

# 2010 Popular Quotations

*edited by Thomas W. Handford*

*(“Elmo”)*

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*“There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and  
there is pansies, that’s for thoughts”*

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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**TWO THOUSAND AND TEN  
CHOICE QUOTATIONS**

**IN POETRY AND PROSE**

**From the Master Minds of all Ages.**

**ARRANGED FOR DAILY USE**

**BY**

**THOMAS W. HANFORD**

**(“ELMO”)**

## PREFACE.

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THIS is a book especially for the thoughtful. Its compilation has been the pleasant work of many years. The arrangement of these quotations in daily portions — a page for every day in the year — suggests that this book is eminently suitable for daily use by those who love to nurture heart and mind with great and noble thoughts. The body needs its daily food, and in this volume a daily mental repast is offered to the reader. Ten minutes each morning spent in the perusal of the page for the day will supply the mind with material for wise musings through all the day.

The limits of a volume of four hundred pages render it impossible to present more than a limited number of these best thoughts of cultured minds. The winnowing fan has been used unsparingly, and it is hoped that for the most part these pages will be found to contain only the “finest of the wheat.”

Great thoughts are valuable not only for the truth they contain, but for the truth they suggest. The thought that provokes thought is much more valuable than the thought that is only the echo of an accepted truth. The clergyman, the editor, and the orator will find this volume exceedingly helpful. Great care has been exercised in choosing the headings to these various selections. With this book the literary aspirant need never be at a loss for themes or subjects; for, apart from the quotations proper, there are two thousand and ten suggested subjects worthy of discussion. The brevity of most of these quotations will enhance their value for public use, and those who are often called upon to write in autograph albums will find hundreds of selections suitable for that purpose.

# CHOICE QUOTATIONS

FOR DAILY USE.

## JANUARY.

### *JANUARY FIRST.*

#### 1. New Year and Old Year.

New Year, if you were bringing Youth,  
     As you are bringing Age,  
 I would not have it back, in sooth;  
     I have no strength to wage  
 Lost battles over. Let them be,  
 Bury your dead, O Memory!

Good-bye, since you are gone, Old Year,  
     And my past life, good-bye!  
 I shed no tear upon your bier,  
     For it is well to die.  
 New Year, your worst will be my best —  
 What can an old man want but rest?

*R. H. Stoddard.*

## 2. Up and Onward.

We do not believe there is any force in today to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## *JANUARY SECOND.*

### 3. Daily Mercies.

New mercies, each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

*John Keble.*

### 4. Lofty Ideals.

Our safety is in having lofty ideals, and in constant labor to secure their realization. Let the getting of money be a man's ideal, and he will of necessity grow toward the dust; let a man hunger and thirst after the kingdom of God, and he will grow into strength and enjoy an unspeakable peace.

*Joseph Parker.*

## 5. “Was” and “Is.”

The years have linings just as goblets do:  
 The old year is the lining of the new;  
 Filled with the wine of precious memories,  
 The golden *was* doth line the silver *is*.

*C. F. Bates.*

## 6. Thoughts are Imperishable.

Thoughts will keep from age to age, and cannot ever be marked as “perishable goods,” but still there may be a wrong done society by means of that robbery which thinking commits against doing. This calamity befell some of the Christian centuries in which almost all the religious leaders became writers. There were ten men to suggest for one man to perform. It is now generally doubted that there were anything near as many saints as there were lives of saints, for the mind had cultivated the art of sacred biography, and had reached the ability to make a volume out of a name whose real pious exploits were worthy of only a page. The lives of the saints were more numerous and wonderful than the saints themselves. At least, great works were absent, and abundant words were present in all those dark centuries.

*David Swing.*

## **JANUARY THIRD.**

## 7. Speech.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken.

*George Eliot.*

## 8. Completeness.

Where true love bestows its sweetness,  
 Where true friendship lays its hand,  
 Dwells all greatness, all completeness,  
 All the wealth of every land.

Man is greater than condition,  
 And where man himself bestows,  
 He begets and gives position;  
 To the gentlest that he knows.

*Anon.*

## 9. Grace before Books.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon other occasions besides my dinner. Why have we no form of grace for books, those spiritual repasts — a grace before Milton — a grace before Shakespeare — a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queen?

*Charles Lamb.*

## 10. But One True Life.

There is but one true, real and right life for rational beings; only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away — and that is neither more nor less than a good life; a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good words, good deeds — the life of Christ and of God.

*Charles Kingsley.*

## 11. The Power of Thought.

What a grand power is the power of thought! And what a grand being is man when he uses it aright; because, after all, it is the use made of it that is the important thing. Character comes out of thought; or rather thought comes out of character. The particular thoughts are like the blossoms on the trees; they tell of what kind it is. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

## JANUARY FOURTH.

### 12. Peace after Pain.

Like one who leaves the trampled street  
 For some cathedral, cool and dim,  
 Where he can hear in music beat  
 The heart of prayer, that beats for him;  
 Restored and comforted, I go  
 To grapple with my tasks again;  
 Through silent worship taught to know  
 The blessed peace that follows pain.

*Bayard Taylor.*

### 13. Heart vs. Intellectual Training.

No true manhood can be trained by a merely intellectual process. You cannot train men by the intellect alone; you must train them by the heart; and this shows the fundamental mistake which is being made by some modern teachers. You can never train a Church out of the head; you may have a Church so-called, and you may open halls and bring to them the most scientific men in Europe, and you may lecture on all scientific topics, yet you can never make a Church out of the head. You must take hold of manhood by the heart, if you would train it into strength and dignity and usefulness.

*Joseph Parker.*

#### **14. Dead and Living Labor.**

In our society there is a standing antagonism between the conservative and the democratic classes; between the interest of dead labor, that is, the labor of hands long ago still in the grave, which labor is now entombed in money, stocks, and land owned by idle capitalists, and the interest of living labor, which seeks to possess itself of them.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### **15. June.**

The June was in me, with its multitudes  
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,  
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split.  
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

#### ***JANUARY FIFTH.***

#### **16. The Sternest Moralist.**

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

*Lord Byron.*

#### **17. Things Right Themselves.**

The frost which kills the harvest of a year saves the harvests of a century, by destroying the weevil or the locust. Wars, fires, plagues, break up immovable routine, clear the ground of rotten races and dens of distemper, and open a fair field to new men. There is a tendency in things to right themselves, and the war or revolution or bankruptcy that shatters a rotten system allows things to take a new and natural order.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## 18. Truth Unhurt.

Truth gathers itself spotless and unhurt after all our surrenders, and concealments, and partisanship — never hurt by the treachery or ruin of its best defenders, whether Luther, or William Penn, or St. Paul. We answer, when they tell us of the bad behavior of Luther or Paul: “Well, what if he did? Who was more pained than Luther or Paul?” We attach ourselves violently to our teachers and historical personalities, and think the foundation shaken if any fault is shown in their record. But how is the truth hurt by their falling from it? The law of gravity is not hurt by every accident, though our leg be broken. No more is the law of justice by our departure from it.

*A. J. Froude.*

## 19. If We Had but a Day.

We should waste no moments in weak regret.  
     If the day were but one;  
 If what we remember and what we forget  
     Went out with the sun;  
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free,  
     To work or to pray,  
 To be what the Father would have us be,  
     If we had but a day.

*Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.*

## *JANUARY SIXTH.*

## 20. The Shellfish in Man.

The stupid animals that live in shells — the snail, the clam, the oyster — retreat into their houses and fasten their pearly gates the instant anything except the soft water touches them. Though only a pebble may roll against

their houses they go into retirement as though there were a dreadful enemy about. Man possesses some faint traces of a shellfish origin, for when a great painter has made a bad finger or ill-shaded hand, however grand the face or form or subject, the fastidious spectator instantly closes up all the doors of enjoyment, and thinks that the artist should have followed the plow. So when a public singer offers to an assemblage one false note, the great unrelenting condemnation sets in, and all go home not glad at the sweet sounds they have heard, but angry that a person should have taken their money for a flat note. It would require years for that vocalist to heal the wounded public.

*David Swing.*

## **21. Nothing Useless.**

Nothing useless is or low;  
 Each thing in its place is best;  
 And what seems but idle show  
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

In the elder days of Art  
 Builders wrought with greatest care  
 Each minute and unseen part;  
 For the gods see everywhere.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## **22. Wonderful Tools.**

We have a pretty artillery of tools now in our social arrangements: we ride four times as fast as our fathers did; travel, grind, weave, forge, plant, till and excavate better.... We have the calculus; we have the newspaper, which does its best to make every square acre of land and sea give an account of itself at your breakfast table; we have money, and paper money; we have language, the finest tool of all, and nearest to the mind.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## **JANUARY SEVENTH.**

### **23. Ears to Hear.**

“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” said the gracious Christ. If we did but listen with attentive ear we should catch the consonance of universal music. Nature is not dumb, 'tis we who are deaf. If we did but listen, we should hear the mute flowers singing their low, sweet melodies; and the tossing pines would chant for us a psalm; and even the very silence itself would have a voice for our inner ear, and a sacred message for our waiting hearts.

*Elmo.*

### **24. Lovely and Brief.**

Loveliest of lovely things are they  
 On earth, that soonest pass away.  
 The rose that lives its little hour  
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower;  
 Even love, long tried and cherished long,  
 Becomes more tender and more strong,  
 At thought of that insatiate grave  
 From which its yearnings cannot save.

*W. C. Bryant.*

### **25. Nature Hates Monopolies.**

For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## 26. Christ's Words.

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away; and, after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.

*Dean Stanley.*

## JANUARY EIGHTH.

### 27. Clouds.

The only things that look familiar at sea are the clouds. These are messengers from home, and how weary and disconsolate they appear, stretching out along the horizon, as if looking for a hill or mountain top to rest upon — nothing to hold them up — a roof without walls, a span without piers. One gets the impression that they are grown faint, and must presently, if they reach much farther, fall into the sea.

*Anon.*

### 28. Intensity.

In spite of our modern tendencies, it is still worth while to feel strongly, to believe intensely, to live as if life had meaning; and there is no stronger incitement than the knowledge of earnest lives lived through difficulties of which we have but faintest conception, and ending often without any consciousness that their purposes had been recognized or their dreams become realities.

*Helen Campbell.*

### **29. The Hour of Death.**

When the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

### **30. Peace and War.**

There never was a good war, or a bad peace.

*B. Franklin.*

### **31. Our Wondrous Life.**

Oh, what a wondrous life is ours!  
 To dwell within this earthly range,  
 Yet parley with the heavenly powers —  
 Two worlds in interchange!

O balm of grief! to understand  
 That those our eyes behold no more  
 Still clasp us with as true a hand  
 As in the flesh before!

*T. Tilton.*

## ***JANUARY NINTH.***

### **32. Great Ideas.**

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

*James A. Garfield.*

### 33. God's Special Care.

Among so many, can He care?  
 Can special love be everywhere?  
 I asked: my soul bethought of this:  
 In just that very place of His  
 Where He hath put and keepeth you,  
 God hath no other thing to do?

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

### 34. Thoughtlessness in Youth.

When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in after years, rather than now — though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless — his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

*J. Ruskin.*

### 35. Sad Hearts.

Oh, how many are the eyes that weep, and the hearts that ache! Cold, cold is the winter about us now, and deep the snow, but hidden away beneath, all the flowers are waiting to bloom, and the sweet birds of song are on the way to welcome brighter days. Oh, sad hearts, look up and live! look away from sorrow and tears to the happier shores where all the loved ones are gathering, and to the home where the weary are at rest.

*H. W. Thomas.*

**JANUARY TENTH.****36. God Speaks to Listeners.**

God speaks to every soul of man with his still, small, gentle voice. And what is more natural? If he is our Father, he will want to speak to us. If he loves us, he will want to tell us of his love. For love that remains unrevealed and unuttered is a torture. God speaks to all men, but his tenderest messages are for those who listen and wait in loving patience. How wise we might become, how our sad hearts would often times be comforted, if our attitude was like that of Hannah's son, who, amid the silence of Shiloh's ancient sanctuary, cried, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

*Elmo.*

**37. The Superhuman.**

A man who has accustomed himself to look at all his circumstances as very mutable, to carry his possessions, his relations to persons, and even his opinions, in his hand, and in all these to pierce to the principle and moral law, and everywhere to find that — has put himself out of the reach of all skepticism; and it seems as if whatever is most affecting and sublime in our intercourse, in our happiness, and in our losses, tended steadily to uplift us to a life so extraordinary and, one might say, superhuman.

*John Ruskin.*

**38. Native Goodness.**

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized;  
 But its baser affectation is a thing to be despised.  
 Only when the man is loyal to himself shall he be prized.

\* \* \* \* \*

If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it to His use.

*Bayard Taylor.*

### **39. The Gift of Making Friends.**

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts.

*Thomas Hughes.*

### ***JANUARY ELEVENTH.***

### **40. Life Forever.**

Life is life forever! To be is eternal being. Every man that has died is at this instant in full possession of all his faculties, in the intensest exercise of all his capacities, standing somewhere in God's great universe, ringed with a sense of God's presence, and feeling in every fiber of his being that life which comes after death is not less real but more real, not less great but more great, not less full or intense but more full and intense, than the mingled life which, lived here on earth, was a center of life surrounded with a crust and circumference of mortality. The dead are the living. They lived while they died, and after they die they live on forever.

*Alex Maclaren.*

### **41. Falling Snowflakes.**

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical, steaming, odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## 42. The Secret of Happiness.

O Lord, how happy should we be,  
 If we could cast our care on Thee,  
     If we from self could rest;  
 And feel at heart that One above  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
     Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life  
 How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,  
     By sudden wild alarms;  
 Oh, could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props, and simply fall  
     On Thine Almighty arms!

*John Keble.*

## **JANUARY TWELFTH.**

### 43. Life's Tasks.

Life brings to each his task, and whatever art you select — algebra, planting, architecture, poems, commerce, politics — all are attainable, even to the miraculous triumphs, on the same terms, of selecting that for which you are apt; begin at the beginning, proceed in order, step by step. 'Tis as easy to twist iron anchors and braid cannons as to braid straw, to boil granite as to boil water, if you take all the steps in order. Wherever there is failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted; which nature never pardons.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### 44. A Sabbath Chime.

O Father! though the anxious fear  
     May cloud tomorrow's way,  
 Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;  
     All shall be Thine today.

Sleep, sleep today, tormenting cares,  
     Of earth and folly born;  
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
     From this celestial morn.

At least until tomorrow — wait;  
     Keep back your harsh control;  
 Today ye shall not desecrate  
     The Sabbath of the soul.

*Anon.*

#### 45. Ceaseless Life.

We sleep; but the loom of life never stops.

*H. W. Beecher.*

#### 46. The Good Man's Day.

The bad man's day is a wasting day. Every moment is a moment ticked off, — it is one fewer. But the good man's day is an augmenting quantity, — knows no diminution. Whilst it wastes, it grows; every passing hour brings the day nearer; and the day of the good man has no sunset.

*Joseph Parker.*

## ***JANUARY THIRTEENTH.***

### **47. Last End as well as First Cause.**

God is our Last End as well as our First Cause. God possessed, our own God, that is creation's home, our last end, there only is our rest. Another day is gone, another week is passed, another year is told. Blessed be God, then, we are nearer to the end. It comes swiftly; it comes slowly, too. Come it must, and then it will be all but a dream to look back upon. But there are stern things to pass through, and to the getting well through them there goes more than we can say. One thing we know, that personal love of God is the only thing which reaches God at last.

*F. W. Faber.*

### **48. Truth Eternal.**

Truth subsists eternally, and finally triumphs over its enemies, because it is eternal and strong even as God himself.

*Blaise Pascal.*

### **49. Be Thankful.**

And then be thankful; O admire his ways,  
 Who fills the world's unempty'd granaries!  
 A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast  
 A very robbery, and himself no guest.

*Henry Vaughan.*

### **50. Old Vices and New.**

Old vices have died but new ones have come. And the standard of human nature has been raised, and so our new vices are made hideous by the higher light in which they are all seen. No modern cities are as wicked as the old Sodom and Gomorrah, but they are deeply sinful and deeply

unhappy as viewed in the higher light of these recent periods. The increase of light is an increase of problems up to a certain point of progress, and that point we have not yet passed.

*David Swing.*

### **51. Growth of the Individual.**

The less government we have, the better — the fewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is, the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## ***JANUARY FOURTEENTH.***

### **52. Hoping for Primrose-time.**

Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent,  
We know the primrose-time will come again,  
Not more we hope, not less would soothe our pain.

*George Macdonald.*

### **53. Alas! the Poor!**

The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, fear and indignation bear him company. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this, too, a breath of God bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should

one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of science which our united mankind, in a wide universe of nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?

*Thomas Carlyle.*

#### **54. Virtue.**

Good to good is friendly,  
 And virtue loves her like:  
 The great sun goes his journey  
 By their strong truth impelled;  
 By their pure lives and penances  
 Is earth itself upheld;  
 Of all which live or shall live  
 Upon its hills and fields,  
 Pure hearts are the protectors,  
 For virtue saves and shields.

*Edwin Arnold.*

#### **JANUARY FIFTEENTH.**

#### **55. Dead Flowers on the Grave.**

Do you go to your graves these winter days, and observe how the flowers you tended there last summer are dead, and think of other and fairer dead, of which those were but the poor intimation? For the sake of all that can fill you with the everlasting life, open your heart to the sense of that spring-tide, sure to rise, when the sun comes back; and tell your soul that is but the intimation also of the spring-tide poor David Gray sang about, as he lay a-dying, in the first bloom of his life:

“There is life with God  
 In other kingdoms of a sweeter air:  
 In Eden every flower is blown. Amen.”

So may all sing, if to an inreaching faith they will add an outlooking hope,  
 — will know that this fluttering of the heart, that causes them to open  
 their eyes wide, reaches for its fruition into certainties immutable as  
 heaven.

*Robert Collyer.*

### **56. A Cry for Deliverance.**

From the ingrained fashion  
     Of this earthly nature  
     That mars thy creature;  
 From grief, that is but passion;  
 From mirth, that is but feigning;  
     From tears, that bring no healing;  
 From wild and weak complaining; —  
     Thine old strength revealing,

Save, O save!

*Anon.*

### **57. Working from Love.**

I saw a man watering the roads this morning. He was very careful where he  
 began and where he ended. Three hours afterward a heavy shower of rain  
 fell, and it blessed the whole neighborhood with its impartial benediction.  
 Thus it is with law and grace; and thus, too, it is with people who work  
 from the point of duty and the nobler people who work from the point of  
 love.

*Joseph Parker.*

**JANUARY SIXTEENTH.****58. Sympathy.**

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand and share its dewdrops with another.

*E. B. Browning.*

**59. The Summer Land.**

If we who sing a parting song  
     Have mortal meeting never,  
 There is a journey, short or long,  
     Where summer lasts forever.  
 All hail, O fairest land of lands,  
     Whose blossoms never wither!  
 Although we here unclasp our hands,  
     Our feet shall travel thither.

*T. Tilton.*

**60. Victory over Moods.**

It will be a sorry day for this world, and for all the people in it, when everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is inclined to do. The need of training the will to the performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve, instead of allowing them to rule, the higher reason; of subjugating the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no sure promise; the achievement of this conquest is the condition of future success. No matter how splendid may be the natural gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.

*Anon.*

## 61. Pure Literature.

It is right for you, young men, to enrich yourselves with the spoils of all pure literature, but he who would make a favorite of a bad book, simply because it contained a few beautiful passages, might as well caress the hand of an assassin because of the jewelry that sparkles on his fingers.

*Joseph Parker.*

## **JANUARY SEVENTEENTH.**

## 62. Hope for the World.

We are liable to limit God; we are disposed to look for Him only in certain quarters; we are apt to conclude that He works mainly, if not only, in certain prescribed channels. We say He is in the church. And so He is. But He is not confined to this one channel or organization. He fulfills Himself in various ways. In His infinite wisdom He uses a multitude of instrumentalities for the accomplishment of His purposes. I have more hope for the world than some others, perhaps, because I can see God's beneficent power working where many men see Him not. Like the young man with the old prophet, men's eyes are closed to the vision of heavenly helpers that throng the mountainside, which the keener vision of Elisha saw. The young man, filled with fear, saw only the spearheads of the Syrian foe, but the prophet's ears heard the sound of "silver wings slow beating through the hush of night."

*J. B. Silcox.*

## 63. Cry for Strength.

Mighty Spirit! dwell with me;  
 I myself would mighty be:  
 Mighty so as to prevail,  
 Where, unaided, man must fail;  
 Ever by a mighty hope,  
 Pressing on and bearing up.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## 64. Pride.

Pride is base from the necessary foolishness of it, because at its best — that is, when grounded on a just estimation of our own elevation or superiority above certain others — it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only, and have never been raised above our own measure, for there is not the man so lofty in his standing nor capacity but he must be humble in thinking of the cloud habitation and far sight of the angelic intelligences above him, and in perceiving what infinity there is of things he cannot know or even reach unto, as it stands compared with that little body of things he can reach.

*John Ruskin.*

## JANUARY EIGHTEENTH.

## 65. Victory Over Sin.

Men continually find themselves in conditions especially calculated to call out the master sin of their hearts. Not, indeed, that this is altogether inexplicable, if only we will realize the fact that these conditions are probably the only ones which would enable them to overcome that sin; that victory can only be won at the hazard of defeats; and, moreover, that the sin which a temptation elicits was already existing; that all which the temptation did was to gather to a head and to bring into evidence a sickness before diffused through the whole moral frame.

*Archbishop Trench.*

## 66. Measurement of Virtue.

The power of man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.

*Blaise Pascal.*

## 66. Secret Fountains.

My heart is resting, O my God;  
     I will give thanks and sing;  
 My heart is at the secret source  
     Of every precious thing.

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,  
     No hand but Thine shall fill;  
 For waters of the earth have failed,  
     And I am thirsting still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
     And here all day they rise;  
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
     And close at hand it lies.

*Anon.*

## 68. Religion Supremely Important.

I affirm the supreme importance of religion. The next life is but the continuation of this, and we begin there just where we leave off here. If we are upon low planes here, we shall enter upon low planes there. If here we sustain high relations to wisdom and goodness, we shall there also.

*Gerrit Smith.*

## JANUARY NINETEENTH.

### 69. A Commonplace Life.

A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh;  
     But why should we sigh as we say?  
 The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky  
     Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
     The flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;  
 But sad were the world, and dark our lot,  
     If the flowers failed and the sun shone not,  
 And God, who sees each separate soul,  
     Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

*Susan Coolidge.*

### **70. Honesty is Faith.**

A cunning man is never a firm man, but an honest man is; a double-minded man is always unstable, a man of faith is firm as a rock; honesty is faith applied to worldly things, and faith is honesty quickened by the Spirit to the use of heavenly things.

*Edward Irving.*

### **71. Ignorance of Past Ages.**

It was the plan of our world no doubt that there should appear in each generation at least as many to apply ideas as there should be minds to produce them. If our times are halting in what bade fair to be a rapid and glorious advance, that delay is caused by the fact that we have all become the producers of thought, and have overburdened the age with words. Homer and Virgil did much, but had there been rich men to distribute literature all through the Christian centuries we should have had no dark ages. But all the literature of Greece and Rome lay buried for a thousand years, there being no love that could scatter it among the millions. Those millions lived and died unable to read or to understand any tongue except some local dialect which contained a few scores of words.

*David Swing.*

### **72. Cheerfulness.**

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color is to his cheek.

*John Ruskin.*

## **JANUARY TWENTIETH.**

### **73. A Good Newspaper.**

I believe that a great and good newspaper is as sacred in its own way as the Bible. It has something in it of the very present word of God to man, and the very present word of man to God.

*Robert Collyer.*

### **74. A Gospel of Hope.**

That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle  
 Motions within her signify but growth —  
 The ground swells greenest o'er the laboring moles,  
 Howe'er, the uneasy world is vexed and wroth.  
 Young children lifted high on parent souls,  
 Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,  
 And take for music every bell that tolls,  
 Who said we should be better if like these?  
 But we sit murmuring for the future, though  
 Posterity is smiling on our knees,  
 Convicting us of folly? Let us go —  
 We will trust in God. The blank interstices  
 Men take for ruins. He will build unto  
 With pillared marbles rare, or knit across  
 With generous arches, till the fane's complete.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### **75. The Real University.**

After all that professors may do for us, the real University is a collection of good books.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## 76. Out Devil, in Angel.

I read of my Savior, that when he was in the wilderness, then the “devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him.” A great change in a little time. No twilight betwixt night and day. No purgatory condition betwixt hell and heaven, but instantly when *out* devil *in* angel. Such is the case of every solitary soul. It will make company for itself. A musing mind will not stand neuter a minute, but presently side with legions of good or bad thoughts. Grant, therefore, that my soul, which ever will have some, may never have bad company.

*Thomas Fuller.*

## JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST.

## 77. The Crown of Love.

The crown of love     \*     \*     \*  
 Woven of bitter death and deathless fame,  
 Bethorned with woe and fruited thick with shame.

*William Morris.*

## 78. Wanted, a Man!

There are times when we would give half our kingdom for a *man*. A man of the right force of thought, the right capacity of sympathy, the right tone of music — that wondrous, subtle, penetrating tone which finds the ear of the soul and charms the spirit into rest and hope! There are plenty of *men*; but is there a *man*? Countless populations; but is there a seer, a man who holds upon his girdle the one key that can unlock the wards of my difficulties and can open the lock of my life! Now there is a man who professes to answer all questions, solve all problems, dissipate all dreams, and give us a new start in life. You may have heard his name; you may have heard it so often that it has ceased to be a name, and has become a

mere sound — a wavelet on the yielding air. It is a sweet name, and yet it is possible for men to have heard it until they cease to hear it. The name is this: Jesus Christ. Have you heard it before? A thousand times! Yet there is not a name in the newspapers of today which excites you less than that name. Such may be the experience of some of you. It is a terrible thing to have outlived Christ; to have made Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Golgotha, historic names, spectral shadows.

*Joseph Parker.*

## **79. Dwell with Me.**

Tender Spirit! dwell with me;  
I myself would tender be;  
Shut my heart up like a flower,  
At temptation's darksome hour;  
Open it when shines the Sun,  
And His love by fragrance own.

*T. T. Lynch.*

## **JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND.**

## **80. Doing Good.**

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be manifest.

*Anon.*

## **81. Work is Worship.**

“Laborare est orare,”  
Sang a monk of ancient time;  
Sang it at his early matin,  
Sang it at the vesper chime.  
“Work is worship”; God, my brothers,  
Takes our toils for homage sweet,

And accepts as signs of worship  
Well-worn hands and wearied feet.

“Laborare est orare,”  
Watchword of the old divine,  
Let us take it for our motto  
Serving in this later time.  
Work is worship; toil is sacred:  
Let this thought our zeal inspire,  
Every deed done well and bravely  
Burns with sacrificial fire.

*Elmo.*

## 82. Duty.

Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty.  
Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## 83. Step by Step.

“Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise,  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;  
And we mount to its summit, round by round.  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.”

*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

**JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD.****84. God be Thanked for Books.**

In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books!

*Wm. Ellery Channing.*

**85. Courtesy.**

How sweet and gracious even in common speech,  
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!  
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,  
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, —  
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,  
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

*James T. Fields.*

**86. What Christianity Means.**

Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to the judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the school boy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work shall be well done.

*Anon.*

**87. Sweetest Songs from Saddest Lips.**

Leaning my bosom on a pointed thorn,  
I bleed, and bleeding sing my sweetest strain:  
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are born,  
And who may here dissever love and pain.

*Archbishop Trench.*

**88. Emotions.**

Emotions are stars that guide only when the heavens are clear, but reason is the magnetic needle that directs when stars are hidden and shine no more.

*J. P. Richter.*

**89. Poverty.**

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.

*James A. Garfield.*

**JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH.****90. The Saint.**

True to all Truth the world denies,  
     Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;  
 Not always right in all men's eyes,  
     But faithful to the light within.

Who makes another's grief his own,  
     Whose smile lends joy a double cheer;  
 Where lives the saint, if such be known?  
     Speak softly, — such an one is here!

*O. W. Holmes.*

## 91. Motive for Missions.

It should be motive enough for all missionary labor and benevolence that the pagan millions are in torments here in these years. Not only on account of eternity, but on account of time, we should send them our gold, and love and light. When mothers will kill their own children or sell them to bondage or to vice, when wives are held as slaves, when all the varied charm of this life is hidden from these millions of minds, they are already in a doom sad enough to touch the hardest heart.

*David Swing.*

## 92. Life is Joy.

Life is joy, and love is power,  
 Death all fetters doth unbind,  
 Strength and wisdom only flower  
 When we toil for all our kind.  
 Hope is truth — the future giveth  
 More than present takes away,  
 And the soul forever liveth  
 Nearer God from day to day.

*J. R. Lowell.*

## 93. Nature's Gifts.

Nature gives to every time and every season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.

*Charles Dickens*

## ***JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH.***

### **94. True Courtesy.**

No trait of character is rarer, none more admirable, than thoughtful independence of the opinions of others combined with a sensitive regard to the feelings of others.

*A. J. Froude.*

### **95. Proof of Immortality.**

For what is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature — the resurrection of nature from a wintergrave — or the emancipation of the butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of risen dead; for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No; the life of the spirit is the evidence. Heaven begun, is the living proof that makes the heaven to come credible.

*John Ruskin.*

### **96. Youth and Manhood.**

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,  
     Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,  
 Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers;  
     That warm its creeping life- blood till the last.  
 Dear to its heart is every loving token  
     That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,  
 Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,  
     Its labors ended and its story told.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### **97. A Happy Medium.**

As in our lives, so also in our studies, it is most becoming and most wise so to temper gravity with cheerfulness that the former may not imbue our minds with melancholy, nor the latter degenerate into licentiousness.

*Pliny.*

### **98. A Little Philosophy.**

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

*Lord Bacon.*

## ***JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH.***

### **99. Thinking and Doing.**

The sad divorce between thinking and doing. Thousands are sitting in the schools, other thousands are hidden away in silent rooms that they may acquire the art of uttering well good thoughts in prose or poetry, in oration or essay. Never before was our earth so covered over with the rich drapery of learning and wisdom and romance. Even the sleeping literature of the old East has been translated into our language, and thus Asia and China and Persia speak over again the words that fell like manna many centuries ago. This June month cannot weave for the prairies a vestment of grass and flowers richer than that robe of high thought which the past has woven for the nineteenth century.

*David Swing.*

## 100. Waiting.

Learn to wait. The trial of patience is itself a blessing. To us, promptitude appears to be essential to satisfaction, but we know nothing of the true meaning of the word promptitude; we measure duration by our own standards of time, not by the solemnity and compass of eternity!

*Joseph Parker.*

## 101. There is no Death.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call death.

*H. W. Longfellow*

## 102. Benefits.

Life is full to overflowing of fitting benedictions. Light and shade, early and latter rains, morning dew and noontide heat. One forgotten element of life's happy lot is the *fitness* of its mercies. Blessings for youth and years, for the days of upward climbing, and the days of calm descent. Strength in our weakest day. Rays of hope when friend and lover forsake us, and our hearts lie hidden in the grave. The fitness of these blessings increases their worth a thousandfold.

*Elmo.*

## **JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH.**

## 103. Suffering from Anger.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.

*Marcus Antonius.*

### 104. The Fate of Great Men.

It is singular that wherever we find a man higher, by a whole head, than any of his contemporaries, it is sure to come into doubt, what are his real works. Thus, Homer, Plato, Raffaele, Shakespeare. For these men magnetize their contemporaries, so that their companions can do for them what they can never do for themselves; and the great man does thus live in several bodies, and write, or paint, or act, by many hands: and, after some time, it is not easy to say what is the authentic work of the master, and what is only of his school.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 105. The Coming Age.

Not in vain the distance beckons,  
     Forward, forward, let us range —  
 Let the old world spin forever  
     Down its ringing grooves of change,  
 Till the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags  
     are furled  
 In the parliament of men! the federation of the world.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

### 106. Courage for Future Days.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
     Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act that each tomorrow  
     Find us farther than today.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
     In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
     Be a hero in the strife!

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## ***JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH.***

### **107. Beneficence.**

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” it is not meant, Thou shalt love him first, and do him good in consequence of that love, but, Thou shalt do good to thy neighbor; and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

*Kant.*

### **108. The Golden Rule.**

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
     Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
 And sometimes the thing our life misses  
     Helps more than the thing which it gets.  
 For good lieth not in pursuing,  
     Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
 But just in the doing, and doing  
     As we would be done by, is all.

*Alice Cary.*

### **109. The Farmer and the Dollar.**

The farmer is covetous of his dollar, and with reason. It is no waif to him. He knows how many strokes of labor it represents. His bones ache with the day’s work that earned it He knows how much land it represents — how much rain, frost and sunshine. He knows that, in the dollar, he gives

you so much discretion and patience, so much hoeing and threshing. Try to lift his dollar; you must lift all that weight. In the city, where money follows the skit of a pen, or a lucky rise in exchange, it comes to be looked on as light.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### **110. Flowers and Seeds.**

To get a few flowers, one must sow plenty of seed.

*Archbishop Whately.*

### **111. Thinking and Talking.**

The less men think, the more they talk.

*Montesquieu.*

## ***JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH.***

### **112. What the World Waits for.**

The welfare of mankind is no longer waiting for words, but for noble actions. The song of charity has been well sung by all grades of voices, and the self-denying religion of Jesus has been well preached to this generation. The presses are all busy with the literature of kindness, and each drama and each novel finds its climax in the triumph of the poor. All has come except the triumph. The quantity of humane philosophy on the one hand is equaled by nothing so perfectly as by the quantity on the other hand of ignorance and helplessness and sorrow.

