

often they tire us out, or hold us back, or force us into touch. If a player is not in condition, or lacking in "pep," if he is over-confident, or if he does not know his opponent's tactics, he is rarely able to break through and score. It is necessary to train long and hard, to know your own weakness, and to study the modes and plays of the opposition.

In this big life-game that we have to play at school, at home and on the street, as well as on the playing field, we have got to train ourselves not for a single game, but for every day. How can we train for this game of character making? Surely, by studying the rule-book,—the Bible contains them all; by consulting with the great captain,—prayer is just doing that; and by taking exercise in the gymnasium of the will,—obeying instructions, sticking to our resolutions, finishing up our job.

It is necessary, too, to watch your opponents closely; to notice when they usually strike you and at what spot they generally get through. You will find it most often happens when something or somebody has annoyed you, or when you are in doubtful company. Watch your line, attend to the weak spots and look out for the enemy's rush.

The other side of the game is team play; playing for the side, not for yourself. That is why a football game is better sport than an individual race. The useful man on the team is the player who passes the ball instead of "hogging" it, or the baseball player who makes a "sacrifice hit," putting himself out, but scoring his team-mate.

Life to the boy who wears Christ's colors should not be a race for individual honors, but a game in which he tries to help the other fellow along. His position may be harder than yours, his chances may be poorer, his opposition may be tougher. You must not neglect your own position, but by playing combination with the fellow beside you, by backing him up closely and by unselfishly sharing the chances with him, you are not only making good yourself, but helping the other fellow and your side to win out. And there is no greater satisfaction possible than this. It brings not only praise, but thanks as well.

Keep in training, consult the captain, watch the opposition, "pass the ball," never say quit: that is playing the game.

Her Garden

By Mrs. D. C. MacGregor

(Marian Keith)

She was driving through the hot city streets, high up on the seat of the market wagon. She was just sixteen and was on a most wonderful journey to the city with father, to buy a new hat. She has decided it was to be white, with a wreath of pink roses. Best of all she was paying for it herself. In the back of the wagon, piled upon the lettuce and cabbages and other vegetables for market, were glowing masses of flowers; garden roses and pansies and sweet peas and many other kinds, all grown in her own garden, by her own hand. And these were to pay for the new hat.

They had long ago left the green fields and white roads, and were now driving through the evil-smelling streets of a poor quarter of the city. She looked with wondering eyes at the blackened walls of the old houses, the dirty yards, the swarms of ragged children. And suddenly she called out, "Oh, father, do stop a minute!"

They were passing a little city play-ground, literally filled with children. And the girl fresh from the great, wide play-ground of green fields and deep, cool woods, stared. Just the summer before, some good women, whose mother hearts were sore for the little ones with no place to play, and whose mother hearts were alarmed at the awful train of those same little ones appearing for crimes in the juvenile court, had bought this play-ground.

It was a tiny lot in a busy corner of the downtown district, with the wall of a great factory along one side. The factory chimneys belched black clouds of smoke over it, the railway tracks cut off a big corner, and every five minutes huge engines thundered past. The sun beat down upon the factory walls and was reflected over the playground as though great oven doors were opened upon