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At this tremendous passage from the year 1899 to the year 1900 I will do us all good to consider that our whole life is a story told— a good story or a bad story; a tragic story or a mirthful story; a wise story or a foolish story; a clean story or a filthy story; a story of success or a story of failure. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

In the first place I remark that even *any person's* life is a very interesting story. It is in this sense that I would predicate "a tale that is told." We have all of us been entertained by the story teller when snow bound in the winter night in the farmhouse; or gathered about a blazing hearth with some hunters at the mountain inn. I remember a friend of mine, a young man, once peruse a good story well. If you doubt the practical and healthful character and inspiring use of such a story, take up the *Life of a Great Man* by John Irving, "Tales of a Traveller," or Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales." But as interesting as any of our would be the life of a man, as an obscure life, the tale would be as well. Why do we call life biographies and autobiographies? Because they are stories of eminent men, and of the lives of the great. But of a backwoodsman, of a man who speaks stupid, of one about whom you have heard a word, must be just as interesting as the life of a great man. A larger scale is a life of a Cyrus, or a Caesar, or a Pizarro, or a Mark Antony, or a Charlemagne, or the last of the Kings of France. But the parape leading his soldiers with nothing but a stick in his hand, and his troops cried, "Gordon, Gordon, Gordon, Gordon, Gordon." But he did not come down, and one of the soldiers said "It is all right. He is not coming." But he is not coming.

As Oliver Cromwell on the anniversary of his greatest victory followed his darling daughter to the grave, so the life of the great Puritan leader in the 17th century has been a compelling life there has been a compelling mix of gladness and gloom, of triumph and despair. Nothing that David Garrow's new book, *David Lee Child: The Theatre in the way of tragedy*, written with Charles Matthews ever played in Cromwell's life. Garrow in the way of comedy. The scale have been seen in the life of our secure men and women. Many a puritan and learned sermon has put the words of the apostle Paul to rest. The words whose phraseology could not be surpassed and whose attire was cut as fitted and made up by the plainest of life. There has been a cold and a life in a way that melted the prayer circle into tears as easily as a warm April sun dissolves the snow of the

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The New Testament suggests the power of the "tale that is told." Christ was the most effective storyteller of all the ages. The parables are only tales well told. Matchless stories: That of the traveler cut off by the thieves and the Samaritan paying his board bill at the tavern; that of the big dinner, to which invited guests sent in fictitious regrets; that of the shepherd answering the bleat of the lost sheep among the rural neighbors; that of the

helping him celebrate the fact that it was safe in the barnyard; that of the bad wife, reduced to the swine's trough, greeted home with such banqueting and jewelry that it stupefied the older son with jealousy and disgust; that of the Pharisee full of braggadocio and the publican full of braggadocio with a stroke that might have been the stroke of leprosy; that of the woman with the anointing; stories about leprosy, about paralysis, about catalepsy, about dropsy, about ophthalmia—stories that he so well told that they have rolled down to the present and will roll down through the entire future.

made up of inspired anecdotes about Adam and Eve, about Jacob, about Esau, about Ahab and Jezebel, about Jonah, about Daniel, about Deborah, about Vashti, about men and women of whom the story gave an accurate photograph long before human photography was born. Let all Christian workers, prayer meeting talkers, Sunday school teachers and preachers know the power of that which my text calls the "tale that is told."

In what way could the fact that infidelity will not help any one die well be so powerfully presented as by the incident concerning a man falling ill in Paris just after the death of Voltaire, when a professional nurse was called in and she asked, 'Is the gentleman a Christian?' 'Why do you ask that?' said the messenger. 'I am the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die.' What discourse in its moral and spiritual effect could equal a tale like that?

You might argue upon the fact that those fallen are brothers and sisters, but could we impress any one with such a truth so well as by the scene near Victoria park, London, where men were digging a deep drain and the shoring gave way and a great pile of earth fell upon the workmen. A man stood up and with his hands in his pocket looking away from the scene, he said, "I was trying to shove away the earth from those who were buried, but when some one said to the spectator, "Bill, your brother is down there," then the spectator threw off his coat and went to work with an agony of earnestness to fetch

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It does not take long to tell all the vicissitudes of life—the gladness and the griefs, the arrivals and the departures, the successes and the failures, the victories and the defeats, the joys and the sorrows. The longer we live the shorter the years. We hardly get over the bewildering fatigue of selecting gifts for children and friends and see that the present gets off in time to arrive on the appointed day. Then comes another advancing group of holidays. Autumn, fruit so sharply chases the summer harvest, and the snow of the white blossoms of springtime come so soon after the snows of winter. The days make any impression and the plate-tude that calls for no reply, "Helo!" rapidly time goes."

