

## The Upward Look

### Self-Mastery

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."—Rev. xxi, 7.

One who has ever followed a blessed trail, through the heart, of a great forest will never forget the sense of uncertainty, excitement, danger, conquest. There are huge, prostrate trunks to clamber over, great, forbidding boulders to scale, high, steep cliffs to climb. Sometimes one sinks deep into unsuspected marshy places. Often, with a great sinking of the heart, one discovers that the trail is lost. Then with a great throb of thankfulness, one sees again the blessed marks.

To be lost in those almost impenetrable, impassable woods would be a very serious, if not fatal, matter. But at last one emerges, bruised, scratched, dishevelled and weary, but with a proud, exulting feeling of great difficulties overcome and object attained, out of the dark shade into the bright sunshine.

Often since in thinking of those wonderful trails, one is reminded of life with its endeavor, its struggles, its conquests in one's Christian experience. It may be a help in our New Year's resolutions of conquering our faults, and our failings, to think that now we are, each of us, entering upon a fresh trail, with fresh courage and determination to follow it to, until, with Christ's help, we know that

we are honestly trying to attain self-mastery. The blessed marks are many and plain,—God's word, our consciences, good influences, other's examples.

There are innumerable difficulties to overcome, great obstacles to surmount, terrible temptations to conquer. There are so many discouragements that many a time we will feel that we must give up and not try any more. Many a time also we will get so far away from the trail of brave endeavor that with sad soul-depression, we will feel as if we can never get back to it again. But some rich promise, a helpful word, a friend's encouragement, will enable us to reach it once more, and though bruised, stained and exhausted, on we struggle again, and continue steadfastly, until out of the gloom and shade, we reach the bright, sunny stretches, where we find peace, happiness, exultation, in the great joy of self-conquest.

Never to find those again is the very saddest thing that can happen in life, because it means the failure to try to realize our own highest ideals.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Success is not measured by what a man accomplishes, but by the opposition he has encountered and the courage with which he maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds.

To keep suit fresh, chop roughly and sprinkle with a little granulated sugar.

### A Letter Writing Education

With the Household Editor.

How many people consider letter writing as an education in itself? So often we hear some such expression as, "I do dislike writing letters. I never know what to say nor how to express my thoughts in an interesting way." As a rule, too, these same people are the ones who can sit down and tell some interesting bit of neighboring news, or tell about some social gathering that has taken place in which they have taken part and have no difficulty in finding something to say.

One of the great secrets in writing interesting letters is to make an effort to write as we talk. We know how to enjoy the letter that comes from a friend who can relate some incident in such an interesting and bright manner that we can almost imagine we can hear them talking.

Just how much can be gained by cultivating the writing letter habit is shown by the following illustration:

A young lady away from home for the first time in her life for more than a night or two, was cheered in her loneliness by the bright, gay, her loneliness by a chum at home and she always said that these letters changed her whole life. "I can write that kind of a letter myself!" she said with energy one day, when the depressed feeling was routed by the sunny letter, "And I intend to do it from henceforth." After that she resolutely refused to allow her feelings to color her letters or to make

her shirk her duty. She began looking about for amusing and pleasant happenings to send home and to her friends, and a new vision of life opened before her interested eyes. After that her friends begged her to go away from home often—that they might receive her cheery letters, and so much happiness came into the life of the girl who had learned her lesson that she was glad to share it everywhere. Her "Correspondence School," as she called it, with her self for a pupil, spread the gospel of good cheer far and wide and encouraged multitudes of other young people to try letter writing as a means of enjoyment and profit during the long winter months.

Someone has said as a means of education, letter writing is equal to a postgraduate course in the best college in the land. Let us endeavor then not to neglect our letter writing.

### Poison Preferred

An Irishman was sitting in a station smoking when a woman came, and, sitting down beside him, remarked:

"Sir, if you were a gentleman you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if you was a lady you'd sit farther away."

Protest soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman as he puffed away at his pipe, "if you was me wife I'd take it."



### "Listen, Rose."

Bud reads:

"Madam, your own white hands are the first to touch FIVE ROSES."

"For nearly one mile it travels through

"hygienic automatic processes—more and more spotless."

"Till in a clear creamy stream it flows into 'clean new packages, filled full-weight by

"infallible machinery—sewed automatically." "Goodness!" said round-eyed Rose.

Bud reads eagerly:

"Hand-proof, germ-proof. Every littles bit of machinery is bright—polished like those piano keys of yours. FIVE ROSES is

"healthy flour, wholesome, none like it. 'Unbleached, too.'"

"Nobody touches my flour—but me," said Rose. Imagine each party got FIVE ROSES.

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended