



How a Little Girl Started a Revival.

An exchange tells a story about a little girl who went into a neighboring town, where there was a revival. She attended the meeting and heard the story of the cross, and gave herself to Jesus.

When she returned home she went to an old man who was a Christian, and said to him:

"Can't we have a prayer meeting?" "We?" said he. "I don't know of another Christian in the district."

"Well," said she, "you are a Christian and I am a Christian; can't we have a prayer meeting?"

"Well," said he, "we can say 'we' then."

They did have a prayer meeting. The next day two or three more came. God answered their prayers and now between twenty and thirty have found the Saviour.

In this day of activity there is great danger, not of doing too much, but of praying too little for so much work. These two—work and prayer, action and contemplation—are twin sisters. Each pines without the other. We are ever tempted to cultivate one or the other disproportionately. Let us imitate him who sought the mountain top as his refreshment after toil, but never left duties undone or sufferers unrelieved in pain. Lord, teach us to pray.—A. MacLaren.

Strength and Sufficiency Are in God.

To many travelers upon the road of life the way appears rough and long and great is the need for good defense against hurts and bruises by the way. Centuries ago, the strong law-giver of Israel called down a blessing upon the head of one of the tribes: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," said he, "and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Traveling into the unknown land of a New Year, one does not know what may await. But of this one can be confident, the iron and brass shoes are provided for every traveler who seeks them. God will guard every foot well against stones and thorns, so that the traveler can go safely on his journey, certain that he will be kept from dashing his foot at any time against a stone.

Neither will there be any weariness on the journey. The blessing of strength "according to the day" is being liberally granted to many, who, out of weakness, grow strong against every form of road weariness, and who find each year shining with evidence of God's forethought and loving kindness.

The traveler with this divine protection will never lack courage for the journey; he will never tremble over the unknown; for his confidence and sufficiency are in God.

A Prayer for the New Year.

God of the years and Lord of Life, we thank Thee for the bounty and blessings of the past year of helpful days—for the trials as well as the joys, for strength imparted, and for all the lessons we have learned by the way. For the gift of the bright and blessed New Year we give Thee thanks, and affirm our confidence in Thine unfailing providence and mercy. The onward path, O Lord, is all untried; but our confidence and our strength is in Thee and Thou wilt guide us with an all-seeing eye and a strong and never-failing hand. Grant us grace, we pray, to use Thy precious gift of time aright, to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Help us to take every day as a new beginning, walking in newness of life in Thee. Quicken us to realize and seize the blessed opportunities presented of getting and doing good in the common round of daily life, so that each nightfall may find us nearer our eternal home. Grant us to journey hopefully and helpfully along the unknown way to meet Thee and praise Thee in the glory of unending Day.

Humanity's Great Helper.

The long foretold advent of Jesus the Divine Friend has made a tremendous difference for the race. We are not now living in the fetid atmosphere of the Roman decadence, nor are our higher interests mocked by the Hellenic frivolity. The whole tone of life is better, and its promise is fairer. And the glory of all this mental quickening and moral improvement belongs to Jesus Christ.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea it meant that God had sent to humanity a Helper. Humanity of and by itself is poor and weak and wanting; it requires assistance from beyond itself, and the help that it most urgently requires is salvation. The world's greatest need is a Saviour, and Jesus Christ came to be that Redeemer. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus," said the angel, "for He shall save His people from their sins."

A Prayer.

Our Heavenly Father, our joy and our strength are in Thee. Without Thee we can do nothing. We lift our hearts to Thee as the giver of all our mercies, but chief of all we thank Thee for the gift of Thyself and that Thou hast made us partakers of Thy nature and partners in Thy work. Give us grace, we pray, that we may be worthy of this glorious high calling. Help us to learn the deepest meaning of love, and patience, and of trial and service. Enrich us with Thy peace, Thy joy, and Thine own pa-

uence that we may become more like unto Christ in blessing and serving others. Forgive our blind following of our own will, our littleness of purpose, and our narrowness of vision. Fill us with the Christ-spirit of love and lead us on into heavenly joys at Thy right hand.

The Year with God.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" Father,

I have found it true; To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my seal anew.