Every century is a big wheel that rolls on the axis of time and breaks down. Every year is a big wheel of months and makes a revolution and then ceases. God has made the world in a series of elaborations of guesses as to how long the world will probably last. The world may be a bubble that will explode it, or meteoric stroke demolish it, or the cold of a long winter freeze out its population, or the water of a deluge sweep it away. My friends, as our life is so short, punctuality is one of the important considerations. It is one of the worst of crimes. How many who know nothing of punctuality arrive at the place of their appointment and find it is gone. They get to the wharf in time to see that the steamer has swung 500 yards from the pier. They find the train late and amny all who have prompted taken their places, the late comers are crowded out. How many a man who when asked how she could always be so early at church replied: "It is part of my religion." The tardy ones mentioned are apt to speak the word of counsel when it is too late. They are apt to be present at some time in the future, but when it is already ruined.

But short as time is it is too long enough if we rightly employ it. The trouble is we waste it. We do not catch up. Some of us have been chasing time. We lost at 20 years of age, or 30 years of age, or 40 years of age, or 50 years of age, or 60 years of age, or 70 years of age, and never overtake it. Joseph, a poor apprentice, every morning passed a certain store as the church clock struck the moment of time. He never took down shufers, each of them saying "Good morning, sir," and nothing else. A third reading of my text reminds me that we are not to be vexed, but a story listened to. There is nothing more vexatious to any one than to tell a story when people are so attentive that they will be vexed by some other subject or they are preoccupied. One cannot tell a story unless there are good

tener. Well, that which in my text is called the "tale that is told" has plenty of listeners. And the world listens to the story of our life, however it talk about a failure.

We all talk about public life, private life. The story of our life, however insignificant it may seem to be, will win the applause or hiss of a great audience. As a "tale that is told," among millions are antagonists, coetlains or enemies. All the while we are telling our tale, we are also listening to the tales of others. If we say so, do the right thing, they'll know. I suppose there are more numerous than the population of intelligence on the earth who think that the story of our life is told to a vast audience in such an auditorium! God grant that wisdom and clarity and earnestness and truthfulness characterize the tale that is told.

Aye, all the world will yet listen
 to And be redeemed by male
 And by the calling of his name
 in his own way—some by voice,
 some by pen, some by artist's pencil,
 some by martyr's blood—some by
 their telling it to child, teacher tell-
 ing it to a Sabbath class, reformer
 telling it to outcast, preacher telling
 it to the people.

Love-lust of heaven coming down to
 this scarred and blasted island of a
 world. He was ordered back from
 the land of the living, and the mil-
 lances of human hate as soon as he
 landed. Shepherd's dog baying on
 the shore, the world's dogs baying
 better trained than this rescuer of a
 race, yet keeping right on, brambles
 on brow, feet on spikes, flagellated
 and bleeding, yet he kept on, he
 fastened to them, through midnight
 without lantern, through storms
 without shelter, through years
 without rest, until he died in a
 noonday with the sun blotted out.
 Mightiest tale ever told, and keep on
 telling it to the children of men
 and the last animosity is
 quenched and the last desert is white
 with the lily and golden with the
 sun, and the world is gentler
 and crimson with the rose.

While reading my text the fourth time I bethink myself that the story is of life and death. I have heard the tale that the "Lata that is told" sometimes when the listeners are alone. Some times we have been in groups interminably listening to some story or other. The tale is told for the hour or the night demanded the going of the guests. That stopped the story. By this exit of another I am reminded that these are the family group or the social group or religious group or political group stays long together. The family group breaks up. You ever heard a husband say to his wife, "I am not going to live with you any more." Not one of them. Was there ever a church record that came after the passage of 25 years or 15 years or 10 years? The fact is that the story is of life and death. It is the story of group of listeners who will be gone. So you see if we are going to give the right trend and

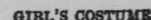
emphasis we must give it right now. We must give it the emphasis of our influence, all we can do. For if we do not, there will be in five or ten years, I think, there are children around us, in the home, in the school, in the church, or in the community, who will have no story of their own life. "What a hard findeth to do, to do it with all my might." Passing all, passing everything, as it were, in the past, in referring to the years that have passed, reminds me that in 12 hours this year will forever have gone away. Nineteen-hundred and twenty-one will have disappeared. Nineteen-hundred and twenty-two we have only one year of the century left. There ought to be something especially suggestive of the passing of the century. It ought to be the year of unparalleled industries, of an unheard of consecration. Not a person in any of our churches, in any of our communities, in the first year of this century. Not the person in any of our audiences to-day will ever again see the last year of this century. The last year of this century, last year will be the last year of this century.

