

years of waiting for the Bridegroom slip swiftly by?

We are invited to be fellow-workers with God, who is far more patient with our bungling attempts at making this "raiment of needle-work" than any mother who is teaching her little child to sew. He is ready to help with every stitch—if we seek His assistance—and says: "For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not, I will help thee."

If we try to work alone we shall spoil instead of beautify our character. Why should we try to do the impossible and climb to heaven by our own feeble efforts? Even our aviators, though they fly far above our heads, can never reach the nearest star. But why should we try to clothe ourselves with the garments of righteousness when the King's own wardrobe is open to each of His sons and daughters?

Isaiah wrote:

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

Daughters of the King have a right to use the following beautiful prayer, which was written by Bishop Brent, "O Holy God, Who hast robed me in the lily-white of maidenhood, refresh me daily with the dew of Thy blessing, and bathe me in the sunshine of Thy favor, that I may shed abroad the fragrance of a blameless life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

DORA FARNCOMB.

For the Needy.

A gift of \$2.00 from "C. M." (which reached me yesterday) provided meat for the Sunday dinner of two poor families—where sickness has made life difficult. The \$2.00 sent by "Elizabeth" for some "boy or girl" was spent on warm underclothing for a delicate boy whose father has been for many months in a hospital. The \$2.00 for the blind cripple who, "though sorely tried, can count her many blessings," was received with the greatest delight—and sent out at once to give help to someone in greater need of it. My helpless friend says that all her wants are fully supplied (she can't stir from her bed) but it has been a great luxury to have two dollars to give away. She sends a message of deepest gratitude to her unknown friend for giving her this great delight of helping someone else. She is very near the "land of far distances," and is looking forward joyously to the expected angel of life—whom we usually call the "death-angel." Her face grows more and more transparent, and shines as if the glory of her radiant soul were visible through the curtain of the flesh.

I have been asked to convey to the kind Advocate readers very hearty thanks for their many gifts.

HOPE.

Fashions Dept.

How to Order Patterns.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Price fifteen cents PER PATTERN. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, thirty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

Positively no patterns will be sold under 15 cents each, regardless of date published, owing to advance in cost of same.

When ordering, please use this form:—
Send the following pattern to:

Name.....
Post Office.....
County.....
Province.....
Number of Pattern.....
Age (if child or misses' pattern).....
Measurement—Waist.....Bust.....
Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....



8865 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 years.



8973 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Double-Breasted Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

8948 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Skirt with Front, 24 to 34 waist.



8854 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Girl's Coat in Russian Style, 8 to 14 years.



8794 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Child's Dress, 4, 6 and 8 years.



9011 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Gown with tucked Skirt, 34 to 42 bust.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this Department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—You have no idea what a juggle it is to know what to write to you about every week. You see it isn't quite like writing to people whom one knows personally. There are no little neighborhood comments to make or questions to ask; one has to grope about in the dark, as it were, and trust to "pot-luck" to turn up something interesting. Usually I jot down in a note-book the subjects that come up in my own mind, during my own process of thinking, and make draughts on those; but sometimes things just "happen," and sometimes they happen curiously and coincidentally.

For instance, the other day I was reading a book on a subject that was not altogether a surface ripple, and, presently, found that I was having a time of my own to keep my mind down to it at all. While my eyes were staring at the page, the real I was rambling all over creation, thinking of a hundred quite unrelated things. Over and over again I pulled myself together and returned to my reading, and over and over again found that I was off on another jaunt. Then I began to wonder whether I needed a bit of fresh air, or some exercise, or what. It seemed so hard to "keep together." But I was perfectly well and normal, so came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the world the matter but a firm buckling down of will-power, and for my encouragement I remembered that a Doctor of Philosophy once told me that often, when reading, he found himself obliged to renew his determination to concentrate at intervals of about three minutes.

For a while I did likewise, then I reached for my note-book and scribbled down the word "Concentration." Next day I chanced on an item from an investigator among the insane which stated that one of the marked characteristics of the patients is an utter inability to concentrate. So I "smiled a smile," reached for my note-book again, and underlined the word "Concentration."—The argument of the writer was that normal people should fight any tendency to lack of concentration with all the weapons possible, not because of any fear of insanity, but because it is the part of wisdom to travel just as far from mental aberration as possible.

Well,—this morning, on opening my book, there stood the subject, underlined, and I picked up a pencil and poised it for a moment wondering how I should begin. You know, as in everything else, the beginning and ending of writing is the hardest; once you are in full swing you go along by sheer impetus, but happy you are if you know just how to make the start and bring up the finish. To resume,—as I sat there with pencil poised, a scrap of paper fell down from somewhere on my desk, disturbed from its resting-place, probably, by a breeze from the open window. It was a torn-off scrap, with both beginning and ending minus, not a syllable to indicate the writer or the magazine in which it had been published. I took it up with the intention of throwing it in the wastebasket and glanced at it casually, then read it through almost with a thrill. Here is what I read:

"Think strongly. Shun aimless thinking. There is nothing so destructive to strong character as giving way to wandering, purposeless thinking. Do you realize that thought force is the strongest force in the universe? Think, then, of the force that is being allowed to dribble away in utter waste by careless, aimless wandering thoughts."

"Don't think aimlessly. Pull yourself up and be determined to think to some purpose. If you have not a philosophical mind and cannot fix your thoughts independently on some intellectual, religious or ethical problem, take up some special study, read Emerson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Homer, Shake-