*David Swing.*

**113. Jesus.**

Jesus! the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.  
 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
 O Savior of Mankind!

*Saint Bernard*

**114. An Idle Populace.**

Occupation does more for morals and happiness than can be accomplished by laws and police, and if our government cannot execute well its laws, it has built up an industry which is bringing sobriety and happiness to many. If liberty and idleness had come together to found this republic, it would be either dead now or would be in death's final struggle. For nothing can be more rapidly fatal to a state than bad officials and an idle populace.

*David Swing.*

**115. Age.**

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others.

*Sir W. Temple.*

**JANUARY THIRTIETH.****116. The Need of Action.**

The nodding of the head does not make the boat to row.

*Gaelic Proverb.*

**117. Where Wisdom Dwells.**

Wisdom dwells in blue skies and broad sunshine and the wide hills and infinite waters; in peace of mind, freedom, ownership of the earth. He is poverty stricken who is so absorbed in the one little enclosure of which he holds the title deeds, that he loses his grasp on the universe, which is his most splendid possession, his most suggestive, enduring, and, we trust, eternal inheritance.

*Gail Hamilton.*

**118. Action.**

Better to stem with heart and hand  
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,  
 Of God's occasions drifting by!  
 Better with naked nerve to bear  
 The needles of this goading air,  
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
 The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**119. Life.**

Life is, for the most part, either an ennui or an anxiety.

*B. Disraeli.*

**120. Bluntness.**

He speaks home; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**121. Books Spectacles.**

Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are spectacles to read nature. Æschylus and Aristotle, Shakespeare and Bacon, are priests who preach and expound the mysteries of man and the universe. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses.

*J. Howe.*

***JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST.*****122. A Daily Account.**

Constantly rising up, a man should reflect and ask, “What good thing have I done this day? The setting sun will carry away a portion of my life.”

*Anon.*

**123. The Vandals of the Garden.**

A few enjoy their gardens; but I have never heard of a piece of land, which would let well on a building lease, remaining unlet because it was a flowery piece. I have never heard of parks being kept for wild hyacinths, though often of their being kept for wild beasts. And the blossoming time of the year being principally spring, I perceive it to be the mind of most people, during that period, to stay in towns.

*John Ruskin.*

### 124. Live Well.

Nor love thy life,  
 Nor hate; but whilst thou livest,  
 Live well.

*John Milton.*

### 125. Earth and Time too Narrow for the Drama of Life.

No monster of cruelty was ever dreamed of so monstrous as a Creator who could create this world and not continue it; create human beings with possibilities of accomplishment, with suggestions of happiness, and dash the cup from their lips while yet it is scarcely more than tasted. Even as it is, with the forecasting of hope, one would think the Creator of the world must be the most unhappy as He is the most powerful of all the beings in it. It requires more omniscience than the imagination can conceive to reconcile omnipotence with happiness. That God should be obliged to make a world, yet could not make a better one; that He should be able to create this marvelous human being, yet had to create him under such limitations that misery is his common draught and terror, and death his inevitable doom — oh! this drama demands an infinitely wider stage than earth, an infinitely longer sweep than time to prevent it from being a terribly tragic farce; to construct it into a lofty and worthy rendering of Almighty love and power.

*Gail Hamilton.*

## FEBRUARY.

### *FEBRUARY FIRST.*

#### **126. Reverence for Common Men and Women.**

There are few prophets in the world — few sublimely beautiful women — few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my everyday fellowmen, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy.

*Anon.*

#### **127. Ever Climbing.**

The heights by great men reached and kept  
     Were not attained by sudden flight,  
 But they, while their companions slept,  
     Were toiling upward in the night.  
 Standing on what too long we bore  
     With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
 We may discern — unseen before,  
     A path to higher destinies.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**128. Working in Secret.**

Bees will not work except in darkness; thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth! Like other plants, virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay, do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

***FEBRUARY SECOND.*****129. Good Men.**

I am but an intermittent worshiper of saints; yet I have an ineradicable belief in good men.

*T. B. Aldrich.*

**130. Real Treasures.**

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
 The great good man? Three treasures — love and light,  
     And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;  
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night —  
     Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

**131. The Spirit Never Tires.**

It is only when all the rest of our human nature is calmed that the spirit comes forth in full energy; all the rest tires, the spirit never tires. Humbleness, awe, adoration, love, these have in them no weariness; so that when this frame shall be dissolved into the dust of the earth, and the

mind, which is merely fitted for this time-world, learning by experience, shall have been superseded, then, in the opening out of an endless career of love, the spirit will enter upon that sabbath of which all earthly sabbaths are but the shadow — the sabbath of eternity, the immortal rest of its Father's home.

*John Ruskin.*

### **132. Neglected Children.**

There is something very touching in the condition of those children and youths whose parents have no education nor taste, and who, therefore, cannot open to their children any gates except those of hard labor and rude usage and vice. There are millions of these in the Christian nations for whom there is no church, nor school, nor book, nor hand of elevated friendship. In all their early years, there is no one to point them to the beauties of nature and art, no one to teach them to read the pages of knowledge, no one to teach them a song of pathos and kindness, or any of the holier hymns of religion.

*David Swing.*

### ***FEBRUARY THIRD.***

### **133. Every Season its Sky.**

Each season — it might almost be said each month — has its peculiar sky and cloud scene. The time of year is kept in the heavens as well as upon the earth. These shifting, semi-lucent, many tinted clouds (pale rose, amber, lilac, and even greenish) belong unmistakably to the skies of April. There we read tender and delicate prophecy of the earliest flowers, arbutus, anemone, cress and violet, and the light cold leafage with which they are mingled in forest ways. The June sky shows the least admixture of red. Is it not possible that the common atmosphere has become so diaphanous that we, look through it into very ether?

*Edith Thomas.*

**134. Books.**

Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be digested.

*Lord Bacon.*

**135. Contentment.**

I feign not friendship where I hate;  
 I fawn not on the great (in show);  
 I prize, I praise a mean estate —  
 Neither too lofty nor too low;  
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer —  
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

*Joshua Sylvester.*

**136. The Cat a Critic.**

Who can tell what just criticisms the cat may be passing on us beings of wider speculation.

*George Eliot.*

**137. The Bible.**

It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditations which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested, and highly productive of interest.

*Wolfgang Von Goeth.*

***FEBRUARY FOURTH.*****138. The Law of Progress.**

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

*Edward Gibbon.*

### 139. The Age of Tools.

Our nineteenth century is the age of tools. They grow out of our structure. "Man is the metre of all things," said Aristotle; "the hand is the instrument of instruments, and the mind is the form of forms." The human body is the magazine of inventions, the patent-office, where are the models from which every hint was taken. All the tools and engines on earth are only extensions of its limbs and senses.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 140. Flowers.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the worker in whose heart rests the covenant of peace.

*John Ruskin.*

### 141. The Joys of Nature.

The roses fault their silken leaves,  
     The foxglove shuts its bell;  
 The honeysuckle and the birk  
     Spread fragrance through the dell.  
 Let others crowd the giddy court.  
     Of mirth and revelry,  
 The simple joys that Nature yields  
     Are dearer far to me.

*Robert Tannahill.*

**142. Bravery and Truth.**

He serves all who dares be true.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**143. Be True.**

To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

*W. Shakespeare.*

***FEBRUARY FIFTH.*****144. Be Not Discouraged.**

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions — of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many — discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling — a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! — it is emblematic of all things a man does.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**145. Our Inheritance.**

We are heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**146. Benevolence.**

Benevolence befits the wisest mind;  
 But he who has not studied to be kind,  
 Who grants for asking, gives without a rule,  
 Hurts whom he helps, and proves himself a fool.

*J. B. O'Reilly.*

**147. Preservation.**

Preservation is but the continuation of creation, then non-interruption of the first act of divine power and love. The strong spirit of the highest angel needs the active concurrence of God every moment, lest it should fall back into its original nothingness.

*F. W. Faber.*

**148. Patience and Love.**

Faithfulness in the humblest part  
 Is better at last than proud success,  
 And patience and love in a chastened heart  
 Are pearls more precious than happiness;  
 And in that morning when she shall wake  
 To the springtime freshness of youth again,  
 All troubles will seem but a flying flake,  
 And lifelong sorrow, a breath on the pane.

*J. S. Trowbridge.*

***FEBRUARY SIXTH.*****149. By-and-by.**

By the street of By-and-by, one arrives at the house of Never.

*German Proverb.*

### **150. Happiness in Spite of Imperfection.**

If a very high happiness can be found in only a perfect world, our Creator would not have made His children dwell many thousands of years in such a general state of imperfection.

*David Swing.*

### **151. Perfect Men.**

You will never have perfect men until you have perfect circumstances.

*Plato.*

### **152. The Eloquence of Beauty.**

All Orators are dumb when Beauty pleadeth.

*W. Shakespeare.*

### **153. A Frivolous Generation.**

Far be it from me to underrate the men or the churches that have fixed the hearts of men and organized their devout impulses or oracles into good institutions. The Church of Rome had its saints, and inspired the conscience of Europe — St. Augustine, and Thomas a` Kempis, and Fenelon; the piety of the English Church in Cranmer, and Herbert, and Taylor; the Reformed Church, Scougal; the Mystics, Behmen and Swedenborg; the Quakers, Fox and James Naylor. I confess our later generation appears ungirt, frivolous, compared with the religions of the last or Calvinistic age.

*A.. J. Froude.*

### 154. Debtors to every Great Heart.

We have a debt to every great heart, to every fine genius; to those who have put life and fortune on the cast of an act of justice; to those who have added new sciences; to those who have refined life by elegant pursuits. 'Tis the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### *FEBRUARY SEVENTH.*

### 155. Books Patient Teachers.

Books instruct us calmly; they wait the pace of each man's capacity; stay for his want of perception; go backward and forward with him at his wish; and furnish inexhaustible repetitions.

*Sir S. Egerton Brydges.*

### 156. At the Silent Gate.

Close to the Silent Gate  
 Friends gone before thee wait,  
 While they still here behold  
 Thy white locks lit with gold.

Hark! in unbuilt spires  
 Bells chime! and unborn choirs,  
 Tuned to a later fame,  
 Still breathe and bless thy name!

*Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson.*

### **157. Cure for Drunkenness.**

Making drunkenness infamous would do more than all things else toward checking, and to a large degree entirely preventing, the use of strong drink of any kind in families and on occasions of social festivity, and would multiply beyond any other conceivable cause the number of total abstinent.

*Dr. Peabody.*

### **158. The Feelings of a Boy.**

We think the feelings that are very serious in a man quite comical in a boy.

*Charles Dickens.*

### **159. Influence of Good Women.**

Are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished, and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many colored words the romance that you are.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## ***FEBRUARY EIGHTH.***

### **160. Paradise Lost.**

A Paradise lost is always to him, who so wills it a paradise regained.

*Ernest Renan.*

**161. Fidelity.**

To God, thy countrie and thy friend be true;  
     If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.  
 Who sels religion is a Judas Jew;  
     And oathes once broke the soul cannot be sound.  
 The perjurer's a devil let loose; what can  
 Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

*Henry Vaughan.*

**162. Censure.**

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.

*Jonathan Swift.*

**163. Toussant L'ouverture.**

It often happens that a name comes down to us from the past all covered with honors as though there were under it great achievements for man or learning or art. Toussant L'ouverture thus comes to us in moral charm, and we scarcely inquire whether he failed or triumphed. Upon reviewing the page we find that his schemes failed and that all this splendor shines out of the grand intentions of his heart. Failure from personal defect, of judgment, or from some blemish of mind or soul, seems erased by the fact that honesty was present even when power was wanting.

*David Swing.*

**164. Oaths.**

The practice of swearing to the truth of anything makes two kinds of truth or truthfulness. If oaths are of any avail, by so much as they make truth more certain by so much they lessen the value of any ordinary statement, and diminish the probability of its truth. If ignorant persons are not sworn they think they may tell lies with impunity, and their lying is made to a large extent blameless in their eyes. I think oaths and oath taking have done more than any other thing to impair and destroy a regard for truth.

*John Bright.*

**FEBRUARY NINTH.****165. The Study of History.**

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men — what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books — the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there traveling let him choose where he will dwell.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**166. Beauty.**

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful Good,  
 A shining Gloss, that fadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle Glass, that's broken presently;  
 A doubtful Good, a Gloss, a Glass, a Flower;  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.  
 And as Good lost, is seld or never found,  
 As faded Gloss no rubbing will refresh,  
 As Flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken Glass no cement can redress,  
 So Beauty blemish'd once, forever's lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

*Shakespeare.*

### **167. The Hammer and Billiards.**

The most trifling actions that affect a man's Credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

### **FEBRUARY TENTH.**

### **168. From Form to Reason.**

In some of the costly missals of the old Roman church there are many pictures in life colors showing the attitude the priest should assume at certain points and crises of the service. It is therein shown how the arms should be raised in the celebration of the mass, and how the holy robes should be received and be surrendered by the celebrant. Thus that age had a volume of positions and motions and expressions and reposes, and when down upon that childish period swept Voltaire and his laughing allies, the church was powerless of rational speech. Protestantism was an advance from childhood to manhood, from form to reason, but its dignity today is too much that of the owl, rather than that of the eagle. Theology sits in sublime composure; skepticism soars with courage and ambition.

*David Swing.*

### **169. True Rest.**

Self-ease is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**170. Poetry.**

Poetry is the consolation of mortal men. They live cabined, cribbed, confined, in a narrow and trivial lot — in wants, pains, anxieties and superstitions, in profligate politics, in personal animosities, in mean employments — and victims of these; and the nobler powers untried, unknown. A poet comes who lifts the veil; gives them glimpses of the laws of the universe; shows them the circumstance as illusion; shows that nature is only a language to express the laws, which are grand and beautiful, and lets them, by his songs, into some of the realities.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**171. Joy**

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing. The seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.

*Seneca.*

***FEBRUARY ELEVENTH.*****172. The Kindness of Books.**

To divert myself from a troublesome fancy, 'tis but to run to my books. They always receive me with the same kindness.

*Montaigne.*

**173. Immortality of Everything Good.**

There is nothing innocent or good that dies and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith or none.

*Charles Dickens.*

**174. Borrow Not.**

Borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

**175. Over-politeness.**

To be over-polite is to be rude.

*Japanese Proverb.*

**176. The Cold World.**

If the world seems cold to you,  
 Kindle fires to warm it!  
 Let their comfort hide from view  
 Winters that deform it.  
 Hearts as frozen as your own  
 To that radiance gather;  
 You will soon forget to moan,  
 “Ah! the cheerless weather!”

*Lucy Larcom.*

**177. Some Men Fit Only for a Corner.**

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

*Seneca.*

**178. Character.**

The history of a man is his character.

*W. Von Goethe.*

**179. Where None are Desolate.**

Where Christ brings His cross, He brings His presence, and where He is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

***FEBRUARY TWELFTH.*****180. The Dreary Days will End.**

What if the days are dreary?  
     What if the desert glows  
 Beneath life's bitter sun-beat?  
     What if the wild wind blows  
 Out of the North Land stormy?  
     What if Earth wears no smile?  
 A gate will open outward  
     In such a little while!

*E. L. Beers.*

**181. The Man of This Age.**

The man of this age must be matriculated in the university of science and tendencies flowing from all past periods. He must not be one who can be surprised and shipwrecked by every bold or subtle word which malignant and acute men may utter in his hearing, but should be taught all skepticisms and unbeliefs, and made the destroyer of all card-houses and paper walls, and the sifter of all opinions, by being put face to face from his infancy with reality.

*A. J. Froude.*

### 182. The Work of Life.

To do good to men is the great work of life; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do them.

*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

### 183. Anger.

Anger is as a stone cast into a wasp's nest.

*Malabar Proverb.*

### 184. The True Pulpit.

A pulpit that is forever preaching upon philosophical inanities, that is forever preaching upon mere abstractions, is not pure, is not true, is not orthodox. A pulpit that does not make itself felt in the forge, in the shop, in the store, behind the banker's counter, on the ship, on the wharf, or in the caucus, comes short of its duty.

*H. W. Thomas.*

## ***FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH.***

### 185. Books.

\*        \*        \*        Books, we know,  
           Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
           Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
           Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

*Wordsworth.*

### **186. Something for Every Day.**

We ought to hear at least one little song every day, read a good poem, see a first rate painting, and if possible speak a few sensible words.

*J. W. Von Goethe.*

### **187. Vulgarity.**

The deepest depth of vulgarity is that of setting up money as the ark of the covenant.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### **188. The Coronation of Love.**

Whom I crown with love is royal;  
                   Matters not her blood or birth;  
 She is queen, and I am loyal  
                   To the noblest of the earth.  
 Neither, place, nor wealth, nor title,  
                   Lacks the man my friendship owns;  
 His distinction, true and vital,  
                   Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones.

*J. G. Holland.*

### **189. The Depth of Love.**

The rock of the Divine love is deeper down than the human buildings that have been reared upon it.

*Alexander McLaren.*

### **190. A Great Time.**

This is really a great time to live in, if any of us can catch the cue of it.

*President Garfield.*

### 191. The World's Twilight.

The world is yet in the twilight, doubtless, but it is the twilight of the breaking dawn, not the falling night. Despair of the world's future is disloyalty to God.

*G. B. Willcox.*

### *FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.*

### 192. Saint Valentine's Day.

Saint Valentine's day, is the legendary pairing time of the birds. The festival is a sad mockery, for there are no spring birds here to pair, but it reminds us that there is a good time coming.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 193. Be Serious in Love.

No woman really loves a trifler; she must at least convince herself that he who trifles with others is serious with her.

*T. W. Higginson.*

### 194. By Sneinton Towers.

Come, sweetheart, come; the nightingale  
 Is singing to her mate;  
 I'm waiting by the old gray tower —  
 The night is growing late.  
 I long to tell thee once again  
 The old unwearying tale;  
 My heart sings to thy heart, love,  
 Sweet as the nightingale.

Come, sweetheart, come; the nightingale  
 Has hushed her trembling tone,  
 The moonbeams fall on Sneinton towers,  
 And I am here alone!

\* \* \* \* \*

I hear her singing in the glen,  
 And through the flowery vale;  
 My bonny Belle, my own dear Love,  
 My Rose! my Nightingale!

*Elmo.*

### **195. Busy Love.**

Love is ever busy with his shuttle, weaving into life's dull warp; bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### **196. The Greatness of Love.**

There are no little events with the heart; it magnifies everything. It places in the same scale the falling of an empire and the dropping of a woman's glove; and the glove generally weighs more than the empire.

*Honore de Balzac.*

## ***FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH.***

### **197. Modern Scientists.**

The modern scientists have done two deeds at one and the same time; they have indeed made the universe outgrow the early interpretations of Genesis, but they have made it too vast and too amazing not to have come from a God. Even the slow development of animals and plants, and the newly found wonders of light and heat make the demand greater for a mind

which could arrange so many great means to so many great ends. All that enlarges the material kingdom must enlarge its cause and make the argument for a Creator greater now than it was when the sun was supposed to be drawn by horses and affected by summer and winter winds.

*David Swing.*

### **198. Liberty or Death.**

I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

*Patrick Henry.*

### **199. A Cato in Every Man.**

Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than of thine own Conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge, will seldom do anything he need repent of.

*Thomas Fuller.*

### **200. Frozen Wine.**

They brought me rubies from the mine,  
     And held them to the sun;  
 I said, they are drops of frozen wine  
     From Eden's vats that run.

I looked again — I thought them hearts  
     Of friends to friends unknown;  
 Tides that should warm each neighboring life  
     Are locked in sparkling stone.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## 201. Reputation.

Reputation — oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.

*W. Shakespeare.*

## *FEbruary SIXTEENTH.*

## 202. Repose.

Repose, quietness, is the last phase of the highest life. Rest is the ultimate condition of motion. If the earth were to go one mile less in a thousand years she would stagger in her course. Her velocity is her safety, and the last result of her motion is rest, and so it must be with us. Be assured that the true test of our growth is the depth and reality of our rest and repose.

*Joseph Parker.*

## 203. The Golden Age.

We are a little too much disposed to glorify the past and prophesy concerning the future, forgetful of the fact that the only golden age about which we need really concern ourselves is at our doors.

*Elmo.*

## 204. Something Taken for Granted.

We cannot build our lives on a balance of probabilities; unless we take for granted the essential principles of duty, we can make nothing out of an existence at all. The clerk in Eastcheap, as Mr. Carlyle says, cannot be forever verifying his ready reckoner. The world, when it is in a healthy state, will always look askance at persons who insist that the ready reckoners require revision.

*A. J. Froude.*

### **205. We Want to Live On.**

When we are most truly ourselves, in purest and happiest moods, the sense of life and its blessing is very precious. Conscious of what is sweet and gracious and beautiful in existence, you do not want your *self* to be obliterated. The thought of being put away from the sights of the fair earth, to thrill no more with the delights of noble endeavor, to rejoice no more in dear companionships and inspiring knowledge, and to gaze entranced no more on the divine perfections, is hateful to you. You want to live on and on — freer, happier, stronger, wiser, of course, but you want to live; and the symbols and intimations of life are all around you. You feel it in the genial air, the fragrant morning, the bird that sings, the flower that looks laughingly up in the April sun, in the glee of children, yea, in the deep wells of your inmost self.

*Horatio Nelson Powers.*

### ***FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH.***

### **206. The Natural the Supernatural.**

Though as knowledge approaches its culmination, every unaccountable and seemingly supernatural fact is brought into the category of facts that are accountable or natural; yet, at the same time, all accountable or natural facts are proved to be in their ultimate genesis unaccountable and supernatural.

*Herbert Spencer.*

**207. Welcome the Grave.**

He who here  
 Hath run his bright career,  
 And served men nobly, and acceptance found,  
     And borne to light and right his witness high,  
     What can he better crave than to die,  
 And wait the issue sleeping under ground?  
     Why should he pray to range  
 Down the long age of truth that ripens slow,  
     And break his heart with all the baffling change,  
 And all the tedious tossing to and fro?

*Matthew Arnold.*

**208. Conscience.**

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

*J. J. Rousseau.*

**209. The World.**

Take this as a most certain expedient to prevent many afflictions, and to be delivered from them: meddle as little with the world, and the honors, places and advantages of them, as thou canst. And extricate thyself from them as much and as quickly as possible.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**210. Human Feeling.**

I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes, thank God! human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth: it does not wait for beauty — it flows with resistless force, and brings beauty with it.

*George Eliot.*

***FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH.*****211. Books to be Reverenced.**

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life.

*John Milton.*

**212. Freaks of Nature.**

Nature is full of freaks, and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under fourscore winters.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**213. Truth.**

Truth is its own evidence, as the lightning flash is, as the blessed sunshine is.

*F. W. Robertson.*

**214. Bigotry.**

All are bigots who limit the divine within the boundaries of their present knowledge.

*Margaret Fuller.*

### 215. O Set us Free.

From doubt, where all is double,  
 Where wise men are not strong;  
 Where comfort turns to trouble;  
 Where just men suffer wrong;  
 Where sorrow treads on joy;  
 Where sweet things soonest cloy;  
 Where faiths are built on dust;  
 Where love is half mistrust,  
 Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;  
 O, set us free!

*Matthew Arnold.*

### 216. The Common Mind.

A slow mind and a sluggish heart can be aroused by an external storm. Blessed that mind and heart which in times of peace and of prosperity can still perceive the need of mankind and can realize the greatness of the sea of human life, even though no storm be on its surface. A common mind can realize the greatness of the ocean when it is storm tossed, it is a finer soul that is filled with awe also by its stillness and solitude.

*David Swing.*

### ***FEBRUARY NINETEENTH.***

### 217. The Test of Civilization.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; — no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 218. The Happy Choice.

Oh, that I could forever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet!  
     Be this my happy choice —  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this —  
     To hear the bridegroom's voice.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 219. Bad Moods.

Unless the causes are removed, the bad moods of one day are apt to follow us into the next.

*E. P. Roe.*

### 220. Wheels that Roll Onward.

The wheels of Nature are not made to roll backward: everything presses on toward Eternity: from the birth of Time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men toward that interminable ocean. Meanwhile Heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of Earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine.

*Robert Hall.*

### 221. Wages and Work.

Fair day's wages for fair day's work! exclaims a sarcastic man: Alas, in what corner of this planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realized? The day's wages of John Milton's day's work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works*, were ten pounds, paid by installments, and a

rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that: it is no rhetorical flourish; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact — emblematic, quietly documentary of a whole world of such, ever since human history began.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## ***FEBRUARY TWENTIETH.***

### **222. Thought and Morals.**

I see the unity of thought and of morals running through all animated nature: there is no difference of quality, but only of more and less. The animal who is wholly kept down in nature has no anxieties. By yielding, as he must do, to it, he is enlarged and reaches his highest point. The poor grub in the hole of a tree, by yielding itself to nature, goes blameless through its low part, and is rewarded at last, casts its filthy hull, expands into a beautiful form with rainbow wings, and makes a part of the summer day. The Greeks call it Psyche, a manifest emblem of the soul.

*David Swing.*

### **223. The Human Face.**

When I meet a human face,  
     Lit for me with light divine,  
 I recall all loving eyes,  
     That have ever answered mine.

*Phoebe Cary.*

### **224. The Value of Kindness.**

Kind words, kind looks, kind acts and warm handshakes, — these are means of grace when men in trouble are fighting their unseen battles.

*John Hall.*

### **225. All Earthly Things Divine.**

It was an error of the former church that it supposed all earthly things to be opposed to things heavenly, whereas all terrestrial things are divine except our sins.

*David Swing.*

### **226. Every Day.**

Every day brings a ship,  
 Every ship brings a word;  
 Well for those who have no fear,  
 Looking seaward well assured  
 That the word the vessel brings  
 Is the word they wish to hear.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### **227. Shadows.**

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

*Edmund Burke.*

## ***FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST.***

### **228. Gods and Men.**

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.

*Cicero.*

### 229. The Peasant Saint.

Sublimier in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself, thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### 230. Simplicity.

It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately. We shall find, in the course of our investigation, that beauty and difficulty go together; and that they are only mean and paltry difficulties which it is wrong or contemptible to wrestle with. Be it remembered, then — power is never wasted. Whatever power has been employed produces excellence in proportion to its own dignity and exertion; and the faculty of perceiving this exertion, and appreciating this dignity, is the faculty of perceiving excellence.

*John Ruskin.*

### 231. Ignorance.

Nay, I know nothing;  
Not even my own ignorance, as some  
Philosopher hath said. I am a schoolboy  
Who hath not learned his lesson and who stands  
Ashamed and silent.

*H. W. Longfellow*

**232. Love is Winged.**

We give grudgingly, we labor in heaviness, we minister painfully, we worship coldly, we live meanly, until the higher life is begotten within us — until the soul gets a glow and an earnestness and a breadth of sympathy, and an impulse of high and pure aspiration, that make it a joy to do good. Love is always winged.

*Horatio Nelson Powers.*

**FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.****233. Gratitude.**

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

*Seneca.*

**234. Love.**

Let each art  
Assail a fault or help a merit grow;  
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads  
Let love through good deeds show.

*Edwin Arnold.*

**235. Stupidity.**

Against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless.

*Schiller.*

### 236. Life and Light.

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light  
 Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way  
 The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!  
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

*Theodore Parker.*

### 237. Latent Omniscience.

There is a kind of latent omniscience not only in every man, but in every particle. That convertibility we so admire in plants and animal structures, whereby the repairs and the ulterior uses are subserved, when one part is wounded or deficient, by another; this self-help and self-creation proceed from the same original power which works remotely in grandest and meanest structures by the same design — works in a lobster or a miteworm as a wise man would if imprisoned in that poor form. 'Tis the effort of God, of the Supreme Intellect, in the extremest frontier of his universe.

*A. J. Froude.*

### *FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD.*

### 238. The Fountain of Joy.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,  
 And love is lit by the breath of sighs;  
 The deepest griefs and the wildest fears  
 Have holiest ministries.

*J. G. Holland.*

### 239. Solitude a Necessity.

Man cannot reach his full stature in the marketplace, or in association with the excited throng. The wilderness must form the counterpart of the thoroughfare — great breadths of contemplation alternating with great breadths of service.

*Joseph Parker.*

### 240. The Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit! dwell with me;  
 I myself would holy be;  
 Separate from sin, I would  
 Choose and cherish all things good;  
 And, whatever I can be,  
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

*T. T. Lynch.*

### 241. True Friendship.

I give to you all hail! and shake your hand in the fullest brotherhood; and only this will I say: That I repeat here today as a part of my own experience what I have preached again and again: you are to be a man's friend according not to what he can render you, but according to what he needs from you; and the poorest man in this town — and, if it comes to that, the wickedest — the most obscure, the most despairing man, draws my heart toward him more than you do, who live in fine houses, and have all that art, wealth, refinement and culture can bring you. My relation to you is that of elective affinity; my relation to them is the relation that Christ sustains in the world. He pities it because it is so weak, infirm and wicked, and my heart goes out toward you in the very, ratio in which you are poor, despoiled, hopeless, needy: and may God bless you all — and begin at the bottom — and minister steadfastly that truth, that beauty, that nobleness that makes men worthy to be citizens of the noblest state in the freest commonwealth that exists upon the globe today.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## ***FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH.***

### **242. The Greatest of Fools.**

There are difficulties in everything except eating pancakes, and nobody ought to be expected to untie all the knots in a net. He is the greatest fool of all who pretends to explain everything, and says he will not believe what he cannot understand.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

### **243. No Tears for the Dead.**

And friends! — dear friends! — when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “Not a tear must o'er her fall!” —  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

*Elisabeth Barrett Browning.*

### **244. Flattery.**

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

### **245. Communion of Souls.**

Mystical, more than magical, is that communing of soul with soul, both looking heavenward. Here properly soul first speaks with soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call union, mutual love, society, begin to be possible. How true is that of Novalis: “It is certain, my belief gains quite

*infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind thereof!” Gaze thou in the face of thy brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of anger; feel how thy own so quiet soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent flame (of embracing love, or of deadly grappling hate); and then say what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man. But, if so, through all the thick-plyed hulls of our earthly life; how much more when it is of the divine life we speak, and inmost *me* is, as it were, brought into contact with inmost *me!*

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## ***FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH.***

### **246. Pointing to the Morning.**

When the sun is setting, cool fall its gleams upon the earth, and the shadows lengthen; but they all point toward the morning.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

### **247. A New Reading of an Old Text.**

Every land has its own ways, and every time its own peculiarities. In our time there is a “various reading,” apparently, of an old text, and now it reads “Parents, obey your children in all things, for this is right.” Yet the old way is better, and I hope it will be continued in good part. It is best for boys and girls in the end that they should not be burdened with the task of training up their fathers and mothers in the way in which they should go.

*John Hall.*

### **248. What is Life?**

What is life? A thawing iceboard  
In a sea with sunny shore:

Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;  
     We are sunk and seen no more.  
 What is man? A foolish baby;  
     Vainly strives and fights and frets;  
 Demanding all, deserving nothing,  
     One small grave is all he gets.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### **249. A Good Poem.**

A good poem goes about the world offering itself to reasonable men, who read it with joy and carry it to their reasonable neighbors. Thus it draws to it the wise and generous souls, confirming their secret thoughts, and, through their sympathy, really publishing itself. It affects the character of its readers by formulating their opinions and feelings, and inevitably prompting their daily action. Do you think that Burns has had no influence on the life of men and women in Scotland — has opened no eyes and ears to the face of nature, and the dignity of man, and the charm and excellence of woman?

*R. W. Emerson.*

### ***FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH.***

### **250. God and a Friend.**

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.*

### **251. The World Comedy or Tragedy.**

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

*Horace Walpole.*

### **252. We Should be Happy.**

What right have we to decline to be happy, until we shall have found a world full of superlatives? God only is perfect, and He alone can look for the blessedness that comes from such spotless surroundings. Perfection must be the goal of man; the aim of his soul and mind, inward in thought and feeling, and outward in acts and deeds, but his happiness must not wait for that divine end. The same soul that longs for the absolutely beautiful must feed upon the common in the long meanwhile.

*David Swing.*

### **253. The Mighty Spirit.**

Mighty Spirit! dwell with me:  
I myself would mighty be;  
Mighty, so as to prevail  
Where unaided man must fail;  
Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up.

*T. T. Lynch.*

### **254. What is “the Good?”**

In order to make these three-score years yield the most of positive pleasure and of peace, at least when positive happiness is wanting, the mind must realize the full meaning of the word “good,” as distinguished from; the word “perfect.” Here you are looking for all kinds of perfection, when you ought to be thankful for anything that is even down in the comparative degree of goodness.

*David Swing.*

***FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH.*****255. Solitude.**

True life can never be developed among throngs and noises. We must betake ourselves into desert places. In a word, we must get away from men and view life from such distance as may be realized by intimate divine fellowship. As it is necessary to stand back from his work in order that the artist may see how it is shaping itself, so it is often necessary for us, who are doing Christ's work, to retire into solitary places that we may look at it from the altar of worship, or perhaps from the valley of humiliation.

*Joseph Parker.*

**256. Contemporary with the Ages.**

In conversing with books, we may choose our company, make ourselves contemporary with the ages past, commune with the wisest, and shake off the haughty, the impertinent and the vain.

*Jeremy Collier.*

**157. Resignation.**

Life will be gone ere I have lived.  
     Where now is life's first prime?  
 I've worked and studied, longed and grieved  
     Through all that busy time.  
 To toil, to think, to long, to grieve —  
     Is such my future fate?  
 The morn was dreary; must the eve  
     Be also desolate?  
 Well, such a life at least makes Death  
     A welcome, wished for friend;  
 Then aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,  
     To suffer to the end.