prayers, with hosannas, with kind words, with helpfulness. Make the generation of the centurion the generation of the whole world. Close up the ranks of God and during this remaining 12 months charge mightily, against the host of the enemy, the reserve corps. Let swift camel cavalry gallop, and heavy artillery roll, and night riders charge, and the angels of the spirit lead. Let ministers of the gospel meet all controversy with each other, and in solid phalanx march, and in solid ranks disbandment. Let printing presses secular and religious, make combined movement to instruct and emancipate. Let the people of the world, and the people of the "great rain," and on every contested field Joshua to see that final victory is gained, and every mountain become a transfiguration, and every Galilee a walking place of him who can hush every storm, and can give every month, of every week, of every day that passes without something significant and glorious wrought by God and man. Let the world. Let our churches be thronged with devout assemblages. Let the chorals be more like grand armies, and the singing more like the sea, the sound of the Transvaal or the Philippine conflict, and the earthquake with the groaning of the world, and never to be marshaled, and the furnaces of the foundation blaze with the fires that shall turn

and may all those whose lives have
go out in this last year of a century
as many will, meet in the heaven
world those who in the morning of
noonday of this hundred years' toil
and of this world's salvation
to tell them how much has been
accomplished for the glory of
whose march through the last
centuries and through all the
centuries the Scriptures describe
going forth "conquering and to c
quer." Oh, the contrast between t
"uplifted spectacle of eternal triu
in the presence of God, and the La
and those earthly scenes as tale
your years as a tale that
told!"

Flannel Winter Dresses For Little Babies

White is always preferable for babies' wear, both from the point of view of elegance and economy. Tinted dresses have to be laundered as often as plain white ones, but colors do not bear washing and soon look dull and shabby, whereas white looks well as long as it is clean. The only exception to this rule is not essential; indeed many of the daintiest babies' outfits have a very little trimming of any kind, the expense being put in on material and delicate sewing. White nainsook and lawn and finely corded dimity are pretty for long dresses, and careful mothers are now using very fine white muslin for the most delicate of fashions. White nun's veiling or fine Scotch flannel is admirable for delicate children who are susceptible to the slightest chill. Cotton dresses are usually made round or



square yoke, upon which the body of the gown is plated or gathered, but for woollen ones, which are thicker, the yoke is usually deepened so as to form a little, straight bodice, into which the sleeves are sewed, and the edge of which the skirt is gathered.

The cloak in which the baby takes so much delight must be very warm, but light. It should have a cap to the head when the air is cold or the day windy. The sleeves should be long enough to cover the hands.

The girl's gown illustrated has a skirt covered with narrow, straight, pointed, and scalloped fringes. The tunic of gray cloth is scalloped all around and has gold buttons and silk cords in front and down the outside of the sleeves. The yoke of gray velvet is laid in the arms, and the skirt is lined with the arms. The collar also is plaited.

JUDIE CHOLEY.

Fur Muffs Versus Those of Other Kinds.

Fur muffs have the disadvantage of demanding that all other fur used about the costume shall match them, so for a woman of moderate circumstances the less expensive fancy muffs, of which she may easily have several, are better. The muffs are expected to match the collar and the hat or at least the trimmings of the gown, but otherwise it is not necessarily troublesome nor particularly costly.

A pretty design is of black velvet, lined in the middle, with ruffles at the ends lined with violet satin. On the side is a large cluster of violets. Another model is of beaver velvet, with bands of chinchilla at the edges. On the side is a drapery of yellow lace with a bunch

EVENING COSTUME.

holly leaves and berries. For young girls there are muffs of velvet trimmed with choix of baby ribbon, a cascade of loops of the ribbon falling from one shoulder.

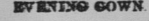
The skirt entirely without plaits at the back should be worn by slender women only. Those inclined to plumpness should have two plaits at the waist.

A picture is given of an evening gown having a semiplicated skirt of pink ermine de chine. Over this is a princess tunic of black shantilly, open at the side and with deep scallops around the neck. The shantilly also has a wide collar. The skirt is decorated by a border of a draperie of pink crepe de chine, and a cluster of flowers is placed at the shoulder.

JUNO CHOLLA.

