HN 1D5G W

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

KD28928

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Dec. 23, 1862.

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

KD28928

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Spare Minute Series.

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE.

From Dean Stanley. Introduction by Phillips Brooks.

CHEERFUL WORDS.

From George MacDonald. Introduction by James T. Fields.

THE MIGHT OF RIGHT.

From Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone. Introduction by John D. Long, LL. D.

TRUE MANLINESS.

From Thomas Hughes. Introduction by Hon. James Russell Lowell.

LIVING TRUTHS.

From Charles Kingsley. Introduction by W. D. Howells.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

From Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. Introduction by Newman Hall, LL. B.

MANY COLORED THREADS.

From Goethe. Introduction by Alexander McKenzie, D.D.

Each volume, 12*mo*, *cloth*, $1.00.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers,

Franklin and Hawley Streets, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SPARE MINUTE SERIES

ECHOES OF MANY VOICES

FRAGMENTS OF SONG AND SENTIMENT

WIT AND WISDOM

EDITED BY

ELIZABETH A. THURSTON

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

KD28928

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Copyright,

BY D. LOTHROP & CO.

1885.

ELECTROTYPED

BY C. J. PETERS AND SON, BOSTON.

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

INTRODUCTORY.

ABOUT a hundred years since there was a clergyman settled in one of the most picturesque towns of New England, — a most excellent man, but very eccentric. It was the custom to request prayers for every emergency of life, — birth, death, illness, friends at sea, etc. During the war between England and America, these petitions were especially numerous. One Sunday morning more notes and petitions came than it was possible for the old gentleman to read. Gathering them all up in his hands, he said, "Here are all sorts of petitions, from all sorts of people, about all sorts of things. Let us pray."

My collection is something in this wise, truly — about all sorts of things; a curious medley of

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

sense and sentiment, fun and philosophy. Nevertheless I am hoping that many will find something in these selections to amuse, to cheer, to soothe, to bless, and to uplift.

EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LIST OF AUTHORS.

A.

Abbot, F. E.
Aikin.
Akers.
Aldrich,
Ambrose,
Aristotle.
Arnold, M.
Auerbach.
Augustin, *St.*
Austin, W.

B.

Bacon.
Bailey.
Baillie, J.
Bancroft.
Barbauld.
Bartol.
Barton.
Bobart.
Booth, M. C. H.
Bowring.
Bremer.
Brooke, C.
Browning, E. B.
Browning, R.
Bryant.
Bulwer.
Burke.
Burns.
Byrd.

C.

Cable.
Canning.
Carlisle.
Cato.
Cecil.
Cervantes.
Chadwick.
Child, L. M.
Cobb.
Coleridge.
Collin-Harleville.
Collins.
Colton.
Confucius.
Crabbe.
Cranch.
Crashaw.
Croly.
Cross.
Curtis, G. W.

D.

Dante.
Dickens.
Dorr.
Dryden.
Dumoulin.
Dunbar.

E.

Edgeworth.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Emerson.
Epictetus.
Everett, E.
Everett, J.

F.

Feltham.
Franklin.
Franzen.

G.

Gibbon.
Goethe.
Goethe, *Mme.* K.E.
Goldsmith.
Grant, Mrs.
Grün.
Guarini.
Guèrin, E. de.

H.

Hafiz.
Hamerton.
Hamilton, E.
Hawes.
Hebel.
Heber.
Hedge.
Heine.
Hemans.
Herbert.
Heywood.
Higginson.
Hoffman.
Holland.
Holmes.
Homer.
Hood.
Horace.
Hugo.
Humboldt.
Humé.

I.

Irving.

J.

Jerrold.
Jewett.
Jewsbury.
Johnson.
Joubert.
Judd.
Juvenal.

K.

Keats.
Kingsley, C.
Kitchiner.

L.

La Bruyère.
Lamartine.
Lamb.
Landon.
Landor.
Le Sage.
Lessing.
Levin.
Longfellow, H. W.
Longfellow, S.
Lovelace.
Lowell.

M.

MacDonald.
Mackay.
Mahomet.
Marivaux.
Martineau, J.
Meredith.
Michel Angelo.
Middleton.
Millér.
Milnes.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Milton.
Montaigne.
Moore.
Mountford.
Müller, F. P.
Musæus.
Musset.

N.

Newton, J.
Novalis.

O.

Osgood, F. S.
Osgood, S.

P.

Parker.
Parsons.
Parton.
Pascal.
Penn.
Phareus.
Plato.
Plutarch.
Poe.
Proctor, A. A.
Proctor, B. W.
Publius Syrus.
Pythagoras.

R.

Raleigh.
Reade, C.
Reineck.
Reynolds.
Richter.
Robertson.
Rückert.
Ruffini.
Runeberg.
Ruskin.

S.

Sadi.
Savage, M. J.
Schiller.
Scott.
Seneca.
Shakespeare.
Shelley.
Shirley.
Silesius.
Simonides.
Smith, A.
Smith, H.
Socrates.
Sophocles.
Southwell.
Spencer.
Spielhagen.
Spofford.
Staël.
Stedman.
Steele.
Sterling.
Sterne.
Stoddard.
Story, W. W.
Swetchine.

T.

Taine.
Taylor, B.
Taylor, J.
Taylor, H.
Tennyson.
Thackeray.
Thales.
Thaxter.
Thompson.
Thurston.
Tiffany, F.
Trench.
Tusser.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

V.

Varnhagen von Ense.
Vinci, L. da.
Voltaire.

W.

Walton.
Warner, C. D.
Whitman.
Whittier.
Wieland.
Willis.
Wilson.
Winslow.
Wirt.
Woolsey.
Wordsworth.

Y.

Young.

Z.

Zschokke.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ECHOES OF MANY VOICES.

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ECHOES OF MANY VOICES.

EVERY new spring that I live here below seems to me yet dearer and more beautiful than any which has gone before. In every new spring the former spring-times of my life are again reflected in beautiful remembrance. The longer I can see the creations of Jehovah the more my being seems to be expanded. *Zschokke.*

NATURE wears the colors of the spirit,
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings —
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.
H. W. Sewall.

LIFE went a-Maying
With nature, hope and poesy
When I was young.
S. T. Coleridge.

THE poet at home sees the whole world.
Japanese.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IT was one of those heart-lighting days which impel men to say "Good morning" to people they don't know — that makes all objects which emit sound musical.

I COULD find in my heart at this hour to pat the cranium of that good soul who invented the Dog-days vacation! I never go to walk in that season without thinking how many toil-worn men and women, how many down-pressed pedagogues are now erecting themselves in the open air!

Jean Paul.

EVERY moment of pleasure that you enjoy, count it again. Who can say what will be the end of an event? *Hafiz.*

NOTHING is lost to him who sees
With the eye that Feeling gave,
For him there 's a story in every breeze,
A picture in every wave.

Thomas Moore.

THE groves were God's first temples.
——Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W. C. Bryant.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MAN has a spiritual property in things. Who cares for the owner of Niagara? Every man is its owner. *R. W. Emerson.*

WHAT need have I of pictures on my walls?
Out of my window every day I see
Pictures that God has painted.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
James Thomson.

WERE I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from the voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in *flowers* of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines! *Horace Smith.*

I TELL thee no — I tell thee no,
The great are slaves to their gilded show.

NOR do I regard the man as wise — who can fret his gall-bladder full because every one of us Leaf-miners views the Leaf on which he is mining as a park-garden — as a fifth quarter of the world! and

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

whosoever [as I do] laughs at the important airs with which the schoolmaster issues his programmes, the dramaturgist his play-bills, does it, if he is wise [as is the case here] with the consciousness of his own similar folly — *J. P. F. Richter.*

STILL flit away in moonlight, rain, and dew:
Wills o' the wisp, that I may still pursue!
T. B. Aldrich.

LET us crown ourselves with rosebuds ere they be withered. *Ecclesiasticus.*

YOUNG people are often bewildered by a glimpse of the unpublished history of their elders. You would never know from the water, when it lays smooth in the sun, what storms it had been in outside. *Robert Lowell.*

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
S. T. Coleridge.

HE prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
S. T. Coleridge.

LOOK upon the rainbow and praise Him that made it. *Hebrew.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AND the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told
Would seem cast in gentler mould,
Would seem full of love and spring.

T. B. Aldrich.

KINDNESS gives birth to kindness. *Sophocles.*

KINDNESS clips the wings of flying love.

I FEEL I am growing old, for want of some one to tell me that I am looking young as ever!— There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

W. S. Landor.

I.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;—
I gazed and gazed — but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought;

II.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THROW yourself upon Nature every year, she is ever new, and you will thus be ever young!

A GAY, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. *Schiller.*

A MERRY countenance is one of those good things no enemy or persecutor can take away.
Jeremy Taylor.

SONG OF THE VISIONARY.

I.

IN a fair and beautiful land I dwell,
Ever the sunshine lingers there;
The clouds are of purple and crimson and gold,
And music floats in the azure air;
I shrink from the rude and jarring crowd,
I cast far from me the mantle of Care,
Freely I rove in my castles and groves,
And revel in pictures bright and fair.

II.

Though Power and Wealth may pass me by,
Gaily I turn from their heartless din;
Though Fame may scorn, and Fashion may sneer,
Yet mine are the treasures they may not win.
Their souls cling fast to their worldly gauds
They hug their fetters of gilded sin,
They grasp the shadows of outward pomp,
I fly to my glorious world within!
Editor.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VACATION.

I WOULD do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented there is no more to be desired, and when there is no more to be desired there is an end of it.

Cervantes.

I LOVE a devious path that winds askance,
The flowers are fragrant that we find by chance;
And in both life and nature I would rather
Have those I meet, than those I come to gather.

I COVET not the broad woodlands, they are mine now — here from my window all as far as I can see, is mine — I pay no taxes!

IT is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works. The sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright or good, for human nature's daily food" — yet who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west winds blew them before it like withered leaves?

John Ruskin.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ELDORADO.

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old —
This knight so bold —
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow —
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be —
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied, —
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

Edgar Allan Poe.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHAT BEFELL THE CARES.

(Wie es den Sorgen erging.)

INTO the greenwood I wanted to stray,
The Cares would go with me:
And vainly I ten times said them, "Nay,"
They followed me faithfully.

And as we came to the thicket green,
That moment a whispering began,
The birds were crying: "How dare you be seen,
Ye Cares, in our woody domain?"

The grass rose up, and would stop their flight,
As they fled before the keen gale;
The trees wide branching began to fight
As the Cares ran o'er hill and through vale.

They ran, and, running, their queer heads broke,
As the rock's sharp edge came across;
Then in the bright sunshine, they vanished like smoke,
And were drowned in the dews on the moss.

"Now ye see," so I cried, when at length set free
From their plaguing, "what soon must become
Of you when you venture 'mong bush and tree,
So another time, mind, stay at home!"

From the German of Pharens.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"BEAUTY is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John Keats.

THE best mirror we can have is the face of an old friend.

Sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song
On, on forever.

H. Martineau.

"EVEN this will pass over!" was the proverb which the wise Solomon gave to an Eastern prince, who desired from him such a motto as would make the soul strong in misfortune, and humble in prosperity.

BUT can there grow cowslips and lilies
Like those that I gathered in youth,
With my heart in the depths of their blossoms,
All steeped in the dewdrops of truth?

Jewsbury.

"IDLE oftentimes thou seemest;
And, for acting, only dreamest;
Thinking not, although not talking;
Lying, when thou shouldst be walking."

"Not so idle as I seemed!
Know ye, then, of what I dreamed?
I in purer realms was flying,
Only left my bundle lying." *Goethe.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LAUGHED the brook for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night.

Whittier.

ONE man goes four thousand miles to Italy, and does not see it, he is so shortsighted; another is so farsighted that he stays in his room, and sees more than Italy!

G. W. Curtis.

THE IDEAL.

IN every human breast there flows
This sparkling, gushing, restless spring.
Green are its banks, its flowers are fair,
The birds upon its margin sing:
Though oft its wayward course is stayed,
Though gnarléd roots obstruct its way,
Choked by sere leaves, and matted grass,
And parched beneath the noontide ray.
Ever it gushes forth anew —
From earliest morn to latest even
Still freshly wells its glittering fount,
And finds its sacred home in Heaven.

Editor.

QUAND je songe, je suis le plus heureux des hommes;
Et dès que nous croyons être heureux, nous le sommes.

Collin D'Harleville.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE habit of looking on the bright side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year. *David Hume.*

HOW happy is that versatile and sanguine temper which is hoping for a rainbow in every cloud, nay, which were a fire to break out in the offices, and burn them all, would console itself by considering how much ground would be manured by all those fine ashes!

Mrs. Grant's "Letters from the Mountains."

WE'RE but pitiful creatures at the vera best, girning at ae time for what we canna tell how to use at anither. Suld na this teach us to keep a calm sough in our heads?

BE still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Longfellow.

IN God's providence there are no accidents.

THE Arab regards the insane as sacred.

IF we could always act as we sometimes think.

THE deepest tendency of every human being is Godward. *F. H. Hedge.*

A CREED — Our Father. *O. W. Holmes.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

EVERY inmost aspiration,
Is God's Angel undefiled:
And in every "Oh my Father"
Slumbers deep a "Here, my child."

As gentle and as jocund as to rest,
Go I to Death — Truth hath a quiet breast.

Shakespeare.

STILL I am something fashioned by Thy hand,
And in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.

Russian Anthology.

FOR modes of faith let senseless bigots fight;
He can't be wrong whose *life* is in the right.

Pope.

NOR knowest thou what argument
Thy *life* to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

Emerson.

TRINITAS.

AT morn I prayed: I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me.

The equal Father in rain and sun
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His voice in thy soul—and the Three are one!

J. G. Whittier.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SOCRATE exprime cette pensée : si nous avions à mettre en commun nos misères pour prendre chacun une part égale dans le monceau, le plus grand nombre des humains aimerait mieux s'en aller avec son lot individue. *Plutarque.*

I HAD need of age to learn what I wished to know, and I should have need of youth to say well what I know. *Joubert.*

THERE may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud.

THINGS look dim to old folks : they 'd need have some young eyes about 'em to let 'em know the world 's the same as it used to be.

George Eliot.

O QUEL homme supérieur ! quel grand génie ! que ce poco curante ! *Rien ne peut lui plaire !!*

KEEP not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam,
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.

In each land the sun doth visit,
We are gay whate'er betide,
To give room for wandering is it,
That the world was made so wide.

Goethe.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen:
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young love must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

Charles Kingsley.

ONE hour of equity is better than seventy years of devotion. *Mahomet.*

IN the presence of eternity, the mountains are as transient as the clouds.

BRING your line to the wall, not the wall to your line.

WHAT THE POET SAID OF WATER.

PURE draught! that thins the blood, and makes the eyesight clear. *Wieland.*

IN order to enjoy yourself, and to be your own master, there 's nothing like being *Nobody*.

Ruffini.

BUT I aint o' the meeching kind that sits and thinks for weeks,
The bottom 's out o' th' universe, coz their own gillpot leaks!

J. R. Lowell.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A MAN who is not a fool half the time is a fool all the time.

"LET us be grave — Here comes a fool."

Greek.

GAPING is wantin'
Ane o' things three,
Sleep, meat, or making o',
Which o' them want ye?

ONE man's word is no man's word,
Justice needs that both be heard.

Goethe.

EGYPTIAN INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB.

[*A Wonderful Man.*]

HE loved his father, honored his mother, and never went from home in bad temper!

A MORE WONDERFUL WOMAN.

IN thirty years she never once mentioned the servants to him!!! Oh let eternal honor crown her name!

Charles Reade.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

IF women want any rights, they had better take them, and say nothing about it.

Sojourner Truth.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MAN is physically as well as metaphysically a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start. *Emerson.*

ONE's own hearth is Gold-worth. *Swedish.*

LET us then enjoy the sweetness of the affections that grow near us. These old shoes are the easiest. *Emerson.*

OH how beautiful to see the smoke of one's own home. *Franzen.*

ONE'S hearth is a fair assize.

A HUNDRED men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home. *Hindoo.*

ANCE mair, Gude be thanked, round my ain heart-
some ingle,
Wi' the friends of my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I 'm merry, and sigh when I 'm
sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear;
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There 's nane half sae sweet as ane's ain fireside.
Elizabeth Hamilton.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BUT oh! the price paid for all this! oh! the heat, the dust, the noise, the throng, the crushing. There's no forcing nature. It is not everybody who is organized to enjoy monster festive gatherings. *Ruffini.*

HOME is a full cup. *Russian Proverb.*

HE who never goes away never comes home.
German.

Do you think of the friends that are gone, darling,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do you wish they were round you again once more,
By the hearth that they made so bright?

I think of the friends that are gone, darling,
They are dear to my heart as then;
But the best and the dearest among them all,
I have never wished back again.

'T IS home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell;
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged haunts, or mossy dell,
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power,
'T is sunlight to the rippling stream,
And soft dew to the flower.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE AWAKING.

HE looked at her as a lover can:
She looked at him as one who awakes —
The Past a sleep — and her life began.

Robert Browning.

SHE loved me! Faded the rosy West,
Faded the bloom of the rippling bay;
But night could not chill, nor the dark depress,
While the thought of her love in my bosom lay.

THE INCOMING OF LOVE.

COME what, come may,
I know the world is richer than I thought,
By something left to it from Paradise.
I know this world is brighter than I thought,
Having a window into Heaven. Henceforth,
Life hath for me a purpose and a drift.

Henry Taylor.

I LOVE ne'er a laddie but ane,
He loves ne'er a lassie but me,
He is willing to make me his ain,
And his ain I am willing to be.

Auld Sang.

ALL the world loves a lover.

R. W. Emerson.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I MADE them lay their hands on mine and swear
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Tennyson.

JUBILATE, I am loved!
And his lips at length have said it;
Long since in his eyes I read it;
But I thought it could not be,
O what happiness for me!
Jubilate, I am loved!
So dearly loved that, till I prayed,
I was more than half afraid;
God! forgive my sins, and make
Me pure and good for his dear sake.
Let the love he beareth me
Lead him — lead us both — to Thee!

LIFE is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human Love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BE noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

J. R. Lowell.

I LOOK into thine eyes, myself, dear love, to see,
For all I am, and hope, is given unto thee!

W. W. Story.

WE will turn to God above us,
And demand a Benediction,
Father, love us, for we love.

R. H. Stoddard.

WISHES.

WHOE'ER she be
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me;

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistening shoe-tie:

Something more than
Taffeta, or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan:

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest:

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Richard Crashaw.

NEXT to God, a true human love is the most powerful for good — the most fruitful in joy.

WE ought to weigh well what we can only *once* decide. *Publius Syrus.*

THE good or ill hap
Of a good or ill life,
Is the good or ill choice
Of a good or ill wife.

IF you have a good wife, take care of her — if not, get one. What think you of half a pair of scissors? *Franklin.*

I CHOSE my wife as she did her wedding gown, — for qualities that would wear well.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VERY near are two hearts which have no guile between them. *Confucius.*

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU'S recipe for a love-letter: "Begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have said."

I COULD not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.

Richard Lovelace.

A TALISMAN.

I LOVE thee, and I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee.

P. B. Shelley.

THERE is no more potent antidote to sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful.

Schlegel.

THE sacred lowe o' weel-placed luve
  Luxuriantly indulge it:
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
  Tho' naething should divulge it;
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
  The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling!

Robert Burns.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

NEVER marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely. *William Penn.*

I'M no friend to young fellows a-marrying afore they know the difference atween a crab an' a apple — but they may wait o'er long.

George Eliot.

JEANIE'S POSTSCRIPT.

IF ye think that it wad hae been right for me to have said mair and kinder things to ye, just think that I hae written sae, since I am sure that I wish a' that is kind and right to ye, and by ye.

Sir W. Scott.

NOT even on horseback can you escape from your destined one. *Russian Proverb.*

HE that a good woman loves is fenced against all evil. *Tuscan.*

NO man is so much indebted to any other as to some woman. *C. Bartol.*

TO know her was in itself a liberal education.

Richard Steele.

EVERY man in love shows better than he is, though, thank God, not better than he is meant to become. *Macdonald.*

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHAT THE POET SAID TO THE FLOWERS.

I.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

II.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

III.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom is betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

Thomas Hood.

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHAT THE YOUNG MAIDEN SAID TO THE TREES.

(In imitation of T. Hood's address to the flowers.)

I.

I WILL not have the poplar tree,
He is too awkward, stiff and straight;
Nor will I with the aspen mate,
He is too volatile for me.
The willow has odd fits of gloom
Too often o'er his visage come;
The pine insists on all the talk;
The fir tree is too tall;
I hope to win the graceful elm,
The noblest of them all.

II.

The larch tree has a frightened look;
His locks awry wears he;
The spruce, so thoughtful for himself,
Would have no thought for me;
The maple has a goodly mien;
The hemlock, in its youthful sheen,
Tipped with its light luxurious green,
Is worthy of a crownèd queen
Most fair and brave to see;
And yet one spray of my own loved elm
Is dearer far to me.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

III.

I cannot fancy the stern oak;
I like a little levity;
I fear too often his proud eye
Would, in reproof, be fixed on me.
The apple tree is but a clown;
The peach is not half bold enough,
Goes with his head aye hanging down;
The savin's manners are too rough,
The ash don't like young company;
The ailantus I would shun;
I hope to win the noble elm,
The pride of every one.

IV.

I like right well the linden tree,
If 't were not for the flirting bee;
But I 've a spice of jealousy!
The birch, I know, is very vain
Of his green and silver livery;
It makes me laugh in my sleeve to see
Him flaunt his bright leaves i' the sun.
The cypress is too woe-begone;
His eyes with tears are dim;
The elm alone of every tree,
I fancy none save him.

Editor.

Go not beyond two loving hearts in search of poetry.

Victor Hugo.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

TO FANNIE IN A BALL DRESS.

THOU hast braided thy dark flowing hair,
And wreathed it with rosebuds and pearls;
But dearer, neglected thy sweet tresses are,
Soft falling in natural curls.

Thou delightest the cold world's gaze,
When crowned with the flower and the gem,
But thy lover's smile should be dearer praise,
Than the incense thou prizest from them.

The bloom on thy young cheek is bright,
With triumph enjoyed too well;
Yet less dear, than when soft as the moon-beam's light,
Or the tinge on the hyacinth's bell:

And gay is the playful tone
As to flattery's voice thou respondest;
But what is the praise of the cold and unknown
To the tender blame of the fondest?

John Everett.

A PICTURE is a silent poem, a poem a speaking picture. *Simonides.*

A MIND might ponder its thoughts for ages and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. *Emerson.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

As once I was walking o'er meadow and lea,
A curious circumstance happened to me;
A huntsman I saw in the forest's brake,
He rode up and down beside a lake;
And many a deer flew past the spot,
But what did the huntsman? He shot them not,
He blew his horn by the forest green —
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

And as I walked on along the shore,
A curious circumstance happened once more;
In a little bark a fisher-maid
Rowed e'er by the side of the forest glade.
In the twilight the fishes around her shot,
But what did the maiden? She caught them not.
She sang a song by the forest green,
Now tell me, good people what could that mean?

Retracing my steps at evening's fall
The most curious circumstance happened of all,
A riderless horse stood in the brake,
An empty skiff reposed on the lake;
And passing the grove of alders there,
What heard I therein? — A whispering pair.
The moon shone brightly, the night was serene,
Now tell me, good people, *What could that mean?*

Robert Reineck.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, shy retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!
"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'T is so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does love give up the chase?
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face!
"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass, and strength may die;
But of love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

E. C. Stedman.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE least portion of the Love which lights the
world has been told in words.

Bayard Taylor.

THEY that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Sir Walter Scott.

L'AMOUR.

VOICI ton maître; il est, il fut, ou il sera.
GOD be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

Robert Browning.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
The day has one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun:
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When Love is done.

F. W. Bourdillon.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Thou gazest on the stars, my Life,
Ah! gladly would I be
Yon starry skies, with thousand eyes,
That I might gaze on thee!

Plato.

THE YOUNG FOWLER.

When he came into the house at nightfall,
She was angry with him, his old mother,
"Son," she said, "thou lay'st thy snares each morning,
And each day thou com'st back empty handed;
Either thou lack'st skill, or thou art idle,
Others can take prey, where thou hast ta'en none."

Then to her the gay young man made answer:
"Who need wonder that our luck is different,
When the same birds are not for our snaring?
At the little farm that lieth yonder,
Lives a wondrous bird, my good old mother;
Snares I laid to catch it all the autumn.

"Now, this very winter have I caught it;
But till spring I shall not bring it hither.
Marvellous is this bird! for it possesses
Not wings, but arms for tenderest embraces,
Not down, but locks of silky, sunny lustre,
No beak, but two fresh lips, so warm and rosy!"

Johan Ludwig Runeberg.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore,"
"O never was maid so deserted before."
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for sympathy!"

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight,
So fair was her form, and so goodly his height.
"One parting embrace," said the youth, "ere we die,"
So kissing and crying kept company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear;
"The weather is cold for a watery bier,
When the summer returns, we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in company?"

Reginald Heber.

HE came to me hither
In storm and rain,
And daring and bold
My heart he hath ta'en.
Say with whom did it lie?
Did he love, or did I?
'T was the two that came meeting together.

Rückert.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THERE is only one thing that makes it worth while to live — it is love. Not the wild passion that plagues us in our youth, but the tranquil happiness, the solid peace, to which that is but the tumultuous prelude — the joy of living with people whose mere presence rests, cheers, improves, and satisfies us. *James Parton.*

L'ABSENCE ni le temps ne sont rien quand on aime. *Alfred De Musset.*

CHANGE o'er the youthful form may roll,
But love and life are of the soul.

THE gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Emerson.

IF we really love a person, let him be thousands of miles away, he is at the *end of our eyes!*
Hindoo saying.

IN the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there!
Varnhagen von Ense.

HALF the sorrows of women would be averted, if they could repress the speech they know to be useless — nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter. *George Eliot.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE word that escapes thee is thy master; that which thou retainest, thy slave. *Arabian.*

THE music that can deepest reach
And cure all ills, is cordial speech.
Emerson.

A SILVER wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. *Alexander Smith.*

OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain:
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.
How many go forth in the morning,
Who never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.
Louise Chandler Moulton.

PLUS on juge, moins on aime.
Balzac.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

EVERY family is a history in itself, and even a poem, to those who know how to read its pages.

Lamartine.

TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

MY dear, dumb friend, low-lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,

I look into your great, brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,
Can move you from my side.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

As patient under injury
  As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
  But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
  More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
  To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast,
  The while you whine and lick my hand;
And thus our friendship is confessed,
  And thus we understand.

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
  As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
  With your humility, —

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
  As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
  My life would grow divine.

J. G. Holland.

ALFIERI'S HORSE.

My attachment for him went so far as to destroy my peace every time he had the least ailment; but my love for him did not prevent me from fretting and chafing when he did not wish to go my way!

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MY OLD DOG'S GRAVE.

My dog is buried near the garden seat,
And when I sit there slumbers at my feet,
As he has done before;
So I prefer that place, that I may be
Near one whose sweetest rest was nearest me,
And thus in part restore
The past of friendship, or at least revive
Affections that grow faint and fugitive,
When rendered back no more
By those who paid them doubly when alive!

My study hearth is cheerful still and bright,
But from the rug one spot of living white
Is gone, and all seems dark.
And now I feel I am alone indeed —
No gentle eye to watch me as I read,
No little soul to mark
The changes of my countenance, and wait
Until the cinders blacken in the grate
To rouse me with his bark —
I miss those little services of late.

Ah! those who rate a dog by what he cost
Would never dream the half of what I lost
In such a little life.
He was my friend in boyhood, not my slave,
My boyhood now lies buried in his grave,
And manhood's joyless strife

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Opens before me on the world's rough wave —
  In pleasant country scenes by hill and stream,
His image haunts me like a waking dream;
  And in the deep, long grass
When evening sunshine lights the crimson seeds
And plays about the wild flowers and the weeds,
  His spirit seems to pass
With a faint rustle and a noiseless tread.
See! the tall hayseeds wave above his head;
  It is not so, alas!
It was the wind — he lives not — he is dead!

Philip G. Hamerton.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS MARE.

Old girl, that hast borne me far and fast,
  On pawing hoofs that were never loth,
Our gallop to-day may be the last
  For you or for me, or perchance for both.
Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
  Your eyes are a bird's, or a loving girl's,
And from delicate fetlock to dainty head
  A throbbing vein cordage o'er you curls;
O joy of my soul! if you they slay,
  For triumph or rout, I little care,
For there is not in all the wide valley to-day,
  Such a dear little bridle-wise, thorough-bred
    mare.

Miles O'Reilly.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

GEIST'S GRAVE.

FOUR years!—and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,
The sense of tears* in mortal things

. . . . .

We stroke thy broad, brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

We lay thee here within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watched thy couchant form.

Matthew Arnold.

* Sunt lacrimæ rerum.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HOSPITALITY.

I PRAY you, oh excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a dollar in any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hard in order to behold. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardships, so that the intellect is awake, the soul worships truth and love, and courtesy flows into all deeds. *Emerson.*

THE best o' men are but men at the best.

A GENTLE answer turneth away wrath.
Hebrew.

THERE are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words, and—kind words. Kind words produce their own image in men's souls. *Pascal.*

WORDS, words, words! *Hamlet.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Is a little oil spilt, or a little wine stolen? Say to yourself "This is the price paid for peace and tranquillity; and nothing is to be had for nothing!" And when you call your servant, consider that it is possible he may not come at your call; or, if he does, that he may not do as you wish. But it is not at all desirable for him, and very undesirable for you, that he should cause you disturbance.

Epictetus.

WHEN thou canst pulsate with nature, all shall go in harmony. Shall the sun then stay his rising, to oblige some poor devil who is yet sleepy?

Charles A. Thurston.

MOVING.

WHAT a dislocation of comfort is compressed in that word *moving!* Such a heap of little nothings, after you think all is got into the cart, old dredging boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women will not leave behind if it was to save your soul! They'd keep the cart ten minutes to throw in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy! Then you can find nothing you want for many days; you must comb your hair with your fingers, and wash your hands without soap. Was I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead. *Charles Lamb.*

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IF our eyes were microscopes, and our ears audiphones, life would be one long misery; and a too delicate sense of the moods and manner of those about us is an almost equal calamity.

S. W. Mitchell.

THE WOMAN-LYE MASTERPIECE.

PALMER —

And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women, five hundred thousand;
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew in my conscience
Any one woman out of patience!!!

POTICARY —

By the mass, there 's a great lye!

PARDONER —

I never heard a greater, by our Ladye!

PEDLER —

A greater! nay, know you any one so great?

Merry John Heywood.

NO is the feminine of yes.

Hungarian Proverb.

A WOMAN is just as old as she looks.

French Proverb.

THE path of a good woman is strewn with flowers: but they rise behind her steps, not before them.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HE sings to the wide world, and she to her nest;
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?

J. R. Lowell.

EVERY woman becomes a Madonna by the cradle of her first-born child. *T. W. Higginson.*

ESPÉRER ou craindre pour un autre est la seule chose qui donne à l'homme le sentiment complet de sa propre existence. *Eugénie de Guérin.*

THE OLDEST STORY.

UNDER the coverlet's snowy fold
The tiniest stir that ever was seen,
And the tiniest sound, as if fairy folk
Were cuddling under a leaf, I ween.

That is the Baby: he came to town
Only a day or two ago;
But he looks as wise as if he knew
All that a baby can ever know.

There he lies in a little heap,
As soft as velvet, as warm as toast;
As rosy-red as the harvest moon
Which I saw so big on the hazy coast.

Hear him gurgle and sputter and sigh
As if his dear little heart would break,
And scold away as if all the world
Were only meant for his littleness' sake.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Blink, little eyes, at the strange new light;
  Hark, little ears, at the strange new sound;
Wonderful things shall you see and hear,
  As the days and the months and the years go round.

Hardly you seem a Life at all;
  Only a Something with hands and feet;
Only a Feeling that things are warm;
  Only a Longing for something to eat.

Have you a thought in your downy head?
  Can you say to yourself so much as "I"?
Have you found out yet that you *are* yourself?
  Has God what you will be by-and-by?

It 's only a little that we can guess,
  But it 's quite as much as we care to know;
The rest will come with the fleeting years,
  Little by little, and better so.

Enough for the day is the good thereof:
  The speck of a thing that is lying there,
And the presence that fills the silent house
  With the tender hush of a voiceless prayer.

J. W. Chadwick.

THE LAST ARRIVAL.

THERE came to port last Sunday night
  The queerest little craft:
Without an inch of rigging on,
  I looked and looked and laughed!

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

It seemed so strange, so strange that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, oh! my daughter!

Yet by these presents, witness all,
She 's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love,
And common-metre rhymes.

She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water;
She 's too new for the British Lloyds,
My daughter, oh! my daughter!

Ring out wild bells, and tame ones, too,
Ring out the lover's moon,
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.

Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water:
Away with paper, pens, and ink,
My daughter! oh! my daughter!

George W. Cable.

It is a pleasing thing to reflect upon, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneracy of the human species, that every baby born in the world is a finer one than the last!

C. Dickens.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MY "GOOD-FOR-NOTHING."

WHAT are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me if you can.
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun,
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for — now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace:
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true —
"Good to love you, mamma, good to love you."

E. H. Miller.

WHILE I MAY.

"PAPA, shut the book, please; let us play together;
I 'll be Patty Wotton in her gown o' gray,
Mamma 'll be a lady buying all my berries,
And you will pay in silver — Papa, what you
say?"

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Pages of the Poets, open at your sweetest,
You will be to-morrow what you are to-day,
But the sunny eyes here, if I now deny them,
When I fain would meet them, may have turned away.

Singing birds are songful only in the spring-time,
Blossoms will be blossoms only for a day:
Golden hair is golden but a little longer,
So I'll make your heart light, darling, while I may.

Ever-willing fancy, charm away the present,
Summon all thy magic, honor bright in play,
Let my little maiden in her seventh summer,
Be a wrinkled woman in a gown o' gray.

WOMEN'S shoulders wear young heads for a long time, and in the head of a mother one side is always the same age as her child's.

Madame de Remusat.

THE RETURN.

ONE climbs into his arms, another
Clings smiling round his knee:
A third is lifted by its mother
Its father's face to see;
The cradled innocent, his youngest treasure,
Holds out its dimpled arms, and crows for pleasure.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Do you remember, my sweet, absent son,
How in the soft June days, forever done,
You loved the heavens, so warm and clear and
high,
And when I lifted you, soft came your cry —
"Put me 'way up — ' way, ' way up in blue sky "?

I laughed and said I could not; — set you down,
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath that crown
Of bright hair, gladdening me as you raced by.
Another Father now, more strong than I,
Has borne you voiceless to your dear blue sky.

G. P. Lathrop.

A WOMAN'S heart has no wrinkles.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers
Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.
By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Longfellow.

THE greatest reverence is due to childhood.

Juvenal.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CHILDREN are God's apostles,
Day by day sent forth to preach of love and hope
and peace. *J. R. Lowell.*

FORESIGHT comes to the man, insight will often tarry with the child.

WE speak of educating our children — our children educate us.

NOTHING is more painful than to see parent, preacher, teacher, each trying as swiftly as possible to inoculate the child with his own mediocrity. — "Get off that child, you vampyre: you are trying to make that child another *you* — one is enough!" *R. W. Emerson.*

[SUGGESTIVE to Fathers and Mothers and *all Reformers.*] Here is a man trying to fill a measure with chaff — now if I fill it with wheat first, it is better than to fight him. *John Newton.*

CHILDREN have more need of models than of critics.

SOLILOQUY OF A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

AH no, I do not despise economy! Have I not caught myself more than once peeping surreptitiously into flour barrels to see how much longer the grain would last? Have I not found myself

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

treading lightly over the carpet, fearing the incipient breach would come to open rebellion beneath my tread? Have I not gazed with undisguised dismay on the windows in the children's shoes? Have I not turned a garment upside down, hind side before, and wrong side outward? Have I been able to control my facial muscles, and make them traitors to my true thought, when I saw with timid glance that my Emeralder was cruelly impoverishing our soap tub? and though I sorrowed in silence, did I not long to tell her that she was *ab*using soap enough for three such washings? Have I not suffered bitterly lest the strict economy, necessary in our household, should cramp and stint the souls of our children? or, by a reaction, cause them to overvalue wealth, lead them as all extremes lead, either to meanness or to extravagance? But notwithstanding all these efforts of mine to fit my wants to my means, I cannot pride myself on my financial faculties. I am no merchant. I have no taste for trade, and when my neighbor asks a little more than I well know a thing is worth, I give it to him, and inwardly say, "This money really is worth more to you than it is to me, take it, and enjoy it;" and I smile as I do when I see my infant pleased with his picture book or his wooden blocks. I feel as if I had done a benevolent act. Herein I am wrong, I am unjust, but this is one of my weaknesses. I have even known myself to say to myself, "Deny your-

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

self something you think you need, and let these people have this gold. They are shut out from many of your pleasures. They have no rich pictures in all this fair village. They have no trees, no flowers, no wealth of glorious nature. The clear blue arch of heaven might as well be a dead level. For them the crimson and purple clouds of sunset have no message. In vain for them the clematis wreathes the walls, the orchis rears its beautiful head by the brookside, and thousands of sweet quaker maids, in their simple dress of pale lilac, throng their pathway. Let them have this gold; and do not be severe on me, Recording Angel, because I am really unjust, in this wise, to my neighbor. I know well the worth of wealth in wise and able hands! I know all it can confer, and give it all its due, but it is one of the problems I cannot solve, why people hoard it, as they certainly do, for its own sake. I see childless old people with no near or dependent kindred, their greedy eyes watching, their greedy hands grasping, every fraction of a cent, piling up dollar after dollar with no definite object, and living a narrow and mean life, that this pile may be higher and broader.

. . . . .

Here comes my little three-year-old with her kitty under her arm. Pussy's tail is uppermost, and her form is like unto an hour glass, but she has an instinct that no harm is intended, and if

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

the pressure becomes uncomfortable and intolerable, she knows she is forearmed and foreclawed. The good All-Father adapted the two to each other,—Pussy to the little one, the little one to Pussy. As to the older children, they are busy with their ducks, their hens, their garden, and all country pleasures. They are pictures of health, freedom, and happiness. Three times a day I am reminded of a passage in Emerson's "Nature," "The man doth not live who can feed us (them) ever." Two Charlottes (of graceful memory) could not cut bread and butter fast enough for the little rogues. As to milk, they would exhaust the "Miraculous Pitcher." *Editor.*

OUR GARDEN.

HOWEVER small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property. To dig in the mellow soil — to dig moderately, for all pleasure should be taken sparingly — is a great thing. One gets strength out of the ground as often as one touches it with a hoe. Antæus was no doubt an agriculturist

C. D. Warner.

TIRED of play! tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What has thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day
That will find thee tired, — but not of play!
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
If thine open hand hath relieved distress —
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness —
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence —
And humbled thy heart with penitence —
With joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

N. P. Willis.

WHAT IS, TO BE?

"O MOTHER," Friedric sighed, "tell thou to me,"
And with these words his large blue eyes he raised,
As at her feet he sat, and on her gazed,
"Tell me, dear mother, what it means *to be*?
What those two words can mean I cannot tell,
Yet, said my father, I must learn them well;
I know my lesson well from line to line,
Yet what *to be* means, I cannot divine."

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"Know I myself?" she whispered low and mild;
Then, by the mother's glowing impulse led,
She lifted from the ground the little child,
And clasped him to her heart, as thus she said:
"When I enfold thee thus with loving care,
And all my soul lift up to God in prayer,
For thee and for myself, and for my dearest,
Then what it is *to be*, I feel the clearest!"

Friedric P. Müller.

THESE sweetly speaking women are friends in solitude, fathers in matters of duty, mothers to those in distress, a repose to the traveller in the wilderness.

Hindoo.

WHAT sort of clothes are you making for your children, O mother? Is their vesture wisdom or folly? Is it the true beauty of goodness, or a poor imitation from the draper's? Something you did yesterday becomes part of a garment your child must wear many years. Make the garments, O mother, so that they will be robes of dignity and esteem in the world, and spotless and bright in the kingdom of Heaven forever.

Sylvester Judd.

IN bringing up a child, think of its old age.

Joseph Joubert.

PARADISE is at the feet of mothers.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE affection that little children win from us interprets God's love to us.

S. Osgood.

THE Junior of the household is the Senior in Heaven. *Edmund Burke.*

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and talked and danced and sung;
And proud of health, of pleasure vain,
Dreamt not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding in my hours of glee
That all the world was made for me!

But when the days of sorrow came
And sickness shook this trembling frame,
And restless doubts and anxious fears
O'ershadowed all my coming years,
Ah! then I thought how sad 't would be
Were this world only made for me!

FOR sunshine sparkling in the rill
Though turned aside, is sunshine still.

T. Moore.

IT is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Tennyson.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THEN gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it!
Who made the heart, 't is he alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, each varying tone,
Each spring — its various bias.

Burns.

THE beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich. *Sadi.*

THE secret of being happy — the having always some engrossing subject to occupy the mind.

Caroline F. Cornwallis.

WE can judge better by the conduct of people towards others, than by their manner towards ourselves. *Edgeworth.*

IT seems to me a simple and generous character should never make an apology. *Emerson.*

I FIND nonsense singularly refreshing.

Talleyrand.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.

Robert Burns.

I WANT TO TELL YOU A SECRET.

THE way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cared for nobody,—no, not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give it the same cause. Let all, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small sweet courtesies of life," which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little, kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing. *William Wirt.*

IT is not even necessary or goode for us to live entirelie with congeniall spirits. The vigorous tempers the inert; the passionate is evened by the cool-tempered, the prosaic balances the visionare. Would thy mother suit me better, dost thou suppose, if she coulde discuss polemicks, like Luther or Melancthon? *A. Manning.*

WE must not let the grass grow in the path of friendship.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible, and lo ! the jagged atoms will fit like a smooth Mosaic.

THERE are many carks in life that a little truth would end. *E. L. Bulwer.*

THE greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.
Horace.

SPEAK well of a friend; of an enemy, say nothing. He is a hero who makes his enemy a friend.
Talmud.

THERE is no microscope like a preconceived opinion.

SERVIRE e non gradire,
Star in letto e non dormire,
Aspettare e non venire,
Son 'tre cose da far morire !

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ANCIENT HERO.

HORNER Jacculo sedet in angulo,
Vorans ceu serias ageret ferias
Crustum dulce et amabile :
Inquit, et unum extrahens prunum,
"Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris,
Exemplum imitabile !"
Arundines Cami.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A THOUSAND steps a man may take
Where a woman a single spring will make!

Altered from Goethe.

TRYING TO READ.

My dear, do pull the bell,
And pull it well,
And send those noisy children all up-stairs,
Now playing here like bears.
You, George and William, go into the grounds, —
Charles, James, and Bob are there, — and take your string,
Drive horses, or fly kites, or anything,
You 're quite enough to play at hare and hounds.
You, little May, and Caroline, and Poll,
Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,
Your sister Margaret is there.
(Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school
At far off Pontipool.)
I want to read, but really can't go on —
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go — to their nursery — go — I never can
Enjoy my paper among such a clan!

T. Hood.

NEVER speak sense when nonsense will answer the purpose just as well. *Walter Scott.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

How little things grow great with fear,
A cat 's a horse, a pin 's a spear;
A startling giant is a post,
A miller frocked 's a milk-white ghost!

CRUEL CRITICISM.

A CENTIPEDE was happy quite
Until a toad, in fun,
Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
That worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run!

A QUERY.

How often might a man, after he has jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem? (Fling long enough.)

J'AI ri — me voilà désarmé.

THE school-boy's translation of his classic. — Monstrum, horrendum, informem ingens cui lumen ademptum (*Eneid, Book III.*): A horrid monster informed the Indians that his eye was out!

MUS cucurrit plenum sed
Contra meum magnum ad
Oh!

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MY FIRST PLAY.

THE boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glittering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed) resembling — a homely fancy, but I judged it to be — sugar-candy, yet to my raised imagination it appeared a glorified candy!

Charles Lamb.

[WHOSO HAS CHOICE, HAS TROUBLE]

THERE are terribly perplexing situations in life, when one cannot decide whether he should turn to the right, or to the left; whether he shall reach for the apple, and leave the pear, or take the pear and leave the apple, or venture to stretch out both hands at once, with the risk of getting neither.

IT jerks one terribly to kick at nothing.

J. R. Lowell.

IF my foresight was as good as my hindsight, I should not make so many mistakes.

Dutchman.

I'M not denying the women are foolish:
God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

George Eliot.

Go after two wolves, and you will not even catch one.

Russian Proverb.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AN Irish curse.—May the grass grow at your door.

HE who cannot make one verse is a blockhead; he who makes more is a fool. *Spanish Proverb.*

LET every one mend *one*.

IL n'y a pas un homme qui ait le droit de mépriser les hommes.

IT is a bore to go alone, even to get drowned!
Russian Proverb.

AFTER the overturn of a coach, multitudes point out a better road. *Turkish.*

AFTER dinner read not even the superscription of a letter. *Spanish.*

IN every country the sun rises in the morning.
Danish.

A LITTLE cloud can hide both sun and moon.
Swedish.

THE most High God sees and hears; my neighbor knows nothing, and yet is always finding fault.
Persian.

HAVE a care
Of whom you talk, to whom,
And when, and where.
Horace.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE little waywardnesses of children are the stalk-leaves of a plant, which will fall away of themselves, and require no harsh treatment of the gardener. *Goethe.*

IL y a dans les vêtements propres et frais une sorte de jeunesse dont les vieillards doivent s'entourer. *Joubert.*

AGE without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun. *Cotton.*

THE true secret of happiness is to have a little less time than one wants, and a little more money than one needs!

THE most manifest sign of Wisdom is continued cheerfulness. *Montaigne.*

To individual faithfulness and to the energy of the private conscience, God has committed the real history and progress of mankind.

James Martineau.

BE in peace with many; nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand. *Hebrew.*

AYE free, aff han' your story tell
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Robert Burns.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

TRUE Friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Pope's Homer.

HE mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.

Young.

WHEN a man is no longer his own friend, then goes he to his brother, that he may talk gently with him, and may again give him life.

Richter.

WHEN the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all.

Charles Mackay.

OUR SISTER.

THE light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting sun—
Clear, suddenly, and still.
Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled:
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.
Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

J. G. Whittier.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SONG OF SEVEN CHILDREN

SPIRIT of our sainted mother,
Triumphant o'er the grave,
Lo! thy seven children
Thy blessing now would crave.

When thy pangs were on thee,
Mortal pangs severe,
Thou couldst only give
A dying, parting tear.

Now thou hast ascended,
In robes of glory dressed,
Let thy blessed mantle
On thy children rest!

For all thy seven children
Thy loving heart had room;
Then be our guardian angel,
Till we shall all come home.

Let thy bright example
Guide us on our way;
Let us tread thy footsteps
To eternal day.

Adieu, then, dearest mother,
Not death itself shall sever
Our willing hearts from thee,
Adieu — but not forever!

William Austin.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SING to my soul the sweet song that thou livest,
Read me the Poem that never was penned—
The wonderful Idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, O beautiful friend!

M. C. H. Booth.

THE GIFT.

OUT of all kingdoms under the sun
What shall I bring to thee, little one?

Bring me the smile of my mother's eyes,
Dearer than sunshine out of the skies;
Bring me a kiss from her lips to set
Warm on my cheek, with the tears still wet.

Nay; there are treasures far over the sea,
What shall the flying ships bring to thee?

Out of the silence of unknown land
Bring me the touch of my mother's hand;
Keep thou the treasures of sea and shore—
Bring me the sound of her voice once more.

Nay; there are wisdom and wealth and power,
Little one, choose of these thy dower.

Give me my mother's sweet love untold,
Better than measureless wealth of gold,
Wiser than wisdom of sages all;
Let me hear only her soft footfall.

Little one, what thou askest me
Only Death's angel can bring to thee!

E. E. Chase.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

J. G. Whittier.

OH THE GRAVE! THE GRAVE!

IT buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. Who can look on the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he ever should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we love — what a place for meditation!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent — if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee — then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word will come thronging back on thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul.

Washington Irving.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED.

I KNOW thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blessed,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign;
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a Presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

T. K. Hervey.

I.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

II.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere Freedom out of man!

Emerson.

He is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from the task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

R. M. Milnes.

How far from here to Heaven?
Not very far, my friend,
A single hearty step
Will all the journey end.
Hold there! where runnest thou?
Know Heaven is in thee,
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere,
His face thou 'lt never see!

Angelus Silesius.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

EACH can have what inspiration each will take.

T. Parker.

GOD is our Father, and, as we fall asleep, He lifts us into His bosom, and our awaking is inside the gates of an everlasting world.

William Mountford.

THE good mariner, when he draws near the port, furls his sails, and enters it softly: so ought we to lower the sails of our worldly operations, and turn to God with all our heart and understanding.

Dante.

NO life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby. *Owen Meredith.*

BUT when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, and when the hour of death comes — which comes to high and low — oh, my leddy, then it isna what we have dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. *Walter Scott.*

WORK and Love: that is the body and soul of the human being. Happy he where they are one.

Auerbach.

THE dawn comes twice to no man.

African Proverb.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VISHNU asked Bal to take his choice:
With five wise men to visit hell,
Or with five ignorant visit heaven.
Then quick did Bal in heart rejoice,
And chose in hell with the wise to dwell;
For heaven is hell, with folly's bell,
And hell is heaven, with wisdom's leaven.

Hindoo (W. R. Alger).

WHY heed a snow-flake on the roof,
If fire within keep age aloof?

J. R. Lowell.

WHEN Hope deceives, and friends betray,
And kinsmen shun me with a flout, —
When hair grows white, and eyes grow dim,
And life's slow sand is nigh run out,
I 'll ask no boon of any one
But sing old songs, and sit i' th' sun;

Then underneath a spreading oak
That guards our pleasant cottage door,
I 'll dance a grandchild on my knee,
And count my past days o'er and o'er;
I 'll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i' th' sun.

IN the morning of life, work;
In the midday, give counsel;
In the evening, pray.

Greek.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SPRING still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew the throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrifts
The warm rosebuds below.

Emerson.

THE Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall,
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all.

Whittier.

THE way to Heaven is the same from all places, and he that had no grave had the heavens still over him. *Thomas Moore.*

HE that lives fourscore years is but like one who stays here for a friend.

Thomas Middleton.

NATURE intended we should go out of the world as unconscious as we came into it.

Dr. Baillie.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I SHALL leave behind me three physicians much greater than I am: water, exercise, and diet.

Dumoulin.

IF every man and woman would work four hours a day in something useful, that labor would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life. Want and misery would be banished from the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours would be leisure and pleasure.

Benjamin Franklin.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
We 've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.

B. Cornwall.

LIFE is but Thought — so think I will
That youth and I are housemates still.

S. T. Coleridge.

IF there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

WHEN Charles Lamb said of some one, "I *hate* him," his friend remonstrated, "Why, Charles, you don't know him." "No," said Lamb, "if I knew him, I should not hate him!"

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE reply of the Indian savage, "We are *enemies*," when asked his opinion of another, was, perhaps, an unconscious expression of sublimity.

William Austin.

QUAND je suis avec mon ami, je ne suis pas seul, et nous ne sommes pas deux.

Pensée de Pythagore.

A FRIEND who, as often as he meets thee, tells thee of thy failings in the presence of but four eyes, is better than one who, as often as he meets thee, presents thee with a gold piece.

Persian.

THANK Heaven, a little illusion is left to us: that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us; that the world is not made of glass mirrors; that we dream we do a vast deal of good; and thus we do — a little. *George Eliot.*

THOUGH there is little in a woman's advice, yet he who won't take it is not over wise.

Sancho Panza.

WHEN my friends are one-eyed I look at their profiles. *Joseph Joubert.*

A MAN carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value. *Walter Scott's Diary.*

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE eye that sees all things sees not itself.

WOULD you make men trustworthy? Trust them. *F. W. Robertson.*

So many are
The sufferings that no human aid can reach,
It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. *S. T. Coleridge.*

EACH soul is watched by two genii: one, its friend and faithful guardian, is unceasingly engaged to guide it unharmed through the mazes of life. Happy will be your lot if you do not drive away from you such a protector, nor open your heart to the malicious demon who hovers ever near you, and seeks to find an entrance into your soul.
Wieland.

TRUE is, that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne,
For man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As in his manners, in which playne is showne
Of what degree, and what race he is growne.
Edmund Spencer.

To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young, sorrow is despair. Wait. That is the answer to most sorrows. But how can one believe in this, when one has not waited for anything?

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears — but look beyond
Its turmoil and its strife;

Think you I find no bitterness at all, —
No burdens to be borne like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

And then in each of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gifts, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Then ire me not with chiding; let me be;
I must be glad and grateful to the end;
I grudge you not your cold and darkness — me
The powers of light befriend.

Celia Thaxter.

IF thou wouldst be a friend of mine,
Thou must be quick and bold
When the right is to be done,
Or the truth is to be told!

NEVER reproach a friend with any sacrifice you made for him; this is a meanness which your friend may forgive, but which you can never forgive yourself.

Edgeworth.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HAVE not a friend morally inferior to yourself.
Confucius.

THE best mirror we can have is the face of an old friend.

A MAN is known by his friends.

LOVE ALL, TRUST A FEW.

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use: and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence
But never taxed for speech. *Shakespeare.*

A FRIEND whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby. Take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone. *Gulistan.*

WHEN all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is cold, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find a face there
You loved when you were young
Charles Kingsley.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ALL are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

R. W. Emerson.

HE who has ceased to enjoy the superiority of his friend has ceased to love him!

Madame Swetchine.

THE SINGLE SISTER'S CONCLUSION.

SOMETIMES it is as if one were everywhere — sometimes again it is as if one were nowhere!

Frederica Bremer.

THE LEAF IN THE BOOK. — DAS BLATT IM BUCH.

I HAVE an aunt old and hoary,
A little old book has she,
A withered and wrinkled leaflet
In the little old book you may see.
The hands that in spring once plucked it,
As withered and wrinkled lie.
Why weeps my old aunt so sadly,
Whenever it meets her eye?

Anastasius Grün.

WHO blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strown
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

THE disenchanted earth to me had no lustre to lose, but I remembered that others continued to see in it the rainbow lines of varied bliss.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

TO-MORROW, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
And what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

Dryden.

OF ways for becoming happier (not happy) I could never find out more than three: First — to soar away so far above the clouds of life, that you see the whole external world, with its wolf-dens, charnel-houses, and thunder-rods lying far down beneath you, shrunk into a little child's garden. Secondly — Simply to sink down into this little garden, and there to nestle yourself so snugly, so homewise in some furrow that in looking out from your warm lark-nest, you likewise can discern no wolf-dens, charnel-houses or thunder-rods, but only blades and ears, every one of which for the nest-bird is a tree and a sun-screen and rain-screen. The third, which I look upon as the hardest and cunningest, is that of alternating between the other two.

Jean Paul.

DAILY struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give,
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriet Winslow Sewall.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

No spring or summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen on an Autumnal face.

John Donne.

THE heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garden,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden:
God will bear both it and thee.

To lose sight of self for one moment is to have lived for one moment. *Henry Kingsley.*

ON the whole, I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October. No days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air; the lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous; middle age, too, is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly-kindled fire is a pretty sight, but not nearly so effectual [any housewife will tell you] as when the flames are gone, and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow.

Alexander Smith.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LIVE as thou wouldst have lived when thou comest to die; use thy neighbor as thou wouldst have him use thee. *Confucius.*

NEVER is my heart so gay
In the budding month of May;
Never doth it beat a tune
Half so sweet in blooming June;
Never knows such happiness
As in such a day as this,
When October dons her crown,
And the leaves are turning brown.

Elizabeth Akers.

THERE are gold-bright suns in worlds above,
And blazing gems in worlds below;
Our world has Love, and only Love
For living warmth and jewel glow;
God's Love is sunlight to the good,
And Woman's pure as diamond sheen,
And Friendship's mystic brotherhood
In twilight beauty lies between.

R. M. Milnes.

I LOVED him much, but now I love him more,
Like birds whose beauties languish, half concealed;
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

Young.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SONG OF THE HUMBLE FLOWER TO THE STAR.

I.

I AM but a simple woodland flower;
The traveller heeds me not;
My dwelling the foot of an old oak tree,
In a wild, sequestered spot;
Yet happy am I in my humble nook,
From the bustling world afar;
I peer through the leaves of my old oak's eaves
And worship a beautiful star!

II.

Though sunlight dims thee, peerless star,
Though fleecy piles enshroud,
Thy pure, soft light is glistening bright
Beyond the envious cloud;
Thy radiant face, with changeless grace,
Is ever shining there;
Yet a simple flower may offer up
Its humble, heartfelt prayer.

III.

This fragile frame must soon decay,
Each rainbow tint must fade;
And under the root of my ancient oak
This senseless corse be laid.
Yet a priceless joy has been mine to taste,
To worship thee, thus afar;
And the latest glance of my glazing eyes
Shall rest on my glorious star!

Editor.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

EDELWEISS.

I WAS born in my little shroud
All woolly, warm and white;
I live in the mist and the cloud,
I live for my own delight.

I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red;
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valleys bright.

I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand;
I live but for God, and I die
Unto Him, and at His command.

Dora Greenwell.

A CYCLE.

IF he had come in the early dawn,
When the sunrise flushed the earth,
I would have given him all my heart,
Whatever that heart was worth.

If he had come at the noontide hour,
He would not have come too late;
I would have given him patient faith,
For then I had learned to wait.

If he had come in the afterglow,
In the peace of the eventide,
I would have given him hands and brain,
And worked for him till I died.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

If he comes now the sun has set,
And the light has died away,
I will not give him a broken life
But will turn and say him, "Nay."

C. Brooke.

LIVE with thy inferiors as thou wouldst have thy superiors with thee. *Epictetus.*

MELANCHOLY FOREBODINGS.

THEN Aunt Bella thought of Peter's flannel jacket, which he had no doubt laid aside during the warm weather; and now he would catch a bad cold, rheumatism would follow next, then typhoid fever, and death was not improbable. And what would become of poor Ottilia, if Peter should really die; the old house should be sold, and she and Ottilia had to go out into the wide world? Then gout would come and attack her hands, and she would no longer be able to work, and would be obliged to go to the hospital; and dying in the hospital, they would afterwards dissect her, or — horror of horrors! she might only be in a trance, and be buried alive! And then she would awake in her grave, feel the heavy lid of the coffin weighing her down, knowing that six feet of earth were on top of that, and her cries of anguish were smothered with herself in the dread night of the grave! — and the poor soul broke out in tears!

Friedrich Spielhagen.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE UNLUCKY ONE.

Of a truth I am born to losses and crosses for my life long! That in boyhood, at Odds or Evens, I could never once guess the right way; that my bread and butter always fell on the buttered side! Do I ever put a new coat on without the first day smearing it with tallow, or on some ill-fastened nail or other tearing a wretched hole in it? Do I ever bow to any councillor or lady without pitching the hat out of my hands, or even sliding away on the smooth pavement, and shamefully oversetting?

Had I not every market day, while in Halle, a regular sum of from three to four groschen to pay for broken pottery, the Devil putting it into my head to walk straight forward, like a leming-rat? Have I ever once got to my college, or any place I was appointed to, at the right time?

What availed it that I set out half an hour before, and planted myself at the door, with the knocker in my hand? Just as the clock is going to strike, souse! some Devil pours a wash-basin down on me, or I bolt against some fellow coming out, and get myself engaged in endless quarrels, till the time is clean gone!

Oh! well-a-day! Has not my evil star estranged from me my best patrons?

I learn that the councillor (to whom I have a letter) cannot suffer cropt hair; with immensity

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

of trouble, the barber fastens me a little queue to my hind head; but at the first bow, his unblessed knot gives way, and a little shock, running snuffing about me, frisks off to the Privy Councillor with my queue in his mouth!

I spring after it in terror; and stumble against the table, where he has been working while at breakfast; and cups, plates, ink-glass, sand-box, rush jingling to the floor, and a flood of chocolate and ink overflows the "Relation" he has just been writing! *T. A. Hoffmann.*

How much trouble have those evils cost us *which never happened!*

Trouble neber make heself. *African.*

Put your finger in the fire, and say it was your fortune! *Scotch.*

He bared his back to the bite of the mosquito, and then said, "God decreed that I should be stung."

Small pleasures, depend upon it, lie about us as thick as daisies. *Douglas Jerrold.*

Every good act is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. *Mahomet.*

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AFTER POE.

It was late in the month of cold weather,
The ground it was frozen and white,
And the question most pressing was whether
I should venture out into the night —
Out into the merciless night.

And I thought as I twisted the riddle,
In a mind that was troubled with care,
I could hear the sweet notes of the fiddle,
At the concert so pleasant down there —
So charmingly pleasant down there.

And I said, "I will go like a rocket,
I will go to that concert down there."
But thrusting my hand in my pocket,
I turned with a look of despair —
Of the wildest and deepest despair —
For the requisite change was not there,
The stamps it required were not there!

William A. Thurston.

A CHEERFUL, intelligent face is the end of culture, and success enough. *R. W. Emerson.*

IF any one tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuses about what is said of you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone." *Epictetus.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A WISE man is never less alone than when alone. *Ambrose.*

JUDGE not thy neighbor until thou art in his situation.

OF all wit's uses, the main one
Is to live well, with who has none.
Emerson.

EVERY one's censure is first moulded in his own nature.

AN ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down. *Bratti in Romola.*

TALKING with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud. *Addison.*

HE who tells his trouble may find
That he sows but the seed of the empty wind;
But he who keeps it within his breast,
Nurses a serpent to gnaw his rest.

THINK of the hosts of worlds, and of the plagues on this world-mote. Death puts an end to the whole. *Jean Paul.*

THERE is an end to everything but death.
Sancho.

CHARACTER is a perfectly educated will.
Novalis.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHO ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers!

Goethe.

So should we live that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power:

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need.

R. M. Milnes.

'TIS only strength makes gentleness divine.

T. W. Parsons.

WHAT merit to be dropped on Fortune's hill?
The honor is to mount it!

THE firefly only shines when on the wing.
So is it with the mind; when once we rest,
We darken. (*Festus*) *Bailey.*

ARE you in earnest? seize this very minute,
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.

Goethe.

HE who shoots at the midday sun, though he will not hit the mark, will reach a higher point than he who aims at a bush.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IF the Almighty held Truth in one hand, and investigation of truth in the other, my choice would rest with the latter. *Lessing.*

IF what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again; the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize.

R. M. Milnes.

THERE is no real life but cheerful life.

Richard Steele.

CHEERFULNESS and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks, depend upon it. *C. Dickens.*

THE wheel of Fortune goes incessantly round; and who shall say, "To-day I shall be uppermost?" *Oliver Goldsmith.*

IN losing Fortune, many a lucky elf
Has found himself.

Horace Smith.

THE failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

A. Proctor.

THE NORSE MOTHER TO HER SON.

Success shall be in thy courser tall,
Success in thyself, which is best of all.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me more and more,
Said that I only should wait awhile,
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
I should long ago have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who straightway to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget.
Yet I cannot embrace him, though other folks can,
For I myself am this excellent man!

Heine.

THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.

Disraeli.

RIEN ne réussit mieux que le succès.

MY first failure was my first success.

Go forth to life, oh child of earth,
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth,
For noble service thou art here,
Thy brothers help, thy God revere,
Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself will help the brave.

S. Longfellow.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AND I will have my careless season,
Spite of melancholy reason.
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness —
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take
E'en from things by sorrow wrought
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

William Wordsworth.

MARK how there still has run enwoven from above
Through thy life's darkest woof the golden thread of Love.

B. C. Trench.

FORTUNE has no weapon that reaches the mind.

A MAN'S best wealth ought to be himself.

William Austin.

THOUGH losses and crosses
Are lessons right severe,
There 's wit there
Ye 'll get there
Ye 'll find nae ither where !

Burns.

HE that detracts commits a robbery.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead men to sovereign power.

Tennyson.

BE strong, feeble spirit,
In need God is near,
And he who will trust Him
No tempest may fear.

FOR he who much has suffered, much will know,
And pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.

Pope's Homer.

FORSAN et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Virgil.

IT is all pouring out of one vessel into another.

Lawrence Sterne.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

NOTHING is so good as it seems beforehand.

THE cow was never brought home by the man pulling its head and the woman its tail.

POLITENESS is real kindness kindly expressed.

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene 3.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE JOURNEY OF TRUTH.

ACCURSED be the hour I ventured to roam
From the cool recess of my moss-clad home;
I will back to my mouldering well, and hide
These tears of despair and wounded pride:

I sought the enchantress Fashion's hall,
The many were bound in her iron thrall,
They turned from my simple prayer away,
As I told them how vain and capricious her sway.

I entered the cell of the plodding sage,
And threw one gleam o'er his mystic page,
But he closed his pained eyeballs, and said that I
Could never have seen his new theory.

Wherever I went I spread dismay,
Friendship and Feeling I frightened away;
And Love shook his saucy finger at me
And declared me his mortal enemy!

I knocked at the dying man's desolate gate;
Death looked from the window and begged me to wait.
For a Doctor had entered a moment before,
And, seeing me coming, had bolted the door.

I entered his study to search for him there,
And sat down to read in his easy chair;
But his books fell to pieces, and during my stay
Two thirds of his physic had melted away!

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I dared not visit the Lawyer's den,
For I knew I should never return again;
The rarest sport 't would be for him,
To murder and tear me limb from limb.

I entered the church, poor wearied one,
Hoping my journey was well nigh done,
But the Priests turned paler than marble, and I
Could not win to my shrine one votary.

But it grieved me more than all to see
The very children afraid of me;
The innocent creatures were at their play,
And if I came near them they 'd scamper away.

Good Heavens! to see those urchins run,
You 'd have thought I 'd been the unholy one!
I'll back to my moss-clad well, and hide
These tears of despair and wounded pride.

Editor.

A PITHY SERMON.

OUR ingress in life is naked and bare;
Our progress through life is trouble and care;
Our egress out of it, we do not know where;
But doing well here, we shall do well there:
I could not tell more by preaching a year.

I GO to a Museum or gallery, and almost always alone; conversation and discussion act on inward reverie and imagery like a broom-stick on a cluster of butterflies. *Taine.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LABOR.

LABOR is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth.
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens.
Idle hearts, only, the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! All labor is noble and holy:
Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

F. S. Osgood.

A CHANCE may win that by mischance is lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, have some; who most, have never all.

Southwell.

HOPE is the real riches, as fear is the real poverty.

David Hume.

HAVE the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Washington Irving.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MON verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.

Alfred de Musset.

ECONOMY is the source of independence and liberty.

WOULDST know the road where Honor lies,
And good old age — a lovely sight?
By way of temperance, honest deeds,
And trying to do your duty right.

Hebel — German Burns.

TOMORROW, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day:
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.

Horace, translated by Dryden.

OUR deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been, makes us what we are.

CHARACTER is Destiny. *Novalis.*

NON incolpar le stelle
Che noi soli a noi stessi
Fabri siam pur delle miserie nostre.

Pastor Fisto, Atto IV. *Guarini.*

DARE to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

George Herbert.

HE that forgives, gains the victory in dispute.

Wit and Wisdom from West Africa.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In quarrel, it is always the well-born who will first give way. *Talmud.*

THERE is no cream like that which rises on spilled milk.

NESSUN maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria. *Dante.*

DANTE, pourquoi dis-tu qu'il n'est pire misère
Qu'un souvenir heureux dans les jours de douleur?
. . . . .
UN souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre
Plus vrai que le bonheur!
Alfred de Musset.

MY RIGHTS.

YES, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what He meant, not reaching out
For other things, since He
Who knows me best and loves me best has ordered this for me.

A woman, — to live my life out
In quiet, womanly ways,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight through their busy days.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I am not strong or valiant;
I would not join in the fight,
Or jostle with men in the highways,
Or stain my garments white;
But I have rights, as a woman, and here I claim
my right:

The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink,
And none to utter a nay,
That it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even a
rose-tree may.

The right to a life of my own;
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life flung out,
That, taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does, after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered stores of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man,
Taking with free hands freely, and after an ordered
plan.

The right — ah! best and sweetest —
To stand, all undismayed,
Wherever pain or sorrow
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or misconstrue, by never a look
gainsayed.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I do not beg for a ballot,
Though very life were at stake;
I would beg for the nobler, juster way —
That men, for manhood's sake,
Should give ungrudging, and not withhold till I must fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal;
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the mighty army roll;
And God, who made man's body strong, made also the woman's soul.

Susan Coolidge.

A FABLE.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, "little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of wind and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere,
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry;

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I 'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

R. W. Emerson.

THE Prudent still have Fortune on their side.

Horace.

NULLUM numen abest si sit prudentia.

DO not say a word when reproached; for, as the proverb says, "He that keeps silence is out of danger." *Arabian Nights.*

A STONE which is fit for the wall is not left in the way. *Russian.*

MIEUX être que paraître.

A ROOM hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts. *Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THREE things are good: To look upon another as upon one's self; to look on another's gold as dust; to look on another man's wife as upon one's mother. *Hindoo Saying.*

THAT which some call idleness I call the sweetest part of my life, and that is my thinking. *Owen Felsham.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THIS life is but a school; the new-comer in the last form thinks the head boy just leaving — so old! *E. L. Bulwer.*

N'ESTIMEZ que le jeune homme que les vieillards trouvent poli. *Joubert.*

IN a field of melons, tie not thy shoe;
Under a plum tree, adjust not thy cap.
Chinese.

NEVER ride out to meet trouble.

A SINGLE coal does not burn well.

TO know the new, search the old. *Japanese.*

WHETHER you boil snow or pound it, you will have but water from it.

THE frog mounted on a clod said he had seen Cashmere.

It is better to have a hen to-morrow than an egg to-day.

STONES and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees. *Persian.*

HE set my house on fire to roast eggs!

YOU can't rivet a nail in a boiled potato.
Japanese.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THERE is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence.

HE that does not speak truth to me, does not believe me when I speak truth.

A HUNDRED gnats I killed last night,
But *one* returned with morning light!

Goethe.

DO not force upon thy neighbor a hat that hurts thine own head. *Hindoo.*

LEAVE our neighbors to discourse of us as they please, but let not our repose depend on their judgments. Never mind what they say, provided our own consciences do not wince. *Le Sage.*

EPITAPH on a tomb-stone at Père-la-Chaise: "Allez-vous-en."

AT Stow, Vermont, epitaph on a child of six weeks: "How very soon God took him."

BY a man's manners, you may know his wisdom. *Saadi.*

LET no man ridicule mankind unless he loves them. *Heine.*

TRIFLES make perfection; and perfection is no trifle. *Michael Angelo.*

LONG-LIVED trees make roots first.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHAT is extraordinary try to look at with your own eyes.

HE who loses money, loses much; he who loses a friend, loses more; but he who loses his spirits, loses all. *Spanish.*

TWO things a man should never be angry at: what he can help, and what he cannot help.

ONE angry man makes many.

HE overcomes a stout enemy who overcomes his own anger. *Greek.*

HE has wit at will
That wi' an angry heart can haud him still.
Scotch.

WHY he looks as angry as if he were vexed!
Irish Saying.

WHEN the sun shines, nobody minds him; but when he is eclipsed, all consider him.

MANY leaves, little fruit.

EVERY misery that I miss is a new mercy.
Izaak Walton.

WHAT you learn by experience you learn pretty thoroughly, and at the same time much to your cost. Thus, by cutting off a couple of fingers, you learn by experience not to meddle with edge tools! *Edward Everett.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

My son has said that when anything lies heavy on us, we must work it off; and that whenever he has had a sorrow, he has got a song out of it.

Mother of Goethe.

Do your work; but when it is done, train the vines and roses over your door.

Charlotte P. Hawes.

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

H. W. Longfellow.

The world is his who has patience.

On ne vaut que ce qu'on veut valoir.

La Bruyère.

Le bien ne fait pas de bruit; le bruit ne fait pas de bien. *Angelus Silesius.*

They are the most uncharitable towards error who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the truth! *St. Augustine.*

The three things most difficult are, to keep a secret; to forget an injury; and to make a good use of leisure. *Chilo.*

Deem every day in your life a leaf in your history. Each day is a new life: regard it, therefore, as an epitome of the whole. *Eastern Sayings.*

Be just before you are generous.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BUT let me make one useful resolve; ay, when I say I 'll do a thing to *do it;* it will save me a world of trouble, and, what is more, of thought.

IF he had promised an acorn, and the acorn season failed in England, he would have sent to Norway for one!

A LITTLE integrity is better than any career.

Emerson.

WHAT mortal's head has not some phantom walking in it, towards which he turns in a vacant hour to play with, as with a puppet? *Musæus.*

BIEN écouter, c'est presque répondre.

Marivaux.

THEY who wish to sing, always find a song.

Swedish.

HIS countenance is like a blessing. *Sterne.*

EVERY year of my life I grow more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and good, and dwell as little as possible on the dark and base. *Cecil.*

WHOEVER in the darkness lighteth another with a lamp, lighteth himself also. *Auerbach.*

SPEAK no disagreeable truth, speak no agreeable falsehood.

KEEP true to the dreams of thy youth.

Schiller.

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CONSEQUENCES are unpitying. *George Eliot.*

IF a good man cannot prevent evil, he will hang heavy on its wings, and retard its progress.

Richard Cecil.

WITH patient heart bear onward to the end,
Be true unto yourselves, and bear in mind
That every god is still the good man's friend,
And they who suffer bravely, save mankind.

GOD is kinder to all than man can know, for man looks only to the sorrow on the surface, and sees not the consolation in the depths of the unwitnessed soul.

DIGNITY does not consist in possessing honors, but in deserving them.

CATO said, "He had rather people should enquire why he had not a statue erected to his memory, than why he had."

I CAN prove anything by statistics, except the Truth! *George Canning.*

WE sow the earth, we reap the corn,
We build the house where we may rest—
And then at moments, suddenly,
We look up to the great wide sky,
Inquiring wherefore we were born,
For earnest or for jest.

Mrs. Browning.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught;
We are spirits clad in veils:
Man by man was never seen,
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

C. P. Cranch.

IT were no difficult thing to demonstrate that the gods are as mindful of the minute as of the vast. *Plato.*

CHAQUE monde peut-être n'est qu'un atome, et chaque atome est un monde. *De Stael.*

THERE are many echoes in the world, but few voices. *Goethe.*

THEY are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Lowell.

LIVE not without a friend, the Alpine rock must own
Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone.

Live not without a God, however low or high,
In every house should be a window to the sky.

W. W. Story.

HOPE and confidence are the truest religion, and the best worship.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THINK truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

THERE is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly. *Madame Swetchine.*

WHEN men speak ill of thee, live so that nobody will believe them. *Plato.*

EVER manly be;
Think the king sees thee: for his King does.
George Herbert.

THE Acts of this life shall be the Fate of the next. *Oriental.*

WHOEVER fears God, fears to sit at ease.
E. B. Browning.

HE who has learned, and does not teach, is like a myrtle in the desert. *Talmud.*

MUCH have I learned from my masters, more from my colleagues, most from my disciples.
Talmud.

HE who loses anything, and gets Wisdom by it, is a gainer by the loss.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

NE caldo, ne gelo,
Resta mai in cielo.

ONE small candle may light a thousand.

ONE forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing. *Chinese.*

NOBODY can carry three water-melons under one arm. *Spanish.*

He who stumbles and falls not quite, gains a step.

PAIN in the heel makes peace in the heart.

IN idle wishes fools supinely stay.
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
George Crabbe.

TAKE the spoon in the right hand. *Swedish.*

WHEN the cup is full, carry it even. *Scotch.*

PROVIDENCE does not run on broken wheels.

CHEER up, God is where he was.

TIME is an inaudible file. *Italian.*

HISTORY — one side of a question.

IN forming a mountain, were I to stop when one basket of earth is lacking, I actually stop; and in the same manner were I to add to the level ground though but one basket of earth daily, I am really building a mountain. *Confucius.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HE that speaks truth must have one leg in the stirrup. *Turkish.*

HAVE not the cloak to make when it beginneth to rain.

THE person who considers everything, will never decide on any thing. *Italian.*

IF all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese!

THE pinions of one goose have sometimes been taken to spread the o-pinions of another!

I NEVER had a piece of bread
Particularly large and wide
But fell upon the sanded floor
And always on the buttered side!

Un jour en vaut deux, pour qui fait chaque chose en son lieu.

THE very sooth of it is that an ill habit has the force of an ill fate.

HE that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little. *Hebrew.*

Do you know the road where dollars lie?
Follow the red cents here and there;
For if a man leaves them, I guess
He won't find dollars anywhere!

Hebel — German Burns.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

LUCK has a mother's love for skill.

LET not other peoples' eyes ruin you.

Franklin.

HE that has an hundred and one, and owes an hundred and two, the Lord have mercy on him.

Old Proverb.

IF you know how to spend less than you earn, you have the philosopher's stone.

HE who is wise will have a care of his diet.

Ecclesiasticus.

IT is the soul which builds the body.

IF you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the blossom. *Eastern Saying.*

THE excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with INTEREST twenty years after date.

THE THREES.

THREE Family Physicians, — Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

THREE rarest things, — a good book, a beautiful woman, and a perfect preacher. *Descartes.*

THREE essential points for woman, — dress, dancing and cookery! *Ruskin.*

THERE are three cases in life where human wisdom availeth little. Should one desire to take

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

unto one's self a wife, to buy a horse, or invest in a melon, the wise man will recommend himself to Providence, and draw his bonnet over his eyes,

Francesco Sforza.

To resist old age, one must combine the body, the mind, and the heart; to keep these in parallel vigor, one must exercise, study, and love.

Pictet de Sergy.

THREE NEW ENGLAND EPITAPHS.

HERE lies a mother and a wife,
Who years went weary of her life.

West Newton, Mass.

ON A YOUNG GIRL.

"DEATH loves a shining mark" and in this case he had it!

Lancaster, N. H.

ON SOLOMON DRESSER.

HILARITY he viewed with great disgust;
And pitched his tent far off among the just.

Lunenburg, Mass.

THREE things travellers must not lose: their luggage, their temper, or their health.

AFTER SIXTY.

EMPLOYMENT without labor; exercise without weariness; temperance without abstinence.

Dr. James Jackson.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

FOR promoting tranquillity, both mental and corporeal, a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clean conscience! *Dr. Kitchener.*

A SUBJECT-MATTER OF THOUGHT.

THINK of millions of minute orifices (sudoriparous glands), three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight tubes on a square inch of the palm of the hand! Twenty-eight *miles* of tubing spread over the surface of the body!

DROP by drop water distilleth from the rock, till at length it becometh a sea. *Persian.*

"No! All 's gone wrong with me to-day,"
You — saddle up, then, and gallop away!
Goethe.

ETERNAL vigilance is the price of comfort.

WHEN a family rises early in the morning, conclude the house to be well governed. *Chinese.*

THE cream of the day rises with the sun.

OBSERVE the edge, and take the linen; observe the mother, and take the daughter. *Turkish.*

WHAT we saved — we lost;
What we spent — we had;
What we gave — we have.

GOD loves a cheerful giver.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SWEEP first before your own door, before you sweep the doorsteps of your neighbors.

Swedish.

CALMNESS is great advantage.

George Herbert.

THERE is no accounting for the obliquities of temper; all we can do is to curb our own, and bear with that of others.

HE slept well, who remembers not he slept ill.

Old Proverb.

BLESSINGS light on him who first invented sleep! It covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak; it is meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, heat to the cold, cold to the hot: it is the coin that can purchase all things: the balance that equals the shepherd with the king, the fool with the wise man. *Cervantes.*

HE who sleeps, dines. *Spanish.*

CHILDREN stinted in their sleep, are never wide awake. *Pestalozzi.*

BUT why, then, regret the loss of sleep? We cannot enjoy every thing — and, after all, *is* sleep a blessing, when all our thoughts are "couleur de rose?"

HE giveth his Beloved sleep. *Hebrew.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

OH sleep! it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

S. T. Coleridge.

SLEEP, riches, and health, are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted.

J. P. F. Richter.

MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

Paradise Lost, Book IV.

WHO can *reason* away a *feeling?* You may as well attack a shadow with a battering ram!

WHAT is called and thought a hardship is nothing; one unhappy feeling is worth a thousand years of it!

HEALTH and mirth create beauty. *Spanish.*

HEALTH is the vital principle of bliss, and exercise of health.

"*Castle of Indolence,*" *J. Thompson.*

HE who hath good health is young: and he is rich who owes nothing.

HE who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything. *Arabian.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THIS world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows which are not
What they seem;
Where visions rise
Giving dim surmise
Of the things
Which shall meet our waking eyes.

Soon the whole,
Like a parchéd scroll,
Shall before my amazéd sight uproll;
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I've ever been!

WISDOM is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar. *Wordsworth.*

NOT DEAD.

SWEET friends! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
'Tis an empty sea-shell — one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken — it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Farewell, friends! but not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain —
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death — for death
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.
Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above.

E. Arnold.

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

"*The Chambered Nautilus.*" *O. W. Holmes.*

GOD is as palpably the imperative demand of the human soul as oxygen is of the gasping lungs, water of the tremulous fin of the fish, and the elastic atmosphere of the wing of the bird. Let no man be ashamed of his insatiable yearning for freedom and joy, a harmonious universe; but worship the prophetic power that is incarnate in the yearning — the fin-and-wing fashioner, the

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

same that has allied those physical members with darting through the water, and soaring in the sky; the wisdom of wisdom is to act as naturally as the fish, when he strikes water, or the bird, air — to trust to the element, and let it justify itself.

Francis Tiffany.

THE more by thought thou leav'st the crowd be hind,
Draw near by deeper love to all thy kind.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man that thou shalt meet
In lane, highway, or open street —

That he and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, when these dark storms are past,
Safe in our Father's house at last.

Archbishop Trench.

IN health to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, shun trouble, seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to Godward; let faith never quail.

Thomas Tusser.

HEARTS are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Emerson.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

TEMPLAR.

Why are all things on earth so many-sided,
And all their sides so hard to reconcile?

SALADIN.

Hold ever to the best, and give God thanks,
'Tis His to reconcile them.

Lessing. (*Nathan the Wise.*).

BREAK, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Tennyson.

——OH, how far,
How far and safe, God, dost thou keep thy saints
When once gone from us! We may call against
The lighted windows of thy fair June-heaven
Where all the souls are happy,—and not one,
Not even my father, look from work or play
To ask, "Who is it that cries after us,
Below there, in the dusk?"

E. B. Browning.

To recover tone after loss and blight, and store up capital of health, spontaneity, freshness of love

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

and intelligence, courage, outlook of hope, this is the first and most fundamental of all duties; for without it man has no resource, either for his own cure and help, or for the cure and help of others.

Francis Tiffany.

EXTRACT FROM "MY TRIUMPH."

SWEETER than any sung,
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact,
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine, or another's day,
So the right word be said,
And life be sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!

Whittier.

WHEN thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. *Marcus Antoninus.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ONE WITH THEE.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy Children free
To follow Truth, and thus to follow Thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

Ah! dear me, we are most of us very lonely in the world; you who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God. *Thackeray.*

Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può voglia,
Che quel che non si può, folle è il volere.

Leonardo da Vinci.

WAITING.

Do the little brown twigs complain
That they have n't a leaf to wear?
Or the grass, when the wind and rain
Pull at her matted hair?

Do the buds that the leaves left bare
To strive with their wintry fate,
In a moment of deep despair,
Destroy what they cannot create?
Oh, Nature is teaching us there
To patiently wait, and wait. *A. E. P.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IF I were a day-fly I would get as much as possible into my day. Though we should have our be-all and our end-all here, morality would still be the means of assuring the greatest good of the greatest number. *J. W. Chadwick.*

HOPE in all that is good. Believe in it, love it, not with the love of passion, but with that of your whole being, mind, heart, and conscience.

Sterling.

WICKEDNESS on earth is infinitely less than is talked about and believed. To be sure there is still too much misfortune, distress, and horrible crimes; but the pleasure of complaining, and the excitement of magnifying, is such that at the least scratch you cry out, "the earth is deluged with blood." If you have been cheated, then the whole world is full of perjury. *Voltaire.*

MARCUS Antoninus compared the wise and human soul to a spring of pure water which blesses even him who curses it; and the oriental story likens such a soul to the sandalwood tree which imparts its fragrance even to the axe which cuts it down.

OUR chief study is that of human life, the good and evil of which he that is best able to support is in my opinion the *best educated;* and hence it follows that true education consists less in precept than in action.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WE scatter deeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more,
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

EVERY person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself. *Gibbon.*

THOUGHTS go duty free. *Norwegian Proverb.*

HE is the wisest man who is most susceptible of alteration. *Lord Bacon.*

THERE is no magic like a little knowledge.

A CATHOLIC sympathy with all possible systems, a resolute liberation from the exclusive trammels of any, an entire surrender into the hands of Him who wields all possibilities, and an honest dealing with the depths of our own hearts, — this seems to me more than all philosophy, and a thing well pleasing to God.

Rahel Levin, wife of Varnhagen von Ense.

THOSE who have ascended to the summit of the mountain sit quietly side by side; it is only those who are climbing with gravel in their shoes that scramble, kick, and jostle. *W. S. Landor.*

FEAR only fools, secure in men of sense.

Homer.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

How many people are in the world? A thousand millions? There are just so many different religions — just so many creeds — just so many Gods, each, according to one's Ideal, a wooden block or a sublime and awful conception.

THE Ethiop Gods have Ethiop lips,
Bronze cheeks and woolly hair;
The Grecian Gods are like the Greeks,
As keen-eyed, cold, and fair.

FREEDOM of mind applied to the contemplation of God is the end of life. *Bancroft.*

"WHY drag again unto the light of day
The errors of an age long passed away?"
I answer, "For the lessons that they teach,
The tolerance of opinion and of speech."

RELIGION is one: Theologies are many.

THE religion of one age is the literary entertainment of the next. *R. W. Emerson.*

THE sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient. *Augustine.*

"If thou hadst but discretion, Sancho, equal to thy natural abilities, thou mightest go preaching about the world." "A good liver," replied Sancho, "is the best preacher, and that is all the divinity I know." "Or need know," said the Don.

Cervantes.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I DIFFER from those who think God has imparted of his truth only to Jews and Christians. I differ also from those who consider all systems of religion as impostures. On the contrary, I regard the religious sentiment as always and everywhere sacred. In all its forms, I find much that is beautiful and true; in all, more or less of the alloy necessarily resulting from our imperfect nature and uncompleted growth. *L. M. Child.*

WITH what cracked pitchers go we to deep wells in this world! *Browning.*

YESTERDAY has gone up to Heaven's chancery. To-day is ours; let us make it the royal accoucheur of Tomorow.

MY naughty little girl of five years old said to me this evening, "Mamma, the Good Father is always good, is he not? He has no trouble?" "No," said I, hesitating. "And we, we are *pigmies* to him," added she. (I was surprised to hear this word from her, until I remembered she was present when I read aloud to her brothers and sister Hawthorne's interesting story of the "Pigmies.") "Pigmies, indeed," thought I, "and yet we are judging, deciding on Him, supposing that with our poor limited powers and faculties we can fathom His nature. It is as if the glow-worm should judge of far-off mountains, deep ravines, and the starry

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

heavens. This is a poor and feeble illustration. Nevertheless, to the humble glow-worm was given light enough for her own path, light enough for the guidance or warning of another. *Editor.*

No man ever understood this universe; each man may understand what good and manful work it lies with him to accomplish in it.

Thomas Carlisle.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

Richter.

It is said that at the sight of the Apollo, the body erects itself, and assumes a more dignified attitude. In the same way, the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life.

Walk
Boldly and wisely in the light thou hast;
There is a Hand above will help thee on.

P. J. Bailey.

He who in old age can do without love, never in his youth possessed the right sort, over which years have no power. *J. P. F. Richter.*

Even by means of our sorrows we belong to the Eternal Plan. *Humboldt.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ARGUE not against Heaven's hand or will,
Nor bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bear up,
And steer Right Onward. *John Milton.*

I KNOW one small philosopher who is quite ready to give up these earthly pleasures, — and pleasures they are, and no mistake, — quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here) to put his hand into that of the summoning angel, and say, "Lead on, O messenger of God our Father, to the next place whither the divine Goodness calls us!" We must be blindfolded before we can pass, I know; but I have no fear about what is to come, any more than my children need fear that the love of their father would fail them. *Thackeray.*

SPINNING.

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I thread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

But listen, listen, day by day
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

H. H. Jackson.

LIFE! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning —
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me, "Good morning."

A. L. Barbauld.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

FOR ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessing. *B. W. Proctor.*

EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold;
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold;
And we, oh Lord, have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for thy coming: when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

LES moissons pour mûrir ont besoin de rosée;
Pour vivre et pour sentir, l'homme a besoin des pleurs. *Alfred de Musset.*

"THE CLOUDS RETURN AFTER THE RAIN."

Ecclesiastes, XII.

IN Childhood, teardrops freely flow,
While smiles chase back each mimic woe;
We mark glad sunshine peering through
The mists which veil our heavenward view—
No clouds return.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In Youth, tears gush like summer rain,
Leaving slight trace on flowery plain;
New phantoms still our souls deceive;
Again we hope, again we grieve —
No clouds return.

In Manhood, tears more rarely flow —
A few brief drops to human woe;
Then seek we life's enslaving din,
Red gold to hoard, fresh fame to win —
No clouds return.

In Age, the teardrops slowly fall,
Wrung forth by sorrow's bitterest thrall;
In vain, alas! the ceaseless grief,
The o'erburdened heart wins no relief —
The clouds return.

Gladly our Fatherland we greet,
Where severed love and friendship meet;
Where cluster all things pure and fair,
And angel spirits welcome, where
No clouds return.

Editor.

How careful one ought to be to be kind and thoughtful to one's old friends. It is so soon too late to be good to them, and then one is always so grieved. *S. O. Jewett.*

And thou art gone, and we are going all,
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall.

G. Crabbe.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

OH the beautiful day when I shall journey to that heavenly assembly, that divine council of the souls, and when I shall become dissevered from this heap of earthly clay!

NOT yet, not yet the light;
Under ground, out of sight,
Like moles we blindly toil;
On — though we know not where;
Some day the upper air,
The sun, and all things fair,
We reach through the dark soil.

PRAY, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleadings,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer — not that you sought for,
But diviner — will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it:
But strive and wait and pray.

A. A. Procter.

BEHOLD we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring.

Tennyson.

THEY also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SWEET mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's sorrow,
Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream;
Sleep, wayward heart, till on some cool, bright morrow
Thy soul shall bathe refreshed in morning's beam.
Though cloud and shadow rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time, as a birthright, shall restore thy glory,
And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

S. H. Whitman.

WEAVING THE WEB.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said;
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace,
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short, though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine, and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And the singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired, and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see!

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

It is growing too dark to weave!" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THERE is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past,
Each cherished relic of the time that 's gone:
The song that thrilled our very souls with joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized because the thought was kind;
The thousand thousand things that have no name.

THE day we fear as our last is but the birth-day of our eternity; what we fear as a rock proves to be a port. *Seneca.*

WHICH of us shall be the soonest,
Folded to that dim Unknown?
Which shall leave the others walking
In this flinty path alone?
One by one we miss the voices
Which we loved so well to hear;
One by one the kindly faces
In that shadow disappear.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Yet upon the mist before us,
Fix thine eyes with closer view;
See, beneath its sullen borders
Rosy morning glimmers through.

MERCIFULLY grant that we may grow aged together. *Book of Tobit. Marriage Prayer.*

FROM the banquet of life rise a satisfied guest,
Thank the Lord of the Feast, and in hope go to rest. *Dr. Aikin.*

ANOTHER LIFE-DRAMA.

AND so, my fellow-spectator at the great show of the Four Seasons, I wish you a pleasant seat through the performance, and that you may see as many repetitions of the same as it is good for you to witness, which will be arranged for you by the Manager of the Exhibition. After a time you will notice that the light fatigues the eyes, so that by degrees they grow dim, and the ear becomes a little dull to the music, and possibly you may find yourself somewhat weary — for many of the seats are very far from being well cushioned, and not a few find their bones aching after they have seen the white drop-curtain lifted and let down a certain number of times. There are no checks given you as you pass out, by which you can return to the place you have left. But we are told that there is another exhibition to follow, in which the

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

scenery will be far lovelier, and the music infinitely sweeter. . . . Dear reader, let me venture to hope that we shall both be admitted to that better entertainment, and that thou and I may be seated not far from each other! *O. W. Holmes.*

THE burning of a little straw may hide the stars — but the stars are there.

EVIL into the mind of God or man
May enter, so unapproved,
And leave no trace behind.

Milton.

THE two essentials of Faith — a belief in the absolute Goodness of God, and in the Divine Authority of Conscience. *F. P. Cobbe.*

THE two essentials of Religion — Gratitude and Trust.

THERE is no worship comparable with that of daily duty and unselfish toil. *F. E. Abbot.*

NOBLER than a ship safely ending a long voyage, and sublimer than the setting sun, is the old age of a just, kind, and useful life. *Euthanasy.*

THOU wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man — he knows not why.
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him — Thou art just.

Tennyson.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

GREATNESS and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, love and
light
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

S. T. Coleridge.

KNOW, all ye Neophytes, that three lovely sisters often visit the old man's solitude, Memory, Imagination, and Hope. *John Wilson.*

THE glory is in the East in the morning, in the West in the afternoon. *Alexander Smith.*

FOR as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

Longfellow.

"TALE good heed, my dear son, not to think that when I leave you I shall be nowhere, or that I shall cease to exist." *Words of Cyrus the Great, as noted down by Xenophon.*

OF Immortality, the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now. *R. W. Emerson.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SOCRATES, being asked where he would be buried, replied, "Wherever you can find me!"

AND so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care!

J. G. Whittier.

WHEN morning paints with gorgeous die
Our hope, our heart to earth is given;
But dark and lonely is the eye,
That turns not at its eve to Heaven.

Croly.

KNOWING that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her, 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

William Wordsworth.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

GIVE me (said Herder, when dying), give me a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it.

LOOK cheerfully towards the sunset! It will pass gently into a twilight, which has its own peculiar beauties, though differing from the morning, and you will see that the night also is cheered by friendly glances of the stars.

Is it not strange that the early love of the heart should come back, as it so often does, when the dim eye is brightening with its last light.

Hawthorne.

THE old Hebrews had an eye for the deep humanities of our nature, when, ranging the circle of created things, to find an earthly symbol for a heavenly love, they lighted upon this, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so the Lord comforteth his people."

WOULDST thou the Unseen Spirit see,
First learn to know thyself, and He
Will then be shadowed forth in thee.

Russian.

IN human affairs make them to thee conform;
but with divine affairs be thou ever in harmony.

Charles A. Thurston.

IF wise and virtuous men were to govern a state for a hundred years, they could put an end to tyranny and punishments. *Confucius.*

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

OF things above we judge from things below,
Whence can we reason, but from what we know?

Cato.

THERE may be intelligences who would look on the wisest mortals and say, "Do those creatures think? Do they *think* they think?" just as we look on dogs, cats, horses, etc., and marvel how far their intelligence reaches, — just as we gaze on an ant-hill, and see the busy little creatures running to and fro, scampering hither and thither, seemingly without an object, but really as busy, and to them as importantly busy, as our Doctors of Law, Divinity, and Medicine, our merchants, mechanics, or husbandmen, our housewives, dress-makers, or cooks!

Editor.

LEAVE to the learned their vain disputations,
Strict and sedate let the pedagogues be;
Ever the wise of all ages and nations
Nod to each other, and smile, and agree;
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom! abandon it wholly;
Fool them, and rule them, for so it must be.

From the Coptic.

WERE not the eye itself a sun,
No sun for it could ever shine;
By nothing godlike could the heart be won,
Were not the heart itself divine.

Goethe.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

SPECTACLES, although they may help the eye of a man, would be of no use to a mole *Carlisle.*

SIT alone; and your eyes may open to the spiritual kingdom. *Emerson.*

OUR hope beyond the dead-line is no letter, promise, miracle, or bodily rising, but trust in the Power that made us. If my life is of no consequence to Him, it is of none to me. What is best He will do and I accept. The property is His, to reinvest or throw away. This is the rising faith, with Internationals of the Spirit.

C. A. Bartol.

WHEN Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

I STAND amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep.
While I weep — while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Edgar Allan Poe.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

How strange and solemn it is to think of the mysteries we are to each other! Who can read a single thought of his brother or sister? How much of love, of fear, of hatred, of veneration goes down unspoken to the grave in our heart of hearts!

FROM "THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS."

Oh sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man:

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad —
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold; —
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves!

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere!

Whittier.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE realities of to-day surpass the ideals of yesterday. *O. B. Frothingham.*

ALSO, I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil — surely — unto all —
In every place and time, seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace,
Even while we live; and when 't is willed we die
Shall there not be as good a "Then" as "Now"?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring-buds.
From the "Light of Asia," Book VI.
Edwin Arnold.

OUR little systems have their day.
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
Tennyson.

TWO things fill me with awe: the starry heavens above, and the moral sense within. *Kant.*

MY darling boy, kissed but a moment since,
And laid away all rosy in the dark,
Is talking to himself. What does he say?
Not much, in truth, that I can understand;

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

But now and then, among the pretty sounds
That he is making, falls upon my ear
My name. And then the Sand-man softly comes
Upon him and he sleeps. And what am I,
Here in my book, but as a little child
Trying to cheer the big and silent dark
With foolish words? But listen, O my God,
My Father, and among them thou shalt hear
Thy name. And soon I too shall sleep —
When I awake I shall be still with Thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

Persian. (*Conway.*)

MY OWN SONG.

Oh, glad am I that I was born!
For who is sad when flaming morn
Bursts forth, or when the mighty night
Carries the soul from height to height!

To me, as to the child that sings,
The bird that claps his rain-washed wings,
The breeze that curls the sun-tipped flower,
Comes some new joy with each new hour!

Joy in the beauty of the earth;
Joy in the fire upon the hearth,
Joy in that potency of love
In which I live and breathe and move!

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Joy even in the shapeless thought,
That, some day, when all tasks are wrought,
I shall explore that vasty deep
Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

For joy attunes all beating things,
With me each rhythmic atom sings,
From glow till gloom, from murk till morn,
O glad am I that I was born!

H. P. Spofford.

FOREVER from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

J. G. Whittier.

THE evening of life brings with it its lamp.

Joubert.

O MY friends, if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of possible happiness! But if we can find ground for believing that this quickly measured space of Life is but the beginning, — the dim day-break of a Life immeasurable, never attaining to its night, —what *weight* shall we any longer allow to the cares, fears, toils, sorrows which here have sometimes bowed down our strength to the ground? — a burden more than we could bear. Let us out and look at the sky.

John Wilson (alias Christopher North).

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WHERE IS GOD?

I.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through,
"We 've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue;
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea,
O who can tell us if such there be?"

II.

The bird flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings:
And this was its song, "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air!"

M. J. Savage.

SHADOWS.

I WAS walking the other day with my little girl, who was in a fine, frolicsome mood, when she suddenly left me, and began to hop and skip about in a most strange and comical manner; and when I asked her what she was doing, she said, "I am trying, mamma, to *tread* on the *head* of my shadow!" This answer not only amused me, but it led me back to the past, back to my own childhood, when I attempted the same mad exploit, with my own shadow, when —

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I strove with most untiring will,
By force, by stratagem, by skill,
To conquer its unyielding mood;
But it most slyly did elude
Each cautious tread, each rapid spring,
Each tactic bold and varying.

I thought of grown-up children, who often, in the mad pursuit of wealth, or fame, or power, strive after the impossible and unattainable.

A queer thing is a shadow, such a burlesque image of one's self!

Now the strange semblance at my side
Spreads forth its odd proportions wide;
Now with gaunt limbs and giant tread,
I scarce can trace its tiny head;
With childish glee I laugh to see
Its ever-changing mimicry:
Yet will I win some precious thing
From this absurd imagining,
And thus from every trifle borrow
A shield from each intruding sorrow.

Indulging my shadowy thought, I was recalled to the olden time of "long ago," when, walking in my father's garden by moonlight, I saw what seemed to be an odd figure just behind me, close to the board fence.

I started and ran: the figure ran also. Wearied, I slackened my pace; the figure did likewise; and

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

peace or rest had I none, till I reached the garden gate.

A few years after, an anticipated sorrow, which proved to be no sorrow, but a blessing, "a cloud with a silver lining," led me to think of my cause-less distress on that beautiful moonlight night, and taught me to express myself thus:—

TO MY SHADOW.

I know of old thy lightning pace!
Hast thou forgot the moonlight chase?
'Twas near our grape-clad garden wall
I saw thy figure gaunt and tall;
Like timid fawn, I onward sped,
With childhood's light, elastic tread;
In breathless fear, I turned, and spied
Thy frightful image by my side;
Still on I went with rapid bound;
An awful stillness reigned around;
O'ercome with toil, and chilled with fear,
I lingered in my swift career.
Thou wert a philosophic foe!
At once *thy* step grew calm and slow.
Once more I trod the yielding sod
With rapid bound, which spurned the ground;
Yet the strange phantom by my side
In mirthful mocking seemed to glide.
Breathless I reached the garden gate,
The big drops trickling from my brow;
With burning cheek, and throbbing breast,

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

I turned and gazed — but where wert thou?
Thou, cunning elf, didst hide thyself
With lightning pace; thou left no trace
Of thy unearthly lurking place!
Those childish years have passed away;
But have no *shadows*, gaunt and gray,
Awed and dismayed my anxious breast,
Filled me with trembling and unrest?
With wondering smile I now retrace
The anguish of that moonlight chase;
What are our earthly sorrows, all,
Save shadows on a garden wall?
The gate of Paradise we win,
They vanish as we enter in,
Like "airy nothings" glide away,
And leave one pure, unshadowed day.

Editor.

GOOD-BY.

GOOD-BY to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary
thought away.

I draw a freer breath; I seem
Like all I see,—
Waves in the sun, the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,
And far-off sails which flit before the south
wind free.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the
vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the
new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in Summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the
soul's New Morning!

J. G. Whittier.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

INDEX.

Adoration 93
Anger 115
Aspiration 20
Babyhood 54–57
Being 64
Cares 19
Castle-Building 16
Character 99, 108
Charity 97
Cheerfulness . . . 16, 74, 101
Childhood 57–60
Clouds 141
Contentment 17
Courage 87, 119
Criticism 71
Death 128
Decision 72
Departed, The 131
Destiny 134
Disappointment 98
Disillusion 44
Dogs 46, 48, 50
Economy 108, 123
Edelweiss 94
Education 134, 135
Eldorado 18
Epitaphs 114, 124
Eternity 25
Exaggeration 134
Example 120
Experience 115
Faith 130, 148
Flowers 13, 35
Fools 26
Forebodings 95
Forgiveness 108, 134
Fortune 101
Freedom 80
Friendship . . 68, 69, 85, 88
Gardening 63
Gladness 156
God 129, 158
Happiness 90
Health 127
Heaven 80
Heredity 27
Home 27, 28
Hope . . . 22, 83, 107, 134
Horses 47, 49
Hospitality 51
Ideals 21, 31
Ill Luck 96, 122
Immortality . . 128, 149, 153
Indian Summer 91, 92
Individuality 24
Influence 23
Integrity 117
Justice 26
Kindness 15, 51, 142
Knowledge 135

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Labor 107, 116
Life 113, 144
Love . 29–34, 38–44, 78, 92, 103
Lying 53
Manners 86, 114
Mother-Love 77
Motherless 76
Moving 52
Mystery 153, 154
Nature 11–17
Nobody 25
Nonsense 67, 70
Occupation 67
October 92
Old Age 148
Optimism 22
Patience . . 83, 88, 116, 133
Patriotism 79
Poverty 107
Prudence 112, 114
Pygmies 137
Recompense 157
Regret 45
Religion 148
Retribution 20
Self-Appreciation 13
Shadows 158
Silence 112
Sky 17
Sleep 126, 127
Speech 45
Spinning 139
Spring 83
Struggle 101
Success 101, 102
Sunset 151
Sympathy 43
Threes, The 123
Tranquillity 52
Trees 36
Trinity 23
Trouble 97
Trust 104, 143, 150, 153
Truth 20, 105, 114
Unselfishness 91
Vacation 12, 17
Wedding, Silver 45
Wife 32
Wisdom 128
Woman 53, 65, 72
Woman's Advice 85
Woman's Rights . . 26, 109
Work 84

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"PANSY" BOOKS.

Probably no living author has exerted an influence upon the American people at large, at all comparable with Pansy's. Thousands upon thousands of families read her books every week, and the effect in the direction of right feeling, right thinking, and right living is incalculable.

Each volume 12mo. Cloth. Price, $1.50.

FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA.
CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME.
RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES.
ESTER RIED.
JULIA RIED.
KING'S DAUGHTER.
WISE AND OTHERWISE.
ESTER RIED "YET SPEAKING."
LINKS IN REBECCA'S LIFE.
FROM DIFFERENT STAND-
THREE PEOPLE. [POINTS.
HOUSEHOLD PUZZLES.
MODERN PROPHETS.
ECHOING AND RE-ECHOING.
THOSE BOYS.
THE RANDOLPHS.
TIP LEWIS.
SIDNEY MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS.
DIVERS WOMEN.
A NEW GRAFT.
THE POCKET MEASURE.
MRS. SOLOMON SMITH.
THE HALL IN THE GROVE.
MAN OF THE HOUSE.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

Each volume 12mo. Cloth. Price, $1.25.

CUNNING WORKMEN.
GRANDPA'S DARLING.
MRS. DEAN'S WAY.
DR. DEAN'S WAY.
MISS PRISCILLA HUNTER and
MY DAUGHTER SUSAN.
WHAT SHE SAID and
PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T TIME.

Each volume 16mo. Cloth. Price, $1.00.

NEXT THINGS.
PANSY SCRAP BOOK.
FIVE FRIENDS.
MRS. HARRY HARPER'S
AWAKENING.
NEW YEAR'S TANGLES.

SOME YOUNG HEROINES.

Each volume 16mo. Cloth. Price, $.75.

GETTING AHEAD.
TWO BOYS.
SIX LITTLE GIRLS.
PANSIES.
THAT BOY BOB.
JESSIE WELLS.
DOCIA'S JOURNAL.
HELEN LESTER.
BERNIE'S WHITE CHICKEN.
MARY BURTON ABROAD.

SIDE BY SIDE. Price, $.60.

The Little Pansy Series, 10 vols. Boards, $3.00. Cloth, $4.00
Mother's Boys and Girls' Library, 12 vols. Quarto Boards, $3.00
Pansy Primary Library, 30 vol. Cloth. Price, $7.50.
Half Hour Library. Octavo, 8 vols. Price, $3.20.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MARGARET SIDNEY'S BOOKS.

Margaret Sidney may be safely set down as one of the best writers of juvenile literature in the country. — *Boston Transcript.*

Margaret Sidney's books are happily described as "strong and pure from cover to cover, . . bright and piquant as the mountain breezes, or a dash on pony back of a June morning." The same writer speaks of her as "An American authoress who will hold her own in the competitive good work executed by the many bright writing women of to-day."

There are few better story writers than Margaret Sidney. — *Herald and Presbyter.*

Comments of the Secular and Religious Press.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW.

A charming work. . . The home scenes in which these little Peppers are engaged are capitally described. . . Will find prominent place among the higher class of juvenile presentation books. — *Religious Herald.*

One of the best told tales given to the children for some time. . . The perfect reproduction of child-life in its minutest phases, catches one's attention at once. — *Christian Advocate.*

A good book to place in the hands of every boy or girl. — Chicago *Inter-Ocean.*

SO AS BY FIRE.