*Charlotte Bronte.*

**258. Difficulty.**

Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a wholesome stimulus to men of pluck and resolution. All experience of life, indeed, serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of success may, for the most part, be overcome by steady conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance.

*Anon.*

**FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH.****259. Dream not! Despair not!**

Fear not! Life still  
 Leaves human effort scope.  
 But, since life teems with ill,  
 Nurse no extravagant hope:  
 Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then  
 despair.

*Matthew Arnold.*

**260. Action.**

Read the roll of earth's great from the present back, and it is not made up of only those who wrote and spoke with elegance and genius and logic, but every alternate name is of someone who led the legions in the field of action. Poet must divide space with inventor, orator must find room for discoverer, dramatist must share marble with the philanthropist, until at last poetry is equaled by love, and admiration is divided between the genius and the hero.

*David Swing.*

### 261. One Perfect Flower.

On the wild rose tree  
 Many buds there be,  
 Yet each sunny hour  
 Hath one perfect flower.  
 Thou who wouldst be wise,  
 Open wide thine eyes —  
 In each sunny hour  
 Pluck the one perfect flower.

*R. W. Gilder.*

### 262. Consistency.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. “Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.” Is it too bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Luther, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

*R. W. Emerson.*

## ***FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH.***

### 263. Play and Pleasure.

It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gayety heart, during the reaction after hard labor, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty of perfected result, is altogether compatible with — nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of — a deep internal seriousness of disposition.

*John Ruskin.*



## MARCH.

### *MARCH FIRST.*

#### **267. Philosophy.**

It is the peculiar quality and character of an undisciplined man, and a man of the world, to expect no advantage, and to apprehend no mischief from himself, but all from objects without him. Whereas, the philosopher, quite contrary, looks only inward, and apprehends no good or evil can happen to him but from himself alone.

*Epictetus.*

#### **268. The Excellent the Permanent.**

What is excellent  
 As God lives is permanent;  
 Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;  
 Heart's love will meet thee again.  
 Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye  
 Up to his style, and manners of the sky.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### **269. Color the Type of Love.**

Color is, therefore, in brief terms, the type of love. Hence it is especially connected with the blossoming of the earth, and again with its fruits; also with the spring and fall of the leaf, and with the morning and evening of the day, in order to show the wailing of love about the birth and death of man.

*John Ruskin.*

## 270. Proprietors of Truth.

There is nothing under the stars, or from the center of the earth to the center of heaven, that I have not a right to preach about. All truth is mine, because it is God's, and I am his son. There is nothing which concerns the human race that the pulpit is not bound to teach.

*H. W. Thomas.*

## MARCH SECOND.

## 271. Making Trouble.

But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They make enow themsels to vex them.

*Robert Burns.*

## 272. How to Enrich Life.

The way to enrich life is to keep a retentive memory in the heart. Look over a period of twenty years, and see the all-covering and ever-shining mercy of God! How many special providences have you observed? How many narrow escapes have you experienced? How many difficulties have you surmounted? How often have you found a pool in unexpected places? We should lay up some memory of the Divine triumphs which have gladdened our lives, and fall back upon it for inspiration and courage in the dark and cloudy day. Go into your yesterdays to find God! Search for Him in the paths along which you have come, and, if you dare, under the teaching of your own memories, deny His goodness, then betake yourselves to the infamous luxury of distrust and reproach.

*Joseph Parker.*

### **273. The Curse of Idleness.**

Our flag waves over millions who are industrious, and thus they find the paths of honor and of happiness. Most of modern crime comes from the intemperate or the idle and indolent. Against the quick and utter ruin of the masses the popularity and rewards of industry are a perpetual barrier.

*David Swing.*

### **274. Enemies of the Republic.**

Every man who cheats in trade, who lies in politics, who is false in religion, every man who slanders his neighbor at the tea-table for amusement or his opponent in the newspaper for advancement or for money, he is helping to pull down the Republic our fathers builded.

*Gail Hamilton.*

### **275. Be Discreet.**

Thy friend has a friend, thy friend's friend has a friend — therefore, be discreet.

*Anon.*

## **MARCH THIRD.**

### **276. Religion the Sabbath of Man's Thought.**

After all our wanderings through the labyrinth of science, religion is the haven and Sabbath of man's contemplation.

*Lord Bacon.*

**277. Cracked Pitchers.**

With what cracked pitchers go we to deep wells  
In this world!

*E. B. Browning*

**278. The Untrodden Path.**

I know not what the future hath

Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death

His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak

To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,

But strengthen and sustain.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**279. Sowing Wild Oats.**

In all the wild range of accepted British maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and you can make nothing but a devil's maxim of it. What a man — be he young, old, or middle-aged — sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven — a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special

crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day.

*Thomas Hughes.*

### **MARCH FOURTH.**

#### **280. The Test of Manhood.**

I hold to heart, to manhood and nobleness, not correct expression. I try to judge words and actions by the man, not the man by his words and actions.

*Anon.*

#### **281. Shame.**

I consider that man to be undone who is insensible to shame.

*Plautus.*

#### **282. The Cry of Penitence.**

Wash me with Thy tears! draw nigh me,  
 That their salt may purify me!  
 Thou remit my sins who knowest  
 All the sinning, to the lowest —  
 Knowest all my wounds, and seest  
 All the stripes Thyself decreest;  
 Yea, but knowest all my faith —  
 Seest all my force to death, —  
 Hearest all my wailings low  
 That mine evil should be so!  
 Nothing hidden but appears  
 In Thy knowledge, O Divine,

O Creator, Savior mine! —  
 Not a drop of falling tears,  
 Not a breath of inward moan,  
 Not a heartbeat — which is gone!

*St. Joannes Damascenus.*

### **283. Nature will be Reported.**

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### **284. The True Royalty.**

There is nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth.

*Alice Cary.*

## **MARCH FIFTH.**

### **285. The Inspiration of Literature.**

A sacred familiarity with the Divine Mind is the best inspiration for literature. Many an author, dead and forgotten, might have been alive in the world's memory today, only for lack of that quickening into greatness which comes of God's breath upon the soul. The world's teachers must first be God's learners. Wisdom does not grow out of books when students

lock themselves in shut closets. The cloister must open outward to the world and upward to the heavens. The great wisdom is God's divinity and man's humanity. Who knows this, knows most of all, after this, what remains to be learned is little. God first, man next; the rest are trifles.

*Theodore Tilton.*

**286. "Lord, Keep my Memory Green."**

I know not what the years may bring  
 Of dangers wild, or joys serene,  
 But turning to the east, I sing,  
 "Lord, keep my memory green."

*J. G. Clark.*

**287. The Golden Age.**

The Golden Age is before us, not behind us.

*St. Simon.*

**288. Judge Not.**

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on:  
 Judge not the play before the play is done:  
 Her plot has many changes: Ev'ry day  
 Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the play.

*Francis Quarles.*

## **289. Love's Foundations.**

Love is the foundation of all obedience. Without it morality degenerates into mere casuistry. Love is the foundation of all knowledge. Without it religion degenerates into a chattering about Moses and doctrines and theories; a thing that will neither kill nor make alive, that never gave life to a single soul or blessing to a single heart, and never put strength into any hand in the conflict and strife of daily life.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

## **MARCH SIXTH.**

## **290. Gratitude.**

Life crowded with assorted, suited good. What shall we do? Render back a *quid pro quo*? This cannot be. We must be debtors to kindness and goodness, howsoever our pride rebels. Gratitude has only one course. That course is to stretch out empty hands for more blessing, and then to take these brimming cups, and give thanks in the name of the Lord.

*Elmo.*

## **291. Religion.**

Religion would not have enemies if it were not an enemy to their vices.

*Massillon.*

## **292. Every Generation Proud.**

Each generation of mankind thinks highly of its own importance, and inclines to believe that it will mark an epoch in human history.

*A. J. Froude.*

### 293. What Is Life?

Life is a leaf of paper white,  
 Whereon each one of us may write  
 His word or two, and then comes night;  
     Though thou have time  
 But for a line, be that sublime;  
 Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

*J. R. Lowell.*

### 294. The Well-Conditioned Stripling.

In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor, in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that garden, is a tree of knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier, if cherubim and a flaming sword divide it from all footsteps of men, and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable celestial barrier, and the sacred air cities of hope have not shrunk into the mean clay hamlets of reality, and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## **MARCH SEVENTH.**

### 295. Sleep.

What a great blessing is the gift of sleep! Almighty God does not suffer us to be miserable for a long time together, even when He afflicts us, but He breaks our trial portions; takes us out of this world, ever and anon, and gives us a holiday time, like children at school, in an unknown and mysterious country.

*J. H. Newman.*

**296. Proportion.**

Let not your sail be bigger than your boat.

*Ben Jonson.*

**297. Power and Duty.**

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**298. The Soul.**

Either we have an immortal Soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are Beasts; the first and wisest of Beasts, it may be; but still true Beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists, of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts, and this also we say from our own Consciousness. Therefore, methinks it must be the possession of a Soul within us that makes the difference.

*S. S. Coleridge.*

**299. The Only Way of Doing Good.**

There is nothing like the power of a good life as a memento to others. Everything else is feeble in comparison, and it alone speaks with command. Let no one look forward to being able to do good by means of any experience he may gain by conversance with evil; and let no one excuse a worldly aim of life to himself on such a prospect. There is one, and only one appointed way of doing good, and that is by being good.

*J. B. Mozley.*

### 300. The True Gentleman.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.

*John Locke.*

### *MARCH EIGHTH.*

### 301. Boys.

The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.

*Dr. Arnold.*

### 302. The River of Death.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
 To the better shore of the spirit land.  
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
 When over the river, the peaceful river,  
 The angel of death shall carry me.

*Nancy Amelia Woodbury Priest.*

### 303. Home Education.

Parents are not wont, now-a-days, to catechize their children at home, and to give them instruction and training, as they used to. There was a time when the family was almost the sole place where the child was instructed. Now the means of education are greatly augmented; but there is no equivalent that can be formed outside of the family, for paternal instruction inside of the family; and it is the duty of every Christian man not only, but of every patriotic man, and every man that loves his children, to begin to educate them in the family with an honor, a conscience, and a religion of honesty. We must go back to the very beginning, and teach our children to be proud of honesty.

*H. W. Thomas.*

### 304. Vanished Years.

Lament who will; in fruitless tears,  
     The speed with which our moments fly;  
 I sigh not over vanished years,  
     But watch the years that hasten by.

*W. C. Bryant*

## MARCH NINTH.

### 305. Knowledge and Wisdom.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
 Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more.

*Cowper.*

### 306. A Taste for Books.

A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life.

*Edward Gibbon.*

### 307. Perpetual Youth.

God keep thine heart from growing old  
Now and forever!

*E. L Beers.*

### 308. How to Gain Friends.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 309. The Truth of Truths.

Truth is to be discovered, and pardon to be won for every man by himself. This is evident from innumerable texts of scripture, but chiefly from those which exhort every man to seek after truth, and which connect knowing with doing. We are to seek after knowledge as silver, and search for her as for hid treasures; therefore, from every man she must be naturally hid, and the discovery of her is to be the reward only of personal search. The kingdom of God is as treasure hid in a field; and of those who profess to help us to seek for it, we are not to put confidence in those who say, Here is the treasure, we have found it, and have it, and will give you some of it; but to those who say, We think that is a good place to dig, and you will dig most easily in such and such a way.

*John Ruskin.*

### 310. What is Life?

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me that, ere this day is  
done,  
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun —  
Forever and forever with those just souls and true —  
And what is life that we should moan? why make we  
such ado?

*Lord Tennyson.*

**MARCH TENTH.****311. The Living God.**

God is still the *living* God. He is the same, unchangeable in His affection and care for mankind. God is as active in the affairs of the world today as He ever was. "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends the earth, faintest not, never is weary? He giveth power to the infant, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." The Bible unveils only a small arc of the measureless circle of Divine Providence.

*J. B. Silcox.*

**312. The Love of God.**

God only knows the love of God;  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
     In this poor stony heart;  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
     Be mine this better part.

*Charles Wesley.*

**313. The Summers Never Return.**

No summer ever came back, and no two summers ever were alike. Times change, and people change; and if our hearts do not change as readily, so much the worse for us.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

### 314. How Men may be Helpful.

Men are helpful through the intellect and the affections. Other help I find a false appearance. If you affect to give me bread and fire, I perceive that I pay for it in full price, and at last it leaves me as it found me, neither better nor worse; but all mental and moral force is a positive good.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 315. The Soul.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and, defies its point;  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

*Joseph Addison.*

## *MARCH ELEVENTH.*

### 316. How Old Am I?

My birthday! "How many years ago?  
 Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me!  
 "Forty or fifty?" How can I tell?  
 I do not remember my birth, you see!  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

But — how old am I? You must tell.  
 Just as old as I seem to you!  
 Nor shall I a day older be  
 While life remaineth and love is true!

*Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.*

### 317. Science of Numbers.

The highest profits in life cannot be set down in figures. The science of numbers is the science of mistakes when applied to the soul.

*Joseph Parker.*

### 318. Abraham Lincoln.

A great style of hero draws equally all classes, all the extremes of society, till we say the very dogs believe in him. . . . Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most remarkable example of this class that we have seen — a man who was at home and welcome with the humblest, and with a spirit and a practical vein in the times of terror that commanded the admiration of the wisest. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 319. Good Intentions.

Good intentions are valuable and admirable, because they betray the germs of good. They are a good in some defective shape — a struggle even if a defeat. As in the studio of the old sculptors and painters there were sketches in rude outline which never received the finish of marble or canvas, and as for these, the world would now pay a great price because they contained the outline shape of a sentiment or conception, so a good intention and effort of a mind that fails at last should be esteemed.

*David Swing.*

**MARCH TWELFTH.****320. Mornings.**

Mornings are mysteries: the first-world's youth,  
 Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,  
 Shroud in their births; the crown of light, life, truth  
 Is stil'd their starre, the stone, and hidden food.  
 Three blessings wait upon them, two of which  
 Should move: they make us holy, happy, rich.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**321. Life — March Weather.**

Our life is March weather, savage and serene in one hour. We go forth austere, dedicated, believing in the iron links of Destiny, and will not turn on our heel to save our life; but a book or a bust, or only the sound of a name, shoots a spark through the nerves, and we suddenly believe in will.

*Anonymous.*

**322. The Human Heart.**

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

*Martin Luther.*

**323. Over Knowledge of Each Other.**

Surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellowman is that which enables us to feel with him — which gives us a fine ear for the heart pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees, in all forms of human thought and work,

the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

*David Swing.*

### **324. "All Skies are Fair."**

All skies are fair  
To trusting hearts, when once their truth is tried.

*Bayard Taylor.*

### **325. Virtue.**

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; "the only lasting treasure, truth."

*W. Cowper.*

## ***MARCH THIRTEENTH.***

### **326. The Man More than his House.**

Go into the house. If the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds, you quickly come to the end of all. But if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**327. “O, Set Us Free!”**

From doubt, where all is double,  
     Where wise men are not strong;  
 Where comfort turns to trouble;  
     Where just men oft are wrong;  
 Where sorrow treads on joy;  
 Where sweet things soonest cloy;  
 Where faiths are built on dust;  
 Where love is half mistrust,  
 Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea,  
     O, set us free!

*Matthew Arnold.*

**328. The Will.**

Our bodies are our gardens: to the which our Wills are Gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with Idleness, or manured with Industry why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our Wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality, the Blood and baseness of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**329. Action and Thought.**

An action and not a thought is the end of life.

*Aristotle.*

**330. Conviction and Action.**

Conviction is useless till it be converted into action.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## **MARCH FOURTEENTH.**

### **331. Idleness a Disgrace.**

Our nation sowed the seeds of its own salvation when it sowed those of a popular industry. Idleness has become a disgrace. Even a millionaire would be ashamed of a life without an avocation as constant as the beatings of the heart.

*David Swing.*

### **332. The Kindness of Books.**

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books. they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

*Thomas Fuller.*

### **333. Withered Hands.**

Withered hands come of withered hearts; if there were no withered hearts there would be no withered hands. Make the fountain clear and the stream will be pure.

*Joseph Parker.*

### **334. Egoists.**

There are three sorts of egoists: those who live themselves and let others live; those who live themselves and don't let others live; and those who neither live themselves nor let others live.

*Anon.*

**335. Thy Will be Done.**

The dear God hears and pities all;  
 He knoweth all our wants:  
 And what we blindly ask of him  
 His love withholds or grants.  
 And so I sometimes think our prayers  
 Might well be merged in one,  
 And nest and perch and hearth and church  
 Repeat, "Thy will be done."

*J. G. Wittier.*

**336. Ignorance.**

Ignorance gives a sort of eternity to prejudice and perpetuity to error.

*Robert Hall.*

**MARCH FIFTEENTH.****337. The Past.**

We look back on the past with affectionate regret, as when we were young we looked to the future with hope and enthusiasm. We do not see the sordid details of vulgar reality; we are unconscious poets, and idealize without being aware of it.

*Anon.*

**338. George Herbert.**

Herbert is the psalmist dear to all who love religious poetry with exquisite refinement of thought. So much piety was never married to so much wit. Herbert identifies himself with Jewish genius, as Michael Angelo did when carving or painting prophets and patriarchs, not merely old men in robes and beards, but with the sanctity and the character of the Pentateuch and the prophecy conspicuous in them. His wit and his piety are genuine, and are sure to make a lifelong friend of a good reader.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**339. Brief Litany.**

From the world's temptations;  
 From tribulations;  
 From that fierce anguish  
 Wherein we languish;  
 From that torpor deep  
 Wherein we lie asleep,  
 Heavy as death, cold as the grave, —  
     Save, O, save!

*Matthew Arnold.*

**340. Inquisitiveness.**

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation. They do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

*Sir R. Steele.*

**341. The Inevitable.**

The inevitabilities are always sapping every seeming prosperity built on a wrong. No matter how you seem to fatten on a crime, that can never be good for the bee which is bad for the swarm.

*A. J. Froude.*

**342. Love is Eloquent.**

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

*Anon.*

**MARCH SIXTEENTH.****343. Pain's Resistless Power.**

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,  
 Till crushed by Pain's resistless power;  
 And yield their juices rich and bland  
 To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.  
 The purest streams of human love  
     Flow naturally never,  
 But gush by pressure from above,  
     With God's hand on the lever.

*J. G. Holland.*

**344. Foreshadowing the Ages.**

As the good and dear are buried out of your sight, as youth dies, as the years bear you on to trial and pain, you are carrying onward, if walking with the Master, more and more that shall bloom again and adorn your larger life when mortality is all swallowed up. And so, looking out on the opening season, on the faces of children that cling to you, and of friends that are true; thinking over the days of your vanished prime, and the joys which came so often in a loving service that you have not strength to render now, — you are not to grow sad, as if all that were gone forever, as if you were mocked by a loveliness that you could not keep, as if the kernel of existence were almost consumed, and soon all would be as if you had not been. No; you are not to look at things in this way, — you cannot, indeed, in the tender and unerring sympathy of Christ. The divine promises are all glorious of the hereafter. The instinct of the pious soul is to foreshadow the ages in the reaches of faith and affection.

*H. N. Powers.*

### 345. Light through Dark Ways.

The way at times may dark and weary seem,  
 No ray of sunshine on our path may beam,  
 The dark clouds hover o'er us like a pall,  
 And gloom and sadness seem to compass all,  
 But still, with honest purpose, toil we on;  
 And if our steps be upright, straight and true,  
 Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,  
 And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

*Will Carleton.*

### *MARCH SEVENTEENTH.*

### 346. The Porch of the Temple.

All things around us and in us are felt to be beginnings; and the curtains of the unseen world, as if lifted by the wind, wave ever and anon into our face, and cling to it like a mask we see through, or think we see. . . . Neither can we resist the conviction that this world is for us only the porch of another and more magnificent temple of the Creator's majesty, wherein we shall enter still further into the Creator's power and learn that to be in the Creator's power is the creature's happiness.

*F. W. Faber.*

### 347. Book of Job.

I call that, aside from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism, or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never ending problem — man's destiny and God's way with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines! Grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. So true every way! true eyesight and vision for all things, material things no less than

spiritual. The horse: “Hast Thou clothed his neck with thunder!” “He laughs at the shaking of the spear!” Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow; sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody, as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars. There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible, or out of it, of equal literary merit.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### **348. Wherefore Sigh?**

Oh, wherefore sigh for what is gone,  
     Or deem the future all a night?  
 From darkness through the rosy dawn  
     The stars go singing into light.

And to the pilgrim lone and gray,  
     One thought shall come to cheer his breast: —  
 The evening sun but fades away  
     To find new morning in the west.

*T. B. Read.*

## **MARCH EIGHTEENTH.**

### **349. Springtime.**

There are times when the intellect is so active that everything seems to run to meet it. Its supplies are found without much thought as to studies. Knowledge runs to the man, and the man runs to knowledge. In spring, when the snow melts, the maple trees flow with sugar, and you cannot get tubs fast enough; but it is only for a few days. The hunter on the prairie, at the right season, has no need of choosing his ground; east, west, by the river, by the timber, he is everywhere near his game. But the favorable conditions are rather the exception than the rule.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 350. The Force of a Right Book.

But through every clause and part of speech of a right book I meet the eyes of the most determined of men; his force and terror inundate every word: the commas and dashes are alive; so that the writing is athletic and nimble, — can go far and live long. . . . It makes a great difference to the force of any sentence, whether there be a man behind it, or no.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 351. Every Man a Debtor.

Whatever man possesses, God has lent,  
     And to His audit liable is ever;  
 To reckon how, and where, and when he spent,  
     Then thus thou bragg'st thou art a great receiver.  
 Little my debt, when little is my store;  
 The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

*Anon.*

### 352. Nature's Architecture.

No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**MARCH NINETEENTH.****353. Common Sense.**

The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds, — of Aesop, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Franklin. . . The commonsense which does not meddle with the absolute, but takes things at their word — things as they appear.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**354. “When 'Tis Winter Weather.”**

But when 'tis winter weather,  
 And crosses grieve,  
 And friends deceive,  
 And rain and sleet  
 The lattice beat, —  
 Oh! then 'tis sweet  
 To sit and sing  
 Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,  
 We roamed through the greenwood together.

*William Lisle Bowles.*

**355. Love in Life.**

I love men so much, that I like above all other things in the world to be loved. And yet I can do without it when it is necessary. I love love, but I love truth more, and God more yet. If it were necessary to stand in dark days, the God that helped me then will help me now to stand in brighter days; and if the winter did not destroy, so neither shall the sun of July nor of August destroy me, for I am in His hands to do His work among His people; and to Him, not to me, be the praise. If I should look for implements and instruments, collateral and subsidiary, I should say that I owe more to my father and mother than to anything else that I know of in this world, because they gave to me a bodily strength and health that labor does not seem to grind nor wear out. The spring that turns the wheel is perennial, and I go on milling and milling and milling, not because it is my

duty, but because I can't help it. I had his company, counsel, instruction, and example; and an honest man, a more generous nature, a more magnanimous soul, with as little envy and jealousy in it as can be conceived of in an earthly man, never lived.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## **MARCH TWENTIETH.**

### **346. The Evidence of Immortality.**

We are much better believers in immortality than we can give grounds for. The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### **357. Love.**

A volume in a word —  
 An ocean in a tear;  
 An old, a never-ending song,  
 That angels stoop to hear.

A seraph's perfumed kiss —  
 An Ætna of unrest;  
 A word, the royal king of words,  
 Writ on Jehovah's breast.

*Anon.*

### **358. Strive for Peace.**

Strive everywhere and in all things to be at peace. If trouble comes from within or without, receive it peacefully. If joy comes, receive it peacefully, without excitement. If we must needs flee from evil, let us do it calmly without agitation, or we may stumble and fall in our haste. Let us do good peacefully, or our hurry will lead us into endless faults. Even repentance is a work which should be carried on peacefully.

*S. Francis de Sales.*

### **359. The Mother's Ministry.**

My mother I have not the language to speak of. I know that she is born largely of my imagination, but I inherited that from her. I know that she is born very largely of my heart. Where did my heart come from? She gave me to the world that I might be a larger self of hers, to do in the world the work she would have done, but never had the opportunity. She has been to me an ideal in the air which has kept me from sin more than any other agent. She has kept me from degradation, vulgarity, narrowness and meanness; from envy and jealousy, more than any other influence. She has kept me free from these.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

### **MARCH TWENTY-FIRST.**

### **360. Youth.**

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it therefore as the springtime, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

### **361. No Letters in the Grave.**

When on his deathbed Dr. Johnson opened a note which his servant gave him, after a short pause he said: "An odd thought strikes me — we shall receive no letters in the grave."

*Boswell.*

### 362. Life a Development.

The life which is in you is not the work of chance; the word chance is void of meaning, and was invented to express the ignorance of mankind in certain things. The life which is in you comes from God, and in its progressive development it reveals an intelligent design.

### 363. Life Too Short to Waste.

Life is too short to waste  
 In critic peep or cynic bark,  
 Quarrel or reprimand:  
 'Twill soon be dark;  
 Up! mind thine own aim, and  
 God speed the mark!

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 364. Recreation.

It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, and gaiety of heart during the reaction after hard labor, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with, nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of, a deep internal seriousness of disposition.

*John Ruskin.*

**MARCH TWENTY-SECOND.****365. Feelings and Principles.**

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

*J. P. Richter.*

**366. Are You in Earnest?**

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story  
 Tomorrow, and the rest more dilatory.  
 Thus indecision brings its own delays,  
 And days are lost tormenting over days.  
 Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;  
 What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;  
 Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;  
 Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;  
 Begin, and then the work will be completed.

*J. Wolfgang von Goethe.*

**367. Foolish Readers.**

The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsley* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all, - are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectioneries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, after solid nutritive food.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**368. Solitude.**

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
     There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
     By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less but nature more,  
 From these our interviews in which I steal  
     From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

*Lord Byron.*

**MARCH TWENTY-THIRD.****369. None Friendless.**

It hath been said — for all who die  
     There is a tear;  
 Some bleeding, pining heart to sigh  
     O'er every bier.

**370. Intellectual Advance.**

Our intellectual advance is far more rapid than our moral advance, and we have thus found more evils than we can abate, can perceive more sorrows than we are willing to cure. The development of the modern man and woman is intellectual more than spiritual, and this throws our age out of balance, or, as some express it, we have “times out of joint.” When a carpenter finds his timber too short for the intended reach, or too narrow, when a harmony of timbers or beams or boards is impossible, all fail because being “out of joint.” Thus our era is crippled by this inequality of material. The virtue of the age is too small for the brains of the age, and, as a result, we are all gathering up facts and forces more rapidly than we are gathering happiness or goodness, and might easily become, as was rhetorically said of Bacon, “greatest, wisest and meanest” of ages.

*David Swing.*

**371. Born Too Late.**

Yes, there's luck in most things, and in none  
 More than in being born at the right time;  
 It boots not what the labor to be done,  
 Or feats of arms, or art, or building rhyme.  
 Not that the heavens the little can make great,  
 But many a man has lived an age too late.

*R. H. Stoddard.*

**372. The Church and the People.**

The church has too long lived upon the dignity of its attitudes and upturned eyes and the blackness of its cloth. While it was thus posturing before the altar the congregation has slipped out into the fresh air to find the life of humanity or the indescribable richness of the fields where there are no vain repetitions.

*David Swing.*

**MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH.****373. Trust.**

Make a little fence of trust  
 Around today;  
 Fill the space with loving work,  
 And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars  
 Upon tomorrow,  
 God will help thee bear what comes,  
 Of joy or sorrow.

**374. Love.**

Love is the top of the tree. Joy is not necessarily associated with thinking, but joy is inseparable from love. Love awakens love even in cold souls, as the sun awakens fragrant flowers from cold roots. Weary hearts never forget the hours which they have spent in the company of love filled souls. Nothing is so sure of ample and endless recompense as love.

*John Pulsford.*

**375. Ripe Genius.**

I can believe that a man, eminent when young for possessing poetical imagination, may, from having taken another road, so neglect its cultivation as to show less of its powers in his latter life. But I am persuaded that scarce a poet is to be found, from Homer down to Dryden, who preserved a sound mind in a sound body, and continued practicing his profession to the very last, whose latter works are not as replete with the fire of imagination as those which were produced in his more youthful days.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

**376. The Wise Man Everywhere at Home.**

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,  
His hearth the earth — his hall the azure dome;  
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,  
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH.****377. The Tasks of Love.**

Little love can perform great actions — but it requires great love to present like little children small offerings — and to devote every moment and task

of our life to God. A largeness of heart which thus attends to the smallest details of piety — to the little things in which love most powerfully shows itself, which recognizes God habitually, and seeks constant opportunity to please Him, will never be oppressed with listlessness and *ennui*. Every hour will be filled with incident; every object will possess a secret charm, and life will be a continual feast. A heap of sand becomes a heap of jewels.

*Hugh Macmillan.*

### **378. God the Best.**

To think of God at all, we must think not only of the good, but of the best. For if we have within our minds the thought of that which might be better, then we are not thinking of the best nor of God.

*H. W. Thomas.*

### **379. Opportunities in Common Life.**

We need not bid for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

*John Keble.*

### **380. The Doctrines of Christ.**

If I were asked to sum up, in the most comprehensive manner, two of the greatest lessons which Christ came to teach us, I think that they might be expressed in these words: The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

*Cannan Farrar.*

**MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH.****381. Discipline.**

There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will; there never was a strong people that did not rank subordination and discipline among the signal virtues. Subjection to moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude than that of the man whose caprices are his masters, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**382. Destiny.**

Some men were born for great things,  
     Some were born for small;  
 Some, — it is not recorded  
     Why they were born at all.

*Will Carleton.*

**383. Man a New Element.**

Men have not fallen as a race. Men have come up. No great disaster met the race at the start. The creative decree of God was fulfilled. Any theory of the atonement must be one which shall meet the fact that man was created at the lowest point, and, as I believe, is as to his physical being evolved from the animal below him, but as to moral and spiritual nature is a son of God, a new element having come in, in the great movement of evolution, at the point of man's appearance. Man is universally sinful, not by nature, but by a voluntary violation of known laws.

*Anon.*

**384. Only a Rose.**

I am the one rich thing that morn  
 Leaves for the ardent noon to win;  
 Grasp me not, I have a thorn,  
 But bend and take my fragrance in.  
 Petal on petal opening wide,  
 My being into beauty flows, —  
 Hundred-leaved and damask-dyed, —  
 Yet nothing, nothing but a rose!

*Mrs. H. P. Spofford.*

**MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH****385. Tell Your Sorrow.**

He oft finds present help,  
 Who does his grief impart.

*Edwin Spenser.*

**386. The True Worker.**

The artist who is to produce a work which is to be admired by all men, and which is to be more beautiful to the eye in proportion to its culture, must disindividualize himself, and be a man of no party and no manner, and no age, but one through whom the soul of all men circulates, as the common air through his lungs.

*Anon.*

**387. Fallible Workmen.**

God would rather an imperfect man should teach divine lessons than that a few men should be made perfect by miracle. The Bible therefore takes its place in the arena of fallible workmen and bears some traces of having been

made by beings who needed a part of the forgiveness and penitence which they have taught to mankind.

*David Swing.*

### **388. True Beauty.**

All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women and children - in our gardens and in our houses; but let us love that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any aesthetic rules which shall banish from the regions of art those old women scraping carrots with their work worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pothouse — those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world - those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions.

*Anon.*

### **MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH.**

### **389. Keep Plodding.**

No worthy enterprise can be done by us without continual plodding and wearisomeness to our faint and sensitive abilities.

*John Milton.*

### **390. The Choir Invisible.**

O, may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again,  
In minds made better by their presence; live

In pulses stirred to generosity,  
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 For miserable aims that end in self,  
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the nights like stars,  
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
 To vaster issues.

*George Eliot.*

### **391. No Quarter.**

There are three things in this world which deserve no quarter, hypocrisy,  
 Pharisaism and tyranny.

*F. W. Robertson.*

### **392. In Heaven we Shall Know All.**

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,  
 And not by what we are, — too apt to fall!  
 My little child, — he sleeps and smiles between  
 These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

*Bulwer Lytton.*

### **393. The Robe of Thought.**

Never before was the earth so covered with the rich drapery of learning  
 and wisdom and romance. Even the sleeping literature of the old East has  
 been translated into our language, and thus Asia and China and Persia  
 speak over again words that fell like manna many centuries ago. The  
 month of June cannot weave for the prairies a vestment of grass and  
 flowers richer than that robe of high thought which the past has woven for  
 the nineteenth century.

*David Swing.*

**MARCH TWENTY-NINTH.****394. Peace on Earth.**

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold,  
 Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,  
 And valleys clad in sheen of gold.  
 O, rise and sing a song of peace!  
 For Theseus roams the land no more,  
 And Janus rests with rusted door.

*Joaquin Miller.*

**395. Indiscriminate Praise.**

Too frequently men's names are shrined in death before the world wakes to know their worth; and then they are in danger of having their reputation harmed more by indiscriminate and exaggerated praise than by the world's previous neglect.

*Elmo.*

**396. The Blessed Dead.**

There is sorrow, sorrow for the pulses that are beating,  
 But unutterably blessed ear the dead.

*Anon.*

**397. The Secret of Happiness.**

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

*Adam Clarke.*

**398. Man is Born to Work.**

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get, — which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it, — is that we have got the work done, and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have 10,000*l.*, or 10,000,000*l.*, or 70*l.* He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**MARCH THIRTIETH.****399. Morning Clouds and Sunset Glory.**

And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,  
In golden glory at last may wane.