All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my help indeed hast been, Marvelous Thy loving kindness Every day and hour hath seen.

Through the trackless year before me Holy One, with me abide! Teach me, comfort me, and calm me Be my ever-present Guide. —Frances R. Havergal.

FIRST AMERICAN TOWN CLOCK

The first American town clock was set up in the steeple of a Guilford, Conn., church about two hundred years ago. Made almost entirely of wood, it was built by a Yankee mechanical genius, Ebenezer Parmelee. A writer in the New York Sun tells how it came about that Guilford was the first town in the United States to own a town clock.

This little village was founded by the Rev. Henry Whitefield in the fall of 1639. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and came to this country for more religious liberty. He had not been here long before the First Church was founded. The society is still in existence.

The members of his flock met with him at his home, which is now the State Historical Museum. In 1643 the first church building was erected on Guilford Green, and stood until early in 1700, when a new edifice was put up to replace the old building, torn down.

Just as soon as the new church was finished members of the congregation began to make plans for a bell. The bell was secured, but then a steeple had to be built to put it in.

In 1706 the steeple was completed, but the church tower looked lonely to the Guilfordites without a clock. There was no such thing as a town clock in the colonies. Ebenezer Parmelee was the mechanical genius of Guilford, and the church officers called upon him to see what he could do in the clock line.

After considerable experiment Parmelee turned out the clock which has since borne his name and which made him famous in the colony. It is a big, cumbersome affair, made entirely of wood. It was wound by means of a big crank, which the sexton of the church had to operate every Monday morning. Dials were placed on four sides of the steeple.

Whenever the clock got out of order Parmelee was called upon by the church committee to repair it. After some years of labor of this kind, his services as clock tinker were rewarded by the citizens of Guilford, who voted on Dec. 15, 1741, to free him from service in town offices so long as he continued to keep the clock ticking. The old clock did service till a new one replaced it in 1830.

Amid the cobwebs and owls it was left neglected and forgotten for years. Then somebody asked what had become of the old timepiece, and searching parties found it, covered with the dust of a century, in the church tower. With it were the weights, composed of barrels of stones, that had been used for years to run it.

About three years ago it was voted at a church meeting to lend the clock to the local historical society, and in a few weeks it took its final journey to the old Whitfield house, now a museum.

The Perils of Dueling.

Henri Bernstein, the dramatist, enraged by a hostile criticism in a Paris paper, challenged the critic, M. Chevassu, to mortal combat, says a writer in Success Magazine. The challenge was promptly accepted and the duel was arranged in the time-honored French fashion. Unfortunately, it rained hard on the fatal day. The pistols had to be loaded under umbrellas, and the eminent surgeons present had all they could do to protect their principals from the elements. At the word, Chevassu, whose pen is more formidable than his pistol, fired far over the dramatist's head, while Bernstein, who suddenly thought of a new plot for a play, completely forgot to shoot. However, since the critic's high hat and frock coat were totally ruined by the rain, and Bernstein caught a bad cold in his head, honor was satisfied. But it is not time that the civilized nations of the world united to put a stop to the unsanitary practice of dueling?

Encouraging.

Lady (requiring nurse girl)—But have you had any experience with children?

Applicant—Experience? Why, bless yer, mum, I'm only just out after doin' ten years fer baby farming.—Melbourne Punch.

Up to Pop.

"So you want to marry my daughter; what are your prospects?" "That is for you to say, sir. I am not a mind reader."—Houston Post.

A man isn't always cheerful when he does a lot of cheering

PUNCTUALITY.

It Has Its Disagreeable Side Just as Everything Else Has.

So much is said about the virtue of punctuality that people who go in for it to any great extent are exceedingly uppish and disagreeable. Punctuality has its bad side, just as everything else has. People should remember this. If they are on time they only serve to throw into embarrassing relief the poor souls who come hurrying up ten minutes late. It is smug to be precisely punctual. It is raising yourself above the rest of mankind, refusing to partake in its frailties. The ideal thing from the point of view of courtesy to others and decent humility about your own attainments is to be always ten minutes late, or at least to appear so.

