

WAITING.

Wait on the Lord for what He hath to give,  
O restless heart;  
He knows the sorrows that beset thy way,  
He knows thy fretful weariness to day,  
O fainting heart.

When thou hast stilled thyself to rest in Him,  
O throbbing heart;  
When thou hast learned to love Him first  
and chief—  
To love Him even better for thy grief,  
O weeping heart—

Then will He grant thee all thine own de-  
sire,  
O longing heart;  
Sunlight of joy may even here be given,  
If so He will—if not, sunrise in heaven!  
O waiting heart.

—Word and Work.

THE OUTWARD SEEMING.

BY FLORENCE B. HOLLOWELL.

"No, not a single cent do they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose, and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading to her friend, Miss Hepzibah Luckey. "I think I know my duty as well as most folks, an' givin' help to Susan Bayard an' her children don't come under that head."

"But bein' as they're your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "it's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'." I told Tom when he married Susan Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o' helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to nobody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it fore he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunt his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibah, who was a kindly old soul. "Ef he'd a lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place an' left Susan comfortable. I shouldn't wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three children."

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called on to shoulder her burdens with her. Goodness knows I've enough already without lookin' out for any more."

"Yes, your hands are pretty full—that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah. "I hear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss Sarah "if I do say it as shouldn't."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins," said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can allers take comfort in thinkin' that. But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan a bit."

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. "She'd oughter hava taken my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it's come out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too delicate, an' would break down in less'n five years. But he would have his own way an' marry her, an' now here she's laid up—just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah as she went out. "But you know young folks is generally mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone, she sat for some time with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage to Susan Bayard, the orphan daughter of a man who, to use the expressions of his neighbors, had never been "forehanded," had not pleased his sister, who thought Susan far to delicate and dainty to prove of much help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however, had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to say to his sister whenever he wrote to her.

And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Susan.

Tom's death, seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and children, who were left almost penniless.

But Susan, knowing the way in which she was regarded by her sister-in-law, did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school, and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed, and a long illness which followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Milford, made it necessary for the trustees of the school to provide another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farmhouse provided Susan with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself when convalescent utterly penniless, and with three small children looking to her for support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth only sympathy and pity from its recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure in being able at last to say, "I told you so."

As she sat in her kitchen that warm July afternoon, the quiet broken only by the ticking of a large eight-day clock and the soft purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she would write in reply in what words she would remind Susan of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor or a cent at his sister's hands."

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait awhile for my answer," she thought. "It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the meadow-lot. First thing I know them town-boys will be after 'em, an' I won't get none for jam."

She put on her sunbonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went out. She paused on the path which led to the meadow to look back at the house, thinking it was very likely Susan had calculated on being asked to take up her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, with roomy chambers, wide fire-places, and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were well shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother, who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she had made him a present of five hundred dollars when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to head the old motto, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," whenever she spoke of him.

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteous that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time.

It occurred to her as she walked home, towards that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home, Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and, starting out again, turned her steps toward the village.

"I look such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived, "like as not they've got company come to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her eyes fell on a very delightfully shaded arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umbrella!"

She had just concluded that she was suffi-

ciently cooled off to present herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the garden path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished very sincerely that she had not thought of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady next and cool that Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast disagreeably untidy.

She had no doubt that the minister was about to show his companion the way to the arbor, and her heart sank at the thought of being found in such a plight. But suddenly the stranger paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If we could only be like this rose," she said, "as fair within as without."

"You forget," said Mr. Lawton; "how often we see worms eating into the very heart of the most beautiful roses."

"Is nothing true, then? Are we never to be able to put faith in the 'outward seeming' of anything or anyone?"

"Those who make the loudest professions are often the most corrupt," said the minister, "and, as I was saying a moment ago, there are so many, oh, so very many, who think themselves Christians because they go regularly to church, teach in the Sunday-school, use no profane language, and give liberally to the missions. But they do not think it necessary to guard their thoughts, to fill their daily lives with little acts of kindness. Now, you are a stranger here, and are to leave us to-morrow; so I can speak to you as I could not to one familiar with the people who make up my congregation. I will give you a case in point. I have in my church a woman of middle age, who lives alone on a farm a couple of miles from the village. She is very active in church affairs, is always ready to visit the sick, go among the poor, or give to a charity. She has provided for the education of several heathen in Africa, and has taught a class of men in the penitentiary, visited the gaol, and made herself generally useful. But, nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and sordid to a pitiable degree. She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings of enmity toward an only brother because, formerly, he did not marry to please her, and I was told not an hour ago that she has declared her intention not to help in any way that brother's sick and penniless widow and children. She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they are forced to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly incensed, I know, if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian, but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come into church next Thursday night and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins, and for help to walk in the right way. But she prays only with her lips; her heart has nothing to do with it. She thinks and cares only for the 'outward seeming, and—"

At this moment little Lulu Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready; and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard quite enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail of berries behind her.

