



They That Wait on the Lord.
"I have no time to wait," I said,
"My life is full of tasks;
I grudge a moment from my work
To give the help one asks;
My burdened heart and weary brain
Have scarcely time for prayer;
I am a servant all day long,
And wanted everywhere.
Not half is done I ought to do,
And the time is very late—
Lord, give Thy blessing while I work,
And bid me not to wait."

Through weary days I struggled on,
But the light was faint for me;
How could I do the finest work
With eyes too tired to see?
At last I cast my burden down—
"Lord, Thy will be done," I said;
Then a great peace came over me,
And I was not afraid.

My Lord had waited patiently
Through the long time; and He
Was kind and very merciful
And gracious unto me.
I did not even try to work,
I sought not any quest;
He laid His hand on heart and head
And I was glad to rest;
For all the rush and haste were gone,
And I was stilled at length;
Then, rising, took my work again,
And a new gift of strength.
—Marianne Farningham.

In the Book of Remembrance.

Illinois had more soldiers than any other State in the siege of Vicksburg. Recently the State has erected on the battlefield a monument patterned after the Pantheon, within the walls of which are preserved on bronze tablets the names of all soldiers of the State who fought in the battles about Vicksburg. With other States it has joined in locating the positions of its various regiments and batteries and marking them with suitable monuments.
When the memorial was dedicated, very many of the old soldiers went back for the first time to view the scene of their sufferings. Among others was a soldier of the One Hundred and Eighth Illinois, who took with him his wife, to whom he hoped to show just where his regiment had performed a faithful and perilous service.

One does not need to know much of human nature, and especially of old soldiers, to realize how much the trip meant to this one, and how keenly he looked forward to showing his wife the very spot which he had described to her so often.

They rode together over the miles of roadway which had been made to facilitate access to the field; and he noted with growing enthusiasm how every regiment which he remembered seemed to have its position accurately marked. And so at length he sought the position of his own regiment at Young's Point, only to find that the changing channel of the river had completely obliterated the spot.

On the opposite shore stood a monument, stating that on the other side the provisional brigade, containing among other regiments the One Hundred and Eighth Illinois, had done its duty. That was all.

He remembered what that duty had been. The regiment had been sent away with prisoners, and when it returned, the siege lines had been drawn and the regiments assigned, and the One Hundred and Eighth had lost its own place in its own brigade and had been grouped with other regiments to hold this muddy point of the river.

They were shut out from participation in the desperate charges; yet such was their peril in the swamps that in sixty days they buried 134 men from out their five hundred. Desperately heroic service it had been, yet the memory of it, and the very place itself, had been washed down the river and had left no adequate memorial! The disappointment was all the harder to bear because of the anticipation of pleasure in which the veteran had indulged and which he had hoped to share.
But he went to the Illinois Pantheon and there found his name cast in bronze, and the names of his comrades and the friends he remembered, hidden among the thousands, but imperishably recorded.

He walked over the battlefields side by side with Confederate veterans and talked with them as brothers. He was the guest of one of these, his former enemies, and on Sunday went to church with him, and sitting in his pew, received with him the bread and wine of a holy communion, the fellowship of a world redeemed through blood and sacrifice. And he rejoiced to discover that even here on earth and in the hearts of men there is written a Book of Remembrance.

The river speeds on its way, covering the spot where brave men fought and were buried in graves that, shallow as they were, did not escape the water-line. A country saved and brotherhood established make an abiding memorial. Onward, too, sweeps the river of time, obliterating many a landmark. But high on the bluff of the other shore, above the sweep and whirl of the waters, is the record, sufficient and imperishable, that on the other side, in a spot dear to the memory of God, a human soul did its duty.
—Youth's Companion.

Light and Shadow.
He is a wise man who not only recognizes the light that forces its way softly, steadily, surely through the darkest, heaviest cloud, but who re-

members on the darkest possible day that "above the clouds is the sun still shining," and that in due time, in God's own time, the darkness will disappear. Shadows are as useful as sunlight. They protect us from the discomfort or damage the sunlight on occasion might do. One personally shades his own eyes with his hand that he may best use the intensity of light that fills the heavens. Mother sometimes thus helps her child's vision. And God thus occasionally helps us when we need the clearer and more definite vision that a too vivid light renders impossible.

