

The Little Nurse.

Beneath the shadow of a mighty pile
Of gray cathedral wall, of roof and aisle,
When richly pealed the chimes at vesper hour,
The wintry sunset redd'ning each dark tow'r,
Within the yard I saw a little maid,
Unkempt, uncared for, all in rags arrayed.

She seemed a beggar-child, with rough brown hair,
Holding in both small arms, so lean and spare,
A tiny sickly babe with wan white face,
Where hunger's woe had left full many a trace,—
A puny form. I deeply grieved to see
That one so young had known such misery.

The little nurse was singing soft and low,
And gently rocked her burden to and fro,
And seem'd unconscious of the city's din,
And of the twilight quickly closing in.
O! it was sweet to see that poor waif there,
Tending the babe with all a mother's care.

My thoughts flew back to that time long ago,
When our dear Lord was here on earth below.
For when the children came, tho' many tried
To turn them off, He called them to His side,
And bless'd and lov'd them in their innocence,
And chid all men who gave those babes offence.

O! little spotless ones! O children dear,
Who come like unknown angels to us here,
To bless and love us in their purity,
And teach their simple faith's security!
To make our hearts like theirs we all should try:
"Of such," we know "God's Kingdom is" on high.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Curfew Bell.

An interesting bell-ringing custom was that of ringing the curfew, a modified form of which still exists in this country and in England. Curfew, of which Gray speaks so feelingly about in his elegy, was established in the year 1058 by William the Conqueror, or, as the English people more frequently say, William the Norman, and was partially abolished about the year 1100. The curfew bell was rung promptly at 8 p.m., at which time the people were compelled to put out or cover up their fires and blow out their candles. Henry I. fixed the matter in the year last mentioned so as to not absolutely prohibit lighted candles until after the ninth hour. The curfew was rung in order to compel every one, high or low, to cover up and put out the fire, which in those early days was in a hole in the centre of the house—a hole being cut in the roof to allow the smoke to escape. The word "curfew" is a corruption of two words "couvre feu," literally "cover fire," the custom being to cover the hole in the floor with a large flat rock or metal basin made for that purpose. As long as these customs were strictly adhered to, great conflagrations were thought to be well nigh impossible. Be this as it may, the people did not look upon it in that light; they only thought of the rigid sway of the Conqueror. Thompson thus describes the feelings of the conquered people who were forced to put out their fires by a "foreign invader":

"The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,
Dejected sank into their sordid beds,
And through the mournful gleam of better times,
Mused sad, or dreamt of better."

Butter Scotch is simply brown sugar and butter melted together, flavored with extract of lemon, cooked to the "crack," and finished as taffy.

Christ's Second Coming.

All God's dear and faithful ones are such as "love the appearing of our Lord Jesus." We cannot be true friends to those whose presence we do not desire and delight in. Now this appearing is either in His coming to us or our going to Him; and, whichever it be, His people enjoy His appearance. Could we be content with either of these, and not love them or wish for them, our hearts are not yet right with God. It is true there is some terror in the way to both of these. His return to us is not without dreadful majesty; for the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The glorious retinue of His blessed angels must needs be attended with an astonishing magnificence; and our passage to Him must be through the gates of death, where nature cannot but feel some horror. But the immediate issue of both is so infinitely advantageous and happy, that the fear is easily swallowed up of joy. Certainly, neither that heavenly state in which Christ shall return to us, nor the fears of a harmless and beneficial death by which we shall pass to Him, can or ought to hinder our love of His appearing. Oh, Saviour, come in whatever equipage Thou wilt, Thou canst be no other than lovely and welcome. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!—*Bishop Hall.*

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

The Chimes of London.

"The chimes, the chimes of mother-land,
Of England, green and old;
That out from thane and ivied tower,
A thousand years have tolled!"

I often thought of Coxe's beautiful ballad, when, after a day spent in Waterloo Place, I have listened, on my way homeward, to the chimes of Mary le bone Chapel sounding sweetly and clearly above the din of the Strand. There is something in their silvery vibration which is far more expressive than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes wearied of a continued toll—the sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clang of metal—but these simple notes, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stunned by the ceaseless roar of carriages or the mingled cries of the mob, as gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning—and they ring out louder and deeper through the mist—or midnight, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges less noisily than is wont, they are alike full of melody and poetry.