*Kate Putnam Osgood.*

**400. At Shakespeare's Tomb.**

It was Sunday when I first came to the country of Shakespeare; and over all the region there brooded a sacred; stillness peculiar to the time, and harmonious beyond utterance with the sanctity of the place. As I strive, after many days, to call back and fix in words the impressions of that sublime experience, the same awe falls upon me which fell upon me then. Nothing else upon earth — no natural scene, no relic of the past, no pageantry of the present — can vie with the shrine of Shakespeare, in power to impress, to humble and to exalt the devout spirit that has been nurtured at the fountain of his transcendent genius.

*William Winter.*

**401. Mutability.**

The flower that smiles today  
                   Tomorrow dies;  
 All that we wish to stay  
                   Tempt, and then flies;  
 What is this world's delight?  
 Lightning that mocks the night,  
 Brief even as bright.

*Percy B. Shelley.*

**402. Talk.**

We walk amid the currents of actions left undone,  
           The germs of deeds that wither before they see the sun.  
 For every sentence uttered a million more are dumb;  
           Mens lives are chains of chances, and history their sun.

*Bayard Taylor.*

**403. Wealth.**

Wealth is like a viper, which is harmless if a man knows how to take hold of it; but if he does not, it will twine round his hand and bite him.

*St. Clement.*

**MARCH THIRTY-FIRST.****404. The Best Rule of Reading.**

The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. Let the student read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book, — as the Bible has been the

literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe, — as Hafiz was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer if all the secondary writers were lost, — say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon, — through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### **405. Bud and Blow.**

Flowers and grasses bud and blow,  
 Rise above the frost and snow;  
 Song-birds fill the air with joy,  
 All your swelling notes employ;  
 Rivers, cast your chains aside;  
 Brooklets, o'er your mosses glide;  
 Father, then with joy we say,  
 We our resurrection day  
 Too shall know, and perfect stand  
 Kings and priests at Thy right hand.

*Annie E. Trimmingham.*

#### **406. The Warp and Woof of Time.**

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skye web. . . . This miracle is hurled into every beggar's hands. The blue sky is a covering for a market, and for the cherubim and seraphim.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### **407. Buying and Lying.**

He that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind.

*Cervantes.*

## APRIL.

### *APRIL FIRST.*

#### 408. Young April.

At last, young April, ever frail and fair,  
 Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,  
 Chased to the margin of receding floods  
 O'er the soft meadows, starred with opening buds,  
 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,  
 And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

*O. W. Holmes.*

#### 409. Spring Days.

What man is there over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence; carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since?

*Charles Dickens.*

#### 410. The Green Scarf of April.

We have trod from the threshold of turbulent March,  
 Till the green scarf of April is hung on the larch,  
 And down the bright hillside that welcomes the day,  
 We hear the warm panting of beautiful May.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 411. Principles Taking Root.

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### *APRIL SECOND.*

### 412. The Sabbath.

I do wish that all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh — in anchoring the business ships of our daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again.

*Anna Warner.*

### 413. The Fiery Pentecost.

Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.  
 The word unto the prophet spoken  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
 The word by seers or sibyls told,  
 In groves of oak or fanes of gold,  
 Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the willing mind.  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**414. Aims.**

What are the Aims, which are at the same time Duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.

*Kant.*

**415. Light.**

But it is with man's soul as it was with nature: the beginning of creation is — light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed soul, as once over the wild-weltering chaos, it is spoken: Let there be light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**416. Gold Lost and Won.**

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold,  
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

*Anon.*

**APRIL THIRD.****417. The Ceaseless Battle for the Right.**

This country is not beloved of Heaven above all other countries. God hath made of one blood *all* the nations of the earth. The seed of all national evil is here just as it is in the old world of Europe and the older worlds of Asia and Africa, awaiting only the proper conditions to fructify into direful harvests. The same old problems confront us with which the old nations grappled. The same old battle is to be fought out here between liberty and

license on the one hand and despotism on the other, only we started out with the advantage of a license and a tyranny a good deal under the subjugation of law. The same old battle awaits us between efficient industry and overgrown wealth on the one side, and bestial poverty on the other, only here industry is equipped with greater freedom and surer hope.

*Gail Hamilton.*

#### **418. A Quiet Grave.**

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets.

*Edmund Burke.*

#### **419. Life Full of Riddles.**

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snowstorm. We wake from one dream into another dream. The toys, to be sure; are various, and are graduated in refinement to the quality of the dupe. The intellectual man requires a fine bait; the sots are easily amused. But everybody is drugged with his own frenzy, and the pageant marches at all hours, with music and banner and badge.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### **420. Retribution.**

If I will stand upright, the creation cannot bend me. But if I violate myself, if I commit a crime, the lightning loiters by the speed of retribution and every act is not hereafter, but instantaneously rewarded according to its quality.

*A. J. Froude.*

**APRIL FOURTH.****421. Man in Harmony with God and the Universe.**

Here, at least, nothing walks with aimless feet. It is a very busy world. Flowers are busy, filling all the land with perfume and beauty; birds are busy, filling the air with the music of their happy songs; the fields are busy, waving their golden harvests to provide for man; the seas are busy, bearing on their waves the treasures of all lands; the sun is busy, flooding every day with light; the stars are busy, in their patient shining. And for a man to be idle, is to be out of harmony with God and his universe.

*Elmo.*

**422. The Difference Between Men.**

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men — between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant — is energy — invincible determination — a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

*Fowell Buxton.*

**423. Shall We Pray for Our Dead?**

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere  
 In God's great universe thou art today:  
 Can He not reach thee with His tender care?  
 Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

*Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.*

**424. Fate.**

Fate is unpenetrated causes. The water drowns ship and sailor like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it will be cloven by it, and carry it, like its own foam, a plume and a power. The cold is inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, freezes a man like a dewdrop. But learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful, sweet and poetic motion. The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius, and make you foremost men of time.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**APRIL FIFTH.****425. The Modern Newspaper.**

There is no estimating the power of the modern newspaper for good. Some moral evil follows the press, but in the aggregate the moral results of the thousands of dailies and weeklies are such as to make the church and literature wonder upon which of the three foreheads the crown of usefulness should rest.

*David Swing.*

**426. Books a University.**

The true university of these days is a collection of books.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**427. The Sanctities of Life.**

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
 As more of heaven in each we see;  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

*John Keble.*

#### **428. How to Deal with Memory.**

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember, Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward, flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

*Thomas Fuller.*

### **APRIL SIXTH**

#### **429. Knowledge Will Govern Ignorance.**

Knowledge will ever govern ignorance, and a people who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power which knowledge gives.

*James Madison.*

**430. The Purest Heaven.**

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,  
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls  
 With growing sway the growing life of man.  
 This is life to come,  
 Which martyred men have made more glorious  
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
 That purest heaven, be to other souls  
 The cup of strength in some great agony,  
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —  
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
 And in diffusion ever more intense.  
 So shall I join the choir invisible  
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

*George Eliot.*

**431. Creditors.**

Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**432. A Lesson from the Garden.**

It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowerings, deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go down patiently to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often, in celestial gardenings, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

***APRIL SEVENTH.*****433. Old Friends.**

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

*Thomas Selden.*

**434. Great Men.**

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**435. Superstition Universal.**

We all give way to superstitions. The house in which we were born is not quite mere timber and stone; is still haunted by parents and progenitors. The creeds into which we are initiated in childhood and youth no longer hold their old place in the minds of thoughtful men, but they are not nothing to us, and we hate to have them treated with contempt. There is so much that we do not know, that we give to these suggestions the benefit of the doubt.

*A. J. Froude.*

**436. Marching Through the Mist.**

Through the mist, and through the mirkness,  
Through the darkness and the dole,  
Travels the great human soul.

*Anon.*

**437. Science.**

Science is not of yesterday. We stand on the shoulders of past ages, and the amount of observation made, and facts ascertained, has been transmitted to us and carefully preserved in the vast storehouse of science.

*Prince Albert.*

**438. With God in the Bush.**

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home  
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
 Where the evening star so holy shines,  
 I laugh at the lore and pride of man,  
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

*R. W. Emerson.*

***APRIL EIGHTH.*****439. Labor and Rest.**

No law yields a greater benediction to those who keep it than this law of labor. The idlers are not happy; there is for them little joy of life. They murmur and complain, they do not know the luxury of work, and they cannot, therefore, know the luxury of rest. Only the tired man knows the sweetness of repose.

*Elmo.*

**440. The Grandeur of Subduing.**

It must have been better for man to subdue the earth than to find the earth subdued for him. And if, wresting with the elements, he faint and fall, out of his weakness must come a higher strength and for its exercise must be a nobler stage. Otherwise is there no more logic in life than there could be hope in death.

*Gail Hamilton.*

**441. Communion.**

When one that holds communion with the skies  
 Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,  
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;  
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide.

*William Cowper.*

**442. Which.**

Would'st thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in heaven and in man; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on the family coach?

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**443. Enduring Beauty.**

Beauty enchants and grace captivates for a season, but a well informed mind and a cultured heart will make a home beautiful when the bloom of beauty has faded and gone.

*Elmo.*

**APRIL NINTH.****444. The True Man.**

The man down in Nature occupies himself in guarding, in feeding, in warming and multiplying his body, and as long as he knows no more, we justify him; but presently a mystic change is wrought, a new perception opens, and he is made a citizen of the world of souls; he feels what is called duty; he is aware that he owes a higher allegiance to do and live as a good member of this universe.

*A. J. Froude.*

**445. Night.**

How beautiful is night!  
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain  
 Breaks the serene of heaven;  
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine  
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.  
 Beneath her steady ray  
 The desert-circle spreads  
 Like the ocean girdled with the sky.  
 How beautiful is night!

*Anon.*

**446. A Good Word for the Puritans.**

We have a right to be proud of our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers among the clergy. They were ready to do and to suffer anything for their faith, and a faith which breeds heroes is better than an unbelief which leaves nothing worth being a hero for.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**447. The Love of Common Things.**

Methinks I love all common things, —  
     The common air, the common flower,  
 The dear, kind common thought that springs  
     From hearts that have no other dower,  
     No other wealth, no other power  
 Save love; and will not that repay  
 For all else Fortune tears away?

*Barry Cornwall.*

**APRIL TENTH.****448. How Books Should be Dealt with.**

Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few digested.

*Lord Bacon.*

**449. The Earliest Smile of Day.**

Oh, look! the Savior blest,  
     Calm after solemn rest,  
 Stands in the garden 'neath his olive boughs,  
     The earliest smile of day  
     Doth on his vesture play,  
     And light the majesty of his still brows;  
 While angels hang with wings outspread,  
 Holding the new-worn crown above his saintly head.

*Jean Ingelow.*

### 450. New Beauty in Each Spring.

Wordsworth writes of the delight of the boy in nature:

“For never will come back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.”

But I have just seen a man, well knowing what he spoke of, who told me that the verse was not true for him; that his eyes opened as he grew older, and that every spring was more beautiful to him than the last.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 451. Man's Glory.

Our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

### 452. A Word to Parents.

The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated, defrauds the community of a useful citizen and bequeaths to it a nuisance.

*Chancellor Kent.*

### 453. Joy and Sorrow.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,  
And leave the faintest trace;  
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,  
Time never can efface.

*J. W. Hedderwich.*

**APRIL ELEVENTH.****454. The March of Truth.**

Truth came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

*John Milton.*

**455. Seedtime and Harvest.**

God's seed will come to God's harvest.

*Samuel Rutherford.*

**456. Seeing.**

Imagine a man who disbelieves everything he cannot see with his naked eye. Suppose that it should come to pass tomorrow that everything shall be taken away that cannot be read by the naked eye: What will come? Shut up the heavens, for astronomy must go, and cover over the fields, for botany shall tell but little to the naked eye. All science, indeed, would be impoverished, insulted, degraded. Yet, the man who cannot read his own mother's letter without the aid of an eye-glass insists upon reading the infinite and eternal God by his own unassisted powers. I charge him before God's face with insulting his own common sense and contradicting the highest experiences of mankind.

*Joseph Parker.*

**APRIL TWELFTH.****457. The Power of Grief.**

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;  
     The bruised herbs the most fragrant are.  
 If sky and wind were always fair,  
     The sailor would not watch the star;  
     And David's Psalm had ne'er been sung  
     If grief his heart had never wrung.

*Anon.***458. Blooming on the Other Side.**

Even for the dead I will not bind  
     My soul to grief, death cannot long divide;  
 For is it not as if the rose that climbed  
     My garden wall had bloomed the other side?

*Anon.***459. Words Once Spoken can Never be Recalled.**

A word sent forth from the lips cannot be brought back even with  
 a chariot and six horses.

*Chinese Proverb.***460. A Steadfast Character.**

Give us a character on which we can thoroughly depend, which we are  
 sure will not fail us in time of need, which we know to be based on  
 principle and on the fear of God, and it is wonderful how many brilliant  
 and popular and splendid qualities we can safely and gladly dispense with.

*Dean Stanley.*

**461. A Word to the Troubled.**

“Let not your heart be troubled,” then He said,  
     “My Father's house has mansions large and fair;  
 I go before you to prepare your place;  
     I will return to take you with me there.”  
 And since that hour, the awful foe is charmed,  
     And life and death are glorified and fair:  
 Whither he went, we know — the way we know,  
     And with firm steps press on to meet Him there.

*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

**APRIL THIRTEENTH.****462. The Way of Life.**

When compassed about on every side with tribulations, remember that it is the way of the saints, through which they passed to the kingdom of Heaven. Learn to comfort thyself also, because that in this thou art made like unto Christ Jesus, thy Lord; and return thanks, if thou art in any small degree able to repay this to Him. For I say unto thee that it is a greater merit in thee to suffer affliction patiently than to perform good works.

*Thomas a Kempis.*

**463. Peace Through Love.**

In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
     In weakness be Thy love my power;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
     Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died.

*Paul Gerhard.*

**464. What Man Owes to Man.**

We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man — man.

*Anon.*

**465. Youth and May Come only Once.**

Heart! yield thee up thy fruitless quest  
 Beneath the apple tree:  
 Youth comes but once, love only once,  
 And May but once to thee!

*E. S. Phelps.*

**466. The End of Aspiration.**

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet toward men they are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground.

*Lord Bacon.*

**APRIL FOURTEENTH.****467. No Easter Flowers.**

Dear Lord, I have no Easter flowers to bring,  
 No roses fresh, no lilies dewy sweet,  
 But still one offering I may gladly bear,  
 And lay rejoicing at Thy feet.  
 Enfold my weary love in Thy sweet will,  
 And keep it closely to Thy pierced side,  
 So shall I rest, nor sad and helpless mourn,  
 While safe in Thee my love and I abide.

*Anon.*

### 468. The Festival of Hope.

It is a good time in these days of Easter gladness, when life is conquering death, to hold a feast of memory in honor of our dead. Many a home has sacred records of little lives that vanished into the great unseen, and strong hands that grew weak, and bright eyes that grew dim. These days of Hope's great festival are days most suitable for men and women who are rich in graves, to stand beside them, and pluck away the moss that gathers round the stones, and plant afresh the flowers that breathe the message of everlasting hope.

*Elmo.*

### 469. Rise Heart.

Rise, heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise  
 Without delays,  
 Who takes thee by the hand that thou likewise  
 With Him mayst rise.

*George Herbert.*

### 470. Easter Hallelujahs.

O mountain height, break forth and sing  
 In color-music fair and sweet!  
 O forest depths awake and bring  
 Your sacred odors to His feet!  
 Sing, for the Lord hath done it!  
 Proclaim redemption, for He hath won it!  
 Let Easter hallelujahs rise from every living thing!

*F. R. Havergal.*

**APRIL FIFTEENTH.****471. Life's Point of View.**

Go up to the works of some of the great masters. What a chaotic assemblage of colors. Then retire to the proper distance and contemplate them from thence. Life has its point of view as well as art.

*George Dawson.*

**472. "Be Bold!"**

Write on your doors the saying, wise and old,  
 "Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere — "Be bold;  
 Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess  
 Than the defect; better the more than less;  
 Better like Hector in the field to die,  
 Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**473. The Moral Law.**

The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last.

*J. A. Froude.*

**474. How Shall We Keep this Holy Day of Gladness?**

How shall we keep this holy day of gladness,  
 This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sadness  
     Forever drives away?  
 The night is past, its sleep and its forgetting;  
 Our risen sun, no more forever setting,  
     Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring, upon this joyful morning,  
 Dead myrrh and spices for our Lord's adorning,  
     Nor any lifeless thing;  
 Our gifts shall be the fragrance and the splendor  
 Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,  
     The glory of our spring.

*A. E. Firmingham.*

## ***APRIL SIXTEENTH.***

### **475. Death is Not Death.**

Death is not death, if it takes away from that mother forever all a mother's anxieties, a mother's fears, and lets her see, in the gracious countenance of her Savior, a sure and certain pledge that those she has left behind are safe, safe with Christ and in Christ, through all the chances and dangers of this mortal life. Death is not death, if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth; and then destroy. Death is not death; for Christ has conquered death for Himself, and for those who trust in Him.

*Charles Kingsley.*

### **476. Peace.**

Strive everywhere and in all things to be at peace. If trouble comes from within or without, receive it peacefully. If joy comes, receive it peacefully, without excitement. If we must needs flee from evil, let us do it calmly, without agitation, or we may stumble and fall in our haste. Let us do good peacefully, or our hurry will lead us into endless faults. Even repentance is a work which should be carried on peacefully.

*St. Francis de Sales.*

**477. The Doctrinal Preacher.**

A minister who does not preach about anything but dry doctrines bears the same relation to actual life which a doctor who never gave a dose of medicine or a prescription for a living patient, but occupied himself in Egypt with mummies, prescribing for them, though they have been dead three thousand years.

*H. W. Thomas.*

**478. Duties Not Chosen.**

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother.

*George Eliot.*

**APRIL SEVENTEENTH.****479. Worship.**

Worship is the regard for what is above us. Men are respectable only as they respect. We delight in children because of that religious eye which belongs to them; because of their reverence for their seniors, and for their objects of belief.

*A. J. Froude.*

**480. The Best Day in the Year.**

Every day is the best day in the year.

*Anon.*

**481. Love Like a Creeping Vine.**

Love, like a creeper, withers and dies if it has nothing to embrace.

*Bengalese Proverb.*

**482. Be Wise.**

Do not fell a tree to catch a blackbird.

*Chinese Proverb.*

**483. The Master's "Well Done."**

The Master's approval is the servant's best wages. If we truly feel that the Lord *liveth*, before whom we stand, we shall want nothing else for our work but His smile, and we shall feel that the light of his face is all we need. That thought should deaden our love for outward things. How little we need to care about any payment that the world can give for anything we do. If we feel, as we ought, that we are God's servants, that will lift us clear above the low aims and desires which meet us. How little we shall care for money, for men's praise, for getting on in the world! How the things that we fever our souls by pursuing, and fret our hearts when we lose; will cease to attract! How small and vulgar the "prizes" of life, as people call them, will appear! "The Lord liveth before whom I stand," should be enough for us, and instead of all these motives to action drawn from the rewards of this world, we ought to "labor that, whether present or absent, we may be well pleasing to Him."

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**APRIL EIGHTEENTH.****484. Make Haste Slowly.**

Nothing that is excellent can be wrought suddenly.

*T. Taylor.*

**485. Man Must Dine.**

We may live without poetry, music and art;  
 We may live without conscience, and live without heart;  
 We may live without friends, we may live without books,  
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books — what is knowledge but  
 grieving?  
 He may live without hope — what is hope but deceiving?  
 He may live without love — what is love but repining?  
 But where is the man that can live without dining?

*Owen Meredith.*

**486. The Strength of a State.**

Experience serves to prove that the worth and strength of a state depend far less upon the form of its institutions than the character of its men; for the nation is only the aggregate of individual conditions, and civilization itself is but a question of personal improvement.

*Samuel Smiles.*

**487. What Man Lives by.**

Man does not live by bread alone, but by faith, by admiration, by sympathy. 'Tis very shallow to say that cotton, or iron, or silver and gold, are kings of the world; there are rulers that will at any moment make these forgotten. Fear will. Love will. Character will.

*A. J. Froude.*

**488. The Tree and its Branches.**

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

*F. W. Robertson.*

**APRIL NINETEENTH.****489. Cant Worse than Punning.**

I think there is one habit worse than that of punning. It is the gradual substitution of cant or flash terms for words which truly characterize their objects. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary had deliquesced into some half dozen expressions.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**490. In After Days.**

In after days, when grasses high  
O'ertop the tomb where I shall lie,  
    Though well or ill the world adjust  
    My slender claim to honored dust,  
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,  
I shall not hear the night wind sigh,  
I shall be mute, as all men must, —  
    In after days.

And yet, now living, fain were I  
That someone then should testify,  
    Saying — *He held his pen in trust*  
    *To Art, not serving shame or lust.*  
Will none? . . . Then let my memory die  
    In after days.

*Austin Dobson.*

#### **491. How to Fight Life's Daily Battle.**

But if you will only go to your daily fight with yourself and the world, with your hand grasping God's hand, you will be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. The enemies may compass you about like bees, but in the name of the Lord you can destroy. Their arrows may fly thick enough to darken the sun, but, as the proud old boast has it, "then we can fight in the shade"; and when their harmless points have buried themselves in the ground, you will stand unhurt, your unshivered bow ready for the next assault, and your hands made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

#### **APRIL TWENTIETH.**

#### **492. Books.**

Thou mayst as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. 'Tis thought and digestion which make books serviceable, and give health and vigor to the mind.

*Thomas Fuller.*

#### **493. Be Charitable.**

Judge none lost; but wait and see  
     With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
 The death of the abyss may be  
     The measure of the height of pain,  
 And love and glory that may raise  
     This soul to God in after days.

*Adelaide Proctor.*

#### 494. Nothing Like Earnestness.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

*Charles Dickens.*

#### 495. Lessons from the Insect World.

Whoever looks at the insect world, at flies, aphides, gnats, and innumerable parasites, and even at the infant mammals, must have remarked the extreme content they take in suction, which constitutes the main business of their life. If we go into a library or newsroom, we see the same function on a higher plan, performed with like ardor, with equal impatience of interruption, indicating the sweetness of the act. In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight.

*R. W. Emerson.*

#### 496. Pleasant Solitude.

There is no tediousness of solitude to him who has within himself resources of thought and dream, the pleasures and pains of memory, the bliss and the torture of imagination.

*William Winter.*

### *APRIL TWENTY-FIRST.*

#### 497. Time's Varied Paces.

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time *ambles* withal, who Time *trots* withal, who Time *gallops* withal, and who he *stands still* withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years. He ambles with a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury; these Time ambles withal. He gallops with a thief to the gallows:

for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.  
He stays still with lawyers, in the vacation: for they sleep between term  
and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*W. Shakespeare.*

#### **498. Natural and Spiritual.**

Natural things and spiritual;  
Who separates those two  
In art, in morals, or the social drift,  
Tears up the bond of nature, and brings death,  
Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,  
Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,  
Is wrong, in short, at all points.

*E. B. Browning.*

#### **499. Man's Changeful Life.**

Men's lives, like oceans, change  
In shifting tides, and ebb from either shore  
Till the strong planet draws them on once more.

#### **500. Through Love to Light.**

Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,  
Who art the Love of love, the eternal Light of light!

*R. W. Gilder.*

**APRIL TWENTY-SECOND.****501. Shallow and Deep Philosophy.**

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth men's minds back to religion.

*Lord Bacon.*

**502. Good Books.**

Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant during the frosts of winter.

*Horace Mann.*

**503. The Real Poet.**

A real poet is a poet because he cannot help it. If he can, he is no poet at all, — only a rhymist. So a true musician is a musician because he cannot do otherwise. If he can, then music “does” him. And then woe unto him!

*Remenyi.*

**504. How to be Miserable.**

If you want to spoil all that God gives you, if you want to be miserable yourself, and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once. Think about yourself, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then nothing to you will be pure.

*Charles Kingsley.*

### 505. The “Dead” and the “Living.”

The “dead” and the “living” are not names of two classes which exclude each other. Much rather there are none who are dead. The dead are simply the living who have died. While they were dying they lived, and after they were dead they lived more fully. All live unto God. “God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.” Oh, how solemnly sometimes the thought comes up before us that all those past generations which have stormed across this earth of ours, and then have fallen into still forgetfulness, live yet. Somewhere, at this very instant, they now verily are! We say, “they were,” “they have been!” There are no have beens! They are!

*Alexander Maclaren.*

### *APRIL TWENTY-THIRD.*

### 506. The Welsh Harper.

I have spent many hours of enchantment in the mountains of Wales, listening to the music of the harp. I think only Welshmen know how to play the harp. I have heard the music go sobbing and wailing up and down the mountainside as though some great heart was breaking in agony and despair; and I have heard the mystic strings discourse such sweet, exulting melodies that one would think the joys of angels had fallen to the lot of men. Sometimes I noticed that just when the harper had filled the glen with music, and every string of his harp was quivering with melody, he would suddenly strike the harp strings with his open palm. This, I found, was not to silence the harp, but only to soften and subdue its cadences. So, I think, God often lays his hand upon us, not to smite us into silence, but to hallow and solemnize the music of our lives.

*Elmo.*

**507. What the Poet Knows.**

Three things the poet knew: the shock that sorrow  
 brings,  
 The woodland's secret, and one woman's heart —  
 These made the gamut of his fame wrought art —  
 Grief, truth and love: from these the poet springs.

*Edwin Arnold.*

**508. The Truth of Religion Cannot Die.**

The existing forms of religion may dissolve, but the truth which is the soul  
 of religion will revive more vigorous than ever.

*A. J. Froude.*

**509. The Duty of the Cultured.**

I conceive it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and  
 study the time in which he lives, and, as far as in him lies, to add his  
 humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what  
 he believes Providence to have ordained.

*Prince Albert.*

**APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH.****510. The Hinges of Heaven's Doors.**

Good actions are the invisible hinges of the doors of heaven.

*Victor Hugo.*

**511. Sorrow Divine.**

Sorrow is divine. Sorrow is reigning on all the thrones of the universe, and the crown of all crowns has been one of thorns. There have been many books that treat of the sympathy of sorrow, but only one that bids us glory in tribulation, and count it all joy when we fall into divers afflictions, that so we may be associated with that great fellowship of suffering of which the incarnate Son of God is the head, and through which He is carrying a redemptive conflict to a glorious victory over evil. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

**512. Let the Heart be God's.**

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
 Keep well thy temper; mix not with each day  
 Dispatch necessities; life has a load  
 Which must be carried on, and safely may.  
 Yet keep these cares without thee; let the heart  
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**513. Virtue.**

Virtue is beauty.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**514. The Flowers Will Bloom Again.**

Shed no tear! oh, shed no tear!  
 The flowers will bloom another year.  
 Weep no more! oh, weep no more!  
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core,  
 Dry your eyes! oh, dry your eyes!

*Anon.*

**515. Cruel Kindness.**

We hand folks over to God's mercy and show none ourselves.

*George Eliot.*

**APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH.****516. Need of a Strong Government.**

We are in an interregnum when there is no government to punish crime and no powerful education to prevent the growth of criminals. Government quick and unbending cannot be ever dispensed with. It must be as perpetual as society. Where crime is committed or threatened, there government must reveal itself. Our republic is a state where power has ceased to flow from kings, and has not yet begun to flow from the people.

*David Swing.*

**517. The Discernment of Love.**

No soul can ever clearly see  
 Another's highest, noblest part;  
 Save through the sweet philosophy  
 And loving wisdom of the heart.

*Phoebe Cary.*

**518. The Companionship of Thought.**

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

*Sir Philip Sydney.*

**519. Man Not Limited by Time.**

It is as impossible for a man to bestow himself under the limitations of time as it is for a stone to possess the wisdom of an angel.

*St. Jerome.*

**520. The True Inspiration.**

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
 By which such virtue may in me be bred  
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;  
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

*Michael Angelo.*

**521. Books Cheap Preachers.**

Books may be kept at a smaller charge than preachers. Good books are a very great mercy to the world.

*Richard Baxter.*

**APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH.****522. Building Better than We Know.**

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
 Himself from God he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew; —  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 523. Melody in the Air.

That is not an enviable nature that hears no strange melodies hinting of heaven through the mystic marches of the year; that sees no glorious signs hung out on earth and sky of an infinite love that is never forgetful and never unkind; that pauses not with reverent spirit to ponder the lesson that is told in grass and tree and flower, and that feels no benediction in the bright air and the palpitating sky. He may be just to his neighbor, industrious and virtuous, yet he does not understand the meaning of Jesus in the fields of Galilee, pointing to the birds and lilies, and telling of our Father's care.

*H. N. Powers.*

### 524. The River.

A little child by the river,  
 The river that flows always.  
 "When did you begin, great river?  
 You have run so many a day."

An aged face by the river,  
 The river that flows always.  
 "Thou art young and strong, great river,  
 But my course must end today."

*Anon.*

### 525. A Lesson from the Flowers.

If thou wouldst attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower; what that does willlessly, that do thou willingly.

*Schiller.*

**APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH.****526. A Princely Nature.**

I think Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb cloth woven so fine that it was invisible, — woven for the king's garment, — must mean manners, which do really clothe a princely nature. Such a one can well go in a blanket, if he would. In the gymnasium or on the sea-beach his superiority does not leave him. But he who has not this fine garment of behavior is studious of dress, and then not less of house and furniture and pictures and gardens, in all which he hopes to lie *perdu*, and not be exposed.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**527. Affection's Dew.**

The simple lessons which the nursery taught,  
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,  
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue  
To those sweet teardrops of affection's dew.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

**528. Grip the Old, Welcome the New.**

The man of strong convictions is apt to grip every trifle of practice and every unimportant bit of his creed with the same tenacity with which he holds its vital heart, and to mistake obstinacy for firmness, and dogged self-will for faithfulness to truth. The man who welcomes new light, and reaches forward to greet new ways, is apt to delight in having much fluid that ought to be fixed, and to value himself on a “liberality” which simply means that he has no central truth and no rooted convictions. And as men get older they stiffen more and more, and have to leave the new work for new hands, and the new thoughts for new brains. That is all in the order of nature, but so much the finer is it when we do see old Christian men who join to their firm grip of the old Gospel the power of welcoming, and at least bidding God speed, to new thoughts and new workers, and new ways of work.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH.****529. Measuring Virtue.**

A man's virtue must be measured, not by his extraordinary efforts, but by his usual course of action.

*Blaise Pascal.*

**530. God Preparing His Work.**

God, who prepares His work through ages, accomplishes it, when the hour is come, with the feeblest instruments.

*Merle D'Aubigne.*

**531. A Common Thought.**

God forgive me! But I've thought  
 A thousand times that if I had His power,  
 Or He my love, we'd have a different world  
 From this we live in.

*J. G. Holland.*

**532. Wisdom and Her Sons.**

The laws of each art are convertible into every other. Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it.

*H. W. Emerson.*

**533. Nature is Very Wise.**

Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**534. Folly.**

Because you cannot pluck the flower,  
 You pass the sweet scent by;  
 Because you cannot have the stars,  
 You will not see the sky.

*R. S. Phelps.*

**APRIL TWENTY-NINTH.****535. Hours Stretched to Centuries.**

Time is, indeed, the theatre and seat of illusion: nothing is so ductile and elastic. The mind stretches an hour to a century, and dwarfs an age to an hour.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**536. Books Our Best Enjoyment.**

Books let us into the souls of men, and lay open to us the secrets of our own. They are the first and last, the most home-felt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments.

*William Haslitt.*

**537. We are Brethren a'.**

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that —  
 When man to man, the warld o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

*Robert Burns.*

### 538. Faithful Work and Thorough Training.

What is true of the poetic art is true of every other; the condition of artistic success is faithful work and thorough training.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### 539. Fashion.

Fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character; hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### *APRIL THIRTIETH.*

### 540. Planning in Marble, Working Stone.

We are never what we aim to be. We plan in marble but we work in stone. Perchance in some better life our character and our accomplishments will equal our loftiest ambitions.

*Elmo.*

### 541. The Little Eyes.

The little eyes that never knew  
 Light other than of dawning skies,  
 What new life now lights up anew  
 The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise  
 Such light as never heaven let through  
 To lighten earth from Paradise?

No storm, we know, may change the blue  
 Soft heaven that haply death descries;  
 No tears, like these in ours, bedew  
     The little eyes.

*C. A. Swinburne.*

#### **542. Misspent Lives.**

Men have spent their lives to win a line in the world's chronicles, which are written on sand, and have broken their hearts because they failed.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

#### **543. The Mind.**

It is the Mynd that maketh good or ill,  
     That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;  
 For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
     Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;  
 And other, that hath little, asks no more,  
     But in that little is both rich and wise;  
 For Wisdom is most riches; Fools, therefore,  
     They are which Fortune doe by vows devize,  
     Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

*Edmund Spenser.*

## MAY.

### *MAY FIRST.*

#### **544. The First May Night.**

Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!  
 Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue delight!  
 Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!  
 Bring her to my arms on the first May night!

*George Meredith.*

#### **545. May-day in England.**

Today the garden lands of England are covered with floral beauty. The hawthorn on the hedge-rows looks as if a sudden flurry of snow had fallen, and blushing to melt away in the midst of so much grace and beauty, was dying in a censer of most exquisite perfumes. The violets and the bluebells, the lilies of the valley and the fair large stars of the primroses, the drooping of the tender cowslips amid the green springing grass, all help to make May-day sacred to flowers and beauty.

*Elmo.*

#### **546. May in All the Books.**

There is May in books forever,  
 May will part from Spenser never,  
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,  
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;  
 May's in all the Italian books;  
 She has old and modern nooks,  
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves,  
 In happy places they call shelves,  
 And will rise and dress your rooms  
 With a drapery thick with blooms.

*Leigh Hunt.*

**MAY SECOND.****547. Over-Reading as Bad as Over-Eating.**

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much over-charges nature and turns more into disease than nourishment.