It is such a comfort to know that God knows what is best for us; and that He cares enough about us to make sure that we get the best. What a pity we fail to appreciate God's wise way!—Bishop Vincent.

Casting Cares Upon the Lord.

The Christian is told to cast all his cares upon Christ. It is inevitable that the Christian will have his cares, for of one sort or another it is a concomitant of all active and useful living. There are some cares that are needlessly incurred, while there are others that cannot be escaped. But in any case the only wise way to do is to cast that inescapable care upon the Lord. He is stronger than we are, and He invites us to ask Him to bear the load which would crush our unsupported strength. It is all that a man can do to live life well with the Lord to help him—it is utterly beyond his power to live as life should be lived without divine assistance. Cares to oneself are unprofitable—cares cast upon the Lord become like golden, gem-set crowns.

A Prayer.

Gracious God, we pray that Thou wilt fill us with aspiration of holiness unto the Lord. Take from our hearts the sins of selfishness, indifference and doubt, and replace them with the spirit of Thine own great love and the assurance of perfect faith. Quickened our hearts to respond to the voices singing forth Thy praise in the beautiful world around us, and help us to live our thanks for Thy wonderful mercies toward the children of men. Enrich our lives with the Christly graces which will make them fragrant and fruitful in the world of Christian service, and make us day by day a blessing unto others through the fellowship of Thy love.

INHERITED SPORTS.

If ever young folk lived happy lives and had especially good times on extra occasions, the Dutch boys and girls in both Old and New Netherlands certainly did. Besides St. Nicholas' day, on December 6th, there were Christmas, New Year's day, Twelfth night, Easter, Pinxter, Kermiss and school holidays and feast days coming pretty steadily throughout the year. W. E. Griffis, author of "The Story of New Netherland," says that all kinds of games, especially winter sports, were in high favor.

Holland is the land of skates and sleighs. Children and young people hardly learn to skate; they begin it naturally and keep it up all their lives. Whether for fun or in parties, or to go to the market, to church, to weddings or funerals, they move by rapid transit on steel. A pair of skates is a passport to comradeship.

Every habit and each trick known on Holland canals or ponds were reproduced on the Mohawk and Hudson. There was the ice-boat, or sailboat on runners, sometimes reduced for swiftness to a long plank with cross-pieces for seats and with skate frons. Equipped with mast, canvas and some courage, it seemed to race with the wind itself.

As for coasting, wherever flat Holland could show a hill or slope, or Friesland furnished a torp or artificial mound, there were the boys and girls at fun. On the ice, lady or lass sat in a hand-sleigh, while husband or swain pushed as he skated.

All this shows the reason why Newburg-on-the-Hudson and Albany and the hills of Dorp are so famous for coasting, and the North River for ice-yachts; and why, from the first generation of settlers, the Dutch-American towns were noted for sledding, sleighing and skating.

Some Facts About Tea.

It is known that tea was used as a beverage in China in the sixth century, and that it was carried into Japan and its cultivation established there late in the thirteenth century, says the National Food Magazine.

That many centuries elapsed ere Western nations learned of tea is certain. Even the date of its first introduction among Western nations is in dispute, one authority giving it as 1591, another as early in the seventeenth century; but as they agree that it was brought to Europe by the Dutch East India Company, and as that was only founded in 1602, it is probable that the latter date is correct.

The tea flower is small, single, white, and has no smell; the seeds are three small nuts, like filberts, and have an oily and bitter taste.

The leaves only are used, and the younger and tenderer they are the better. They are collected when the plant is three years old, the process being continued year after year until the bush becomes weak and diseased, when it is pulled up to give place to a new shoot.

