

worthy of their abilities, simply because their rule of life is to skip the hard things and do only that which is easy and requires little effort.

In many ways does this habit of failing at hard things hurt the life. These difficult things are put in our way, not to stop us in our course, but to call out our strength and develop our energy. If we never had any but easy things to do, things requiring no effort, we should never get strong. If we timidly give up whenever we come to something that is hard, we shall never get beyond childhood. The Indians say that when a warrior slays a foe the strength of the conquered man passes into the victor's arm. This is true at least of the difficulties and obstacles in life which we master—we get the strength into our own hearts. If we decline the effort, and weakly say we are not able to make it, we have lost our chance of acquiring a new measure of power.

The skipping of hard things and leaving them behind has its hurtful effect on all the future. If it is in school, the lesson left unlearned is but one in a series, and we cannot go on with those that follow with any one dropped out. So the missing of even one lesson with its fragment of knowledge hinders further progress in that line. A pupil does not like mathematics and fails to master the science. By and by he comes up to other sciences in which mathematics is essential, and the door is shut to him. He has not the key to open it.

The lesson is,—be thorough. Go to the root of things. Never be content to do only easy things; seek rather to do difficult things. Anybody can conquer when the conflict is easy.

DAINTY DOLL'S PATTERNS

Hundreds of little mothers were charmed last year with the dainty dolls' patterns we were able to supply.

The sewing season is on again, and dolly's winter wardrobe sadly needs attention. Then there are dolls to dress for baby sisters, dolls to dress for Christmas



Set No. 12.—Boy Doll's Sailor Suit.

tree, dolls to dress for missionary boxes, and dolls to dress for—well, just for the fun of dressing them, and for another very good reason—to learn to sew neatly, that by-and-by you can make your own clothes. For all this sewing, it would be nice to have tissue paper patterns, 'just so like mamma,' wouldn't it?

We have them; just the patterns you want. The directions are clear and easy to follow, and there is a diagram to show you how to put your pattern on cloth, so as to make your cloth go as far as possible; even 'grown-up's' make mistakes, in that way, as mother will agree. The patterns are in only one size to fit a doll of 12 to 15 inches, but by cutting larger or smaller they can be made to fit almost any size. Each set contains from three to six garments, including the underwear.

Group A.—Price 10 cents singly; any 2 for 15 cents, or for eight cents each extra when sent with any subscription.

Set 2. Girl's doll's out-door suit, with jacket and muff.

Set 4. Girl doll's indoor set, with pinafore.

Set 5. Doll's party dress, with cloak.

Set 11. Girl doll's sailor suit.

Group B.—Price 10 cents singly; any 3 for 15 cents, or for 5 cents each extra when sent with any subscription.

Set 1. Child doll's out-door suit with cape and bonnet.

Set 7. Infant doll's outdoor suit.

Set 8. Infant doll's indoor suit.

Set 12. Boy doll's sailor suit.

Give number and name in full of set when you order and send the money in one or two cent stamps. If any set you choose is sold out we will put in another of the same price. Get two or three little friends to join you and send the orders together so as to secure the lower price.

Address, Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—We cannot secure more of these patterns at so low a figure so order at once if you want them. Cut this ad. out so as to have it by when ordering.

when the opposition is feeble, when the enemy is cowardly. Let us be of those who overcome when the opposition is strong, when the battle is fierce, when the struggle is long, when the foe fights to the bitter end.

Young people specially should be eager to do hard things. There is nothing noble or brave in doing just what anybody else can do. 'What do ye more than others?' is a better text. The master calls his followers to heroic living. 'If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same.'

To-day one was telling of a salesman in a great store who on busy days hastens back before his lunch hour is over, that he may do even more than is required of him. Too many persons who are working for others keep their eye on the clock lest they put in a few minutes more time than they are actually required to do. Far more worthy are those who are eager to do their work thoroughly, regardless of the letter of their engagement. That is part of what the master meant to teach when he said, 'Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain.' That is the way a Christian should do; that is the way that leads to nobleness, to reward.—'Well-spring.'

Not a Pity at All.

I wonder if any of you have the same idea as a school-boy friend of mine who accompanied his mother to a meeting, to bid 'God-speed' to a young missionary just sailing for pioneer work among the savages of New Guinea? Looking at the bright face and well-knit, athletic figure, he exclaimed under his breath: 'Oh, mother, he does look splendid! He'd be just fine at cricket or football. What a pity he's going to be a missionary!'

Now, in case any of you have a lurking suspicion in some corner of your mind that somehow to be a missionary is to spoil one's life, let me tell you the following story of one of the truest heroes who ever lived; and I think you will see that high-spirited love of adventure, plenty of pluck and 'go,' and the most heroic courage and endurance are needed by, and have been found in, those men and women who, with hearts full to overflowing with the love of God, have gone to carry the message of that love to those who have never heard it.