What Is Decreed For Cold Weather

No godets now appear at the waist either in the basque or gown skirt, all fullness being reserved for the edge. The same idea is carried out in capes and visites, which incase the figure closely, flaring only at the border. A new visité of fur of this class covers the arms and falls in front in two shawl points. The edge is cut in tabs to form a sort of basque, and from beneath these comes an ample flounce of velvet very deep at the back, continuing and growing a little nar-



power across the arms and finally mounting the edges of the fronts. The high fur collar is lined with shirred velvet. This is a comfortable and luxurious wrap, suitable for an elderly woman. An elderly cape of the shorter, full variety is susceptible of being thus altered. It may, on the other hand, be changed into a bolero, such as young women prefer, with large revers of white satin or of

moire incrusté with yellow lace.

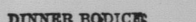
The evening gown illustrated is of blue velvet, with a long scarf of lace of mouseline de soie in front. These may be worn beneath the large mantles now adapted for all over visiting gowns.

The evening gown illustrated is of sky blue velvet. The skirt is run plumed and has a ruffle of white mouseline de soie at the foot. Over this is a jetblack tulle of the voile having a ruffle of white mouseline de soie around the edge. It is draped at the waist by a cluster of Malmaison roses, and the bodice opens over a plaited tulle of the same color, with a white muslin plastron of the voile. The sleeves are of the same material as the bodice, and the sleeves have bands of black velvet at the wrists and ruffles of white mouseline de soie.

JUDIE CHOLLET.

**Tulle and Net Costumes With Trans-
parent Sleeves.**

As invitations to dinner do not always specify just how large and how formal the dinner is to be, it is sometimes a little difficult to decide upon the costume to be worn upon such occasions. The dress which is worn at a dinner dress when all the other women are in high gowns is as embarrassing as to wear ordinary costume when all the rest are in their best bib and tucker. The excessive favor shown to the women who wear the dress which is called happy come promise and permits a sort of costume which will not be out of place at any dinner.



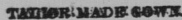
are made without sleeves and with round or square décolletage, the tulle alone covering the arms and neck. Tulle sleeves are very tight and long, though spangled and jeweled tulle for the gowns is sometimes used for sleeves, they are prettier made of plain material, puffed and shirred into shape of the arm.

The dinner bodies illustrated is broche silk and has a square décolletage. The large collar of white satin is cut deep points and bordered with a fringe of mousseline de soie. A drap of satin passes across the front, fastened at the left side beneath a row of large bows. The skirt is of white and the belt is also of satin. The sleeves are of the broche silk.

JUNIO CHAPLIN

Pretty Costumes For Ordinary and Theatrical Wear.

The bodice differing from the skirt is now worn chiefly for the theatric, where the lower part of the costume is not seen and the upper part is doubly predominant. Dark skirts of black velvet are usually chosen, and if they have lost a little of their freshness it is of less consequence at the theatric than anywhere else. The bodice is usually light or bright, and spangled and jeweled effects are here in the best and most appropriate service. Elaborate trimmings are much indulged in, and lace, ruffles of mousseline de soie, applications, chenille net, all the newest decorations, are lavishly employed.

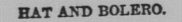


The costume shown in the cut is of silver gray cloth. The middie-top skirt has seven lines of stitching around and around the waist, and the skirt is fast with deep knotted fringe. At each side of the taffier are two groups of three gold buttons. The tight bodice has a bolero collar, and the bodice is decorated with embroidered with silver-gray silk. Bands of stitching border the revers and the flared bag collar. The vest is of gold-brown velvet, and the skirt is of silver-gray velvet. The sleeves have inside cuffs of the velvet, and the gray felt hat is also trimmed with gold-brown velvet, with a gold-brown velvet band.

The Correct Wardrobe of the Season.

It is so often that any style is universally becoming, but the bolero, in some of its many forms, can be worn by almost everybody. It is in great favor this winter, appearing in all materials and in fur.

Nearly all parts of the costume are trimmed with fur this winter. Gown wraps and hats all show it. Jackets and boleros have large revers of fur, a fur collar and fur lined fronts. Redingotes are similarly trimmed, and garments having a body of fur are adorned with an



jeweled, beaded and spangled, embro-
 idered in silk and metal threads and
 girded with tiny ruffles of gauze and
 bon.

Some evening gowns are entirely
 composed of boucles of fur, and the inside
 of such is as elaborate as the outside,
 consisting often of the ruffles or shirrings
 of gauze or lace.

The picture shows a hat covered
 with the black velvet. The brim has
 a wide border of black astrakhan, and
 a sole trimming is a sort of large button
 of black velvet lined with white satin
 studded with white. This butterfly
 is fastened in front by a large silver
 and black brooch. The tight bolero is
 of astrakhan and has a flaring collar
 with ermine and ermine reverse.

JUDITH CHAMBERLAIN