

upper air; if our staves are well shod with iron, against that slanting sea of glass up whose billows of ice we shall have to climb, and if our guide-ropes are all stout and ready. Before us lies uncertainty. There are places yonder where no inexperienced head can bear the dizziness, and no faint heart surmount the terror. Will our feet miss the narrow notch hacked for a footing in the ice, and shall the shepherds in the springtime find the wreck a thousand feet below? There is the peril of the avalanche, the peril of the altitude, and the silent, stupifying frost deadening the brain as with opiates, relaxing the limbs, paralyzing the will. We need above all things—

"The courage that fails not, nor loses its breath
In the stress of the battle, but smilingly saith,
I'll measure my strength with disaster and death!"

The New Year is a time for good resolutions. We are vine-dressers pleading for the barren fig-tree. "This year also, till I dig about it." And resolves are well enough, but unless they are gotten into the life as well as in big lines on paper, they have no practical worth. Rainbows are splendid pictures as they arch over the fields, but they vanish as we gaze at them. No hand is alert enough to grasp them and hold them down upon earth. Lovely visions of excellence glow before us in our better moments, and unless we set ourselves to work them into life, they will vanish into air. But once captured, they will be the wonderful lamp that Goethe tells us of, which placed in a fisherman's hut changed it all to silver.

The trouble with most resolutions are that they are made for some future time, and so amount to nothing. Someday is no day. Resolves postponed are lies. Before the iron cools, it is good striking; while the wax is pliable, it is good setting on the seal.

At the end of this year we can do nothing better than rouse ourselves to honest

inquiry concerning our aim in living. What are we striving to make out of our life? Are we master or only slave of circumstances? Is there a master-passion dominating our acting and thinking? We shall never begin to live forcefully or even effectively until we come under the sway of a great purpose.

Some Things a Woman Can Do

She can look pleasant while she is getting the drippings from an umbrella.

She can put love in her voice long after it is dead, and there is no son of Adam can do that.

She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can thread fifty needles while a man is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She can practise economy while her husband preaches it.

She can give a dollar to the missionary cause and not grudge it.

She can say "no" in such a manner that it means "yes."

She can hang a picture without calling all the household to aid in the task.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can come to a conclusion without the bother of reasoning on it.

She can "rake in" thirty-seven "bargains" with \$4.99, and tell how much each article cost.

She can walk all night with a crying baby and not publish it to the street-car next day.

She can send a man insane, and bring him back to Paradise in half a minute.

She can dance till morning in a tight pair of shoes and enjoy every minute of the time.