Many years ago, living in a Christian home, was a boy who had a great desire to go to sea. His parents sent him for training to a naval college, and he finally entered the Royal Navy and rose to the rank of captain. Coming, in one of his voyages to a Chinese port, his curiosity led him into a heathen temple. Seeing the sad condition of the worshippers, who knew nothing of our loving Father in Heaven, he determined then and there to take his stand boldly for Christ and the Gospel.

As his ship visited other heathen ports he explored them, and finding everywhere the great need for missionary work, he resolved to give his whole life to it. First, he went to Zululand, but when he had spent three years among the Zulus, a cruel war broke out between them and a neighboring tribe, and he was obliged to leave. Then he sailed for New Guinea, but after many attempts to win the hearts of its people, he had to turn his thoughts elsewhere. Still, disappointment only meant 'Try again,' and on he bravely went, determined to carry the Gospel story to those who had never heard it. If the people in one place would not have him, then he would try those in another. At last, after many trials and dangers, he and four brave friends reached Tierra del Fuego, 'the Land of Fire,' at the south of South America.

There he found men and women more sadly sunk in sin than even the other heathen people he had visited. They were so terribly wicked that at first he was obliged to turn and come home. But God who had led him to that needy place, and had given him the desire to bring the Light of Life into those dead hearts, gave him fresh energy and new ideas of how to reach them. So back he sailed, resolved that if he could not live on the land he would float on the sea, and so make his

ship the mission station from which he could visit the natives. Thus it was that the foundation stone of Christian missions to that dark land was laid. But the brave man who laid it was not allowed to see the result of all the hardship and toil he endured for Christ's sake. He and his companions perished with cold and hunger. One by one they died, leaving only their diaries to tell the sad story.

God saw how weary his faithful servants were, and took them home to Himself, and to-day the name of Captain Allen Gardiner comes to us as one of God's noblest heroes. Do you not think he was a real hero? To-day there are many Christian churches in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, in which men and women who once were savages sing praises to 'Him who loved them and died for them, our Saviour and theirs.'

When you pray, will you often ask God to help and bless all the brave men and women who are facing discomfort, danger, and even death in far-off lands, in order to tell the 'Old, old story of Jesus and His love'; and pray, too, that God will show you how you may have a share in this glad work.—The 'Christian.'

Eleanor Wayland's Contribution.

Before the ladies in the vestry parlor, engaged in packing the box for the family of the Rev. Joseph Gordon, who, in a far-away Western field, performed the duties of missionary, teacher, lawyer and patriot for the salary of five hundred dollars a year, there appeared a sudden vision. The vision was in the most stylish of new spring fashions, from the top of her exceedingly expensive hat to the tips of her handsome shoes. Beneath the hat her eyes were half-apologetic and half-daring.

'I've brought my contribution,' she said, putting a package down before Mrs. Henry Thorpe. 'I didn't ask you this time what was needed because—well, because I struck. It came to me suddenly how, if I were a missionary's wife, I should loathe the sight of cotton cloth and second-hand clothes,—yes, and new ones, too, when they're all so dreadfully sensible and bought to last,—and how I'd long with all my soul for something frivolous. Of course,' with a sudden dimple, 'I'm not claiming that I know anything about how missionaries' wives really feel. I suppose they are all dreadfully good, and don't hanker at all after worldly vanities; but still, I don't believe it will hurt. I'm going now, so that you can disapprove of me. Good-by!'

In dead silence Mrs. Henry Thorpe opened the package. It contained a two-pound box of the best bonbons, three of the latest novels, and a bit of green pottery.

'It seems wicked,' Mrs. Henry Thorpe said, in honest distress.

'Novels—when the missionary must so need new books!' Mrs. Harper lamented.

'I can stand the books better than the vase,' Miss Ambrose declared.

'Well,' Mrs. Thorpe said, with a sigh, 'I suppose they'll have to go. But I must say it hurts.'

So the things—Eleanor Wayland's idle, useless things—were packed and sent in the box, and in due time a letter of thanks reached the church. Mrs. Thorpe read it aloud in the missionary meeting. At the close came a peculiar paragraph.

'And now, dear friends, I'm going to make a confession. I suppose you'll think me terribly frivolous and unfit for a missionary's wife, but there were three things that I just cried over—the candy, the new stories, and that lovely, lovely vase.'

'I don't believe you can imagine how starved one gets out here for something that isn't desperately earnest. I haven't seen a bonbon since I was married, two years ago, and, oh, how hungry I've got for a new book once in a while! And the vase—well, I sha'n't care if we do have nothing but potatoes for breakfast if I have that vase full of flowers on the table. Thank you all a thousand times; but thank especially the dear friend who remembered that missionaries' wives are terribly human, after all.'