*Jeremy Collier.*

**548. Wrath.**

Righteousness, then, and wisdom are that true light which the mind ceases to see when it is overcome by the disordering of anger as by a cloud; and then, as it were, the sun goes down upon a man's wrath.

*St. Augustine.*

**549. Life is Joy.**

Life is joy, and love is power,  
 Death all fetters doth unbind;  
 Strength and wisdom only flower  
 When we toil for all our kind.  
 Hope is truth — the future giveth  
 More than present takes away,  
 And the soul forever liveth  
 Nearer God from day to day.

*James Russell Lowell.*

**550. Speech and Silence.**

Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day*. On the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is too often not, as the

Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought; but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, schweigen ist golden* (speech is silvern, silence is golden); or, as I might rather express it: Speech is of time, silence is of eternity.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### **551. Silent Service.**

They also serve who only stand and wait.

*John Milton.*

## **MAY THIRD.**

### **552. Good Actions.**

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;  
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise.

*James Heath.*

### **553. Man Needs a Religious Guide.**

Man needs a religious guide. He always has demanded religious guides and advisers. The ground of the preacher's vocation is in the inexorable necessities of human nature and society.

*E. G. Robinson.*

### 554. Nature Fond of Surprises.

Nature is fond of what are called “gift-enterprises.” This little book of life which she has given into the hands of its joint possessors is commonly one of the old story books bound over again. Only once in a great while there is a stately poem in it, or its leaves are illuminated with the glories of art.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 555. Independence.

Let your first efforts be, not for wealth, but independence.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

### 556. The Test of a Good Man.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

*Lavater.*

### 557. The True Measurement of Life.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
 We should count time by heartthrobs. He most lives  
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;  
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest,  
 Lives in one hour more than in years do some  
 Whose fat blood sleeps, as it slips along their veins.  
 Life is but a means unto an end; that end,  
 Beginning, mean, and end of all things, — God.  
 The dead have all the glory of the world.

*Philip James Bailey.*

**MAY FOURTH.****558. The Coffin Matters Little.**

Better a cheap coffin and a plain funeral, after a useful, unselfish life, than a grand procession and a marble mausoleum, after a loveless, selfish life.

*Anon.*

**559. Enthusiasm.**

It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**560. Love Its Own Loveliness.**

Love is its own great loveliness, always,  
 And takes new lustre from the touch of time;  
 Its bow owns no December and no May,  
 But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

*T. Hood.*

**561. Ahab's Littleness.**

How small Ahab and his court must have looked to eyes that were full of the dazzling brightness of the true King of Israel, and the ordered ranks of *His* attendants! How little the greatness! how tawdry the pomp! how impotent the power, and how toothless the threats! The poor show of the earthly king paled before that awful vision, as a dim candle will show black against the sun. "I stand before the living God," and thou, O Ahab, art but a shadow and a noise. Just as we may have looked upon some mountain scene, where all the highest summits were wrapt in mist, and the lower hills looked mighty and majestic, until some puff of wind came and rolled

up the curtain that had shrined and hidden the icy pinnacles and peaks that were higher up. And as that solemn white Apocalypse rose and towered to the heavens, we forgot all about the green hills below, because our eyes beheld the mighty summits that live amongst the stars, and sparkle white through eternity.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

## **MAY FIFTH.**

### **562. The Best of Apostles.**

The best of apostles are those who rise out of the class they are preaching to, and who speak to the people with the heart and mind of the people.

*Thomas Hughes.*

### **563. True Affection.**

Pure and true affection, well I know,  
     Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.  
 Such love of all our virtues is the gem;  
     Of heaven it is and heavenly; woe to them  
 Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!  
     When we love perfectly, for its own sake  
 We love, and not our own; being ready thus,  
     What e'er self sacrifice is asked, to make;  
 That which is best for it, is best for us.

*Robert Southey.*

### **564. Truth and Fiction.**

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

*Lord Shaftesbury.*

**565. Thorns or Flowers.**

There is no lack of kindness  
 In this world of ours;  
 Only in our blindness  
 We gather thorns for flowers.  
 Oh, cherish God's best giving,  
 Falling from above!  
 Life were not worth living  
 Were it not for love.

*Gerald Massey.*

**566. Be True.**

In opinions look not always back;  
 Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;  
 Leave what you've done for what you have to do;  
 Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**MAY SIXTH.****567. The Two Paths.**

All paths, the lowliest and the loftiest, have heaven overhead and in the heart, or hell underneath and in the heart.

*Thomas Hughes.*

**568. Be Patient.**

Patience; accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more  
worthy of heaven!

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### **569. Death and the Sun.**

Death and the sun are not to be looked at steadily.

*Rochefoucauld.*

### **570. Goodness Never Wasted.**

Never are noble spirits  
Poor while their like survive;  
Without request these render,  
Without return they give:  
Never is lost or wasted  
The goodness of the good.

*Edwin Arnold.*

### **571. The Best Ornament of a House.**

The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it. There is no event greater in life than the appearance of new persons about our hearth, except it be the progress of the character which draws them. It has been finely added by Landor to his definition of the *great man* "It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him." . . . In the progress of each man's character, he will have learned the lesson of life who is skillful in the ethics of friendship.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**MAY SEVENTH.****572. Anger.**

To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke, to keep a whole satanic school spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**573. Be Firm.**

Be firm! one constant element in luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**574. A Good Armor but a Poor Cloak.**

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

*John Bunyan.*

**575. Be Merry.**

Beseech you, sir, be merry.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**576. The World Man's Mirror and Echo.**

Man is always throwing his praise or blame on events, and does not see that he only is real, and the world his mirror and echo. He imputes the stroke to fortune, which in reality himself strikes.

*A. J. Froude.*

### 577. Literary Biography.

I value literary biography for the hints it furnishes from so many scholars, in so many countries, of what hygienic, what ascetic, what gymnastic, what social practices their experience suggested and approved. They are, for the most part, men who needed only a little wealth. Large estates, political relations, great hospitalities, would have been impediments to them. They are men whom a book could entertain, a new thought intoxicate, and hold them prisoners for years, perhaps.

*R. W. Emerson.*

### *MAY EIGHTH.*

### 578. The Spirit of the Age.

What we call the spirit of the age, our forefathers called the end of the world.

*J. P. Richter.*

### 579. The Library.

I look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 580. The Nimble Lie.

The nimble lie  
Is like the second hand upon a clock;  
We see it fly; while the hour hand of truth  
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,  
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike  
Till it has reached the goal.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### **581. The Simple Duties Lead to Excellence.**

We may attain all the excellence of which humanity is capable while doing the simplest daily duties. The great thing is to feel that He has placed us at our several posts, and resolve to do the duty that lies nearest us. Thus we shall gather strength. There is no need for straining and making great efforts.

*Thomas Hughes.*

### **582. Need of Great Men.**

We need men in society who stand apart from the little fights, petty controversies and angry contentions which seem to be part and parcel of daily life, and who shall speak great principles, breathe a heavenly influence, and bring to bear upon combatants of all kinds considerations which shall survive all their misunderstandings.

*Joseph Parker.*

## **MAY NINTH.**

### **583. Two Things Only Forever Young.**

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer.  
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

*O. W Holmes.*

**584. Perhaps!**

What would have been the destiny of man could Rome have sent out her literature and that of Greece instead of sending forth her armies and her robbers and her vices? Perhaps the fifteenth century would then have equaled our nineteenth, and we, who now live, would be dwelling in an age as much beyond the present as we are beyond the old past.

*David Swing.*

**585. Be Just and Fear Not.**

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then when thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

*W. Shakespeare.*

**586. Life an Apprenticeship.**

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on mid-noon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**587. Business and Blessedness.**

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

*John Adams.*

**MAY TENTH.****588. Sufferings are Like May Frosts.**

The burden of suffering seems a tombstone hung round us; while in reality it is only the weight necessary to keep down the diver while he is collecting pearls. . . . The sufferings of the beautiful soul are May frosts, which precede the brightness of summer, and the riches of harvest; while those of the corrupted soul are autumnal frost, which announces nothing but winter.

*Thomas Hughes.*

**589. Let Us Sail, Not Drift.**

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it — but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**590. “Oh, Hearts that Break!”**

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
     Whose song has told their heart's sad story —  
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
     The cross without the crown of glory!  
                   \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign  
     Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine,  
     Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses.

If singing breath or echoing chord  
     To every hidden pang were given,  
 What endless melodies were poured,  
     As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**591. Signs of Immortality.**

All impatience of monotony, all weariness of best things even, are but signs of the eternity of our nature, the broken human fashions of the divine everlastingness.

*George Macdonald.*

**MAY ELEVENTH.****592. Walk and Trust.**

Sooner walk in the dark and trust to a promise of God than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**93. True Ambition.**

Better to stem with heart and hand  
 The roaring tide of life, than lie  
 Unmindful, on the flowery strand  
 Of God's occasions, floating by;  
 Better with naked nerve to bear  
 The needles of this goading air,  
 Than in the lap of sensuous ease, forego  
 The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**594. The Niagara of Grace.**

If ever men complain of languishing vitality in their religious emotions, or of a stinted supply of food for their truest self, it is their own fault, not His. He means that there should be no parentheses of famine in our Christian life. It is not His doing if times of torpor alternate with seasons of quick energy and joyful fullness of life. So far as He is concerned, the

flow is uninterrupted, and if it come to us in jets and spurts, like some intermittent well, it is because our own evil has put some obstacle to choke the channel and dam out His Spirit from our spirits. We cannot too firmly hold, or too profoundly feel, that an unbroken continuity of supplies of His grace — unbroken and bright as a sunbeam reaching in one golden shaft all the way from the sun to the earth — is His purpose concerning us. Here, in this highest region, the thought of our text is most absolutely true; for He who gives is ever pouring forth His own self for us to take, and there is no limit to our reception, but our capacity and our desire; nor any reason for a moment's break in our possession of love, righteousness, peace, but our withdrawal of our souls from beneath the Niagara of His grace.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

### **MAY TWELFTH.**

#### **595. "Speak Low to Me."**

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet,  
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,  
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!  
 And if no precious gems my hands bestow,  
 Let my tears drop like amber while I go  
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
 In humanest affliction, thus in sooth  
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
 Whose songbird seeks the wood forevermore,  
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,  
 Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,  
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

### 596. The Order of Blessedness.

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health; but the superlative blessings, in fine, are those of the mind.

*L'Estrange.*

### 597. Nettles.

There are nettles everywhere,  
But smooth green grasses are more common still;  
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

### 598. The Voices of the Night.

How many lonely men, in the solitude and silence of night, hearing naught save the universal thrill of life and the soft pulsations of the universe of God, have felt the presence of their Creator, and that “in Him we live, and move, and have our being.” He who teaches men the use of life and death, of time and of eternity — was wont to spend nights on the mountain alone in prayer. When shall we know how to bind together the true life of day and the true life of night?

*A. Gratry.*

## **MAY THIRTEENTH.**

### 599. Wants.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

**600. The Perfect Ideal.**

The perfect ideal must always be before each great mind and great age, but the generations would all die of a broken heart if no joy could come till they should have reached that supreme good.

**601. Life Means Action.**

A calm more awful is than storm.  
Beware of calms in any form.  
This life means action.

*Joaquin Miller.*

**602. Alternatives.**

No pain, no palm; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.

*William Penn.*

**603. Our Acts are Angels.**

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.  
*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

**604. The First Garden.**

God Almighty first planted a garden.

*Lord Bacon.*

**605. Two Points to be Watched.**

Watch well two points in life, I heard a wise man say,  
The beginning of each labor, and the end of every play.

*Saadi.*

**606. The Power of a New Thought.**

Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**MAY FOURTEENTH.****607. Days When the Great are Near us.**

There are days when the great are near us, when there is no frown on their brow, no condescension even; when they take us by the hand, and we share their thought. These are days which are the carnival of the year. The angels assume flesh, and repeatedly become visible. The imagination of the gods is excited; and rushes on every side into forms.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**608. Adversity.**

Adversity borrows its bitterest sting from our impatience.

*Bishop Horne.*

**609. Jimmy and I.**

Jimmy and I are fellows for play!  
 Never tired of it, rain or shine.  
 Jimmy was six the last birthday,  
 While I was only — sixty-nine!

\* \* \* \* \*

And sadly the question bothers me,  
 As I stop in my play to look at him —  
 What will the twentieth century be,  
 If the nineteenth's youngsters are all like Jim?

*K. P. Osgood.*

**610. Will Wanted More than Power.**

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**611. Superstition and Faith.**

We must exorcise superstition to save faith.

*H. Heber Newton*

**612. The Influence of One True Life.**

No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

*Owen Meredith.*

***MAY FIFTEENTH.*****613. Genius.**

Genius, at first, is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

*George Eliot.*

**614. The Essence of Gentleness.**

The whole essence of true gentle breeding (one does not like to say gentility) lies in the wish and the art to be agreeable.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**615. Wretchedness.**

It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die — the last exit of us all is in the fire chariot of pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal Laissez-faire: it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, infinite injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**616. The Tools of Sin.**

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**617. Hope, Like a Star.**

Nerved to a stern resolve, fulfill thy lot —  
     Reveal the secrets nature has unveiled thee;  
 All higher gifts by toil intense are bought —  
     Has thy firm will in action ever failed thee?  
 Only on distant summits fame is sought —  
     Sorrow and gloom thy nature has entailed thee,  
 But bright thy present joys, and brighter far  
 The hope that draws thee like a heavenly star.

*J. G. Percival.*

**618. Sowing Seed.**

To get a few flowers one must sow plenty of seeds.

*Archbishop Whately.*

**MAY SIXTEENTH.****619. The Crown of All.**

The end crowns all.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**620. Sunday.**

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**621. What Christianity has Done.**

Christianity rose out of the dying ashes of paganism, restored conscience to its supremacy, and made real belief in God once more possible.

*A. J. Froude.*

**622. The Overflowing God.**

Through heaven and earth  
 God's will moves freely, and I follow it  
 As color follows light. He overflows  
 The firmamental walls with deity,  
 Therefore with love; His lightnings go abroad,  
 His pity may do so, His angels must  
 Whene'er he gives them charges.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**623. Something Clever.**

The clever thing to do is to find out people's merits.

*Arthur Helps.*

**624. Poverty.**

I have been firing at the bull's-eye of poverty all my life, and I have never missed hitting it.

*Robert Collyer.*

**625. Nature Never Hurries.**

Nature never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or planting, is the manners of Nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water.

*R. W. Emerson.*

***MAY SEVENTEENTH.*****626. Politics and Veracity.**

Politics and veracity have the same number of letters, but there the resemblance ends.

*Anon.*

**627. The Preventive Ministries.**

The preventive ministries of life are not, indeed, so heroic and impressive in their aspects as ministries of a more affirmative kind, yet are they set down in the book of God as most acceptable services. If you prevent your boy from becoming a drunkard, it is better than if you were to save him from the extremest dissipation, though it will not carry with it so imposing an appearance before the eyes of society.

*Joseph Parker.*

**628. The Stars are Everywhere.**

There is no end to the sky,  
 And the stars are everywhere,  
 And time is eternity,  
 And the here is over there;  
 For the common deeds of the common day  
 Are ringing bells in the far-away.

*Henry Burton.*

**629. The Secret of a Quiet Life.**

Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**630. Success in Life.**

The great secret of success in life is for a man to know when his opportunity comes.

*Earl Beaconsfield.*

**631. The Riddle of Life Explained.**

The riddle of the world is understood  
 Only by him who feels that God is good;  
 As only he can feel who makes his love  
 The ladder of his faith, and climbs above  
 On the rounds of his best instincts.

*James G. Whittier.*

**MAY EIGHTEENTH.****632. Work! Work! Work!**

Work — and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;  
 Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;  
     Work with a stout heart and resolute will!  
 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 great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

*Frances S. Osgood.*

**633. Appearances.**

The appearance of religion only on Sunday proves that it is only an appearance.

*John Adams.*

**634. The Song of Life.**

We fight through pain and wrong,  
     We fight and fly;  
 We live, we lose, and then, ere long,  
     Stone dead we lie!  
 Oh, life! Is all thy song, "Endure and die?"

*Anon.*

**635. What Prayer Should Be.**

Let prayer be the key of the day, and the bolt of the night.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**636. God's First Temples.**

The groves were God's first temples,  
     Ere man learned  
 To hew the shaft and lay the architrave  
 And spread the roof above them —  
     Ere he formed  
 The holy vault to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems — in the darkling wood  
 Amid the cool and silence he knelt down  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication.

*W. C. Bryant.*

**MAY NINETEENTH.****637. Respect the Poor.**

Look on the poor with gentle eyes, for in such habits, often, angels desire  
 an alms.

*Philip Massinger.*

**638. The Hand of Christ.**

The hand that strews the earth with flowers  
     Enriched the marriage feast with wine;  
 The Hand once pierced for sins of ours  
     This morning made the dewdrops shine.

*Anon.*

**639. The Bellows of a Smith.**

He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying, is like the bellows of  
 a smith: he breathes, indeed, but he does not live.

*Anon.*

**640. What Kindness Deserves.**

The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next, transmission.

*George Macdonald.*

**641. Hope Growing out of Sorrow.**

If our hope is to grow out of our sorrow, it must be because our sorrow drives us to God.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**642. The Wise Use of Time.**

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.

*W. E. Gladstone.*

**643. The Track Behind.**

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean  
     Will leave a track behind forevermore;  
 The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,  
     Extends and widens to the eternal shore;  
 We should be wary, then, who go before  
 A myriad yet to be; and we should take  
     Our bearing carefully where breakers roar  
 And fearful tempests gather; one mistake  
 May wreck unnumber'd barks that follow in our wake!

*Anon.*

**MAY TWENTIETH.****644. The Use of Wealth.**

Wealth is a means, and life the end;  
 You lose your hoard; have what you spend.  
 For that unhappy mortal pray  
 Who never learned to give away.  
 His heaped-up wealth made him its slave:  
 He did not use who never gave.

*Saadi.*

**645. A Man Without Decision.**

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself.

*John Foster.*

**646. Man a Fallen God.**

Bounded in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who has a recollection of heaven.

*Alphonse Lamartine.*

**647. The Bible Increasing in Value.**

The words of the Bible do not lose in value, but they grow in wealth with the increase of years. Every new perplexity only brings out that they are capable of new applications, and meant more than they were imagined to do. When you give to a people the Bible, you give it a whole literature, and a literature far the most elevating and educating which the world possesses; you enrich it with incalculable treasures of poetry, of eloquence, of history, of moral instruction, of social and political principle, of spiritual truth; but above all, you enrich it with the knowledge of the revelation of God in Christ, the knowledge whence springs eternal life, eternal blessedness.

*Professor Flint.*

### 648. Is the Heart Right?

Where the heart is right, the hand will be right. The stream may travel a rough course; it may be impeded, discolored, and otherwise vitiated; but these are the accidents of the way, not the defects of the source. "As a man thinketh in his heart, So is he."

*Joseph Parker.*

### *MAY TWENTY-FIRST.*

### 649. Simple, Childlike Faith.

But is it not to be lamented that we are so wavering and weak in faith? Christ giveth Himself to us with all that He is and hath. He nameth us His brothers and co-heirs; yet, nevertheless, we are in time of necessity affrighted, and do fly from Him when we have most need of His help and comfort. The little children do stand on the best terms with God Almighty concerning their lives and faith. We, the doting fools, do torment ourselves and have sorrow of heart with our disputings touching the world. But the children, with simple, pure faith do hold the same to be certain and true, without any doubtings.

*Martin Luther.*

### 650. Onward.

Onward, onward, may we press,  
                   Through the path of duty;  
 Virtue is true happiness,  
                   Excellence true beauty.  
 Minds are of supernal birth,  
 Let us make a heaven of earth.

*James Montgomery.*

**651. Gains and Pains.**

There are no gains without pains.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**652. A Sign of Vulgarity.**

I have often observed that vulgar persons, and public audiences of inferior collective intelligence, have this in common: the least thing draws off their minds when you are speaking to them.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**653. Time's Unfoldings.**

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**654. How to Enter Heaven.**

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.

*Bishop Heber.*

***MAY TWENTY-SECOND.*****655. Flowers.**

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers. They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays, while the Indian child of the far West clasps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms — the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday.

*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

**656. Sheltering Love.**

Might I but guard thee forever more!  
 A sheltering roof, a fast shut door,  
 In my deep heart to hold thee.  
 So fair, so dear, so true thou art,  
 So doth my love enfold thee.

*Friedrich Rukert.*

**657. Limitations of Power.**

It is important to know the difference between quantities which are variable and quantities which are fixed. This knowledge may save us a great deal of trouble, and prevent very much pain. Can your teeth bite the rock? However hungry you are, is there strength in your jaw to bite the granite? Can your feet stand upon the flowing river? Can you lay your finger upon the lowest of all the stars that shine in heaven? A thousand such questions show that we are hemmed in by the impassable; we walk upon the edge of a gulf; and our mightiest endeavors show us that after all we are only beating ourselves against the bars of a great cage! A painted cage, but a cage still — a cage lamplit, but a cage still.

*Joseph Parker.*

**658. Hearing Heavenly Music.**

Only the free, pure spirit hears  
 The heavenly music of the spheres.

*C. F. Orne.*

**MAY TWENTY-THIRD.****659. The Blocks of Life's Building.**

Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**660. The Highest Greatness.**

The highest greatness, — surviving time and stone, — is that which proceeds from the soul of man. Monarchs and cabinets, generals and admirals, with the pomp of courts and circumstance of war, in the lapse of time disappear from sight; but the pioneers of truth, though poor and lowly, especially those whose example elevates human nature, and teaches the rights of man so that “a government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the earth,” — such a harbinger can never be forgotten, and their renown spreads coextensive with the cause they served so well.

*Charles Sumner.*

**661. Cooperation.**

Government and cooperation are, in all things and eternally, the laws of life; anarchy and competition, eternally and in all things, the laws of death.

*John Ruskin.*

**662. A Page of Hood.**

Good to the heels the well worn slipper feels  
When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;  
A page of Hood may do a fellow good  
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**663. We Love What We Lack.**

We love in others what we lack ourselves,  
And would be everything but what we are.

*R. H. Stoddard.*

**664. The Price of Excellence.**

Excellence, in any department, can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime. It is not purchased at a lesser price.

*Samuel Johnson.*

***MAY TWENTY-FOURTH.*****665. The Crown of Love.**

Not every head can wear the crown  
That the hands of love bestow.

*Phoebe Cary.*

**666. Paupers in the World.**

The fountains of invention and beauty in modern society are all but dried up. A popular novel, a theatre or a ballroom makes us feel that we are all paupers in the almshouse of this world, without dignity, without skill or industry.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**667. Faith in God.**

When my reason is afloat my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatory side, and add the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason.

*Jean Jacques Rousseau.*

**668. The Power of Trouble.**

The trouble which knits us to God gives us new hope. That bright form which comes down the narrow valley is His messenger and herald — sent before His face. All the light of hope is the reflection on our hearts of the light of God. Her silver beams, which shed quietness over the darkness of earth, come only from that great Sun.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**669. Work and Wait.**

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,  
 Against the world, early and late,  
 No jot of our courage abating —  
 Our part is to work and to wait.  
 And slight is the sting of his trouble  
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
 For he who is honest is noble,  
 Whatever his fortune or birth.

*Anon.*

**670. Apologies.**

Apology is only egoism wrong side out.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**MAY TWENTY-FIFTH.****671. Be Useful.**

Be useful where thou livest, that they may  
 Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.  
 Kindness, good parts, great places are the way  
 To compass this, find out men's wants and will,  
 And meet them there. All worldly joys go less  
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

*George Herbert.*

**672. The Rose, the Lark and the Sun.**

When God formed the rose, He said: "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When He commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, He added: "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When He gave life to the lark, He enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally, He created man; and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how could man help loving?

*Alexander Grun.*

**673. Generous Takings.**

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,  
 Can give, with generous, earnest will;  
 Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,  
 I think I hold more generous still.

*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

**674. Reverence for Boys.**

I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under that shabby coat.

*James A. Garfield.*

**675. Love the True Guide.**

Love, only Love, can guide the creature  
Up to the Father-fount of nature.  
What were the soul, did Love forsake her?  
Love guides the mortal to the Maker!

*Schiller.*

***MAY TWENTY-SIXTH.*****676. Great Men.**

Great men are they who see that the spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**677. A Little Reading Every Day.**

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.

*Horace Mann.*

**678. A Thousand Eyes.**

The night has a thousand eyes —  
 The day but one:  
 Yet the light of the whole world dies  
 With the setting sun.  
 The mind has a thousand eyes —  
 The day but one;  
 Yet the light of the whole world dies  
 When love is done.

*Francis W. Boudillon.*

**679. Deathless Powers.**

No power can die that ever wrought for truth.

*J. R. Lowell.*

**680. Each Day a Fresh Benediction.**

Every day is a fresh beginning;  
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
 And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
 Take heart with the day, and begin again.

*Anon.*

**681. What Is Life?**

Every man's life is a plan of God.

*Horace Bushnell.*

**MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH.****682. A Meaning in Everything.**

Everything in life has a meaning. Mistakes have their meanings.  
Misunderstandings will often lead to the highest harmonies.

*Joseph Parker.*

**683. Do Not Wait, but Work.**

Do not wait for an opportunity, but work for it.

*J. M. Buckley.*

**684. Dull Fellows.**

Dull fellows frequently prove good men of business.

*Richard Steele.*

**685. Trifles.**

By trifles, in our common ways,  
Our characters are slowly piled;  
We lose not all our yesterdays;  
The man has something of the child:  
Part of the Past to all the Present cleaves,  
As the rose odors linger in the fading leaves.

*W. Morley Punshon.*

**686. How Evil is Wrought.**

Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as by want of heart.

*Thomas Hood.*

### **687. The Supremacy of God.**

There is one Lord, and His name is the key which opens every lock; His name is the mighty power which beats down every mountain and every wall, and makes the rough places plain.

*Joseph Parker.*

### **688. Happy or Unhappy.**

The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase,  
 "Let no one be called happy till his death."  
 To which I add, let no one till his death  
 Be called unhappy. Measure not the work  
 Until the day's out and the labor done;  
 Then bring your gauges.

*E. B. Browning.*

## **MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH.**

### **689. Gazing Steadfastly on Eternity.**

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater and the latter less.

*Charles Celeb Colton.*

### **690. Half the Sorrows of Life Might be Spared.**

Half the misery of human life would be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

*Joseph Addison.*

### **691. Light and Darkness.**

The tree that waves its branches so freely in the great expanse, and spreads out its leafy surface toward heaven, so eager for light and heat, struck its root in secret, underground, in great darkness and bondage. Take heed that you do not undervalue your time of spiritual darkness and conflict. The joy of eternity often strikes its root in very bitterness of spirit. Do you know that you would not so painfully feel your darkness if the holy sunlight did not underlie it? The diviner the sunlight at the center, the painfuller is the encompassing night.

*John Pulsford.*

### **692. Self sufficiency.**

Self sufficiency on the part of man is an offense to God; not only so, it is a vexation to man himself. All efforts at completeness and independence of strength end in mortification. Towards one another we are to be self reliant; towards God we are to be humble, dependent, all-trustful. How infinite is our folly in seeking to remove, by our own power, the mountains and hills that bar our way!

*Joseph Parker.*

### **693. All Love is Sweet.**

All love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

*Percy B. Shelley.*

**MAY TWENTY-NINTH.****694. Trouble Mostly a Bubble.**

There's many a trouble  
 Would break like a bubble,  
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
 Did not we rehearse it  
 And tenderly nurse it,  
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.

*Anon.***695. The Talent of Success.**

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well,  
 and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

*H. W. Longfellow.***696. Musk.**

Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee;  
 For deeds, not words, make each man's memory stable.  
 If what thou dost is good, its good all men will see.  
 Musk by its smell is known, not by its label.

*Saadi.***697. Unfading Light.**

When a great man dies,  
 For years beyond our ken,  
 The light he leaves behind him lies  
 Upon the paths of men.

*Anon.*

**698. On Troubles.**

I always make a distinction amongst troubles. I do not gather all men's afflictions together into one mass and say: "There! they are all for the best." Nothing of the kind. You must discriminate, separate, classify, you must go into detail, you must say, how did this come, and how did that come? You must interrogate your troubles up to a given point. And only in proportion as they answer satisfactorily are you to deal with them as the seeds and germs and prophecies of God.

*Joseph Parker.*

**MAY THIRTIETH.****699. May Among New England Hills.**

I love to look on these young faces, and see the firstlings of the young man's beard, and the maidenly bloom blushing over the girl's fair cheek; I love to see the pure eyes beaming with joy and goodness, to see the unconscious joy of such young souls, impatient of restraint, and longing for the heaven that we fashion here. So have I seen in early May among the New England hills the morning springing in the sky, and gradually thinning off the stars that hedge about the cradle of the day; and all cool and fresh and lustrous came the morning light, and a few birds commenced their songs, prophets of many more; and ere the sun was fairly up you saw the pinky buds upon the apple trees, and scented the violets in the morning air, and thought of what a fresh and lordly day was coming up the eastern sky.

*Theodore Parker.*

**700. Avoid the Melancholy.**

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul; he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavy loaded, and thou must bear half. He is never in a good humor, and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**701. Wrinkles.**

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.

*James A. Garfield.*

**702. Peace and Rest.**

Holy Spirit! quickening all,  
 On Thy boundless love we call;  
 Send Thy messengers of light  
 To unseal our inward sight;  
 Lift us from our low estate,  
 Make us truly wise and great,  
 That our lives, through love, may be  
 Full of peace and rest in Thee.

*Elizabeth Doten.*

***MAY THIRTY-FIRST.*****703. Death Translated.**

Death? Translated into the heavenly tongue that word means life!

*H. W. Beecher.*

#### **704. All Things Lovely to the Loving.**

Thanks to Him who gives the heart all its capabilities of insight and enjoyment. Nothing lovely in all the circle of the year grows meaningless to those who live in the love of Him who pronounced good all that He has made.

*Horatio Nelson Powers.*

#### **705. The Happy Unknown.**

Many men are esteemed because they are not known.

*From the French.*

#### **706. The Beauty of Youth.**

How beautiful is youth, — early manhood, how wonderfully fair! what freshness of life, clearness of blood, purity of breath! What hopes? There is nothing too much for the young maid or man to put into their dream, and in their prayer to hope to put into their day. O young men and women! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw that seems too high, too beautiful, for your young hearts.

*Theodore Parker.*

#### **707. The Cloud of Witnesses.**

Whether we face the lions in the den,  
     Or sail o'er martyrdom's red, fiery seas,  
 Around us camp, invisible to men,  
     "The cloud of witnesses."  
 No chains can bind, no flames consume the soul;  
     God's breath dissolves the avalanche of ill.  
 When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,  
     He sends His angels still.

*Thomas L. Harris.*

## JUNE.

### *JUNE FIRST.*

#### **708. Perfect Days.**

What is so rare as a day in June! Days then, if ever, come perfect.

*James Russell Lowell.*

#### **709. June Music.**

To left and right,  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;  
The redcap whistled, and the nightingale  
Sang loud, as tho' he were a bird of day.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

#### **710. The June Air.**

This June air, laden with the odors of these sweet old style roses and grape blossoms, intoxicates me. These mountains lift me up. These birds set my nerves tingling like one of Beethoven's symphonies.

*E. P. Reo.*

#### **711. The Joyous Lark.**

From the woods  
Came voices of the well contented doves.  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**712. The Morning Breath of June.**

It was the beginning of a day in June; the deep blue sky unsullied by a cloud, and teeming with brilliant light. The streets were, as yet, nearly free from passengers, the houses and shops were closed, and the healthy air of morning fell like breath from angels on the sleeping town.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**JUNE SECOND.****713. Critics.**

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**714. Quietude.**

'Tis well true hearts should for a time retire  
To holy ground, in quiet to aspire  
Toward promised regions of serener grace.

*John Keble.*

**715. How to Make Friends with Fools and Knaves.**

Commend a fool for his wit and a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

*Joseph Fielding.*

**716. A Sultry Morning in Summer.**

But who the melodies of morn can tell?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;  
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell:  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley, echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;  
 The hum of bees; the linnets' lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

*J. Beattie.*

**717. Beware of an Indiscreet Friend.**

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

*La Fontaine.*

**718. Promises and Fulfillments.**

We promise according to our hopes, and fulfill according to our fears.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

**JUNE THIRD.****719. "Light! More Light!"**

By our human weal and woe,  
 By our life of toil below,  
 By our sorrow and our pain,  
 By our hope of heavenly gain,  
 By these cherished forms of clay,  
 Fading from our sight away,  
 Do we plead for light, more light,  
 From that world beyond our sight.

*Elizabeth Doten.*

**720. The Grand Example.**

This public life is a weary, wearing one, that leaves one but little time for that quiet reflection which is so necessary to keep up a growth and vigor of Christian character. But I hope I have lost none of my desire to be a true man, and keep ever before me the character of the great Nazarene.

*James A. Garfield.*

**721. Morning on Olivet.**

Oh, look! the Savior blest,  
 Calm after solemn rest,  
 Stands in the garden 'neath his olive boughs;  
 The earliest smile of day  
 Doth on his vesture play,  
 And light the majesty of his still brows:  
 While angels hang with wings outspread,  
 Holding the new won crown above his saintly head.

*Jean Ingelow.*

### **722. The Real Gentleman.**

The Real Gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself — in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate — not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to Gentleness. Many such Gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated.

*Julius Hare.*

### ***JUNE FOURTH.***

### **723. The Alphabet of Character.**

Actions, words, looks, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

*Lavater.*

### **724. The Wise Man.**

The wise man is sincere; but he who tries  
To be sincere haphazard is not wise.  
Knowledge is gold to him who can discern  
That he who loves to know must love to learn.