It doesn't take very much champagne to make a man think he is the only star on the flag.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY WOMEN WHO COULD RELY UPON THEIR TALENTS FOR LIVELIHOOD



The claim that Washington women are the most generously talented and variously cultivated of any in the country is borne out, the Washington Post says, by a knowledge of the tastes and capabilities of many women who are regarded chiefly as charming hostesses or admired belles.

The most notable instance of a Washington woman of leisure who has made a name for herself, not only throughout the country, but also throughout the world, is, of course, Miss Mabel Boardman. Although she has always sought to keep herself in the background so far as the affairs of the society are concerned, Miss Boardman is admittedly the "whole show" in Red Cross affairs. President Taft, who has been for several years the head of the organization, gladly gives the credit for much of the success to Miss Boardman. To a man—and all the other members of the central committee of the organization are men—the governing body of the Red Cross delights to sing Miss Boardman's praises. Few of those who meet her socially realize that Miss Boardman's mornings are invariably devoted to the work at Red Cross headquarters, and that she works as hard as any paid employee of the organization.

Not many persons are aware that the first lady of the land, Mrs. Taft, has a diploma from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music which entitles her to teach. Mrs. Taft is perhaps the finest pianist among the smart set, and has paid much attention to the development of her talent. As Miss Helen Herron in Cincinnati she was noted for her interpretations of the masterpieces of musical literature.

Musicians also concede her ability, and as a concert pianist Mrs. Taft might, had she chosen to do so, have become almost as well known to the people of the United States as she now is.

Miss Helen Taft is still so young that her talents and tastes are little known to the public. She inherits the fondness for study which is inherent in the Taft family, and has always been among the leaders in the classes of the schools which she has attended. In addition to her scholastic pursuits, Miss Taft is an authority on old china, and is quite capable of writing a treatise which would be valuable as a guide to collectors.

Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the British ambassador, holds first place in Washington as a maker of salads. In this much appreciated art she has shown an inventiveness that amounts to genius, and her skill has given her the place pre-eminent even in the diplomatic corps, many masculine members of which proudly boast of their skill as chefs. Mrs. Bryce's celebrated salads are responsible for a fever of emulation which has agitated many Washington households, but thus far her laurels as the best salad maker of the local smart set have remained undisturbed.

One of the rarest abilities possessed by a Washington woman is that of Mrs. James Cecil Hooe, who is an expert accountant. From her father, the late Representative Nelson Dingley, of Maine, author of the Dingley tariff bill, Miss Edith Dingley, now Mrs. Hooe, inherits her grasp of facts and figures, two things for which the majority of her sex have little fondness.

Her delight in these two prosaic realms led her to make a study of accounting, and her work on the schedule of the tariff bill is remembered with something akin to awe by all her friends.

Of fine singers and graceful dancers there is no lack among the fair daughters of Washington, but there are several who excel their friends in these two arts. The most gifted dancer in Washington is Miss Olga Converse, daughter of the late Admiral Converse. After her appearance in the amateur play, "We Are in Society," Miss Converse received offers from several of the biggest theatrical managers in the United States, who put forth great inducements to tempt her to join their productions. The hit she made would have turned the head of almost any other girl. Miss Converse is a true daughter of Terpsichore, and her twinkling feet are capable of evolutions which even the most graceful of her friends are not able to rival.

SOUL AND BODY.

Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou, too, didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.
—Samuel Waddington.

The Tragedy of a Diamond Star

"And how did you come to this forlorn condition?" inquired the sweet-faced old lady as she set down another chicken sandwich and a glass of milk on the porch rail. "You do not look like an ordinary tramp."

His breast heaved with emotion. "Madam," he declared, ravenously attacking the sandwich, "I am not a common hobo. I am a man with a past. Once whole cities bowed down and worshipped me. I was a lion. Alas! In a brief moment all my honors vanished and I became a broken-hearted has-been. Think what I once was and then look at me now."

"Tell me about it. Maybe I can help you to regain what you have lost," she suggested, kindly.