If you are to meet at the package office in the Grand Central station at 4 o'clock, sit quietly in the middle of the hall until 12 minutes after 4; then when you have seen the other person dash up, followed by panting, porters and fairly dripping with explanations, wait until the arrival has had a second in which to recover self-respect and stroll up with a remark on Timbuctoo or the best way to cultivate carrots. This will insure your popularity and show you to be a person of kindness and forethought. At any rate, it is better than a pitiless standing at the place where you said you would be, your superiority increasing every minute, and confronting, upbraiding silently, the person who promised to meet you because you appeared a rather likable sort, but who finds you in your panoply of punctuality the very reverse of likable.

For be it remembered that just as some people cannot be on time, others cannot, to save their skins, be late. So that they deserve not a whit of credit for it and should, in fact, be reprimanded when they do it ostentatiously and in public.

The theaters have formed a charming habit of sending up the curtain just fifteen minutes after the time stated, which by punctual members of the audience is considered shocking, for it permits the late arrivals to settle comfortably in their seats and say to the members of their family, who fumed and fussed and had a silly idea that the time to get to the theater was at the hour suggested in the papers, "Now, you see, here we are in perfect time; couldn't be better," which arouses the worse nature of the punctual persons and divides families against themselves.—New York Evening Sun.

THE PIANOFORTE EXPLAINED

It was the first entertainment Peter and Mary had ever attended. Proceedings, according to John Trevena, author of "Furze The Cruel," opened with a duet upon the first pianoforte Mary and Peter had ever seen. "Bain't him a cruel, noisy thing?" exclaimed Mary. "What d'ye call 'em?" she asked a small, ancient, dried-up man who sat beside her. The old man tried to explain, which was a thing he was famous for doing. He was a superannuated schoolmaster of the nearly extinct type, the kind who knew nothing and taught as much, but a brave, learned man, according to some of the old folks.

"That there box," said the master, with an air of diving deep in the well of wisdom, "he'm full o' wires and hammers."

"My dear life!" gasped Mary. "Full o' wires and hammers! D'ye hear, Peter?"

Her brother replied in the affirmative, although in a manner which suggested that the information was superfluous.

"Folks hit them bones, and the bones dra' on the hammers, and the hammers hit the wires," proceeded the master.

"Bain't that artful, now?" cried Mary.

"Sure 'nough," agreed Peter, unable to restrain his admiration. "Couldn't you mak one o' they? You'm main cruel larned w' your hands," Mary went on.

Peter admitted that was so. Given the material, he had no doubt of his ability to turn out a piano capable of producing that music which his sister described as "cruel noisy."

"It taketh a scholar to understand how to mak they things," corrected the master, with some severity. "See all that carved wood on the front of him? You couldn't du that, and the piano wouldn't mak no music if 'twasn't for the carved wood. 'Twould mak a noise, you see, Peter, but not music. 'Tis the noise coming out through the carving what makes the music. Taketh a scholar to du that."

Sure Enough.

Mrs. Bacon—I read here that the veins on the back of the hand are every bit as useful for the identification of criminals as thumb prints.

Mr. Bacon (looking at his hand)—Is that a fact?

"Now, what are you looking at the back of your hand for? You're not a criminal, are you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Upward Slant.

"Yes," said the worker in the slum. "I have immense hopes of Luigi."

"But he is so ignorant," urged some one.

"Yes," admitted the worker, "but he shows the infallible sign of advancement—he is no longer discontented with his condition; he is discontented with his character."



Why Plain Men Attract.

A fact that no one can deny is that for some women a really plain man seems to have a definite power of attraction. Can it be that, if beautiful themselves, they find a charm in their opposite; or is it that they brook no rival near the throne, and see in a handsome man more or less of a competitor? asks Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart in The Strand. A good looking husband or brother attracts notice, and her royal highness, woman, may refuse to be in the background. At any rate, there can be no doubt that an ugly man seems often to wield an influence that is quite uncanny.