*J. B. O'Reilly.*

### **725. The Production of Character.**

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

*James A. Garfield.*

**726. A Man's Best Things.**

A man's best things are nearest him,  
 Lie close about his feet;  
 It is the distant and the dim  
 That we are sick to greet:  
 For flowers that grow our hands beneath  
 We struggle and aspire, —  
 Our hearts must die, except they breathe  
 The air of fresh desire.

*Lord Houghton.*

**727. Modern Saints.**

And remember there are, thank God, myriads of saints whom the world never heard of. Their names are in no calendars; their graves are never visited; no lamp is kindled at their shrines; yet in the midst of sin and sorrow God has seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and whose mouth has not kissed him. Strive to be of these faithful ones, though they were not famous, and our lives, however insignificant; will not be in vain. Each grain of rock helps to build the mountain bastions; each coral insect has had his share in laying the basis of the continents; each drop in the rain shower lends its minim to fertilize the soil; each grain of sand on the shore does its part as a barrier against the raging sea.

*Cannon Farrar.*

**JUNE FIFTH.****728. Good, and not Evil, the Law of Being.**

If in life we can be neither saints nor heroes, we can delight in helping them to carry out God's work; we can at least be companions of them that fear Him, of them that delight in His councils. The work of the very humblest may be necessary to make it clearer to all that come after us that

man was created for holiness, as the trees of the forest for light; that good, and not evil, is, and is to be, the law of our being; and that if the course of all mankind, as it sweeps across the universe from the great deep of nothing to the great deep of death — if it be a course from mystery to mystery it is also a course from God to God.

*Cannen Farrar.*

### **729. The Strength of Love.**

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with only a single thread.

*Lord Bacon.*

### **730. Genius.**

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.

*Wolfgang Von Goethe.*

### **731. A Plea for Charitable Judgment.**

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone  
 Decidedly can try us.  
 He knows each chord — its various tone;  
 Each spring its various bias;  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it;  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.

*Robert Burns.*

**732. Undiscovered Truth.**

If Isaac Newton likened himself to a child on the seashore, gathering a few pebbles brighter than the rest, and humbly said that the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him; who are we that we should set ourselves up in mid-water and say, “We see the other side of the sea.”

*Joseph Parker.*

**JUNE SIXTH.****733. Shakespeare.**

Beloved Shakespeare! England's dearest fame!  
 Dead is the breast that swells not at thy name!  
 Whether thine Ariel skim the seas along,  
 Floating on wings ethereal as his song, —  
 Lear rave amid the tempest, — or Macbeth  
 Question the hags of hell on midnight heath, —  
 Immortal Shakespeare! still thy lips impart  
 The noblest comment on the human heart.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**734. Time the Cradle of Hope.**

It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of Death. Time, the cradle of Hope, but the grave of Ambition, is the stern corrector of Fools, but the salutary counselor of the Wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, Opportunity with it, and Repentance behind it. He that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

**735. How to Make a Hero.**

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning would have proved a coward.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**736. Time**

Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable, of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us and us from the world.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

***JUNE SEVENTH.*****737. The First Virtue.**

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even when he is in the right.

*Cato.*

**738. Enough to Vex a Saint.**

It's hardly in a body's power  
 To keep at times frae being sour  
     To see how things are shared —  
 How best o' chieles are whyles in want,  
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,  
     And ken na how to wair't.

*Robert Burns.*

**739. Either Asses or Lions.**

One may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness, they are asses which are not lions.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**740. The Upward Path.**

We rise by the things that are under our feet;  
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

*J. G. Holland.*

**741. How Men Become Immortal.**

What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality.

*Daniel Webster.*

**742. Stand for the Right.**

If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

*J. B. Gough.*

**JUNE EIGHTH.****743. The Real Spirit of Literature.**

He who would understand the real spirit of literature should not select authors of any one period alone, but rather go to the fountain-head, and trace the little rill as it courses along down the ages, broadening and deepening into the great ocean of Thought which the men of the present are exploring.

*James A. Garfield.*

**744. An Emperor in His Night Cap.**

An emperor in his night cap will not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

**745. The Narrow Path.**

We get back our mete as we measure —  
     We cannot do wrong and feel right;  
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
     For justice avenges each slight.  
 The air for the wings of the sparrow,  
     The bush for the robin and wren,  
 But always the path that is narrow  
     And straight for the children of men.

*Anon.*

**746. The Minority.**

The minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat with the right and truth, a wretched crust, if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that whatever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered around him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own!

*John B. Gough.*

**JUNE NINTH.****747. The Treasure of the Poor.**

The Scriptures are the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying.

*Robert Hall.*

**748. What Time Have We to be Vext?**

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest born, my  
flower;  
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an  
hour, —  
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the  
next;  
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be  
vext?

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**749. How Skeptics Are Made.**

The attempt to make men believe too much naturally provokes them to believe too little.

*Anon.*

**750. The Glory of Manhood.**

I have not so far left the coast of youth to travel inland but that I can very well remember the state of young manhood, from an experience in it of some years, and there is nothing to me in this world so inspiring as the possibilities that lie locked up in the head and breast of a young man. The hopes that lie before him, the great inspirations above him, all these things, with the untried pathway of life opening up its difficulties and dangers, inspire him to courage, and force, and work.

*James A. Garfield.*

**751. God Lives.**

God lives! there rest, my soul;  
     God hears! before Him bow;  
 God sees! and can control;  
     God leads! then follow thou.  
     God gives and loves, —  
     Look up above!  
 O heart, be done with all thy care!  
 Thou shalt live with Him ever there.

*Schmolke.*

**JUNE TENTH.****752. The Good Hereafter.**

Happy he whose inward ear  
 Angel comfortings can hear  
     O'er the rabble's laughter,  
 And, while hatred's fagots burn,  
 Glimpses through the smoke discern  
     Of the good hereafter.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**753. God's Autograph.**

Everywhere I find the signature, the autograph of God, and He will never deny His own handwriting. God hath set His tabernacle in the dewdrop as surely as in the sun. No man can any more create the smallest flower than he could create the greatest world.

*Joseph Parker.*

**754. Good Luck and Bad Luck.**

FROM THE GERMAN.

Good Luck is the gayest of all gay girls,  
     Long in one place she will not stay,  
 Back from her brow she strokes her curls,  
     Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes  
     And stays — no fancy has she for flitting —  
 Snatches of true love songs she hums,  
     And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

*John Hay.*

**755. God with the Patient.**

God is with the patient.

*Koran.*

**756. Honesty.**

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of Happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an Abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

***JUNE ELEVENTH.*****757. When to Strike.**

Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
 Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;  
 And with new notions — let me change the rule —  
 Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**758. Thinking.**

Thinkers are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject, pursues it uninterruptedly, and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.

*Lavater.*

**759. The Tired Heart.**

How tired we feel, my heart and I!  
 We seem of no use in the world;  
 Our fancies hang gray and uncurled  
 About men's eyes indifferently;  
 Our voice which thrilled you so, will let  
 You sleep: our tears are only wet:  
 What do we hear, my heart and I?

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**760. The Single Eye.**

What we want is the single eye, that we may see what our work is, the humility to accept it, however lowly, the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.

*Norman McLeod.*

**761. The Might of Prayer.**

Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.

*Hugh Miller.*

**762. What the Grave Buries.**

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom bring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

*Washington Irving.*

**JUNE TWELFTH.****763. Every Day a Book.**

I suppose every day of earth, with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**764. Intimations of Immortality.**

O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,  
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
 Hymn it round our souls; according harps,  
 By angel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars  
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
 The song of our great immortality!  
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep toned seas,  
 Join in this solemn, universal song.

*R. H. Dana.*

**765. Wise Charity.**

How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also. It is written, not "blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

*John Ruskin.*

**766. Nature Never Wearies.**

Look at Nature. She never wearies of saying over her floral pater-noster. In the crevices of Cyclopean walls, — on the mounds that bury huge cities, in the dust where men lie, dust also, — still that same sweet prayer and benediction. The amen of Nature is always a flower.

*O W. Holmes.*

**JUNE THIRTEENTH.****767. Life and Learning.**

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

*George Herbert.*

**768. Long Head or Short Creed.**

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

**769. The Tide in the Affairs of Men.**

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**770. We Need Good Models.**

Men seldom improve when they have no other models than themselves to copy after.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

### 771. A Wise and Fervent Prayer.

A teacher in one of the colored schools at the South was about to go away for a season, and an old negro poured out for her the following fervent petition full of pathos and earnestness: "Go afore her as a leadin' light, an' behind her as a protectin' angel. Rough shod her feet wid de preparation ob de gospel o' peace. Nail her ear to de gospel pole. Gib her de eye ob de eagle dat she spy out sin 'far off. Wax her hand to de gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line ob truf. Keep her feet in de narrer way an' her soul in de channel ob faith. Bow her head low beneaf her knees, an' her knees way down in some lonesome valley where prayer and supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge an' ditch 'bout her, good Lord, an' keep her in de straight an' narrer way dat leads to heafen."

*Anon.*

### 772. Thanks to Our Enemies.

Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of us than we do in our judgments of ourselves.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

## **JUNE FOURTEENTH.**

### 773. Sorrows Like Clouds.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.

*H. W. Beecher.*

### 774. The Excellence of Religion.

The excellence of religion is proved by the fact that many pretend to possess it. The odorous balsam is imitated, because it is so precious and fragrant, and necessarily there are many spurious kinds; but no man takes trouble to imitate common oil.

*Chrysostom.*

### **775. Opportunities**

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing is to know when to forego an advantage.

*Earl Beaconsfield.*

### **776. A Legend of Brittany.**

One of the most popular legends in Brittany is that relating to an imaginary town called Is, which is supposed to have been swallowed up by the sea at some unknown time. According to them, the tips of spires of the churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves when the sea is rough, while during a calm the music of their bells ringing out the hymn appropriate to the day rises above the waters. I often fancy that I have at the bottom of my heart a city of Is, with its bells calling to prayer a recalcitrant congregation. At times I halt to listen to these gentle vibrations, which seem as if they come from immeasurable depths like voices from another world. Since old age began to steal upon me I have loved, more especially during the repose which summer brings with it, to gather up these distant echoes of a vanished Atlantis.

*Ernest Renan.*

### **777. Nature Never Made a Coxcomb.**

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

*Joseph Addison.*

**JUNE FIFTEENTH.****778. Experience.**

To most men, experience is like the stern light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

**779. Love the Emblem of Eternity.**

Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time; effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.

*Madame de Stael.*

**780. God Preparing His Work.**

God, who prepares His work through ages, accomplishes it, when the hour is come, with the feeblest instruments.

*Merle D' Aubigne.*

**781. "O Dreary Life!"**

"O dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"  
 And still the generations of the birds  
 Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds  
 Serenely live while we are keeping strife  
 With heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife  
 Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds  
 Unslackened the dry land: savannah-swards  
 Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn, and rife  
 Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees,  
 To show above the unwasted stars that pass  
 In their old glory. O thou god of old,  
 Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these —  
 But so much patience, as a blade of grass  
 Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**782. The Meanness of Gambling.**

Gambling at the very heart of it is mean, ignoble, dishonest. It means getting something for nothing. Every time a man gambles, he wants to take something out of somebody else's pocket without rendering anything in return. And of all dishonesty this is the meanest. There is no getting away from this plain statement of the case.

*Elmo.*

**JUNE SIXTEENTH.****783. Sweet, be not Proud.**

Sweet be not proud of those two eyes,  
Which, star like, sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud that you can see  
All hearts your captives, — yours yet free.  
Be ye not proud of that rich hair,  
Which wantons with the love sick air;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone,  
When all your worth of beauty's gone.

*Robert Herrick.*

**784. Success.**

Whether your life shall be successful or not, is a question which must be answered by yourself alone. It cannot be done by proxy. Temperance, frugality, honesty, and economy, accompanied by strong determination and perseverance, will bring you to the goal of success and prosperity. Nothing else will.

*Samuel Smiles.*

**785. Anatomy.**

It is shameful for man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and directs his application of his own powers.

*Philip Melanethon.*

**786. Courage.**

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
     Though thy path is dark as night;  
 There's a star to guide the humble,  
     Trust in God and do the right.  
 Let the road be long and dreary,  
     And its ending out of sight;  
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary,  
     Trust in God and do the right.  
 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
     Some will flatter, some will slight;  
 Turn from man and look above thee,  
     Trust in God and do the right.

*Norman Macleod.*

***JUNE SEVENTEENTH.*****787. Our Life.**

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;  
 Some only break their fast and go away;  
 Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;  
 The longest age but sups and goes to bed;  
 He's most in debt that lingers out the day;  
 Who dies betimes, has less; and less to pay.

*Francis Quarles.*

**788. Lichen and Mosses.**

In one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored, of the Earth children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, — far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunset of a thousand years.

*John Ruskin.*

**789. Hope.**

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself — its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, — the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness.

*Von Knebel.*

## ***JUNE EIGHTEENTH.***

### **790. The Theatre.**

But I do *not* like giving my name to anything about the theatres. . . . At their best, take the ideal of them, and the soul of the Drama is far above the stage; and according to present and perhaps all past regulations in this country, dramatic poetry has been desecrated into the dust of our treading — yes, and too often forced to desecration and drawn down morally in turn, by the stage. When the poet has his gods in the gallery, what must be the end of it? Why, that even Shakespeare should bow his starry head oftener than Homer nodded, and write down his pure genius into the dirt of the groundlings for the sake of their “most sweet voices,” and even so be outwitted in popularity by his half-brother noble geniuses Beaumont and Fletcher, *because* they stooped still lower.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### **791. Vanity Has a Low Standard.**

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

*William Hazlitt.*

### **792. Five Minutes.**

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

*Freeman Hunt.*

**793. “Good Morning.”**

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!”

*Annie Letitia Barbauld.*

**JUNE NINETEENTH.****794. Gold.**

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled,  
 Heavy to get, and light to hold,  
 Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
 To the very verge of the churchyard mold;  
 Price of many a crime untold;  
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Good or bad, a thousand-fold!  
     How widely its agencies vary —  
 To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,  
 As even its minted coins express,  
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
     And now of a bloody Mary!

*Thomas Hood.*

**795. New Wonders in the Word of God.**

The word of God will stand a thousand readings; and he who has gone over it most frequently is the surest of finding new wonders there.

*James Hamilton.*

**796. True Obedience.**

True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.

*Francis Quarles.*

**797. John Milton.**

Yet the great Milton was not made by what he received; not even by what he loved. High above the current of poetical influence he held his own grand personality, and there never lived poet in any age (unless we assume ignorantly of Homer) more isolated in the contemporaneous world than he. As Cromwell's secretary and Salmasius' antagonist, he had, indeed, an audience, but as a poet, a scant one, his muse, like the sphinx's tune, being inaudible, because too fine and high.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

***JUNE TWENTIETH.*****798. Money a God.**

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. If you could take a five pound note with you across the grave into yonder invisible mysterious world, nobody would know what it was. You would have to explain it, and nobody would believe you. You might hold it up, and show the water mark, and lecture upon it, and turn it round and round, and nobody could change it. Yet there are some men who practically, not theoretically, have made this money their god, and have said they will run into this money as into a strong tower in the time of storm and flood and tempest and great trial.

*Joseph Parker.*

**799. Reverence.**

When Newton and Bossuet uncovered their heads in all simplicity, pronouncing the name of God, they were, perhaps, more truly worthy of admiration than when the first was weighing those worlds, the dust of which the latter taught men to despise.

*Chateaubriand.*

**800. Flowers.**

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, — every leaf a book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
 From lowliest nooks.

Floral apostles, that in dewy splendor,  
 Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,  
 O, may I treasure deep your sacred teaching  
 Of love divine.

*Horace Smith.*

**801. Worry.**

Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us; for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

*Anon.*

***JUNE TWENTY-FIRST.*****802. Illogical Fear.**

What a folly to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal.

*John Howe.*

### 803. My Daughter and the Daisies.

I gave my little girl back to the daisies,  
 From them it was that she took her name;  
 I gave my precious one back to the daisies,  
 From where they caught their color she came;  
 And now when I look in the face of a daisy,  
 My little girl's face I see, I see!  
 My tears down dropping, with theirs commingle,  
 And they give me my precious one back to me.

*George Houghton.*

### 804. Think of Me.

Think of me as your friend, I pray,  
     For else my life is little worth;  
 So shall your memory light my way,  
     Although we meet no more on earth.  
 For while I know your faith secure,  
     I ask no happier fate to see:  
 Thus to be loved by one so pure  
     Is honor rich enough for me.

*W. Winter.*

### 805. Ben Jonson.

At Jonson's name we stop perforce, and do salutation in the dust to that "learned sock." He was a learned man, as everybody knows; and, as everybody does not know, not the worse for his learning. His material, brought laboriously from the East and West, is wrapt in a flame of his own. If the elasticity of Shakespeare and of certain of Shakespeare's brothers, is not found in his writings, the reason of the defect need not be sought out of his readings. His genius, high and verdant as it grew, yet belonged to the hard woods; it was lance-wood rather than bow-wood — a genius rather noble than graceful — eloquent with a certain severity and emphasis of enunciation.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

***JUNE TWENTY-SECOND.*****806. Country Life.**

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat  
 To peep at such a world,  
 To see the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;  
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,  
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
 Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.

*W. Cowper.*

**807. All Honest Industry Honorable.**

There is no discredit, but honor, in every right walk of industry, whether it be in tilling the grounds, making tools, weaving fabrics, or selling the products behind a counter. A youth may handle a yardstick, or measure a piece of ribbon; and there will be no discredit in doing so, unless he allows his mind to have no higher range than the stick and ribbon; to be as short as the one, and as narrow as the other. "Let not those blush who *have*," said Fuller, "but those who *have not*, a lawful calling." And Bishop Hall said: "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind." Men who have raised themselves from a humble calling need not be ashamed, but rather ought to be proud, of the difficulties they have surmounted.

*Samuel Smiles.*

### 808. The Way to Rear up Children.

Women know  
 The way to rear up children (to be just),  
 They know a simple, merry, tender knack  
 Of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes,  
 And stringing pretty words that make no sense,  
 And kissing full sense into empty words;  
 Which things are corals to cut life upon,  
 Although such trifles: children learn by such,  
 Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,  
 And get not over-early solemnized, —  
 But seeing, as in a rosebush, Love's Divine,  
 Which burns and hurts not, — not a single bloom, —  
 Become aware and unafraid of Love.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### *JUNE TWENTY-THIRD.*

### 809. Decision of Character.

Decision of character is the one bright, golden apple which every young man should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.

*John Foster.*

### 810. Ignorance.

It is with Nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves: for the whole family of Pride and Ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

**811. Hatred.**

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your Friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

*La Bruyere.*

**812. The First Consciousness of Love.**

Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love, — the first fluttering of its silken wings, — the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy!

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**813. The Great Lesson.**

Learn to live, and live to learn,  
 Ignorance like a fire doth burn.  
 Little tasks make large return.  
 Toil, when willing, groweth less,  
 “Always play,” may seem to bless,  
 Yet the end is weariness.

*Bayard Taylor.*

**814. Serving God in the Sunshine.**

Let us serve God in the sunshine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark, when He sends it. Only let our light be God’s light, and our darkness God’s darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

*F. W. Faber.*

**JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH.****815. Honor.**

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon Opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change. But Virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him who is the same yesterday — today — and forever.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

**816. Fortune and Fate.**

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.

*Earl Beaconsfield.*

**817. Adversity.**

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which, in prosperous circumstances, would have lain dormant.

*Horace.*

**818. I Wonder.**

I wonder if ever a song was sung,  
     But the singer's heart sang sweeter?  
 I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,  
     But the thought surpassed the metre?  
 I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought  
 Till the cold stone echoed his inmost thought?  
 Or if ever a painter with light and shade,  
 The dream of his inmost soul betrayed?

*Anon.*

**819. The Days of Elizabeth.**

Oh, those days of Elizabeth! We call them the days of Elizabeth, but the glory fell over the ridge, in illustration of the half century beyond: those days of Elizabeth! Full were they of poets as the summer days are of birds:

No branch on which a fine bird did not sit,  
 No bird but his sweet song did shrilly sing,  
 No song but did contain a lovely dit.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH.****820. Conscience.**

He that has light within his own clear Breast,  
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:  
 But he that hides a dark Soul, and foul Thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

*John Milton.*

**821. Keep Your Doubts to Yourself.**

I will listen to anyone's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.

*Wolfgang Von Goethe.*

**822. The Capricious Lover.**

Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;  
 Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;  
 Then I'll commend her volubility  
 And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence.  
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
 But rather to beget more love in you:  
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
 For why, the fools are mad if left alone.  
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:  
 For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*.

*W. Shakespeare.*

### **823. Throwing Away Time.**

We throw away handfuls of time in heedless waste, and suffer no compunction; but, if God, with heavenly will, take from us any expected hours, we burst into faithless tears.

*James Martineau.*

### **824. One Thing Only.**

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,  
 May hope to achieve it before life be done;  
 But he who seeks all things, where'er he goes,  
 Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows  
 A harvest of barren regrets.

*Owen Meredith.*

## ***JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH.***

### **825. The Odds and Ends of Time.**

With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value.

*Samuel Smiles.*

**826. Idleness.**

Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of Naughtiness, the step-mother of Discipline, the chief author of all Mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the Devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of Melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and, if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into Mischief, or sinks into Melancholy.

*Robert Burton.*

**827. Character.**

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life.

*Cunningham Geikie.*

**828. Living Harder than Dying.**

‘Tis not the dying for a faith that’s so hard — some man of every nation has done that: ‘tis the living up to it that is so difficult.

*W. M. Thackeray.*

**829. The Best Thing in the World.**

What’s the best thing in the world?  
 June-rose, by May-dew impearled;  
 Sweet south-wind, that means no rain,  
 Truth, not cruel to a friend;  
 Pleasure, not in haste to end;  
 Beauty, not self-decked and curled  
 Till its pride is over-plain;  
 Light, that never makes you wink;

Memory, that gives no pain;  
 Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.  
 What's the best thing in the world? —  
 Something out of it, I think.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## ***JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH.***

### **830. Duty and Truth.**

Duty is closely allied to truthfulness of character; and the dutiful man is, above all things, truthful in his words as in his actions.

*Samuel Smiles.*

### **831. God is Right.**

It is a comfort to feel that God is right, whatever and whoever else may be wrong.

*H. F. Robertson.*

### **832. The Greek Language.**

The Greek language was a strong intellectual life, stronger than a similar one which has lived in the breath of articulately speaking men, and survived it. No other language has lived so long and died so hard, pang by pang, yielding reluctantly to that doom of death and silence which must come at last to the speaker and the speech. Wonderful it is to look back fathoms down the great Past, thousands of years away, where whole generation lie unmade, to dust; where the sounding of their trumpets and the rushing of their scythed chariots, and that great shout which brought down the birds stone dead from beside the sun, are more silent than the dog breathing at our feet, or the fly's paces on our window pane. And yet from the depth of such silence to feel words rise up. It is wonderful to

look back and listen! Blind Homer spoke this Greek with a quenchless light about his brows, which he felt through his blindness. Pindar rolled his chariots in it prolonging the clamor of the games. Sappho's heart beat through it, and heaved up the world's. Aeschylus strained it to the stature of his high thoughts. Plato crowned it with divine peradventures. Aristophanes made it drunk with the wine of his fantastic merriment. The later Platonists wore their souls away in it, out of sight of other souls. The first Christians heard in it God's new revelation, and confessed their Christ in it from the suppliant's knee and presently from the bishop's throne.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

### ***JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH.***

#### **833. Character.**

Character ought not to be a mere question of *points* at all. Character ought not to be viewed in sections and departments, in aspects and occasional models. Character should have about it the distinctness of wholeness, entirety. Our goodness is not to be an occasional impulse or a transitory appearance of moral conscience and moral concern for others. Out of our character there is to stream continuous and beneficent influence. We lose when we can be talked about in sections. It is no compliment when we have to take out of a character three or four good points, and say to those who look on, "Observe these; whatever defects there may be in the character, don't overlook these redeeming points." When we can talk so about ourselves and about others, it is not a compliment, it is a sign of incompleteness. When our moral training is perfected, we shall not have points of excellence; our whole character shall be massive, indivisible, and out of it shall go an influence that shall constrain men to believe that we have been with God, and that we have imbibed the very spirit of His righteousness.

*Joseph Parker.*

**834. Good Life, Long Life.**

It is not growing like a tree,  
 In bulk, doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year  
 To fall at last a log, dry, bald and sere:  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night,  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ben Jonson.*

**835. Compliments.**

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

***JUNE TWENTY-NINTH.*****836. Faith.**

It is very well for you to go into your house where your children are all strong, healthy and boisterous, full of life and vigor all the day long, and for you to praise God. But here is a man whose income is small; whose children are puny, weak, hardly ever have a day's health. For that man to look upon his lot and say: "It seems to be very hard: all these things are apparently against me, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." That is faith!

*Joseph Parker.*

**837. The True Resting-place.**

I'd rather lean upon a breast  
 Responsive to my own,  
 Than sit pavilioned gorgeously  
 Upon a kingly throne.

*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

**838. The Night Never Tired of Stars.**

Flowers will bloom over and over again in poems as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars?

*Anon.*

**839. Earnestness.**

Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many men never becoming great.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**840. A Ruined Character Picturesque.**

A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**841. The Best Education.**

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

*W. Phillips.*

**842. Education a Life work.**

Education is a life work, and not a matter to be crowded into a few early years.

*Albion Tourgee.*

***JUNE THIRTIETH.*****843. The Old Songs.**

The tell-tales of memory wake from their slumbers, —  
 I hear the old song with its tender refrain, —  
 What passion lies hid in those honey voiced numbers!  
 What perfume of youth in each exquisite strain!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**844. The Head and the Heart.**

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

**845. God All-wise.**

Is God all wise? Then the darkest providences have meaning. We *will* set ourselves as God's interpreters, and because we cannot make straight lines out of our crooked lot we think that God has turned our life into inextricable confusion. The darkest hours in our life have some intent, and it is really not needful that we should know all at once what that intent is. Let us keep within our own little sphere, and live a day at a time, and breathe a breath at a time, and be content with one pulsation at a time, and interpretation will come when God pleases, and as He pleases.

*Joseph Parker.*

**846. A Good Cause.**

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

*Anon.*

**847. "There is no God!"**

"There is no God!" the foolish saith,  
    But none, "There is no sorrow!"  
And nature oft, the cry of faith,  
    In bitter need will borrow:  
Eyes which the preacher could not school,  
    By wayside graves are raised,  
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"  
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."  
    Be pitiful, O God!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## JULY.

### *JULY FIRST.*

#### 848. Summer's Change.

When summer's hourly mellowing change  
 May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
 Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
 That ripple round the lonely grange.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

#### 849. A July Sunset.

The long lines of red and gold in the sky, and the glorious track of the descending sun, were all divinely calm. Upon the purple tree tops far away, and on the green heights near at hand up which the shades were slowly creeping, there was an equal hush. Between the real landscape and its shadow in the water there was no division, both were so untroubled and clear, and while so fraught with solemn mystery of life and death, so hopefully reassuring to the gazer's soothed heart, because so tenderly and mercifully beautiful.

*Charles Dickens.*

#### 850. Night.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
 Sweep through her marble halls!  
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
 From the celestial walls!  
 From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
 My spirit drank repose;  
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,  
 From those deep cisterns flows.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

***JULY SECOND.*****GRUMBLINGS FROM A MODERN DIOGENES.**

- 851.** It is seldom, if ever, that the reformer swallows his own prescription.
- 852.** Almost every actor deems himself especially commissioned to improve on nature.
- 853.** There is no one who takes such good care of the pennies as the man who does not need them.
- 854.** Listen patiently to every man's good counsel and then — forget the most of it as quickly as possible.
- 855.** Some people are like extremely handsomely bound books. To handle or read them spoils their value.
- 856.** The man whose library resembles a second-hand bookstore generally knows what the authors have been writing about.
- 857.** Many men who teach the golden rule in the Sabbath-school foreclose a mortgage on the widow's homestead the next day.
- 858.** The man who is always pointing out and deploring the faults and foibles of his neighbors is a sneak or a reprobate, or both.
- 859.** The merchant who misrepresents his goods to his customers, finds refuge in the reflection that his competitors in business do the same.
- 860.** When a liquor seller, a doctor, and an undertaker locate in the same row, all that is necessary to complete the picture is a graveyard.
- 861.** When you go into a crowd do not waste time looking for the labels on the fools. Listen for them, and you will soon be able to make them out.

**JULY THIRD.**

- 862.** The rich man is apparently better than the poor man, simply because the poor are always trying to ape the rich, and the first question they ask concerning a new neighbor is, "How much is he worth?"
- 863.** You need not believe more than half what a man tells you, but it is not necessary to hurt his feelings by calling him a liar. The man who tries to deceive you is measurably satisfied if he thinks that he has succeeded.
- 864.** You may safely listen to what everybody says, but if you are wise you will repeat but little of it to your friends or to the public. The man who repeats ill natured remarks about his fellowmen, is really worse than the man who invented them in the first place.
- 865.** Put no trust in the promises of the man who is running for office. He is forced to make a promise to every man who solicits it, and they soon grow beyond the limit of redemption. The office seeker who starts out to tell the truth and keeps his faith, generally has the satisfaction of seeing his opponent inducted into office.

*W. A. Taylor.*

**866. The Sea.**

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
 Stops with the shore — upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

*Byron.*

**867. Affection.**

Affection is the broadest basis of good in life.

*George Eliot.*

**JULY FOURTH.****868. Freedom.**

By the hope within us springing,  
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;  
 By that sun, whose light is bringing  
 Chains or freedom, death or life, —  
 Oh! remember, life can be  
 No charm for him who lives not free!

*Thomas Moore.*

**869. Patriotism.**

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birth place, our native land, — think for awhile what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eyes you will then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself.

*Robert Southey.*

**870. A Patriot's Prayer.**

O, make Thou us, through centuries long,  
 In peace secure, in justice strong;  
 Around our gift of freedom draw  
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law;  
 And, cast in some diviner mold,  
 Let the new cycle shame the old!

*John G. Whittier.*

**871. Hope for America.**

And all should be hope, and nothing fear, in America. You have room there for whole choruses of poets — autochthones — singing out of the ground. You, with your Niagara for a Hippocrene, and your silent cities of the woods, and your present liberties; and your aspirations filling the future.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**JULY FIFTH.****872. Proofs of Immortality.**

For what is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature — the resurrection of nature from a winter grave — or the emancipation of the butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of risen dead; for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No; the life of the spirit is the evidence. Heaven begun is the living proof that makes the heaven to come credible. “Christ in you is the hope of glory.” It is the eagle eye of faith which penetrates the grave, and sees far into the tranquil things of death. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection in him already.

*F. W. Robertson.*

**873. A Vesper Chime.**

Thou high and holy One,  
 Whose care for sire and son  
     All nature fills —  
 While day shall break and close,  
 While night her crescent shows,  
 Oh, let Thy light repose  
     On these our hills!

*John Pierpont.*

**874. True Criticism Helpful.**

Criticisms never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure.

*W. E Gladstone.*

**875. Love on the Throne of God.**

Love is on the front of the throne of God, but justice and judgment, with inexorable dread, follow behind; and where law is slighted and mercy despised, when they have rejected those who would be their best friends, then comes justice with her hoodwinked eyes, and with the sword and scales.

*James. A. Garfield.*

***JULY SIXTH.*****876. Wise Condemnation.**

Condemn the fault, but not the actor.

*W. Shakespeare.*

### **877. The Present Illumining the Future.**

The surest way of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.

*F. W. Faber.*

### **878. God's Sovereignty.**

The sovereignty of God does not override the want, the will, the tears, the cry of his children; but does, in the first instance, express itself through that very want — those tears and those strong desires. It is not that man changes God's purpose, but that man verily and indeed discovers that purpose through his own earnest prayer.

*W. R. Reynolds.*

### **879. Grand Companionship.**

What grand companionships await us as we turn from the noises and turmoil of life, and sit down for an evening amongst our books. Kings of thought of every age stand in serried ranks waiting to do our bidding. Poets of the elder time, and of these later years — Homer and Milton and Pope, Longfellow and the Brownings and Lowell — sing at our bidding their immortal songs. Historians repeat for us the deeds of other days. Philosophers dig deep for us about the roots of knowledge. Shakespeare unveils for us the mystic workings of heart and mind, and laughs or weeps, or fights or dies for us, just as we desire. Great students, with dreams on fire with God, offer us the result of their life long studies. The men of science probe nature's very heart for secrets, and lay their trophies at our feet. These are the grand and silent fellowships that wait for us. They have hoarded their genius to the uttermost, and made us

“Heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.”

*Elmo.*

***JULY SEVENTH.*****880. Changing Your Mind.**

Men change their minds as completely as women, but not so often, and above all not so quickly. To be unchangeable is the quality of the idiot; to change too easily belongs to children and lunatics; and the happy faculty of a sensible judgment, permitting a change for the better and forbidding a change for the worse, is the high privilege of the comparatively small class of humanity who are neither fools nor madmen.

*F. Marion Crawford.*

**881. Be Generous to Your Books.**

Mark, there. We get no good  
 By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
 And calculating profits... so much help  
 By so much reading. It is rather when  
 We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge  
 Soul forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
 Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth —  
 'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**882. God's Smiles.**

Flowers are the smiles of God's goodness.

*William Wilberforce.*

**883. Thankfulness.**

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

*Seneca.*

**884. Duty's Blue Sky.**

There is only one stimulant that never fails and yet never intoxicates —  
 Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man — up in his heart it may be  
 — into which the skylark Happiness always goes singing.

