

## Fashion Notes.

It is perhaps without one pang of regret that the feminine world as a whole will bid good-bye to the "1830" styles of last year. For behold, the flopping skirts, the drooped shoulders, the baggy sleeves and such like extravagances have already been given their conge by people of fashion, and a speedy return to an era of greater simplicity has been promised.

Skirts will, of course, be made rather full for awhile—fashions seldom go by leaps and bounds—but the fullness will be placed almost entirely from the knees down, the upper portion being kept trim and tidy by pleats stitched in place, hip-yokes and similar devices. In waists, the greatest innovation is in the sleeves, which must now be full at the top and tight-fitting at the wrist, or rather, from the elbow down. Some of the prettiest models show one simple puff, reaching from shoulder to elbow, the lower portion being made like a closely-fitting coat-sleeve. Tucks and pleats will still be much used on bodices, though surplice effects will be quite popular, especially when little guimpes of a contrasting color, or of white all-over embroidery in the cotton gowns, are used to form the V. Some of the newest designs show embroidered suspenders placed over the surplice. This, however, savors of a fad which is likely to outrun its popularity very quickly.

Beyond question, the shirtwaist suit will be the popular gown for spring wear, supplanting, to a great extent, the jacket and skirt suit which has been in vogue so long. With the shirtwaist suit, when necessary, will be worn a jaunty little separate coat of different material, a veritable comfort, in that it may be put on over any gown without looking out of place.

The shirtwaist costumes may be made of fine tweed, cashmere, lustre, or mohair, as one chooses, or of linen trimmed with embroidered bands, for wear during warm weather. Mohair will be exceedingly fashionable. The new weaves of it are very fine and soft, and are said to be very serviceable, as they are dust resistant and spot-proof to a degree almost unknown to most modern materials. Shirtwaist suits of taffeta and foulard are also to the fore among fashion's favorites, but are somewhat perishable for country wear.

In more dressy gowns, voile, eolienne, crepe-de-chine, mull, organdie, etc., may be chosen, and made up not too elaborately, but with the fluffiness that seems to suit such materials. Lace will be little used on such costumes, but the yoke or guimpe of chiffon or some such thin material will be much in evidence. As a finish to the yokes, berthas of various forms will still be used, or simple frillings of accordion-pleated chiffon, net, organdie, etc., depending upon the material of which the gown is made.

## Asking a Blessing.

Walter Gay has a very tender touch when he delineates toil-worn old womanhood. He makes each of his pictures preach a silent little sermon of its own. The parish loaf, the few potatoes from the garden patch outside, seem but meagre fare, but the tired old woman sits down to her lonely meagre meal with a grateful heart. She folds together her poor thin hands, closes her eyes, and in an attitude of the deepest devotion whispers, "For these and all Thy blessings, oh Lord, make me truly thankful. Amen." H. A. B.

O'er the ocean of commerce, O merchant!  
Sail your ship by the stars, not by  
guess.  
Have a pilot who knows, and you'll  
anchor  
At last in the port of Success.  
—P. A.



Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.—S. John xii: 3.

If it be true that "we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard," it is surely equally true that we must be careful how we speak of things we know nothing about. Thankful as I am for God's great gift of perfect health, I dare not presume to give personal counsel to you who have been called to "rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." But God's messages may be passed on from one to another, and my brother—who is a hospital chaplain—has just sent me H. E. H. King's "Sermon in the Hospital," which is a beautiful message to the friends of the Master who are called to drink with Him the cup of suffering. To give you the whole of it would be impossible; even if, as often happens, I were to take up more than my allotted space, but I must pass on to you some selections from it. The story begins with a description of five wards full of sick people, who are listening to a sermon from the text, "I am the true Vine." The preacher shows how the vine is trained, pruned, thinned out, stripped of its fruit, and even cut back to the very stem. The parable is explained.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;  
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

And kiss the sacred foot-prints of my Lord

Upon the feet of any such a one  
As lieth patient here beneath His hand;  
Whom Christ has bound on His own cross, to lie

Beside Him, till Himself shall give release;

And that shall not be, many a one knows well,  
Until his place knows him no more on earth.

"God said to Man and Woman, 'By thy sweat,

And by thy travail, thou shalt conquer earth';

Not, by thy ease or pleasure—and no good

Or glory of this life but comes by pain.  
How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,

If all its struggling sighs of sacrifice  
Were swept away, and all were satiate—smooth;

If this were such a heaven of soul and sense

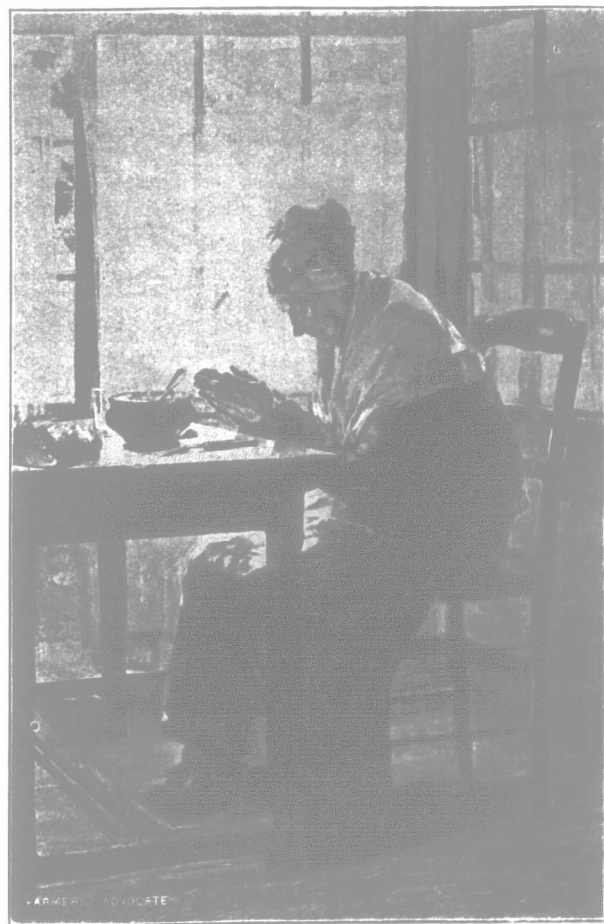
As some have dreamed of—and we human still.

Nay, we were fashioned not for perfect peace

In this world, howsoever in the next:  
And what we win and hold is through some strife.

Many are pains of life; I need not stay  
To count them; there is no one but hath felt

Some of them, though unequally they fall.



Asking a Blessing.

From painting by Walter Gay.

I speak to those who suffer: They will know,  
Better than I, the whole deep truth of it.  
I who stand here complete in all my flesh,  
Strong in the morning, sleeping fast at night,  
Taking the winds of heaven as they blow,  
Without a special sense save joy in each,  
Am not so much as worthy to stoop down

But of all good gifts, ever hath been health  
Counted the first, and loss of it to be  
The hardest thing to bear: I do not speak  
Of such imperfect passages of pain  
As show us we are mortal, and should stir  
Our hearts to greater diligence in life;  
But such long weakness, and such wearing pain  
As has no end in view, that makes of life

One weary avenue of darkened days,  
The bitter darkness growing darker still,  
Which none can share or soothe, which sunders us

From all desire, or hope, or stir of change,

Or service of our Master in the world,  
Or fellowship with all the faces round  
Of passing pains and pleasures, while our pain

Passeth not, nor will pass; and only this

Remains for us to look for, more of pain,  
And doubt if we can bear it to the end.

"But if this be the hardest ill of all  
For mortal flesh and heart to bear in peace,

It is the one comes straightest from God's hand,

And makes us feel Him nearest to ourselves.

God gives us light and love, and all good things

Richly for joy, and power, to use aright;  
But then we may forget Him in His gifts:

We cannot well forget the hand that holds,

And pierces us, and will not let us go,  
However much we strive from under it.

"When the sharp strokes flesh and heart run through,

For thee, and not another; only known,  
In all the universe, through sense of thine;

Not caught by eye or ear, not felt by touch,

Nor apprehended by the spirit's sight,  
But only by the hidden, tortured nerves,  
In all their incommunicable pain,  
God speaks Himself to us, as mothers speak

To their own babes, upon the tender flesh

With fond familiar touches close and dear;

Because He cannot choose a softer way  
To make us feel that He Himself is near,  
And each apart His own Beloved and known.

Sweet it is when a babe opens its eyes,  
Blue, smiling, to its mother's morning kiss.

But thou, when waking to the morning light,  
With unrefreshed and aching limbs,  
mayst feel

The heavy pressure of a constant pain  
Upon thy forehead, and the weary brows  
Throbbing beneath an unabated load.  
Is it not God's own very finger-tips  
Laid on thee in a tender steadfastness?  
The light and careful touches which to thee

Seem heavy, because measured to thy strength,  
With none to spare; and yet He does not fall

For thy impatience, but stands by thee still,  
Patient, unfaltering, till thou too shalt grow

Patient, and wouldst not miss the sharpness grown  
To custom, which assures Him at thy side,  
Hand to thy hand, and not far off in Heaven.

And when the night comes, and the weariness  
Grows into fever, and thy anguish grows fiercer,  
and thou beseechest Him with tears,  
'Depart from me, O Lord, and let me rest!'

He will not leave thee, nor forget thee; but will clasp

Thee closer in the thrilling of His arms.  
No prayer of ours shall ease before their time.

He gives His angels charge of those who sleep;  
But He, Himself, watches with those who wake.

"Men as men

Can reach no higher than the Son of God,

The perfect Head and Pattern of mankind.

The time is short, and this sufficeth us  
To live and die by; and in Him again  
We see the same first, starry attribute,  
'Perfect through suffering,' our salvation's seal

Set in the front of His Humanity.  
For God has other words for other worlds,