the loved ones' bed,
Wraps her dark mantle round their head,
And shelters them from pain and fear,
Sleep they not well?

CANON BELL.

The Christmas Box.

The origin of the term "Christmas box" as applied to donations of Christmas spending money is uncertain, though antiquarians seem to think that it was derived from the custom of placing money for masses to be said or sung on Christmas day—therefore "Christ masses"—in a box, which from this use was called a Christ mass box, a term gradually corrupted to Christmas box, and finally applied to all money given as a Christmas gratuity.

The Slanderer.

Against slander there is no defence. It starts with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—a smile. It is pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wounds are incurable; it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder, murder its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport. The man who breaks into my dwelling, or meets me on the public road and robs me of my property, does me an injury. He stops me on the way to wealth, strips me of my hard savings, involves me in difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me into ease and influence. The man who coming at the midnight hour fires my dwelling, does me an injury—he burns my roof, my pillow, my raiment, my very shelter from storm and tempest; but he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me, but charity will receive me into her dwelling, give me food to eat and raiment to put on; will timely assist me, raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again sit by my own fireside and taste the sweets of friendship and of home. But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character, who exposes every act of my life which represented to my disadvantage, who goes first to this, then to that individual, tells them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy, and then fills their ears with hearsays and rumors, and what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints of his own imagination—the man who thus "filches from me my good name" does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair.

The Yule Sheaf.

Christmas is now observed with great enthusiasm in the snowy northland of Sweden. The celebration proper extends over four days, beginning on the 24th of the month. A beautiful custom is that of raising a large sheaf of grain on the top of a pole above the house for the wild birds to feast upon. It is said that no peasant will sit down to his Christmas dinner until the sheaf is lifted in place for the birds in the snow outside.

Hints to Housekeepers.

OATMEAL.—Few people appear to realize the value of oatmeal as a means of thickening soups and stews, etc. It should be smoothly mixed with a little cold water, and stirred thoroughly to the rest, in a boiling state. It requires brisk boiling for fifteen minutes, but need not be stirred all the while as corn-starch or flour must be. This means of thickening is not only the most nourishing, but also the cheapest.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cupful of grated chocolate, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of cream or milk, butter size of a walnut, one tablespoonful of vanilla. Boil until it stiffens in water, pour into buttered pans, and before it is cold, mark off in squares.

A few pieces of beeswax put up with silk or woolen goods prevents them turning yellow.

PICKLE FOR ONE HAM.—To a gallon of water put a pint of salt, a pint of molasses and one ounce of saltpetre. Turn the ham over in the brine often and let it lie in it six weeks; then let it be smoked nearly as long.

TO EXTINGUISH BLAZING OIL.—Do not attempt to extinguish the flames of blazing oil with water; it will only make them worse. Pour corn meal or flour quickly over them, or throw over a rug, or anything handy that will exclude the air.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About ten minutes before removing from the oven spread buttered bread crumbs over the top.

SPICE CAKE.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful of butter, one cupful sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, three cupfuls of flour. This makes two large cakes.

BUTTER-SCOTCH.—Good butter-scotch is as rare as it is simply made. Here is an infallible receipt: Boil without stirring two cups of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and two tablespoonfuls of water, until the mixture hardens and crisps when dropped from a spoon into cold water. Remove from the fire and pour on buttered plates to cool.

SMALL ALMOND CAKES.—Chop half a pound of citron and mix with it three-quarters of a pound of shelled almonds which have been blanched and sliced into halves. Beat six eggs thoroughly, and cream into them three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Add the nuts and citron, and after thoroughly mixing, sift gradually into the mixture half a pound of flour. Pour the batter into long, shallow tins, which have been well buttered. Bake in a quick oven. When done roll in powdered almonds and sugar. Packed carefully in tin these cakes will keep almost indefinitely.

SCROFULA ENTIRELY CURED.—Dear Sirs,—I have suffered very much from scrofula and bad blood for seven years past. Six months ago I commenced using B.B.B. internally and externally, and can now say that I am entirely cured, and have been so for some time. To all sufferers I recommend B.B.B. as an excellent remedy for scrofula. MISS A. B. TANNIER, Pictou, N.S.

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.—Sirs,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.—Dear Sirs,—Your Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other medicines that I ever used. I took it for biliousness and it has cured me altogether.

WM. WRIGHT, Wallaceburg, Ont.