"No, madam," he said, hopelessly. "It is too late. But I don't mind telling you about it, although it is a bitter tale. I was center gardener for the old Red Legs, ma'am, in the days when Pop Anson and Brouters and all of those old heroes were in their prime. I used to reach up into the clouds and pull out the high ones with one hand, and often I picked 'em off the top board of a fence with two fingers and a thumb, and the roar that went up from the bleachers sounded like a fat man falling down a coal hole."

A tear dropped from his eyes and rolled down his grimy cheek.

"The world was very rosy then," he went on, washing down the last of the sandwich with a swallow of milk. "It was all floral horseshoes and silver showers for me, and whenever I trotted out in a practice heat I got the glad hand and the merry yell. I had my picture in all the papers and I had

millionaires carrying my sweater and helping me on with my coat. I was a top-notch sticker, too, and whenever I came up to the pan the felders got way out and the pitcher sent 'em in wide to keep me from lammin' 'em on the nose for a homer."

"I don't know that I quite understand," she said.

"Lammin' 'em on the nose for a homer means puttin' 'em over the pickets for four sacks," he explained, making it all clear. "It was easy for me in those days, ma'am. When I swung at one everybody breathed hard and waited for 'em to go over the fence and hunt for it. The ump always got ready to toss up a fresh one when he saw me at the pan."

"But how did you come to—to get down on your luck?" she interrupted.

He sighed and thrilled with a rush of emotion.

"Madam," he said, "I am coming to that soon. I remember the day as well as though it were yesterday. It was bright and sunny, and everybody was limbered up and shooting 'em through. We was fightin' th' old Utica Blues. They had four to our three, and it was the last half of the ninth. We was on the frin' line. Two of ours was dead and two on the lines. I was up at the plate. The cheer I got when I grabbed my willow and dusted me hands sounded like Caesar comin' home from Galway. I shut

it. But just as I swung at it it blew in' down somebody in the street with it. But just as I swung at it it blew out to one side about a yard and dropped in th' catcher's glove with a thud. An' then somebody in th' bleachers hollered, 'Take him out—he's sold th' game.'

"Madam, that made me a desperate man. All of my future hung on that next ball. It came lobbin' up like a bunch of bananas on a string an' I aimed for its nose an' let go!"

He wiped his eye with the back of his hand, overcome by the recollection.

"I figured on hittin' it on th' trademark, ma'am, as honest as I'm tellin' you this sad story. But it shot up about two inches like a boy sittin' on a hornet and I just popped up a little foul that the catcher gobbled like an elephant swallowin' a peanut, madam. I was out of the battle, an' the Utica Blues had us trimmed to a sowle."

Another big tear rolled down his cheek and he sobbed convulsively.

"Something broke loose in the bleachers then like a den of lions smellin' fresh meat," he continued. "They came down through the wire nettin' and fell on me in bunches of twenty or thirty. They thought I had sold 'em out, those mullygrubs I'd helped to fly three battle flags for, and they thirsted for my blood. Somebody whistled for the police, but before they came a pop bottle got me on the head and I went down for th' count. It was a crime, ma'am, th' things they did to me."

"The police pried forty or fifty of them off my scalp, laid me on a door and six of 'em carried me to the hospital. They sewed me up in a couple of hours and I was six weeks on a bed. When I got out I was canned."

"Canned!" she exclaimed.

"Yes'm, canned!" he repeated. "Canned! Extinguished! Bushleagued! Chased! Fired! And all because a college kid from New Haven sent 'em up crooked from th' frin' line. We never used crooked ones in th' old days, ma'am. They was new to me. Up to that time I was a hero, but just because I fell down that once and didn't deliver the goods they shot me down th' chutes."

He strode thoughtfully down the road and the sweet-faced old lady watched him sympathetically.

"The poor old veteran!" she exclaimed. "I wonder what battle it was?"—Indianapolis Star.

The Duty of Forgiveness.

The most plain and natural sentiments of equity concur with divine authority to enforce the duty of forgiveness. Let him who has never, in his life, done wrong, be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable. But let such as are conscious of frailties and crimes consider forgiveness as a debt which they owe to others.—Blair.

Thinking One's Self Old.