She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home she sat down in her big rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, and leaning her chin on her hand, stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life.

"Only the outward seeming!" she murmured, over and over under her breath, as if the sound of the words frightened her, "and after all these years I've only just found out that I haven't been a Christian."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not appear at prayer-meeting on Thursday night; and when he called to see her on Friday he was surprised to find three curly-headed children making mud-pies in the front yard, who informed

him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah welcomed him very cordially and though she looked tired and worn after her journey from Milford, she seemed as happy as possible.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes, I reckon it'll be a surprise to most folks. But I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children, here. Your life has been a very lonely one," said Mr. Lawton.

"Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out o' it, and it does seem sort o' pleasant to have 'em round. They're well mannered children, Susan's been mighty particular about them. Did you notice the boy as you come in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. But he never knew.

Early in the following winter Miss Jenkins invited her pastor and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles, and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupying a position just before Mrs. Lawton.

"I am so fond of blackberry jam," said that lady, as she helped herself to the article in question, "and I put up a great deal last summer. But the very nicest I made was from some blackberries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who had left them there, but took it for granted they were meant for us, and so took possession of them, pail and all. Lulu calls it my 'mystery jam.' I have often wondered ad if the mystery would ever be explained."

But it never was.—Standard.

THE MOSQUE OF SAN SOPHIA.

The mosque of San Sophia is not only one of the most interesting buildings in Constantinople, but it is also one of the most famous structures in the world. For it was the cradle of Greek Christianity, the original temple having been built by Constantine the Great in A.D. 325. The exterior views of its four high minarets and dome is said to be disappointing, but on entering the mosque the sight is altogether grand. The dome appears to hang in the air, and a Greek poet has described it as "suspended by seven invisible threads from the throne of God." The multitude of columns, arches, galleries, pilasters, &c. give the interior an almost bewildering aspect. But despite the remarkable associations of this time-honored building, the gay turmoil which surrounds it outside bespeaks the busy character of the present day. Crowds pass and to and fro on foot and on horseback, hucksters dispose of their wares, and conspicuous amongst the latter are the flower and fruit sellers, who always seem to drive a great trade with the tourists who annually throng the quaint streets of Stamboul.

THE SURF-BOATS OF MADRAS.

The coast of Madras forms almost a straight line, and is often swept by a strong current that gives rise to a surf which makes landing from ships in the "roads" very dangerous. The construction of a harbor to some extent remedied this, though the risk was by no means got rid of. A special kind of boat called *extanaran* was built for the purpose of crossing the surf. They are a flat-bottomed craft without ribs or keel, and have no iron in any part. Their planks are very thin, and are sewed together, having straw in the seams instead of caulking. They are thus so flexible that they yield to the waves; if a European boat were subjected to one-half of the buffeting that they go through unharmed, it would be shattered. They are large, and have at one end a cushioned and curtained bench so that passengers may be kept dry while the surf breaks around them.

A GOOD WAY to extract the juice of beef for an invalid is to broil the beef on a grid-iron for a few minutes, and then squeeze the juice from it with a lemon squeezer; put a little salt with it. This may be given as the sick one prefers, cold or hot, or it may be frozen and given in small lumps.

CURED BY

"Why, Ned, you aren't you?"

Ned Willet friend's face Sunday—saw that gate an' at the hitchin' post his father, but he's wot Mr. Hine Ned's father boy meant. "Ned," that sickness "I know only but father Mr. Hine taking out to the ninth the second brought to the man w friends' br your father "O Mr. V Mother say night if he "Ned, P' has th' min has talked not pushed this sick man Let us pr down to my till fine o' Ned got and after k the dim, da prayer, w power as h home feelin the better. but, runnin Tim and li as if he co "Tak Mrs. Wil to mother last Ned's she said sh now; but y as you are, "Oh! bu Father'll b "What d temperance "No; so than them, just been t could just about faith take folks Mrs. Wil taking Tim "I'm when she said ha Ned can coaxin' y Mr. Hines some friend heald may well, he w pushed an Jesus, and lieved Hee but made Hines says we've take right sure 's pose fath I do believ The boy might be should con liquor-sto te have th she said; he sang to "Ta she hunted custard, bu a clean clo Mr Willet The chil touched t cried Bess custard and outmeal w Sam Wil fault the e "It's a like you a bit of m Ned Lon his father