I have often paused, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones, dropping down from the darkness, thrilling, with their full, tremulous sweetness, the still air of the lighted Strand, and winding away through dark, silent lanes and solitary courts, till the ear of the careworn watcher is scarcely stirred with their dying vibrations. They seemed like those spirit voices, which at such times speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be to those who dwell within the limits of their sound, to wake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in with their midnight fancies, like the musical echo of the promised bliss. I love these eloquent Bells; and I think there must be many, living out a life of misery and suffering, to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation. The natures of the very cockneys, who never go without the horizon of their vibrations, is to my mind, invested with one hue of poetry.—*Bayard Taylor.*

—The highest temper of physical courage is not to be found or perfected in action, but in repose. All physical effort relieves the strain, and makes it easier to persist unto death under the stimulus and excitement of the shock of battle, or of violent exertion of any kind, than when the effort has to be made with grounded arms. In other words, may we not say that, in the face of danger, self-restraint is, after all, the highest form of self-assertion?

Hints to Housekeepers.

A GOOD CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Mix with a strong solution of gum arabic and water enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply this with a camel's hair brush to the broken edges and unite.

CANNOT BE DENIED.—The curative influence of the pine in lung diseases is everywhere admitted, and when combined with other effective pectoral remedies, as in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the effect is doubly beneficial. No case of cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis or hoarseness can resist the healing powers of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. 25 and 50c. at druggists.

CHOPS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—After trimming the chops neatly, and seasoning with salt, pepper, and mixed herb powder, dip each one in beaten egg, coat with fine bread crumbs, and fry a rich brown on both sides, in a small quantity of clarified fat. When done, pile the chops up high in the middle of a hot dish; surround them with a border of carefully-boiled whole potatoes, rather small and even in size, and pour over all some tomato sauce; sprinkle the surface lightly with finely chopped parsley and tiny patches of sifted egg yolk, and serve very hot.

PROVED BEYOND DISPUTE.—No one now doubts that Burdock Blood Bitters will cure dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache or bad blood. The proof is so thorough and overwhelming that the doubters have been silenced and B.B.B. is secured in its place as the best purifying tonic and regulator extant. BYRON HOLT, Princeton, Ont.

TO RESTORE SHABBY VELVET.—Mix two table-spoonfuls of liquid ammonia with half a pint of hot water, and apply it to the velvet with a stiff brush, rubbing it well into the pile so as to take out all the stains and creases. Then hold the velvet over a hot flat-iron until the steam raises the pile, and it is perfectly dry.

FOR SWELLINGS AND FELONS.—*Gentlemen*,—My little girl, aged 8, had a large swelling on her neck. I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil on it and it disappeared in a short time. It also cured a felon I was troubled with.

MRS. C. E. WENDOVER, Manda, Man.

CINNAMON BUNS.—Roll rusk dough until half an inch thick. Wash with molasses and water. Strew cinnamon and currants over the dough. Roll up and cut in one-inch pieces. To glaze rusk and buns, wash with molasses and water while they are hot.

A HEALTHY AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.—Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of Chocolate, by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

An elegant and economical luncheon dish may be made from potatoes and the remnants of a roast in the following way: Select large, long potatoes, wash them thoroughly with a brush, cut off the ends a little, and remove the centers with a thin scoop. Do not leave too thin a wall in taking out the center. Mince any cold meat, season it highly and fill the potatoes with it. Bake in a quick oven, garnish with parsley or celery, and serve with a sauce or the remnant meat gravy.

A little care to straighten out the stems and leaves in a bouquet, and to take out the withered and straggling parts, will improve it so much that one realizes that even flowers are daintier for dainty handling.

A suggestion to those who cannot afford to give Christmas gifts: Write a letter, tie it in the quaint old fashion with a bit of ribbon, sealing the ribbon on the back. Let it go through the mail, and to many a one such a letter—if you have put your heart into it and let the recipient know your thought and love for her—will bring more true and lasting Christmas cheer than any present you could send.

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE.—Is used by inhalation, thus reaching the seat of the disease direct. Its action is immediate and certain. No waiting for results. Ask any druggist or address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package.