If at 30 you expect to be an old man or woman at 85, you will be one, because the mind makes the material correspondence of whatever it sets itself permanently upon.—Health Record

Old Fav

Since I've been in the
I'm Paddy Whack of Ballyhack,
Not long ago turn'd soldier;
In grand attack, in storm or sack,
None will than I be bolder.
With spirits gay I march away.
I please each fair beholder;
And now they sing "He's quite the thing."
Och! faith! ye girls, I charn ye.
And there ye come, at best of drum,
To see me in the army.

Rub a dub dub, and pilli il loo.
Whack! fwal de lal la and trilli il loo;
I laugh and sing like anything
Since I've been in the army.

The lots of girls my train unfurls
Would form a pleasant party;
There's the Kitty Lynch, a tidy wench,
And Suke and Peg McCarthy;
Miss Judy Baggs and Sally Maggs,
And Martha Scraggs all storm me,
And Molly Magee is after me
Since I've been in the army.
The Sallies and Pollies and Kitties and Dollies

In numbers would alarm ye,
E'en Mrs. White, who's lost her sight,
Admires me in the army.

The roaring boys who make a noise
And thwack'd me like the mischief
Are now become before me dumb,
Or else are very civil.
There's Murphy Roake, who often broke

My head, now daresn't dare me,
But bows and quakes and off he sneaks

Since I've been in the army.
And if one neglect to pay me respect,
Och! another tips the blarney,
With "Whist! my friend, and don't offend
A gentleman of the army."

My arms are bright, my heart is light,
Good humor seems to warm me;
I've now become with every chum
A favorite in the army.
If I go on as I've begun
My comrades all inform me,
They soon shall see that I will be
A general in the army.
Delightful notion, to get promotion,
Then, ladies, how I'll charn ye,
For it's my belief commander-in-chief
I shall be in the army.

A GASTRONOMIC IDYL.

Empires May Fall, but the Genius of Cookery Remains Triumphant.

You will find a small restaurant just inside the street entrance. It is presided over by a waiter who has apparently been 40 years of age for the last two decades, says a writer in the Bookman. He has a friendly, alert air, and anything in the world that you want he will promptly provide, for the honor of the Hotel de Normandie. You will naturally order some sort of pottage or something that your fancy suggests; but whatever else you do, be sure to call for mussels. I can see you turning up your nose at this. In America, who eats mussels except perhaps at rare times some pickled mussels? They are with us in the same category as tripe. But behold the genius of the French! When the waiter brings in a enormous silver bowl with a domelike silver cover, and when he removes the cover—then you forget everything in the world except the delicious savory smell of the steam which arises from the myriad shells that open lovingly for you to extract from them the dainty sea-flavored mussel that lurks within. Mussel, did I say? No, these are not the ordinary mussels that Americans know. French gastronomic genius has transformed them into moules mariniere. In some deftly magical way the French chef has imparted a delicious suggestion to the moules, just that indefinable, evanescent memory of garlic—garlic which in the hands of the ordinary cook is an offensive and deadly weapon, but which in the hands of a cook of high degree—an artist in fact—is a means for achieving some of the supreme triumphs of his art. After the moules you will have anything you care for—dainty slices of galantine or sliced capon nestling amid watercresses, and then perhaps some peaches in a little basket where the fruit is enfolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden. Then, perhaps, some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a cafe Mazarin in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of coffee—which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashed into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.

Tempus Fugit.

Two darkies were engaged in a lively dispute about the purchase of a mule.

"Look hea, Mistah Jackson," exclaimed one, "you done tole me, tree weeks ago, dat mule was a young animal. He ha'nt got a toof in his head, he's so old."

Mr. Jackson thoughtfully scratched his head and then replied: "Time shua does fly in dis hea country."—Success Magazine.

Tell-Tale Aroma.

Josh—It's too bad.
Bosh—What's too bad?
Josh—That our neighbors always know when we have fried onions for supper, but never get next when we have strawberries and ice cream.—Yonkers Statesman.

When a woman has nothing else to do, she remembers a lot of sewing she has long neglected.