

THE WIND

BY GRACE ALDEN.

Did you ever hear the wind blow? No, you never did, I will answer for you. Most likely you will say you have; but then you never were an old bell, hanging way up in a light-house, on a bleak sea shore.

That is what I am, and the wind and I are great friends, in fact he is the greatest friend I have. There are the snow, and rain, morn and eve, who are pretty old acquaintances, but they are not as friendly as the wind; they cannot talk to me, they cannot linger round me, and play with me, until I ring out for mirth. That is when I ring out clear, and loud, and people say, "How the wind is blowing, hear the bell ring!"

They do not know what a jolly good companion he is, or else they would never shut and bar their windows to keep him out.

Sometimes the wind tells me the saddest things, the very gloomiest, and most mournful things. Then I ring slowly and loudly, because I am sorry for what I hear, and people say, "How strong and fierce the wind is to-night." They do not know that he is sobbing and mourning for their grief and woe. Of course any one that travels as much as my friend, sees many things, and if he is sympathetic as my friend is, they affect him strongly, and I know as soon as I hear him coming what things he has seen. Here he comes roaring, tearing, howling, dashing the billows high on the sea-beach, carrying the clouds before him, like race-horses; sending clouds of sand before him, catching them up, whirling them around, driving them hither and thither, tearing at doors and shutters, yelling down chimneys, shrieking around sharp corners, screaming in my ears as he flies past, "Oh the wickedness, the villainy, the meanness of the world! the strong oppressing the weak, the rich robbing the poor; the good made to suffer for the bad! the cunning, the craftiness, the utter worthlessness of the wicked world! Oh! I will tear it! Oh! I will destroy it! Oh! I will do it all the harm I can!"

Here he comes again, softly laughing, as he passes over the deep blue sea, gently fanning the cheeks of the children at their play, kissing their ruby lips, playing among their floating curls, dancing amidst the green waves, whispering softly to the little wavelets, murmuring in my ears, "Oh the beauty, the gentleness, the goodness, the kindness of the beautiful, wonderful world. Poor wretches and orphans comforted and helped; little children made happy, the hungry fed, the naked clothed, the weary rested, the grieving comforted and cheered. All is love and sunshine, warmth and pleasure. Oh the beautiful and wonderful world!" and he goes gently away, singing his song of sweet content.

Here he comes again, sighing, sobbing, mourning over the sea. The waves rise and fall in long undulating swells, and break upon the shore with a dull thud of despair. The rain is dropping and the wind sobs on in heart-broken murmurs, and fitful sighs. Then louder grows his voice, into a weary, hopeless wail. The trees toss their arms wildly, despairingly, under his influence, and so, swelling, dying, sobbing, crying, rising, sighing, onward he goes.

People draw nearer their bright fires and say, "How doleful the wind sounds to-night, draw the curtain, close the shutter, keep it out," and my faithful friend comes to me to say: "Ah, the miserable world! the sorrowful heart-breaking world! the cold and hungry, the dead and dying, the sick and weary, the poor broken hearted souls. Mothers crying for their children, husbands for their wives, widows, in their desolate homes, for those that are no more; the cruelty, the bitterness, the anguish, the despair!" and away he goes mourning, crying on his road.

So now, when you wake up at night and hear the wind, do not put your fingers in your ears and try to sleep, think about what I have told you, and try to discover what mood he is in.

If he is sorrowful, make up your mind to help the afflicted, and give him less cause to grieve. If he is angry, resolve to redress all the wrong you can, to help the weak and the oppressed.

If he is happy, try ever to keep him so, and learn from the wind, to help the world to better things.—*The Churchman.*

LOOK OUT FOR IT.—If you are troubled with a cold or cough, however light the attack, look out for it, do not allow it to settle on the lungs; break up the cough by loosening the tough phlegm with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

FOUR CHILDREN.

May and Bertie, Rose and Lee,
Little children four—
Played a game of "Follow Me,"
Singing o'er and o'er.

Down the garden walk, in glee,
Marching in a row,
Singing—"Follow, follow me"—
Those four children go.

Neither butterfly nor bee,
Nor any little bird,
Though it hears that "Follow Me,"
Every single word,

Ever flies away in fear,
When these children play;
No: not one will disappear
From the garden way!

Why is this?—I'll tell you true,
These dear children here,
Never, all the seasons through,
Cause those creatures fear!

They love all that God has made,—
Ant or bird or bee;
Never harm, in sun or shade—
Anything they see!

So they go, in merry glee,
Happy girls and boys;
Singing "Follow, follow me!"
Making harmless noise.

HATTIE AND KITTY.