Will be hailed with eager delight, and found well worth reading. — *Christian Observer.*

An admirable Sunday-school book — *Arkansas Evangel.*

We have followed with intense interest the story of David Folsom. . . A man poor, friendless, and addicted to drink; . . the influence of little Cricket; . . the faithful care of aunt Phebe; all steps by which he climbed to higher manhood. — *Woman at Work.*

THE PETTIBONE NAME.

It is one of the finest pieces of American fiction that has been published for some time. — *Newsdealers' Bulletin*, New York.

It ought to attract wide attention from the simplicity of its style, and the vigor and originality of its treatment. — *Chicago Herald.*

This is a capital story illustrating New England life. - *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

The characters of the story seem all to be studies from life. — *Boston Post.*

It is a New England tale, and its characters are true to the original type, and show careful study and no little skill in portraiture. — *Christian at Work*, New York.

To be commended to readers for excellent delineations, sparkling style, bright incident and genuine interest — *The Watchman.*

A capital story; bright with excellent sketches of character. Conveys good moral and spiritual lessons. . . In short, the book is in every way well done. *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HALF YEAR AT BRONCKTON.

A live boy writes: "This is about the best book that ever was written or ever can be."

"This bright and earnest story ought to go into the hands of every boy who is old enough to be subjected to the temptations of school life."

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Books of the Celebrated Prize Series.

The preparation of this famous series was a happy inspiration. No books for the young worthy of circulation have ever met so warm a welcome or had a wider sale. The fact that each of them has passed the criticism of a committee of clergymen of different denominations, men of high scholarship, excellent literary taste, wide observation, and rare good judgment, is a commendation in itself sufficient to secure for these books the widest welcome. The fact that they are found, in every instance, to be fully worthy of such high commendation, accounts for their continued and increasing popularity.

The $1000 prize Books. A fresh edition in new style of binding.

16 vols. 12mo.....$24.50

The New $500 Prize Series. A fresh edition in new style of binding.

13 vols. 12mo.. .....$16.75

The Original $500 Prize Series. A fresh edition in new style of binding.

8 vols. 12mo.....$12.00

The Original $500 Prize Stories.

Andy Luttrell. $1.50.
Shining Hours. $1.50.
Master and Pupil. $1.50.
May Bell. $1.50.
Sabrina Hackett. $1.50.
Aunt Matty. $1.50.
Light from the Cross. $1.50.
Contradictions. $1.50.

New $500 Prize Series.

Short-Comings and Long-Goings. $1.25.
Lute Falconer. $1.50.
Hester's Happy Summer. $1.25.
One Year of My Life. $1.25.
Building-Stones. $1.25.
Susy's Spectacles. $1.25.
The Flower by the Prison. $1.25
Trifles. $1.25.
The Judge's Sons. $1.50.
Daisy Seymour. $1.25.
Olive Loring's Mission. $1.25.
The Torch-Bearers. $1.25.
The Trapper's Niece. $1.25.

The $1000 Prize Series.

Striking for the Right. $1.75.
Walter Macdonald. $1.50.
The Wadsworth Boys. $1.50.
Silent Tom. $1.75.
The Blount Family. $1 50.
The Marble Preacher. $1.50.
Evening Rest. $1.50.
Margaret Worthington. $1.50.
Coming to the Light. $1.50.
Ralph's Possession. $1.50.
Sunset Mountain. $1.50.
The Old Stone House. $1.50.
Golden Lines. $150.
Luck of Alden Farm. $1.50.
Glimpses Through. $1.50
Grace Avery's Influence. $1 50.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A TRIUMPH FOR GOOD LITERATURE.

(From the N. Y. Weekly Tribune, Nov. 14, 1883.)

Among publishers who have carried into their work serious convictions as to their duty to the public in the matter of supplying good literature, and who have resolutely resisted all temptations in the more lucrative direction of that which is simply sensational, an honorable place may be claimed for D. Lothrop & Co., who have accomplished in the United States a work second to that of no publishing house.

Little change can be made in the literary tastes of a generation which is passing off the stage. If there are evidences of dangerous tendencies in popular thought, or if an infection of the public mind is being spread by unwholesome reading, the antidote for all this, so far as the future is concerned, lies in the protection of the young by providing them with a literature which is at once attractive and wholesome.

This work was undertaken by D. Lothrop & Co. years ago. With the firm conviction that ultimate success would attend their efforts, they have employed the pens of scores of those who have shared their convictions, including some of the best known authors at home and a broad, and have sent out an ever increasing stream of pure, attractive and instructive literature, which has reached every part of the land, and made their name, famous everywhere.

Those who began, as children, to read books of the character supplied by D. Lothrop & Co., have a taste for books equally elevating and instructing in maturer years. For the thousands of such, and the thousands of others who may be attracted by good literature, the later publications of this house, as evidenced by its large and rapidly increasing list of miscellaneous standard books, make generous provision.

In a general way, the public are familiar with the aims of this house, and have come to regard its imprint upon a book as a guarantee of excellence in all essential qualities.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

RECENT AND CHOICE BOOKS FOR S. S. LIBRARIES.

By E. A. Rand.

Pushing Ahead,	$1 25
Roy's Dory,	1 25
Little Brown-Top,	1 25
After the Freshet,	1 25

By Margaret Sidney.

The Pettibone Name,	$1 25
So as by Fire,	1 25
Half Year at Bronckton,	1 25

By Pansy.

An Endless Chain,	$1 50
Ester Ried Yet Speaking,	1 50
New Year's Tangles,	1 00
Side by Side,	60

By Carrie A. Cooke.

To-days and Yesterdays,	$1 25
From June to June,	1 25

By Marie Oliver.

Seba's Discipline,	$1 50
Old and New Friends,	1 50
Ruby Hamilton,	1 50

By Mrs. S. R. G. Clark.

Our Street,	$1 50
Yensie Walton,	1 50
Yensie Walton's Womanhood,	1 50

By Mrs. J. J. Colter.

One Quiet Life,	1 25
Robbie Meredith,	1 25

Soldier and Servant, by Ella M. Baker,	1 25
Keenie's To-morrow, Jennie M. Drinkwater Conklin,	1 25
Hill Rest, by Susan M. Moulton,	1 25
Echoes from Hospital and White House. Experiences of Mrs. Rebecca R. Pomroy during the War, by Anna L. Boyden,	1 25
Not of Man but of God, by Jacob M. Manning,	1 25
Cambridge Sermons, by Alexander McKenzie,	1 50
Self-Giving. A Story of Christian Missions, by W. F. Bainbridge,	1 50
Right to the Point. From the Writings of Theodore L. Cuyler,	1 00
Living Truths. From Charles Kingsley,	1 00
For Mack's Sake, by S. J. Burke,	1 25
Little Mother and her Christmas, by Phœbe McKeen,	1 00
My Girls, by Lida M. Churchill,	1 25
Grandmother Normandy, by the author of "Andy Luttrell,"	1 25
The Snow Family, by M. B. Lyman,	1 00
The Baptism of Fire, by Charles Edward Smith,	1 25
Around the Ranch, by Belle Kellogg Towne,	1 25
Through Struggle to Victory, by A. B. Meservy,	80
Three of Us, by Heckla,	1 00
Breakfast for Two, by Joanna Matthews,	1 25
Onward to the Heights of Life,	1 25
Torn and Mended, by W. M. F. Round,	1 00
That Boy of Newkirks, by L. Bates,	1 25
The Class of '70, by H. V. Morrison,	1 25
Uncle Mark's Amaranths, by Annie G. Hale,	1 50
Six Months at Mrs. Prior's, by Emily Adams,	1 25
A Fortunate Failure, by C. B. LeRow,	1 25
Carrie Ellsworth, by M. D. Johnson,	1 25
The Pansy Primary Library, 30 vols.,	7 50

*** LOTHROP'S SELECT S. S. LIBRARIES. The choicest, freshest books at very low prices.

ADMIRABLE TEMPERANCE BOOKS.

The Only Way Out, by J. F. Willing,	$1 50
John Bremm, by A. A. Hopkins,	1 25
Sinner and Saint, " "	1 25
The Tempter Behind, by John Saunders,	1 25
Good Work, by Mary D. Chellis,	1 50
Mystery of the Lodge, by Mary D. Chellis,	1 50
Finished or Not,	1 50

*** **Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.**, Boston, also publish the celebrated PANSY AND PRIZE BOOKS. Full Catalogue sent on application.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

RECENT BOOKS.

YENSIE WALTON. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. $1.50. Of the many good books which the Messrs. Lothrop have prepared for the shelves of Sunday-school libraries, "Yensie Walton" is one of the best. It is a sweet, pure story of girl life, quiet as the flow of a brook, and yet of sufficient interest to hold the attention of the most careless reader. Yensie is an orphan, who has found a home with an uncle, a farmer, some distance from the city. Her aunt, a coarse, vulgar woman, and a tyrant in the household, does her best to humiliate her by making her a domestic drudge, taking away her good clothing and exchanging it for coarse, ill-fitting garments, and scolding her from morning till night. This treatment develops a spirit of resistance; the mild and affectionate little girl becomes passionate and disobedient, and the house is the scene of continual quarrels. Fortunately, her uncle insists upon her attending school, and in the teacher, Miss Gray, she finds her first real friend. In making her acquaintance a new life begins for her. She is brought in contact with new and better influences, and profiting by them becomes in time a sunbeam in her uncle's house, and the means of softening the heart and quieting the tongue of the aunt who was once her terror and dread. Mrs. Clark has a very pleasing style, and is especially skilful in the construction of her stories.

"Yensie Walton" is a story of great power, by a new author. It aims to show that God uses a stern discipline to form the noblest characters, and that the greatest trials of life often prove the greatest blessings. The story is subordinate to this moral aim, and the earnestness of the author breaks out into occasional preaching. But the story is full of striking incident and scenes of great pathos, with occasional gleams of humor and fun by way of relief to the more tragic parts of the narrative. The characters are strongly drawn, and, in general, are thoroughly human, not gifted with impossible perfections but having those infirmities of the flesh which make us all akin.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ENTERTAINMENTS; Comprising Directions for Holiday Merrymakings, New Programmes for Amateur Performances, and Many Novel Sunday-school Exercises. Collected and Edited by Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. Mrs. Champney is known as a popular magazine writer, a poet of no mean ability. The volume before us is a specimen of her skill in another direction — that of selection and compilation; a work requiring rare judgment and almost as much ability as would be necessary to produce an original work. The table of contents includes exercises for Temperance gatherings, Fourth of July, Missionary concerts, Decoration day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Principally, however, they are intended for use at Sunday-school exhibitions and concerts. The element of entertainment, says the author, must enter even into religion, if it is to be dear to the popular heart. Entertainments, at any rate, the multitude will have; it only remains for Christians to decide whether they shall make this mighty power a Christian force, or leave all the merry and bright things of this life to the service of Satan. Sunday-school literature is very defective in dialogues and recitations of an attractive character, and the preparation of a programme for such occasions is a matter of supreme difficulty. To make it easier, and to provide a source from which material may be drawn for almost any occasion, the present work has been prepared. Most of the matter is new, and is contributed by persons of experience in musical matters and entertainments of all kinds.

A chapter on "Accessories, Decorations, Scenery," etc., furnishes full information upon those subjects, and a number of patterns for evergreen decorations for Christmas entertainments are given. Taken altogether, the book exactly fills the place for which it was designed, and will be warmly welcomed not only by schools and societies, but in every family where there are children to be amused and instructed.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CHEERFUL WORDS.*

In the whole range of English literature we can call to mind the works of no single author to which the title, "Cheerful Words," can more properly apply than to those of George Macdonald. It exactly expresses the element which permeates everything from his pen, whether sermon, essay, story or poem — an element which strengthens while it cheers, which instills new light and life into the doubting or discouraged soul, and incites it to fresh effort.

In the volume before us the editor has brought together, with a careful and judicious hand, some of the choicest passages from Macdonald's works, written in various keys and upon various subjects, but all marked by healthy sentiment and sunshiny feeling. In quoting what a late critic has said of the "electrical consciousness" which characterizes his writings, the editor remarks: "The breadth and manliness of tone and sentiment, the deep perceptions of human nature, the originality, fancy and pathos, the fresh, out-of-door atmosphere everywhere apparent; above all, the earnest, wholesome, but always unobtrusive religious teaching that underlies all his writings, give to the works of George Macdonald a certain magnetic power that is indescribable." And in the selections here made that power is singularly apparent. By turns they touch the heart, fire the imagination, moisten the eyes, arouse the sympathies, and bring into active exercise the better feelings and instincts of mind and heart.

The introduction to the volume is from the pen of James T. Fields, a personal friend and ardent admirer of the author. He regards Macdonald as a master of his art, and believes in holding up for admiration those like him, who have borne witness to the eternal beauty and cheerful capabilities of the universe around us, and who are lovingly reminding us, whenever they write, of the "holiness of helpfulness."

---

*Cheerful Words. By George Macdonald. Introduction by James T. Fields, and Biography by Emma E. Brown. Spare Minute Series. Boston D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"Ideal American magazines!"

It is a fact acknowledged by the English press that American magazines, by enterprise, able editorship, and liberal expenditure for the finest of current art and literature, have won a rank far in advance of European magazines.

It is also a fact that for young people

WIDE AWAKE

Stands foremost } *In pleasure-giving!* *In practical helping!*

Each year's numbers contain *a thousand quarto pages*, covering the widest range of literature of interest and value to young people, from such authors as John G. Whittier, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Susan Coolidge, Edward Everett Hale, Arthur Gilman, Edwin Arnold, Rose Kingsley, Dinah Mulock Craik, Margaret Sidney, Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elbridge S. Brooks and hundreds of others; and *half a thousand illustrations* by F. H. Lungren, W. T. Smedley, Miss L. B. Humphrey, F. S. Church, Mary Hallock Foote, F. Childe Hassam, E. H. Garrett, Hy. Sandham and other leading American artists.

ONLY $3.00 A YEAR. PROSPECTUS FREE.

WIDE AWAKE is the official organ of the C. Y. F. R. U. The Required Readings are also issued simultaneously as the CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL, with additional matter, at 75 cents a year.

For the younger Boys and Girls and the Babies:

Our Little Men and Women,

With its 75 full-page pictures a year, and numberless smaller, and its delightful stories and poems, is most admirable for the youngest readers.

$1.00 a year.

Babyland

Never fails to carry delight to the babies and rest to the mammas, with its large beautiful pictures, its merry stories and jingles, in large type, on heavy paper.

50 cts. a year.

The Pansy,

Edited by the famous author of the "Pansy Books," is equally charming and suitable for week-day and Sunday reading. Always contains a serial by "Pansy."

$1.00 a year.

☞ *Send for specimen copies, circulars, etc., to the Publishers,*

D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF GERMANY,	12 mo. Cloth.	$1.50
" " " " GREECE,	" "	1.50
" " " " ROME,	" "	1.50
" " " " ENGLAND,	" "	1.50
" " " " FRANCE,	" "	1.50
" " " " BIBLE	" "	1.50

☞ *The above six volumes, are bound in Half Russia. Per vol.* 2.00

THE LITTLE DUKE: Richard the Fearless.	12 mo. Cloth.	1.25
LANCES OF LYNNWOOD: Chivalry in England.	12 mo. Cloth.	1.25
PRINCE AND PAGE: The Last Crusade.	12 mo. Cloth.	1.25
GOLDEN DEEDS: Brave and Noble Actions.	12 mo. Cloth.	1.25

LITTLE LUCY'S WONDERFUL GLOBE.	Sq. 16 mo. Cloth.	1.25

***For sale by all Booksellers. Sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by

D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
HARVARD UNIVERSITY