*G. D. Prentice.*

***JULY EIGHTH.*****885. Two Heads Better than One.**

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,  
 Two in the tangled business of the world,  
 Two in the liberal offices of life.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**886. Alexander Pope.**

That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by  
 many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the  
 Scriptures; a mode of merriment; which a good man dreads for its  
 profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity.

*Samuel Johnson.*

**887. No Life but Love.**

There is no life on earth, but being in love;  
 There are no studies, no delights, no business,  
 No intercourse, no trade of sense or soul  
 But what is love!

*Ben Jonson.*

**888. The Bible a Book of Genius.**

I am heartily glad to witness your veneration for a book which, to say nothing of its holiness or authority, contains more specimens of genius and taste than any other volume in existence.

*W. S. Landor.*

**889. Shutting Out Love.**

And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be  
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie  
Howling in outer darkness.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**890. Taking Ease in Art.**

Art is the one corner of human life in which we may take our ease. In other places our passions are conditioned and embarrassed. Art means an escape from all this. Wherever her brilliant standard floats, the need for apologies and exonerations is over; there it is enough simply that we please, or that we are pleased.

*Henry James.*

***JULY NINTH.*****891. The Law of Gentleness.**

Speak gently! it is better far  
To rule by love than by fear;  
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here;  
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well,  
The good, the joy, which, it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

*D. Bates.*

**892. Flowers Before a Storm.**

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul, when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet smelling flower.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**893. Peace in the Heart.**

If peace be in the heart,  
 The wildest winter scene is full of solemn beauty;  
 The midnight lightning flash but shows the path of duty;  
 Each living creature tells some new and joyous story.  
 If peace be in the heart.

*C. F. Richardson.*

**894. The Bible.**

When the Bible is fully accepted as God's own revelation of Himself, the mind has come to a quiet anchorage, and this is no small gain. A safe resting place is an urgent need of the soul. Drifting about must be fatal to a growing and advancing life.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**895. Constancy and Effort.**

Constancy in love is a good thing, but it means nothing, and is nothing, without constancy in every kind of effort. If you have the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well without sincerely meaning it and setting about it.

*Charles Dickens.*

**JULY TENTH.****896. Reading Wisely.**

It is better to begin with a poor novel and end with Macaulay, than to begin with Matthew Arnold and never get beyond him. Most people exhaust themselves on a plan which includes as many books as a good library. Rollin and Gibbon have slain regiments of possible readers.

*Anon.*

**897. The Law of Love.**

No man who loves not the truth can love a woman in the grand way a woman ought to be loved.

*George Macdonald.*

**898. A Wise Choice.**

Improve the quality of your selections; try a historical romance, and you will be an exceptional person if "Ivanhoe," or "Hypatia," or "Romola," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," do not beget in you a desire to read history for its own sake, and a sufficient interest in the reading to carry you along.

*Anon.*

**899. The Flowery Path.**

Flowers bloom along the way that Duty treads;  
 And as thou goest on thy stern high path,  
 Glimpses will come to thee of heavenly joys,  
 Transcending all the base world reckons of.

*Margaret Lonsdale.*

### 900. The Sabbath of Eternity.

It is only when all the rest of our human nature is calmed that the spirit comes forth in full energy: all the rest tires, the spirit never tires. Humbleness, awe, adoration, love, — these have in them no weariness; so that when this frame shall be dissolved into the dust of the earth, and the mind, which is merely fitted for this time world, learning by experience, shall have been superseded, then, in the opening out of an endless career of love, the spirit will enter upon that sabbath of which all earthly sabbaths are but the shadow, — the sabbath of eternity, the immortal rest of its Father's home.

*F. W. Robertson.*

## *JULY ELEVENTH.*

### 901. Old Age.

I venerate old age, and love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### 902. The Greatest Men Vulnerable.

As the minister of God, Abram is great and noble; as the “architect of his own fortune,” he is cowardly, selfish and false. I seek for no palliation of such conduct; it invites and deserves malediction and vengeance. In our own life we know what it is to have great faith and great unbelief. Abram went out at God's bidding, cheerfully encountering all the trials of pilgrimage in unknown places, yet he cannot trust God to take care of his wife. How little are the greatest men! If we are never stronger than our weakest point, we should take heed lest in our proud sufficiency the dart strike us in the vulnerable spot.

*Joseph Parker.*

### 903. The Brighter Day.

It's coming on the steeps of time,  
 And this old world is growing brighter;  
 We may not see its dawn sublime,  
 But high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

We may be sleeping in our graves  
 When it awakes the world in wonder,  
 But we have felt its coming sound,  
 And heard its voice of living thunder.  
 It's coming! Yes, it's coming!

*Anon.*

### 904. Trees.

Trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sun shades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge, but limited organisms.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### ***JULY TWELFTH.***

### 905. Liberty.

Liberty is tranquil because she is invincible, and invincible because she is contagious.

*Victor Hugo.*

**906. Friend After Friend Departs.**

Friend after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no fellowship of hearts  
 That finds not here an end.  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

*Anon.*

**907. New England Elms.**

Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. The elm comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**908. Eternity.**

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater and the latter less.

*Robert Hall.*

**909. Will the Music Come Back Again?**

Jerusalem the golden!  
 There all our birds that flew,  
 Our flowers but half unfolden,  
 Our pearls that turned to dew,  
 And all the glad life music  
 Now heard no longer here,  
 Shall come again to greet us,  
 As we are drawing near.

*Bernard of Cluny.*

***JULY THIRTEENTH.*****910. Fortune's Favorites.**

There are some men who are Fortune's favorites, and who like cats, light forever on their legs.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**911. Rainbows.**

If the world's a vale of tears,  
 Smile till rainbows span it,  
 Breathe the love that life endears,  
 Clear of clouds to fan it;  
 Of your gladness lend a gleam  
 Unto souls that shiver,  
 Show them how dark Sorrow's stream  
 Blends with Hope's bright river.

*Lucy Larcom.*

**912. Reverie the Nurse of Melancholy.**

Reverie is the nurse of melancholy; and it often takes the place of work in what seem to be working hours, broods over the work, unravels the thread of thought, spreads a haze over the inward vision, and loosens the grasp of the apprehensive powers. This, therefore, must be forcibly excluded and kept out. The time must be made too full to give it a lurking place. If we detect a tendency to it, we must be our own stern and unrelenting taskmasters, — must compel ourselves to produce an amount of finished work of mind, body, or both, which shall leave no unoccupied hours that fitly belong to work.

*A. P. Peabody.*

**913. Faithfulness.**

Faithfulness in the humblest part  
 Is better at last than proud success;  
 And patience and love in a chastened heart  
 Are pearls more precious than happiness.  
 And in that morning when she shall wake  
 To the springtime freshness of youth again,  
 All troubles will seem but a flying flake  
 And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

***JULY FOURTEENTH.*****914. Moderate Enjoyments.**

In all your enjoyments, therefore, be moderate. Set your heart right in the love of God and the faith of Christ, and difficulties will disappear. The inner life in you will assimilate to the divine everywhere, and return its own blessed and consecrating influence to all your work and all your amusements.

*Principal Tulloch.*

**915. Humility.**

Thy home is with the humble Lord!  
 The simplest are the best;  
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;  
 Thou makest there Thy rest.  
 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!  
 If thou wilt stay with me,  
 Of lowly thought and simple ways  
 I'll build a house for Thee  
 Who made this beating heart of mine  
 But thou, my heavenly guest?  
 Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
 And let it be Thy rest!

*Anon.*

**916. The Avaricious Man.**

A captive fettered at the oar of gain.

*W. Falconer.*

**917. Dewdrops of the Heart.**

As flowers carry dewdrops trembling on the edge of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded works of thanksgiving, and, at the first breath of heavenly flavor, let down the shower perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

*H. W. Beecher.*

**918. Winter's Scepter.**

When there is nothing left of the winter snow but ridges behind the stone walls, and a dingy drift here and there in a hollow or in the woods, winter has virtually resigned the icicle, which is his scepter.

*O. W. Holmes.*

***JULY FIFTEENTH.*****919. Christ Pointing to Rest.**

I cannot tell the manner  
     Thou fillest all to me,  
 How every sunset banner  
     Is blazoned out with Thee,  
 And seems before the portals  
     Of some diviner west,  
 To marshal weary mortals  
     Onward into rest.

*Wade Robinson.*

### **920. Reason and Imagination.**

Reason separated from a warm imagination may be useful in that kind of ability which comes from concentration upon a single object of toil. Hence Zeno, Socrates, Seneca, Epictetus, Aurelius, a Kempis, Pascal, Harriet Martineau and John Stuart Mill were of great usefulness to the human family, for from them came many lessons in a noble ethics; but they were special toilers and passed life under deep clouds. They helped unveil a half of the universe, but the other half they left under the empire of night. They were all destitute of that buoyancy of soul which has made for humanity its art, its music, its song, its laughter, its love, its worship and its hopes. We are glad they all lived and toiled, but we are glad also that others lived also to cover the naked trees with foliage, their outline world with green grass and sweet flowers. Logic without passion cannot make a world.

*David Swing.*

### **921. Senses in Humility.**

Sense shines with a double luster when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

*William Penn.*

### **922. Pictures of Thought.**

Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**JULY SIXTEENTH.****923. Yesterday!**

Yesterday, last week, last year, — they are gone! Yesterday was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. What were we doing yesterday? Thrilling our hearts with the excitement of life, contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our day?

*F. W. Robertson.*

**924. Corn and Wind.**

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.

*George Herbert.*

**925. Life is Sweet.**

Our first mistake is the belief that the circumstance gives the joy which we give to the circumstance. Life is an ecstasy. Life is sweet as nitrous oxide, and the fisherman dripping all day over a cold pond, the switchman at the railway intersection, the farmer in the field, the negro in the rice swamp, the fop in the street, the hunter in the woods, the barrister with the jury, the belle at the ball, all ascribe a certain pleasure to their employment which they themselves give it.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**926. God's Mysteries.**

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,  
 O dark Bethpeor's hill,  
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
 And teach them to be still!

God hath His mysteries of grace, —  
 Ways that we cannot tell;  
 He hides them deep, like the secret sheep  
 Of him He loved so well.

*C. F. Alexander.*

**927. Darkness, or no Starlight.**

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

***JULY SEVENTEENTH.***

**928. The Willow and the Oak.**

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.

*Charles Dickens.*

**929. Punning-Verbicide.**

Do you mean to say the pun question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide*, — that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life, — are alike forbidden.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**930. Life's Evening Lamps.**

The evening of life brings with it its lamps.

*M. Joubert.*

**931. Art Divine.**

The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection.

*Michael Angelo.*

**932. A Good Side in Every Man.**

Let us believe, or try to believe, that there is a good side in every man. Man, it has been said, is like a piece of Labrador spar, which, as you turn it over in your hand, seems to be perfectly dull until you turn it into a particular angle, and then it shows deep and beautiful colors. Often in the most hardened criminals the thought of home, the thought of mother, the thought of innocent childhood, a flower which recalls the memory of a better past, a proof of confidence, an unlooked for act of kindness, will open the fountains of the great deep of purifying emotion, and restore the true lost attitude of a man.

*Canon Farrar.*

**933. Nature the Art of God.**

All things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

*Sir Thomas Browne.*

***JULY EIGHTEENTH.*****934. The Chief End of Man.**

The older I grow, — and I now stand on the brink of eternity, — the more comes back to me that sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: “What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.”

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### 935. Kind Thoughts are Eloquent.

No studied grace can end the face  
 That smiles as friend on friend;  
 The balsam oozes from the pine,  
 The sweetness from the rose,  
 And so, unsought, a kindly thought  
 Finds language as it flows.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 936. Thoughts and Events.

The inner world of thought and the outer world of events are alike in this, that they are both brimful. There is no space between consecutive thoughts, or between the never ending series of actions. All pack tight, and mold their surfaces against each other.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 937. Healthful Change.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfills Himself in many ways;  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

### 938. Daily Links.

The actions of each day are, for the most part, links which follow each other in the chain of custom. Hence the great effort of practical wisdom is to imbue the mind with right tastes, affections and habits; the elements of character and masters of action.

*Robert Hall.*

**JULY NINETEENTH.****939. The Science of the Heart.**

In spite of all that Time is bringing —  
 Treasures of truth and miracles of art,  
 Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,  
 And songs still live — the science of the heart.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**940. An Author, and Nothing More.**

One hates an author that is all author, fellows in foolscap uniform, turned up with ink.

*Lord Byron.*

**941. Ambition.**

Ambition is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it *blinds* us first, and then compels us to tower by reason of our blindness. But, alas, when we are at the summit of a vain ambition we are also at the *depth* of real misery. We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair us; where chance and change cannot befriend, but may betray us: in short, by attaining all we wish, and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle where we have nothing to hope, but everything to fear.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**942. Autumn Winds.**

Wild is the music of autumnal winds  
 Amongst the faded woods.

*H. Wordsworth.*

**943. Afflictions.**

Afflictions sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**944. True Orthodoxy.**

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight;  
He cannot be wrong whose life is in the right.

*Alexander Pope.*

***JULY TWENTIETH.*****945. Shadows in All Good Pictures.**

There are shadows in all good pictures, but there are lights, too, if we choose to contemplate them. If anything could soothe the first sharp pain of a heavy loss it would be — with me — the reflection that those I mourned, by being innocently happy here and loving all about them, had prepared themselves for a purer and happier world. The sun does not shine upon this fair earth to meet frowning eyes, depend upon it.

*Charles Dickens.*

**946. A Vulgar Man.**

A vulgar man is captious and jealous, eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said is meant for him.

*Chesterfield.*

### 947. Arguing Down Vice.

The way to argue down a vice is, not to tell lies about it, — to say that it has no attractions, when everybody knows that it has, — but rather to let it make out its case just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armory.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 948. Obscure Martyrs.

“The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”

They have no place in storied page,  
 No rest in marble shrine;  
 They are past and gone with a buried age,  
 They died and made no sign  
 But work, that shall find its wages yet,  
 And deeds that their God will not forget,  
 Done for the love Divine.  
 These were their mourners and these shall be  
 The crowns of their immortality.

*Anon.*

## ***JULY TWENTY-FIRST.***

### 949. The Spring of Ambition.

Ambition, that high and glorious passion, which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honor and distinction, and, when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride and covetousness. It is described by different authors a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness.

*Robert Burton.*

### **950. The Brain and the Heart.**

The brain is the palest of all the internal organs, and the heart the reddest. Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### **951. The Tranquillity of Age.**

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work at either extremity of human existence seems to me out of place: the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at mid-day the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.

*Thomas Arnold.*

### **952. Moral Prudence.**

That every man should regulate his actions by his own conscience, without any regard to the opinions of the rest of the world, is one of the first precepts of moral prudence, justified not only by the suffrage of reason, which declares that none of the gifts of Heaven are to lie useless, but by the voice likewise of experience, which will soon inform us that, if we make the praise or blame of others the rule of our conduct, we shall be distracted by a boundless variety of irreconcilable judgments, be held in perpetual suspense between contrary impulses, and consult forever without determination.

*Samuel Johnson.*

## ***JULY TWENTY-SECOND.***

### **953. What Is Happiness.**

To the great question, What is happiness? Jesus is the embodied answer, — at once the teacher and the lesson. The question had been asked for ages, and some hundred solutions had been proposed. And in the outset of His ministry the Savior took it up and gave the final answer. What is

happiness? “Happy are the humble. Happy are the contrite. Happy are the meek. Happy are they who hunger after righteousness. Happy are the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the men persecuted for righteousness.” In other words, he declared that happiness is goodness. A holy nature is a happy one.

*John Tulloch.*

#### **954. Moments.**

My life is not dated by years, —  
     There are moments which act as a plow,  
 And there is not a furrow appears  
     But is deep in my soul as my brow.

*Lord Byron.*

#### **955. The Vastness of the Universe.**

The vastness of the universe renders foolish the supposition that this little planet is the only inhabited one; and the unity of laws and of substances asks us to imagine the beings upon other spheres to be moving to and fro in the likeness of man, speaking a language and busied by the useful and the beautiful. We may even assume that such is the oneness of intelligent life that if these inhabitants of different planets were to meet in some general home in immortality, they would prove to be of one race, — a human race having different minor details of history, but all members of one brotherhood, and capable of one friendship, one virtue, one taste, one piety, — ten thousand worlds full of one music, one art, one tenderness, one virtue, one creature, — man, — one God.

*David Swing.*

#### **956. Poverty, Luxury, Avarice.**

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things.

*J. Cowley.*

**JULY TWENTY-THIRD.****957. God Everywhere.**

Apart in forest bowers,  
 When Spring is laughing by,  
 I see Thee in the flowers  
 That open to the sky;  
 Each standing meekly, purely,  
 Upon the hallowed sod,  
 And whispering low, — O surely  
 I have been touched by God.

*Wade Robinson.*

**958. Hidden Goodness.**

Great is the goodness which He has wrought before the sons of men for them that trust in Him; there are far greater treasures of goodness laid up in the deep mines of God for them that fear Him. Bars of uncoined treasures and ingots of massy gold lie in his store houses, to be put into circulation as soon as we need and can use them. Hence we have the right to look for an endless increase in our possession of God; and from the consideration of an Infinite Spirit that imparts Himself, and of finite but indefinitely expansible spirits that receive, the certainty arises of an endless life for us of growing glory; a heaven of ceaseless advance, where, in constant alternation, desire shall widen capacity, and capacity increase fruition, and fruition lead in, not satiety but quickened appetite and deeper longing.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**959. A Pun is an Insult.**

A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**960. Christian Faith Sufficient.**

Nothing but Christian faith gives to the furthest future the solidity and definiteness which it must have if it is to be a breakwater for us against the fluctuating sea of present cares and thoughts.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**JULY TWENTY-FOURTH.****961. Cicero at Dinner.**

Cicero was at dinner, when an ancient lady said she was but forty: one that sat by rounded him in the ear, "She is far more; out of the question." Cicero answered, "I must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years."

*Lord Bacon.*

**962. A Bundle of Fagots.**

I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to lift it all at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick which we are to carry today, and then another which we are to carry tomorrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again today, and adding tomorrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

*John Newton.*

**963. Unuttered Music.**

A few can touch the magic string,  
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them;  
 Alas for those that never sing,  
 But die with all their music in them!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**964. The Best Companion.**

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

*Lessing.*

**965. The Mind's Power of Endurance.**

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants, and can bear all things.

*Joanna Baillie.*

***JULY TWENTY-FIFTH.*****966. The Sabbath Man's Breathing Space.**

This solemn pause, the breathing space of man,  
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan, —  
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied ear;  
Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**967. Speak Your Thought.**

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, — and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgment. Familiar as the voice of mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**968. Fashions.**

Fashions are like human beings. They come in nobody knows when, why or how; and they go out nobody knows when, why or how. Everything is like life, in my opinion, if you look at it in that point of view.

*Charles Dickens.*

**969. Retrospect.**

We sit on hills our childhood wist,  
     Woods, hamlets, streams beholding;  
 The sun strikes through the farthest mist,  
     The city's spire to golden.  
 The city's golden spire it was,  
     When hope and health was strongest,  
 But now it is the churchyard grass  
     We look upon the longest.  
     Be pitiful, O God!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

***JULY TWENTY-SIXTH.*****970. Stand Your Ground.**

To hold one's ground at times requires more courage, more heroic patience and fortitude, than any other effort we can make. Soldiers can charge against any odds better than they can simply and coolly stand their ground.

*E. P. Roe.*

**971. Be Silent.**

To a man full of questions give no answer at all.

*Plato.*

**972. The Image of Eden.**

If we all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be. If, while our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their early youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings? But the faint image of Eden, which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggle with the world, and soon wears away; too often to leave nothing but a mournful blank remaining.

*Charles Dickens.*

**973. Christ Filling All.**

How, O Thou wondrous Being,  
     Thy life with ours is wrought;  
 Thou fillest all our seeing,  
     And shapest all our thought.  
 In everything around us  
     Of life and earth, we see  
 The truth that Thou hast found us,  
     The presence, Lord, of Thee.

*Wade Robinson.*

**974. Language the Blood of the Soul.**

This noble language which we have inherited from our English fathers. Language! the blood of the soul, into which our thoughts run and out of which they grow.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH.****975. The “Sweet air” of Bryant.**

We have one Shakespeare between us, your land and ours, have we not?  
and one Milton, and now we are waiting for you to give us another.  
Niagara ought!

“And music borne of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.”

In the meantime we give honor to those tuneful voices of your people,  
which prophesy a yet greater music than they utter. You *do* honor to my  
verses in permitting them to approach and breathe the “sweet air” of Mr.  
Bryant.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**976. Rags and Robes.**

Through tattered clothes, small vices do appear;  
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**977. Words.**

Keep a watch on your words, my darling,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet like the bees’ fresh honey —  
Like the bees, they have terrible stings;  
They can bless like the warm glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life,  
They can cut in the strife of anger,  
Like an open two edged knife.

*Anon.*

**978. The Worst Madman.**

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

*Alexander Pope.*

**979. An Oyster with Wings.**

It was as if an oyster had the wings of an eagle, and lighted on Teneriffe. How could he be expected to think any more of his sand bank, or even of the curlew's cry associated with his former immobility? *I* who am not naturally an oyster, but had an oyster's life thrust upon me, *I* could think of nothing but the new budding of the new wings, — but of the beating of my own heart. I forgot how to write and read.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

***JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH.*****980. Life too Short.**

Any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness.

*Charles Dickens.*

**981. Only One Mother.**

Hundreds of stars in the beautiful sky,  
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together;  
 Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
 Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.  
 Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,  
 Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;  
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
 But only one mother the wide world over.

*Anon.*

### 982. Nature's Seasonable Gifts.

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.

*Charles Dickens.*

### 983. The Glowworm of the Grave.

Posthumous glory is a revenue payable to our ghosts, an ignis fatuus, the glowworm of the grave.

*Anon.*

### 984. What Will It Matter.

If life awake and will never cease  
     On the future's distant shore,  
 And the rose of love and the lily of peace  
     Shall bloom there forevermore, —  
 Let the world go round and round,  
     And the sun sink into the sea,  
 For whether I'm on or under the ground  
 Oh, what will it matter to me?

*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

### 985. Poets and Race horses.

Poets resemble race horses — must be fed, not fattened.

*Charles IX.*

***JULY TWENTY-NINTH.*****986. Three Ways to Endure Life.**

There are three modes of bearing, the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

*Anon.*

**987. Recreation.**

Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting, laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge.

*Bishop Hall.*

**988. What Men Will Do for Religion.**

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**989. Flaunting in Dead Men's Clothes.**

To be proud of an hereditary title is to flaunt in dead men's clothes.

*Anon.*

**990. Sowing Before Reaping.**

We must not hope to be mowers,  
 And gather the ripe gold ears,  
 Until we have first been sowers,  
 And watered the furrows with tears.

*Alice Cary.*

**991. Peace in Nature.**

At last the skies are clear again. Along the eastern horizon the retreating storm sends up occasional flashes that seem like regretful thoughts of the past. Then night comes on, cool, moonlit, breathless. Not a leaf stirs where an hour before the sturdiest limbs bent to the earth. This must be nature's commentary on the "peace that passeth all understanding."

*E. P. Roe.*

***JULY THIRTIETH.*****992. What Love Can Do.**

Love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and lighten the fetters of the slave.

*Earl Beaconsfield.*

**993. Dead Levels.**

You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires, in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**994. Work for Every Man.**

No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will.

*Anon.*

**995. Wearing Wisdom Like a Watch.**

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and bring it out when called for.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**996. The Absent Singer.**

He sings no more on earth; our vain desire  
Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear  
In Dorian flute-notes breathing soft and clear, —  
The sweet contralto that could never tire.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**997. Promises.**

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.

*J. J. Rousseau.*

**998. An Open Fireplace.**

I have seen respectability and amiability grouped over the airtight stove; I have seen virtue and intelligence hovering over the register; but I have never seen true happiness in a family circle where the faces were not illuminated by the blaze of an open fireplace.

*O. W. Holmes.*

***JULY THIRTY-FIRST.*****999. "I Am Not Old."**

I am not old — Time may have set  
     "His signet on my brow,"  
 And some faint furrows there have met,  
     Which care may deepen now:  
 Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves  
 Of fresh, young buds and verdant leaves;  
 And still in fancy I can twine  
 Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine.

*Park Benjamin.*

**1000. Cause for Tears.**

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

*Anon.*

**1001. A Busy Age.**

It is not the privilege of every man to live through the age in which I have lived. It is not the privilege of every man to have such a field and such a movement, such great questions running so deep, rising so high, and coming to one by all the impulse of patriotism as well as by the fervor and faith of religion. There are ages, like the great Sahara, with nothing growing in them for hundreds of years; and there are ages that bud and blossom. This has been one of those ages. I had no election whether I should be born in 1813 or two hundred years before that. It was of God. It was His decree. So much I believe in His decrees. From the God that controls it comes the down-flow of that grand sympathy which is the final form Christianity is itself to take. It has gone through its initiatory period; it has gone through the great valley where men saw doctrines as dry bones —

very dry. It has gone through all those periods, and it is now in a period of sympathy and love; and what power, what mere reason, could not do, the heart of men kindled at the heart of God is going to do. For that which all the blasts of winter cannot do, the smiling sun of summer does easily and abundantly.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1002. Half Married.**

She that is born a beauty is half married.

*Anon.*

## AUGUST.

### *AUGUST FIRST.*

#### **1003. August.**

Hot July was drawing to an end.  
And August came the fainting year to mend  
With fruit and grain.

*William Morris.*

#### **1004. In the Fields in August.**

There is no month in the whole year in which Nature wears a more beautiful appearance than in the month of August. It comes when we remember nothing but clear skies, green fields, and sweet smelling flowers. Orchards and cornfields ring with the hum of labor; trees bend beneath the thick clusters of rich fruit which bow their branches to the ground; and the corn, piled in graceful sheaves, or waving in every light breath that sweeps above it, as if it wooed the sickle, tinges the landscape with a golden hue. A mellow softness appears to hang over the whole earth.

*Charles Dickens.*

#### **1005. They Come! the Merry Summer Months.**

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song,  
and flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness  
to bowers.  
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care  
aside;

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters  
 glide;  
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt  
 tranquillity.

*William Motherwell.*

## **AUGUST SECOND.**

### **1006. The Kingdom of God.**

I say to thee, do thou repeat  
 To the first man thou mayest 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.

*Archbishop Trench.*

### **1007. Vice Difficult.**

No man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.

*Juvenal.*

### **1008. George Sand.**

Thou large brained woman and large hearted man,  
 Self-called George Sand! whose soul, amid the lions  
 Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance,  
 And answers roar for roar as spirits can!  
 I would some mild miraculous thunder ran  
 Above the applauded circus, in appliance  
 Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,

Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,  
 From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place  
 With holier light! That thou to woman's claim,  
 And man's, might join beside the angel's grace  
 Of a pure genius sanctified from blame:  
 Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace,  
 To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

*E. B. Browning.*

### **1009. Trial Awakening Prayer.**

It was when your business became imperiled that you began to cry out for the living God. It was when physicians had given you up, and your best friends had bidden you adieu, that you began to think whether there was not, after all, some secret in religion you had not yet known. And so in many relations of life we have found in extremity what we never found in prosperity, and our weakness has become our strength.

*Joseph Parker.*

### **AUGUST THIRD.**

#### **1010. Riches of the Garden.**

We may gather more than berries from our fruit gardens. Nature hangs thoughts and suggestions on every spray, and blackberry bushes give many an impressive scratch to teach us that good and evil are very near together in this world, and that we must be careful, while seeking the one, to avoid the other.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1011. No Love Like Christ's.**

There is no love like Thy love, —  
     Like Thy love, Lord, to me;  
 O live in me that my love  
     May rise and flow to Thee!  
 With all Thy taking, take me  
     Unto Thy inmost heart,  
 And by Thy love power make me  
     What Thou, O Savior, art!

*Wade Robinson.*

**1012. Repose, Not Strife.**

In the consolidation of our highest life, we must remember that repose, not strife, is the last result of piety. We want most succor when we are most effusive. We are only half trained and probably ill-trained men, so long as we show signs of anxiety, fear, suspicion, apprehension about the future.

*Joseph Parker.*

**1013. Weariness.**

Mine eyes are weary of surveying  
 The fairest things, too soon decaying;  
 Mine ears are weary of receiving  
 The kindest words — ah, past believing!  
 Weary my hope, of ebb and flow,  
 Weary my pulse of times of woe,  
 My trusting heart is weariest —  
 I would — I would I were at rest.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**AUGUST FOURTH.****1014. Unfinished Work.**

Alas, I still see something to be done,  
 And what I do falls short of what I see,  
 Though I waste myself on doing. Long green days  
 Worn bare of grass and sunshine — long calm nights,  
 From which the silken sleeps were fretted out.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1015. All Life Precious.**

The simple truth is, we hold our own lives in trust from God, to be used according to His will, and we have no more right to destroy the life He entrusts to us than the life He gives to others.

*Anon.*

**1016. Our Words.**

How sure it is  
 That, if we say a true word, instantly  
 We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on  
 As bread at sacrament we taste and pass,  
 Nor handle for a moment, as indeed  
 We dared to set up any claim to such.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1017. God the Divine Artist.**

God is the Divine Artist, and is furnishing themes for all other artists. God is the author of landscapes, mountains, rivers, of scenes like that we saw this morning, or of a fine face and a noble form, as truly as of a chapter in the Bible. He manifests Himself in these things. Fine paintings, statuary and music bring out the hidden meanings of nature, and therefore more clearly God's thought.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1018. Tact**

Tact is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

*Anon.*

***AUGUST FIFTH.*****1019. Avoid Revenge.**

If you are in any place of power, and are ever wronged, never, for any wrong, inflict a punishment that cannot be recalled; while there is a God above us to work changes in the hearts He made.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1020. Good Life, Long Life.**

It is not growing like a tree,  
 In bulk, doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall at last a log, dry, bald and sere:  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night,  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ben Jonson.*

**1021. Laughter Contagious.**

It is a fair, even handed, noble adjustment of thing that, while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1022. Enthusiasm.**

The world is very prone to call every man who is possessed by a little earnestness or enthusiasm a fool, but it is usually an open question which is the more foolish, — the world or the man; and perhaps we shall all learn some day that there was more of sanity in our rhapsodies than in the shrewd calculations that verged toward meanness.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1023. The Unceasing Pilgrimage.**

Ever, by day and night, under the sun and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to act and react on one another, move all we restless travelers through the pilgrimage of life.

*Charles Dickens.*

**AUGUST SIXTH.****1024. Keeping Secrets.**

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to tell it, but women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know from the vanity of having been trusted.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**1025. The Sign of a Fool.**

A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years.

*Anon.*

**1026. Out of Sorts.**

When people are “out of sorts,” and things are going wrong, the disposition to blame somebody or something is almost universal. But we think that it will be found a safe general rule, that the nobler the nature, the less worthy of blame, the greater tendency to blame self rather than anything else.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1027. The Oppressor's Reward.**

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother, that God's own hand did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor.

*Alphonse Lamartine.*

**1028. Fare Thee Well!**

When the waves are around me breaking,  
     As I pace the deck alone,  
 And my eye in vain is seeking  
     Some green leaf to rest upon;  
 What would not I give to wander  
     Where my old companions dwell?  
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
     Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

*Thomas Haynes Bayly.*

**1029. Words are Leaves.**

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

*Alexander Pope.*

**AUGUST SEVENTH.****1030. The Day of the Lord.**

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold  
 When the Lord of all ages is here?  
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,  
 And those who can suffer can dare!  
 Each past age of gold was an iron age, too,  
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do  
 In the day of the Lord at hand!

*Chas. Kingsley.*

**1031. Sorrows in Battalions.**

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
 But in battalions.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**1032. True Liberty.**

There is no liberty but in doing right. There is no freedom but in living out of the deeps of our nature — not out of the surface. Why, look at you. You lose your temper. You think that you are free when you go into a rage. Half an hour after you are ashamed. God grant that you may be sorry. That is something more. You are ashamed of yourself; and yet you think that you are a free man. You acted out the mere surface of your nature — a something which it needed but half an hour to make you ashamed of. That is not liberty. That is acting out of your poor, mean, despicable self, which we have all got, and not out of the divine self, the deepest in us, for the deepest in us is God.

*George Macdonald.*

**1033. The Influence of Christ.**

For earth, our home, is brighter  
 That Thou hast touched its clay;  
 The very day is lighter  
 From some supremer day:  
 And night is softly ringing  
 In all her depths afar,  
 With starry armies singing  
 The song of Bethlehem's Star.

*Wade Robinson.*

**AUGUST EIGHTH.****1034. Dealing with Blockheads.**

He that deals with a blockhead has need of much brains.

*Anon.*

**1035. A Weak Mind.**

Two things indicate a weak mind — to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

*Persian Proverb.*

**1036. Every Man has a Legacy.**

No man is born into this world whose worth is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.

*James Russell Lowell.*

**1037. Liberty Knows no Defeat.**

Liberty knows nothing but victories. Soldiers call Bunker Hill a defeat; but liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field.

*Wendell Phillips.*

**1038. Fruit in Old Age.**

Something remains for us to do or dare;  
Even the oldest tree some fruit must bear.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1039. A Window to the Sky.**

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

*W. B. Story.*

**1040. Busy Idlers.**

Idlers are the most busy, though the least active, of men. Men of pleasure never have time for anything. No lawyer, no statesman, no bustling, hurrying, restless underling of the counter is so eternally occupied as a lounge about town. He is linked to labor by a series of indefinable nothings.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**AUGUST NINTH.****1041. The Best-beloved Night.**

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breath this prayer!  
 Descend with broad-winged flight,  
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
 The best-beloved Night!