Hattie was our baby-girl; but she was old enough to know that she must obey mamma. Hattie liked to have her kitty come in to play with her, in the morning. But mamma said—"Kitty must not go in, till you are dressed and ready for breakfast." One morning, mamma had company, and Hattie did not hurry to dress, and when kitty put her white nose in through the crack of the door, the little girl called her softly, "Puss—Puss." Of course, she ran in. Cats do not know the difference between right and wrong, as boys and girls do. Then, the play began; and Hattie forgot all about dressing.

Mamma had told her to call Nurse; but she did not; and by and by, when Nurse came in, Hattie was cross, and did not want to be dressed. Don't you know, my children, that it is always so? if you do one wrong thing, it is easy to do another? So, Hattie played with kitty, and Nurse scolded; and by and by, brother Harry went up to see why his little sister did not come down. When he came back, he whispered to me—"Oh aunty! she's naughty and cross, and won't be dressed." And so, when all the children went for a ride, little Hattie had to be left behind.—*Shepherd's Arms.*

HIS FIRST EARNINGS.

"Father, may I have a piece of ground for my very own?" asked a bright boy ten years of age.

His father looked surprised.

"Why do you wish to have a piece of ground, my son?"

"I would like to raise some potatoes, father."

"Potatoes! What will you do with them, Willie?"

"Sell them, father, and send the money to the school in Cornwall, where heathen boys are educated."

The gentleman smiled at the boy's eager face.

"Hoing potatoes is not easy work, Willie," he said doubtfully.

"I know that, sir, but I am not afraid of work. It will make me strong to know that I am helping some poor heathen poor to become a Christian."

Willie's face was full of earnestness, and his father laid his hand gently on his head as he said:

"You shall have the ground, my son, and do with it as you choose."

Willie went to school that morning with a very light heart. He soon told his plan to a little playmate, and the two lads entered into a partnership for the cultivation of the promised plot of land.

It was a dry, hot summer, and the ground which Willie's father gave him was very difficult to hoe. It was full of upturned pieces of sod. The boys were not to be discouraged in their good work, however. Throwing aside their coats they toiled with a will, and the sod which gave them so much trouble, proved their best friend in the end. It served to protect the growing potatoes from the fierce heat of the sun. The little plot devoted to charity yielded a fine crop, while many broad fields produced almost nothing.

It was a proud moment in Willie's life when he drove his waggon load of potatoes to market and gave his first hard earnings to the Cornwall school.

He afterwards became very wealthy, but he never forgot his boyish ambition to do good. Willie E. Dodge, for he was the noble boy, will long be remembered for the many deeds of mercy with which his long and useful life is filled.

THE RAW, CUTTING WINDS—Bring to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to many persons. Happily disease holds less sway. Science is continually bringing forward new remedies which successfully combat disease. Polson's Nervine—nerve pain cure—has proved the most successful pain relieving remedy known. Its application is wide, for it is equally efficient in all forms of pain, whether internal or external. Ten and 25 cents a bottle, at druggists.

GOD LOVES YOU.

Edward Irving went to see a dying boy once; and when he entered the room he just put his hand on the sufferer's head and said: "My boy, God loves you," and went away. And the boy started from his bed, and he called out to the people of the house: "God loves me! God loves me!" One word, one word! It changed that boy. The sense that God loved him had overpowered him, melted him down, and began the making of a new heart.

Best cure for colds, cough, consumption, is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cattle Bros. & Co., Boston. For \$1 a large bottle sent prepaid.

THE BENNETT FURNISHING CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CHURCH, SCHOOL
AND
HALL FURNITURE,
ALSO
FINE
HARDWOOD
MANTELS.

Send for new illustrated catalogue, now in press, and which will appear in a few days, with the latest designs in Church, School and Hall Furniture.

Works:—Rectory St., London, Canada; 64 London Road, Glasgow, Scotland; Victoria Works, Bow, London, England.

Offices:—Rectory St., London, Canada; 2 Dalmarock Road, Glasgow, Scotland; 173 Usher Road, Bow, London, England.

For Gas For Oil
BAILEY'S
COMPOUND light-spreading
green-painted Corrugated Glass
REFLECTORS
A wonderful invention for
lighting CHURCHES,
Halls, etc. Handsome
designs. Satisfaction
guaranteed.
Catalogue and price
free.
BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.,
112 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

15 Pounds gained in Three Weeks, and CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

Messrs. Craddock and Co.,
GENTLEMEN, Please send me twelve bottles of Dr. H. JAMES' CANNABIS INDICA, one each of Pills and Ointment, for a friend of mine who is not expected to live; and as your medicine cured me of Consumption some three years ago, I want him to try them. I gained fifteen pounds while taking the first three bottles, and I know it is just the thing for him.

Respectfully, J. V. HULL,
Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., Ky.

\$2.50 per bottle or three bottles for \$6.50
Pills and Ointments, \$1.25 each. CRADDOCK & CO., Proprietors, 1082 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING
JAUNDICE, OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS
HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,
And every species of diseases arising from
disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH,
BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.