The trend of the times may have something to say on the subject. A modern woman, with her brains and her freedom and her strenuous ideals, has no use for what is weak, insipid, and decadent. She has no place in her heart for the scented exquisite, who waves his hair, twists his mustache, manicures his hands, and admires his face in the looking glass. In fact, pink and white prettiness is now at a discount, and most of us would sooner see our men brown and battered and serenely conscious of their own lack of attractions. Rough-hewn, features, we say, show strength, and a plain form may be the shell of a great soul, a keen brain, and soaring ambitions. Certain it is that the Adonis type has gone out of fashion. The woman of to-day scorns the "beauty man," avoids him as a friend, and disregards him as a husband.

Russian Military Suit.



Very smart and jaunty is the little suit of dark blue mohair sicilienne, intended for wear under a heavy fur coat. The Russian belted smock is suggested in the coat, which opens over a vest of white broadcloth, this vest and the turndown collar, which is a continuation of the long revers, being braided with crosswise trips of gold soutache. Tiny gilt buttons fasten the front of the vest and above is a little yoke of tucked cream net. Lines of black silk braid and a black belt passing through gilt rings add to the military air of the little suit.

Needlework Notes.

A child's thimble is useful to slip into the tip of a kid glove while mending it.

An odd hatpin holder is a bag of ribbon embroidered in flowers and filled with rice.

Crossbar muslin with hand embroidered scalloped edges makes a dainty and serviceable school apron for a small girl.

A fancy letter for marking towels is made of slanting satin stitch, French knots and feather and outline stitches.

Embroider your name on a narrow piece of silk ribbon and sew it on the strap of your parasol. It provides an excellent and inconspicuous mark of ownership.

Pretty sewing bags are made of flowered silk gathered on oval embroidery hoops, with a bow of ribbon at each corner and the hoops ribbon-wound.

A tiny sewing outfit, to fit in the traveling bag, will be no end of a comfort for one going visiting. It may be made of linen or silk, with just a bit of embroidery to give it a chic air.

Ragged Shoe Linings.

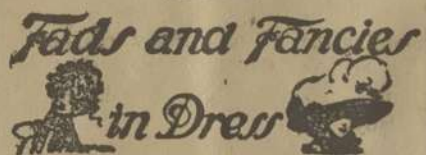
The buyer of one of the largest stocking departments in this city says that the stocking trade is increased to a large extent by the carelessness with which men and women wear shoes with ragged linings. Even a small hole in the lining of a shoe is sure to repeat itself in the same place in the stocking, and when there is a large opening it is sure to ruin the stocking. Shoe departments mend shoe lining for their customers at small expense.

Threading Needles.

There are women who are so sensitive about growing old that they stop sewing in public as soon as they begin to find it hard to thread a needle. But difficulty in threading a

needle is not limited to the aged. Here is a hint which will make the task easier.

In threading a needle hold the needle firmly between thumb and first finger. The thread is held in the left hand with a short end extending from between tips of first finger and thumb. The knack lies in pressing the two thumb joints hard together, keeping thread taut, when it will be found to go easily into the eye.



The large rolling-pin brim shroud.

Small boys are wearing tam-o'-shanter hats in cloth, bearskin and corduroy, the ear flaps silk lined.

The large rolling-brim hats of the Gainsborough type hold first place for afternoon and evening wear.

Fine gold wire is entwined through curls, while immense cabochons of dull coloring appear in the hair.

Mandarin is the name given to a yellowish tan, while Corinth is an extremely faded shade of old rose.

The new scarfs this year are wide, perfectly flat and very long, many reaching to below the knees in front.

Two rich materials, tapestry and fur, are to be found on some lovely little turbans, and the effect is beautiful.

As trimming on daytime dresses and evening robes, beads are used with great success. They are seen in all colors.

Nun's veiling is a material particularly suitable for the small mourning hat. It drapes easily and is light in weight.

The wrist or elbow puff is a familiar sleeve treatment at this hour. But the puff is not the baggy thing of old. It is moderate to the point of modesty.

One-piece dresses made without collars are often supplied with that very necessary article in a separate neck-piece made of gold net, finished with a velvet bow at the front.

Emancipation of Women.

The emancipation of women has led to some questionable social conditions. When she is educated she marries later in life and is less inclined to marry. When she marries later in life she has fewer children. If this means an improvement in quality, rather than an increase in number, the outcome is rather wholesome. Problems are introduced which as yet have not been solved. All we can do is to state them. It is claimed that the better educated, the higher developed a woman is, the less inclined she is to have offspring, and when she is a mother, the offspring are not as healthy and vigorous as those of other women.

The kitchen is practically the sole survival of the old industrial aspects of the home, and one result has been that the children have been individualized and relieved of the obligations of household duties. The Sunday-school, the prayer meeting and the church have to a great degree assumed the former religious functions of the home; the kindergarten, the school, the playground and the social settlement have usurped the home's educational work, and the state has taken over, to a great extent, the responsibility for the education of the child.—Leslie's.

Right and Wrong Walking.



Women who desire to appear attractive should pay considerable attention to their manner of walking. The effect of a beautiful gown is often ruined by the wearer's unsightly stride. It requires no scientist to discover character delineations unfolded by the woman's walk. The most casual observer is at once conscious of some important phase of her character. Her walk, if graceful, natural and unexaggerated, expresses gentility. If women only realized what a story is told by the walk, how careful they would be to cultivate a walk which tells a pleasant story.

Hand-Run Tucks.

"I have discovered an easy way of making hand-run tucks in lingerie," said a seamstress. "Crease the first tuck as usual for machine tucking and

adjust the tucks, but do not thread the machine. Then run through the tucker. The needle will leave a distinct line, along which to run your hand sewing. The marker also leaves a line for the next tuck. It is best to sew each tuck as it comes from the tucker, as handling obliterates the marks."

Health and Beauty Hints.

Borax and ammonia lighten the color or brown hair.

The best cleansing agent for greasy hair is a solution of one tablespoonful of tincture of quillaja in one quart of hot water.

That the eye must have plenty of rest goes without saying. Nowhere does lack of sleep make itself felt more quickly or unpleasantly than in the eyes.

The habit of taking medicines of any sort for headache is vicious and in the end harmful, says a writer. While medicines sometimes give temporary relief, they do not remove the causes.

For a delicate child give nightly a warm bath, followed by a gentle, thorough rubbing with warm olive oil all over the body and limbs. This simple, safe, home treatment works wonders if given a fair trial.

Good health is partly dependent upon freedom of the body, and to attain this the abdominal muscles upon whose motion depends the activity of the digestive functions should be allowed room for unhampered movement.

Do not, even in a case of emergency, risk making a child's bed up on the floor; the impure air that is near the floor is most pernicious, and there is also almost a certainty of drafts, which will result in a stiff neck or toothache.

Coquettish Theatre Bonnet.



One is fairly captivated with the little bonnets which pretty women are wearing at the theaters, says a New York writer. These gay little head-dresses—for they are scarcely more than that—do not hide the waves of the coiffure and make a most charming frame for the face. This bonnet is of coarse white net over blue satin, the net being darned with rows of baby blue velvet and ribbon, a frill of net finishing the edge. Turquoise colored beads and pearls also decorate the cabuchon.

An Ice Poultice.

In many cases of inflammation an ice poultice is a very useful application. It is made in this way: Spread a layer of linseed meal, three-quarters of an inch thick, on a piece of cloth, and upon the meal put at intervals lumps of ice about the size of a marble. Sprinkle meal over the ice and cover all with the cloth, turning the edges over. In this way the ice will last much longer than it otherwise would, and the poultice will be quite comfortable.

Aids Working Women.

The New York Equal Suffrage society, of which Mrs. Clarence Mackay is the president and leading spirit, has reduced its annual dues from \$5 to \$2. According to Mrs. Mackay, this reduction is for the purpose of getting self-supporting women as members. She believes that women wage-earners need the ballot more than any other class to protect themselves against the man-made laws regulating hours of work.

"Sour Grapes."

She could cook, she could not bake, she could not wield a garden rake, she could not sew, she could not darn, she could not knit socks out of yarn and she could not a husband get; so she became a suffragette and joined a club who motto said: "Till we can vote we shall not wed."

Womanly Strength.

The strongest woman in the world is not the richest, the best educated, the most graceful, nor the one endowed with the greatest physical beauty, but the purest woman