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1042. A Tranquil Sunset.**

A tranquil summer sunset shone upon the meadows by the riverside. Everything within the view was lovely and placid. The rich foliage of the trees, the luxuriant grass diversified with wild flowers, the little green islands in the river, the beds of rushes, the waterlilies floating on the surface of the stream, were all expressive of rest. In the occasional leap of a fish, or dip of an oar, or twittering of a bird not yet at roost, or distant barking of a dog or lowing of a cow, — in all such sounds there was the prevailing breath of rest.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1043. Christ Leading the Way.**

Christ leads one through no darker rooms  
 Than he went through before.

*Richard Baxter.*

**1044. The Devil's Workshop.**

The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop.

*John Trupp.*

**1045. The Vagabond and the Rogue.**

Beware of those who are homeless by choice. You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. The laws recognize this truth in the privileges they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety may any one understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gypsies, tinkers and potters.

*Robert Southey.*

**AUGUST TENTH.****1046. Purest Ore from the Hottest Furnace.**

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**1047. Like Christ.**

If I would be like my Master, I must help Him.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1048. Be Patient.**

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the  
earth;  
Listen there how-noiselessly the germ o' the seed has  
birth, —  
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,  
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade  
stands up in the day.

*Anon.*

**1049. Omitted Duties.**

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

*John Ruskin.*

**1050. Vices Defined.**

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing but good qualities run wild.

*Anon.*

**1051. "Good Morning."**

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."

*Annie Letitia Barbauld.*

**AUGUST ELEVENTH.****1052. The Grave.**

Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

*Edward Young.*

**1053. The Intellect Like Glass.**

The intellect of the wise is like glass — it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.

*Julius Hare.*

**1054. Every Place an Altar.**

Not in Jerusalem alone,  
     God hears and answers prayer;  
 Nor on Samaria's mountain lone,  
     Dispenses blessings there.  
 But in the secrecy of thought,  
     Our silent souls may pray;  
 Or round the household altar brought  
     Begin and close the day.

*James Montgomery.*

**1055. The Trouble of Trouble.**

What disturbs us in this world is not trouble, but our opposition to it.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1056. Storytelling.**

Oh, that love for storytelling! It may be foolish, to be sure; it leads into waste of time, to be sure; still, how pleasant it is! How full of enchantment and dream time gladnesses! What a pleasant accompaniment to one's lonely coffee cup in the morning or evening, to hold a little volume in the left hand, and read softly along how Lindoro saw Monimia over the hedge, and what he said to her!... Did we not divine it would end so — albeit ourselves and Monimia were weeping at the end of the second volume?

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1057. The Thunderbolt.**

I rather love a splendid failing than a petty good;  
 Even as the thunderbolt, whose course is downward,  
 Is nobler far than any fire which soars.

*Ph. James Bailey.*

**AUGUST TWELFTH.****1058. Never Tell Tales of Yourself.**

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought up against him on some subsequent occasion.

*Anon.*

**1059. The Presence of the Night.**

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
     Stoop o'er me from above;  
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
     As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
     The manifold, soft chimes,  
 That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1060. A Man Aware of His Manhood.**

There are times when the mind is almost evenly balanced between good and evil. Some powerful appeal or startling providence has aroused the sleeping spirit, or some vivifying truth has pierced the armor of indifference or prejudice, and quivered like an arrow in the soul, and the man remembers that he is a man and not a brute that perishes.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1061. Fine Vulgarity.**

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking of being genteel.

*William Hazlitt.*

**1062. The Silent Part.**

Of every noble work the silent part is best;  
Of all expression that which cannot be expressed.

*W. W. Story.*

**1063. All Girls and Boys.**

Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and toys;  
In earth's wide schoolhouse all are girls and boys.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**AUGUST THIRTEENTH.****1064. The Book a Part of Life.**

For the book is in my heart,  
Lives in me, wakes in me, and dreams in me;  
My daily bread tastes of it — and my wine  
Which has no smack of it, I pour it out;  
It seems unnatural drinking.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1065. The Value of Wise Conversation.**

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' mere study of books.

*Chinese Proverb.*

**1066. The Essence of Manliness.**

There is the manliness of manhood, that a man has a reason for what he does, and has a will in doing it.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1067. Responsibility.**

The treasure sent  
By God must not be idly spent.

*Bayard Taylor.*

**1068. A Beautiful Prayer.**

I pray the prayer of Plato old,  
“God make thee beautiful within.”

*J. G. Whittier.*

**1069. The Majesty of the Will.**

There is no difficulty to him who wills.

*Louis Kossuth.*

**1070. Unspotted, Undaunted.**

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**1071. Drink Deep.**

He that sips of many arts drinks none.

*Thomas Fuller.*

***AUGUST FOURTEENTH.*****1072. The True Church.**

Inquire still less, what signifies a church  
 Of perfect inspiration and pure laws,  
 Who burns the first man with a brimstone-torch,  
 And grinds the second, bone by bone, because  
 The times, forsooth, are used to rack and scorch!  
 What *is* a holy Church unless she awes  
 The times down from their sins.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1073. Artificial Appetites.**

No sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

*Samuel Johnson.*

**1074. The Serene Soul.**

The lofty and serene soul, inaccessible to emotions and vulgar passions, soaring above the clouds and shadows of the world, follies, falsehoods, hatreds, vanities and miseries, dwells in the azure of the sky, and henceforth only feels the profound and subterranean heavings of destiny as the summit of the mountain feels earthquakes.

*Victor Hugo.*

**1075. The Saddest Words.**

For of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

*John G. Whittier.*

**1076. Now or Never.**

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.

*R. Herrick.*

**1077. What Refinement Does.**

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

## ***AUGUST FIFTEENTH.***

### **1078. The “Man of God.”**

You need not have “a man of God” described, ticketed and detailed. When a man of God confronts you, he brings with him atmosphere and light and moral credentials which instantly show that he has been with Jesus and learned of Him!

*Joseph Parker.*

### **1079. A Wise Discrimination.**

All are not hunters who blow the horn.

*Anon.*

### **1080. Timid and Obscure.**

Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame.

*Sydney Smith.*

### **1081. The True Benefactor.**

Whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

*Dean Swift.*

**1082. Science the Typography of Ignorance.**

Science is the typography of ignorance. From a few elevated points we triangulate vast spaces, inclosing infinite unknown details. We cast the lead, and draw up a little sand from abysses we shall never reach with our dredges.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1083. How God Polishes Jewels.**

God hath made many sharp cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of His jewels; and those He especially loves and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.

*Bishop Leighton.*

***AUGUST SIXTEENTH.*****“PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.”**

FROM THE FRENCH.

**1084.** Soft words scald not the tongue.

**1085.** Short pleasure, long lament.

**1086.** A foolish judge passes a hasty sentence.

**1087.** New Lord, new laws.

**1088.** Beauty and folly often join company.

**1089.** Fields have eyes and woods have ears.

**1090.** A good lawyer is a bad neighbor.

**1091.** A good bargain draws the money from the purse.

**1092.** A good beast gets heated at eating.

**1093.** A galled horse will not endure the comb.

**1094.** Every one runs to the mill with his own sack.

**1095.** Among the blind the one-eyed are kings.

**1096.** Good-bye basket, the grapes are gathered.

**1097.** Love causes raging, but money marrying.

**1098.** Every man has his own hobby.

**1099.** Indolence is often taken for patience.

**1100.** Don't embark without biscuit.

**1101.** Today a king, tomorrow nothing.

**1102.** Custom is the law of nature.

**1103.** Chance is the providence of adventurers.

**1104.** Man does what he can, God what he will.

### ***AUGUST SEVENTEENTH.***

#### **1105. Thirty Days for April.**

It is enough for God if He limit April to thirty days; He does not want it on the thirty-first day; it ceases, and goes back into His great heaven, and May begins. He does not bring back eighteen seventy into eighteen

seventy-one, and say, “There, I have brushed it up for you, and made the best of it I can; you must try it again.” No. He takes the years, blows them away; creates new ones; never gives you an old leaf, or tells you to put a faded flower into water and try to get up its colors and fragrance again. “He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

*Joseph Parker.*

### **1106. A Crowned Ass.**

An illiterate king is a crowned ass.

*Italian Proverb.*

### **1107. The Use of Gentleness.**

I have found by experience that nothing is more useful to man than gentleness.

*Terence.*

### **1108. Wit.**

Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could not direct his way by plain reason, or support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavor and brightness and laughter, perfumes to enliven the days of man’s pilgrimage and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

*Sydney Smith.*

### **1109. The Kingly Man.**

No star shines brighter than the kingly man,  
 Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,  
 Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;  
 And the white banner of his manhood bears,  
 Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

*Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.*

**AUGUST EIGHTEENTH.****1110. Sincerity.**

There is a sincerity of fanaticism, as well as a sincerity of philosophy.  
There is a sincerity of ignorance, as well as a sincerity of knowledge.

*Joseph Parker.*

**1111. Two Educations.**

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

*Edward Gibbon.*

**1112. Persons Not Things.**

A living man must have a living God. We are made to need *persons* not *things*.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1113. Night's Soothing Power.**

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before;  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1114. Health.**

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is old and impotent in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties, poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes; with common diseases, strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honors and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden. But if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.

*Sir W. Temple.*

**AUGUST NINETEENTH.****1115. The Second Greatest Good.**

Next to love, quietness.

**1116. How Men and Nations Grow.**

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

*F. W. Robertson.*

**1117. Let Your Religion be Seen.**

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1118. God, God, God!**

Eternity stands always fronting God;  
 A stern colossal image, with blind eyes  
 And grand dim lips that murmur evermore  
 God, God, God! While the rush of life and death,  
 The roar of act and thought, of evil and good,  
 The avalanches of the ruining worlds  
 Tolling down space — the new world's genesis  
 Budding in fire — the gradual humming growth  
 Of the ancient atoms and first forms of earth,  
 The slow procession of the swathing seas  
 And firmamental waters — and the noise  
 Of the broad, fluent strata of pure airs —  
 All these flow onward in the intervals  
 Of that reiterated sound of -- God!

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1119. A Melodious Life.**

A thankful heart makes a melodious life. If we thought more of our mercies  
 and brooded less over our cares we should fill the day with music.

*Elmo.*

**AUGUST TWENTIETH.****1120. Hands.**

There is as much diversity in the character of hands as in faces. Some are  
 very white and shapely and a diamond flashes prettily upon them, but  
 having said this you have said all. Others suggest honest work and plenty  
 of it, and for such the sensible will ever have real respect.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1121. The Highest Reach of Science.**

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.

*Wm. Hamilton.*

**1122. A Sepulchre for the Living.**

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

*Anon.*

**1123. Deathless Deeds.**

Great deeds cannot die;  
They with the sun and moon renew their light  
Forever, blessing those that look on them.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**1124. The Bookworm.**

The bookworm is the monarch of a shadowy realm. Think of what he is master when, one by one, he has furnished himself with those golden keys to his palace chambers, which we name the languages. He does not dangle them at his girdle in what is called conversation; it was for his brain, and not his tongue that he hung them one by one upon his memory.

*Anon.*

**1125. The Fullness of Heaven.**

God is the fullness of heaven, love is the fullness of man.

*Victor Hugo.*

**1126. Universal Peace.**

Ah! when shall all men's good  
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST.****1127. The Power of Prayer.**

He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
 Prayer from a Living source within the will,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
 Kept him a living soul.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**1128. Repeat the Lord's Prayer.**

All systems of morality are fine. The gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

*Napoleon I.*

**1129. Come Forth, Children.**

Come forth on Sundays;  
 Come forth on Mondays;  
 Come forth on any day;  
 Children, come forth to play —  
 Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;  
 Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor;  
 Worship Him in your sports; worship Him ever;  
 Worship Him in the wildwood;  
 Worship Him amidst the flowers;  
 In the greenwood bowers  
 Pluck the buttercups, and raise  
 Your voices in His praise!

*Edward Youl.*

**1130. The Sublimest Book.**

I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.

*Sir William Jones.*

**AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND****“GEMS FROM VICTOR HUGO.”**

Born February 26, 1802; died May 22, 1855.

**1131. God is behind everything.**

- 1132.** All noble thoughts are prayers.
- 1133.** Love is the salutation of the angels to the stars.
- 1134.** Love is the celestial breathing of the atmosphere of Paradise.
- 1135.** The heart becomes heroic by the might of passion.
- 1136.** If there were nobody who loved, the sun would be extinguished.
- 1137.** If you are a stone, be a magnet; if you are a plant, be sensitive; if you are man, be love.
- 1138.** You gaze at a star for two motives: because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You, have by your side a sweeter radiance and greater mystery — woman.
- 1139.** I have met in the street a very poor young man who was in love. His hat was old, his coat worn, his coat was out at elbows, the water passed through his shoes, and the stars through his soul.
- 1140.** When love has blended and. molded two beings in an angelic and sacred union, they have found the secret of life; henceforth they are only the two terms of the same destiny, the two wings of one mind. Love and soar!

***AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD.***

**1141. Loved and Lost!**

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
 Than never to have loved at all.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

### **1142. Filling the Granary of the Mind.**

Reading is well compared to filling a granary with grain, and thinking to sowing seed. We should read, not to contradict and confute, but to weigh and consider. Meditation is active; reverie, idle thought.

*Anon.*

### **1143. Science an Endless Chain.**

To the natural philosopher, to whom the whole extent of nature belongs, all the individual branches of science constitute the links of an endless chain, from which not a single link can be detached without destroying the harmony of the whole.

*Schoedler.*

### **1144. The Oil of Gladness.**

Austerity is little help,  
 Although it somewhat cheers;  
 Thine oil of gladness is the thought  
 Of the eternal years.

*F. W. Faber.*

### **1145. The Bible the True Civilizer.**

The general diffusion of the Bible is the most effectual way to civilize and humanize mankind; to purify and exalt the general system of public morals; to give efficacy to the just precepts of international and municipal law; to enforce the observance of prudence, temperance, justice and fortitude; and to improve all the relations of social and domestic life.

*Chancellor Kent.*

**1146. The Whims of Love.**

Little Love cares, so he has his own whim,  
And weeping and laughing are all one to him.

*Thomas Moore.*

**AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH.****1147. Distinguished Merit.**

Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun and follow it in its course seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.

*Robert Hall.*

**1148. Morning.**

Yet never sleep the sun up,  
Prayer should dawn with the day.  
There are set awful hours 'twixt heaven and us.  
The manna was not good after sunrising.  
Far day sullies flowers.  
Rise to prevent the sun.  
Sleep doth sins glut.  
And heaven's gate opens when this world is shut.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**1149. The Bee and the Brain.**

Just as a bee absorbs all it wants of a flower, and only that, so should a man absorb only the good of what he sees and finds about him; and then the storehouse of his brain will come to be like a kaleidoscope of pleasing memories.

*Anon.*

**1150. The Eternal Years.**

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,  
 God's word unto the ears;  
 But He will have thee rather brood  
 Upon the eternal years.

*F. W. Faber.*

**1151. The Taste for Reading.**

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me — it would be a taste for reading.

*Anon.*

***AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH.*****1152. Simplicity of Speech.**

Dr. Chalmers, being asked to speak with simplicity of style to a rustic audience, began: "I have been asked tonight to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology."

*Anon.*



**AUGUST TWENTY-SIX.****1156. The Wisest Sometimes Unwise.**

Nobody talks much that doesn't say unwise things, — things he did not mean to say; as no person plays much without striking a false note sometimes.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1157. The Divinity of Christ.**

What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, — the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul....If you [General Bertrand] do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well: then I did wrong to make you a general.

*Napoleon I.*

**1158. Love and Duty.**

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,  
But love, the master, goes in and out  
Of his goodly chambers, with song and shout,  
Just as he please — just as he please.

*Miss Mulock.*

**1159. The Age of Work.**

From the age of twenty to thirty-five or forty is a period of great efficiency and activity. Politicians, orators, warriors and artists are then formed, and some of their greatest triumphs gained. Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon had made themselves known by some of their most

extraordinary military achievements before they were thirty. William Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-five, and as a statesman and debater in the House of Commons sustained himself from that day onward against such men as Fox and Burke.

*Anon.*

### **1160. Better than Beauty.**

Refinement is superior to beauty.

*Lascaris.*

## **AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH.**

### **1161. Love is Wisdom.**

Love alone is wisdom, Love alone is power; and where Love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.

*George Macdonald.*

### **1162. Prejudice and Illusion.**

A sombre waste is Prejudice,  
 And cautious footsteps find  
 That Ignorance has dug therein  
 Deep pitfalls for the mind.  
 Illusion is a glass wherein  
 We magnify the real,  
 Till knowledge wears the glass away  
 To leave a dead ideal.

*William H. Hayne.*

### **1163. Vulgar Refinement.**

Refinement that carries us away from our fellowmen is not God's refinement.

*H. W. Beecher.*

### **1164. True Refinement.**

Among all the accomplishments of life none are so important as refinement; it is not, like beauty, a gift of nature, and can only be acquired by cultivation and practice. Intelligence, when blended with virtue, is always respected and universally esteemed, and it is to those elements of culture that refinement of character obtains.

*James Ellis.*

### **1165. The Modern Critic.**

But that critics should be honest we have a right to demand, and critical dishonesty we are bound to expose. If the writer will tell us what he thinks, though his thoughts be absolutely vague and useless, we can forgive him; but when he tells us what he does not think, actuated either by friendship or by animosity, then there should be no pardon for him. This is the sin in modern criticism of which there is most reason to complain.

*Anthony Trollope.*

## **AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH.**

### **1166. Everyday Cares.**

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time; giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1167. The Birds in Love.**

The bells of the buttercup tinkle;  
 A wedding peal from their green tides,  
 For when the fresh trees in such happiness twinkle,  
 The birds are all bridegrooms and brides.

*Edgar Fawcett.*

**1168. Liberality.**

Liberality is not in giving largely, but wisely.

*Anon.*

**1169. "O Happy Love!"**

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare, —  
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

*Robert Burns.*

**1170. The Gospel a Living Thing.**

The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds in meditating upon it that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades everything that opposes its extension.

*Napoleon I.*

**AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH.****1171. What the Sun Says.**

“Look at me,” cried the sun, rising in unclouded splendor over the eastern hills. “Do I not come back to you after the darkness of the night? So will He, whose light I reflect, shine away your sorrow, and He has sent me to comfort you.”

*E. P. Roe.*

**1172. The Forms of Clouds.**

Poets say that clouds assume the form of countries over which they have passed, and, molding themselves upon the valleys, plains and mountains, acquire their shape and move with them over the skies. This resembles certain men, whose genius being, as it were, acquisitive, models itself upon the epoch in which it lives, and assumes all the individuality of the nation to which it belongs.

*Alphonse Lamartine.*

**1173. Marry for Love.**

Don't think for a moment, Fred, 'tis better  
 To bind the heart with a golden fetter;  
 Though many do it, yet many rue it,  
 And love is a tearful witness to it!  
 There isn't a chance for pleasant weather  
 Where two are unequally yoked together;  
 So turn your back when money bewitches;  
*Marry for love, and work for riches!*

*Josephine Pollard.*

**1174. Royal Memories.**

Kings are remarkable for long memories in the merest trifles.

*William Hazlitt.*

**1175. Pettifoggers and Empirics.**

Pettifoggers in law and empirics in medicine have held from time immemorial the fee simple of a vast estate, subject to no alienation, diminution, revolution nor tax — the folly and ignorance of mankind.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**AUGUST THIRTIETH.****1176. Troubles that Never Come.**

More distress is caused by those troubles which never come, but which are feared and worried over, than by those which do come, teaching us, often, patience and faith.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1177. I Live for Those Who Love Me.**

I live for those who love me,  
 Whose hearts are kind and true;  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too;  
 For all human ties that bind me,  
 For the task by God assigned me,  
 For the bright hopes left behind me,  
 And the good that I can do.

*Anon.*

**1178. Unalterable Laws.**

When I hear a man talk of an unalterable law, I think he is an unalterable fool.

*Anon.*

**1179. Be Frank.**

Hide nothing from thy minister, physician, and lawyer.

*Anon.*

**1180. First Obey, Then Rule.**

The man whom Heaven appoints  
To govern others, should himself first learn  
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

*James Thomson.*

**1181. How Little Minds Judge.**

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything that is beyond their range.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

**1182. The Value of Good Breeding.**

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant, the philosopher a cynic, the soldier a brute, and every man disagreeable.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST.****1183. What the Birds Said.**

“Listen to us,” said the birds over her head. “We did not sing here last winter, but we were singing where the cold winds never blow. So your mother has only flown away to a sunnier clime, and we are here to comfort you.”

*E. P. Roe.*

**1184. Grace.**

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

**1185. The Good Man’s Safety.**

The good need fear no law;  
It is his safety, and the bad man’s awe.

*Massinger.*

**1186. True Humility.**

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,  
    Though meekness it appears;  
More humbling is it far for thee  
    To face the eternal years.

*F. W. Faber.*

**1187. Life’s a Jest.**

Life’s a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once and now I know it.

*John Gay.*

**1188. Beware of Letters!**

Full oft have letters caused the writers  
To curse the day they were inditers.

*Thomas Butler.*

**1189. Lawyers' Houses.**

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

*Anon.*

**1190. Four Things.**

Each man has more of four things than he knows.  
What four are these? Sins, debts, fears and woes.

*From the French.*

## SEPTEMBER.

### *SEPTEMBER FIRST.*

#### 1191. Changing Leaves.

... Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

#### 1192. September.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run.

*John Keats.*

#### 1193. Autumn Evening.

Look around this lovely autumn evening. See the crimson glory of those clouds yonder in the west. See that brightness shading off into paler and more exquisite tints. Look, how those many hued leaves reflect the glowing sky. The air is as sweet and balmy as that of Eden could have been. The landscape is beautiful in itself, and specially attractive to you. To our human eyes it hardly seems as if heaven could be more perfect than this.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1194. Sunset.**

I saw the day lean o'er the world's sharp edge,  
 And peer into night's chasm, dark and damp.  
 High in his hand he held a blazing lamp,  
 Then dropped it, and plunged headlong down the ledge.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**SEPTEMBER SECOND.****1195. Our Passions Never Die.**

Our passions never die, but in the last cantos of life's romantic epochs,  
 like Ariosto's buried heroes, they rise up to do battle.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1196. What the Spring Said.**

"Look at me," said the bubbling spring. "The black ice shut me in, as the  
 black earth will cover your mother, but it did not hurt me; and, sparkling  
 again this morning as brightly as ever, I am here to comfort you."

*E. P. Roe.*

**1197. A Worm! a God!**

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 A worm! a God!

*Edward Young.*

**1198. What the Violets Said.**

“Look at us,” said the violets blooming at her feet. “All last winter we slept in seeming death, as your mother is sleeping now; but at the right time God awakened us, and here we are to comfort you.”

*E. P. Roe.*

**1199. The Coward.**

He who stabs you in the back with a pen would do the same with a penknife, were he equally safe from detection and law.

*Quintillian.*

**1200. What Education Does.**

The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.

*Madame de Stael.*

**1201. Brave Quiet.**

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,  
Chiding thy scrupulous fears;  
Learn to be real from the thought  
Of the eternal years.

*F. W. Faber.*

**SEPTEMBER THIRD.****1202. Concerning Martyrs.**

He that dies a martyr proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

### **1203. The Value of Good Breeding.**

A man's good breeding is the best security against another's bad manners.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

### **1204. The Power of the Household.**

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well being of Church and State.

*Anon.*

### **1205. Unavailing Remorse.**

We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for death carries with it to some small circle of survivors thoughts of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired. Such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing. If we would be spared its pains, let us remember this in time.

*Anon.*

### **1206. Our Words.**

What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! Our words sound so humble, while our hearts are so proud.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery is the food of fools;  
Yet now and then your men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.

*Dean Swift.*

**1207. The Secret of a Calm Spirit.**

Set hours and written rule are good,  
 Long prayer can lay our fears;  
 But it is better calm for thee  
 To count the eternal years.

*F. W. Faber.*

**SEPTEMBER FOURTH.****1208. Reading to no Purpose.**

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

*Edmund Burke.*

**1209. How to Enjoy Wealth.**

The generous never enjoy their possessions so much as when others are made partakers of them.

*Sir. W. Jones.*

**1210. Constancy.**

Who is the honest man?  
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue  
 To God, his neighbor and himself most true;  
 Whom neither force nor fawning can  
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not  
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind  
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;  
 Who rides his sure and even trot,  
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

*George Herbert.*

**1211. The Speed of Life.**

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

*Anon.*

**1212. Love a Picture of Eternity.**

Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time, effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of any end.

*Madame de Stael.*

**1213. Merit and Elevation.**

There is merit without elevation, but no elevation without some merit.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

**1214. Memory and Judgment.**

A strong memory is generally coupled with an infirm judgment.

*Montague.*

**SEPTEMBER FIFTH.****1215. True Etiquette.**

The true art of being agreeable is rather to appear to receive entertainment from others than to bring entertainment to them.

*Joseph Addison.*

**1216. Sunday.**

Oh, day most calm, most bright!  
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
 Th' indorsement of supreme delight,  
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;  
 The couch of Time; Care's balm and bay;  
 The week were dark, but for thy light:  
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou  
 Make up one man, whose face thou art,  
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow:  
 The work days are the back part;  
 The burden of the week lies there,  
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
 Till thy release appear.

*George Herbert.*

**1217. Possible Decay of the Clergy.**

The day that witnesses the conversion of our ministers into political and philosophical speculators or scientific lecturers, will witness the final decay of clerical weight and influence.

*Peter Bayne.*

**1218. The Working Man Happy.**

As for a little more money and a little more time, why it's ten to one if either one or the other would make you a whit happier. If you had more time, it would be sure to hang heavily. It is the working man that is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so. It is the idle man that is the miserable man. What comes of holidays, and far too often of sightseeing, but evil? Half the harm that happens is on those days.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**SEPTEMBER SIXTH.****1219. Contentment.**

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body or fortune, it makes him easier under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining and ingratitude toward the Being who has allotted to him his part to act in this world.

*Joseph Addison.*

**1220. Men do not Like to be Thought Weak.**

Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and imperfections known than their crimes; and if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill bred or awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**1221. How to Live at Ease.**

He that would live at ease should always put the best construction on business and conversation.

*Jeremy Collier.*

**1222. What are Faults.**

Nothing can be a reasonable ground of despising a man but some fault chargeable upon him; and nothing can be a fault that is not naturally in a man's power to prevent; otherwise it is a man's unhappiness, his mischance or calamity, but not his fault.

*Bishop South.*

**1223. Contemplation.**

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation. All others grow flat and insipid on frequent use; and when a man hath run through a set of vanities in the declension of his age, he knows not what to do with himself, if he cannot think.

*Sir T. P. Blount.*

**SEPTEMBER SEVENTH.****A DOZEN ANSWERS TO AN OLD QUESTION.****What is Love?**

**1224.** Love is rest.

*Bayard Taylor.*

**1225.** Love is the life of man.

*Swedenborg.*

**1226.** Love understands love; it needs no talk.

*F. R. Havergal.*

**1227.** Love can hope where Reason would despair.

*Lord Lyttelton.*

**1228.** Love letters are the froth of affection.

*Ninon de L'Enclos.*

**1229.** Oh, Love's but a dance,  
Where Time plays the fiddle!

*Austin Dobson.*

**1230.** Our love was like most other loves,  
A little glow, a little shiver.

*W. M. Praed.*

**1231.** Love is a fire which the burnt child never dreads.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

**1232.** In the month of May apple trees go a-courting.  
Love is evermore father of poetry.

*E. W. Beecher.*

**1233.** True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

**1234.** To love is to believe; to hope, to know;  
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below.

*John Waller.*

**1235.** O love, love, love!  
Love is like a dizziness;  
It wi' na let a poor body,  
Gang about his bizness.

*James Hogg.*

**SEPTEMBER EIGHTH.****1236. Idle Declamation.**

It is a mere idle declamation about consistency to represent it as a disgrace to a man to confess himself wiser today than yesterday.

*Whately.*

**1237. Love is Sacred.**

I protest, for one, love is sacred.

*Thackeray.*

**1238. A Contented Spirit.**

Contentment destroys all inordinate ambition, and all tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts. Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall mention the two following: First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants, and secondly how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

*Joseph Addison.*

**1239. Contempt.**

Contempt putteth an edge upon anger more than the hurt itself; and when men are ingenious in picking out circumstances of contempt, they do kindle their anger much.

*Lord Bacon.*

**1240. Concerning Money.**

And as for money — Don't you remember the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast"? Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure, and trouble therewith."

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**1241. Affectation.**

There is a vast deal of hypocrisy in the affected admiration of nature.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**SEPTEMBER NINTH.****1242. The Atheist Ahead of the Devil.**

An atheist has got one point beyond the devil.

*Anon.*

**1243. The Still, Sad Music of Humanity.**

But hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity.

*William Wordsworth.*

**1244. The Mind Its Own Place.**

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

*John Milton.*

**1245. The Brevity of Life.**

Swift as the arrow cuts its way  
 Through the soft yielding air:  
 Or as the sun's more subtle ray,  
 Or lightning's sudden glare;  
 Or as an eagle to the prey,  
 Or shuttle through the loom —  
 So haste our fleeting lives away  
 So pass we to the tomb.

*Anon.*

**1246. Small Miseries.**

Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand one cannon ball than a volley of bullets.

*Charles Caleb Colton.*

**1247. The Cultivation of the Mind.**

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body.

*Cicero.*

**1248. The Ministry of Trial.**

So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air,  
 So working bees settle and purge the wine;  
 So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;  
 So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

*Edmund Spenser.*

**SEPTEMBER TENTH.****1249. Divine Compassion.**

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never.

*William Cowper.*

**1250. What a Mother's Kiss Did.**

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.

*James West.*

**1251. The Charm of the Unattainable.**

To him, who has been sated and disappointed by the actual and intelligible, there is a profound charm in the unattainable and inscrutable.

*Anon.*

**1252. Money and Time.**

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

*Samuel Johnson.*

**1253. Atheism at Night.**

By night an atheist half believes there is a God.

*Edward Young.*

**1254. Pretenders of Wisdom.**

Another of these pretenders to being, or being thought to be, wise, prides himself on what he calls his *consistency* — on his never changing his opinions or plans; which, as long as man is fallible, and circumstances change, is the wisdom of one either too dull to detect his mistakes, or too obstinate to own them.

*Archbishop Whately.*

**1255. Sweet Hope.**

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star  
 Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud,  
 Bright'ning the half-veil'd face of heaven afar —  
 So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,  
 Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,  
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head!

*John Keats.*

**SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH.****1256. A Pearl of Great Price.**

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase.

*J. Talguy.*

**1257. Eternal Hope.**

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
 Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blest:  
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,  
 Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

*Alexander Pope.*

**1258. Imperishable Hope.**

Eternal Hope! When yonder spheres sublime  
 Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,  
 Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade,  
 When all thy sister planets had decay'd; —  
 When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,  
 And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,  
 Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile!

*Thomas Campbell.*

**1259. Love Not a Delirium.**

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite — of the ideal made real.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**1260. Can You Forget Me?**

Can you forget me? — I who have so cherished  
 The veriest trifle that was memory's link:  
 The roses that you gave me, although perished,  
 Were precious in my sight, they made me think  
 You took them in their scentless beauty stooping  
 From the warm shelter of the garden wall;  
 Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,  
 Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.  
 Can you forget them?

*Anon.*

## **SEPTEMBER TWELFTH.**

### **1261. The Whole Earth Full of God's Glory.**

So distinguished by a Divine wisdom, power and goodness, are God's works of creation and providence, that all nature, by the gentle voices of her skies and streams, of her fields and forests, as well as by the roar of breakers, the crash of thunder, the rumbling earthquake, the fiery volcano, and the destroying hurricane, echoes the closing sentences of this angel hymn, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, the whole earth is full of His glory!"

*Thomas Guthrie.*

### **1262. God Manifest in All Things.**

There's nothing bright above, below,  
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,  
But in its light my soul can see  
Some feature of the deity.

*T. Moore.*

### **1263. Root-Truths.**

The fact is those root-truths on which the foundations of our being rest, are apprehended not logically at all, but mystically. This faculty of spiritual apprehension, which is a very different one from those which are trained in schools and colleges, must be educated and fed, not less, but more carefully than our lower faculties, else it will be starved and die, however learned and able in other respects we may become.

*J. C. Shairp.*

**1264. Spiritual Progress.**

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only.

*John Ruskin.*

**1265. An Old Story.**

Love is an old story enough, but in every generation it is reborn, in the downcast eyes and blushes of young maidens. And so, although he fluttered in Eden, Cupid is young today.

*Alexander Smith.*

**SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH.****1266. The Picture of a Man.**

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;  
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**1267. Step by Step.**

It is not with a rush and a spring that we are to reach Christ's character, and attain to perfect saintship; but step by step, foot by foot, hand over hand, we are slowly and often painfully to mount the ladder that rests on earth and rises to heaven.

*Thomas Guthrie.*

**1268. “Whatever is, is Right.”**

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good;  
 And spite of pride, — in erring reason’s spite,  
 One thing it clear, — whatever is, is right.

*Alexander Pope.*

**1269. Light and Darkness.**

He who never looks up to a living God, to a heavenly presence, loses the power of perceiving that presence, and the universe slowly turns into a dead machine, clashing and grinding on, without purpose or end. If the light within us be darkness, how great is that darkness.

*J. F. Clarke.*

**1270. The Best Gift.**

I that have love and no more  
     Give you but love of you, sweet;  
         He that hath more let him give;  
 He that hath wings let him soar;  
     Mine is the heart at your feet  
         Here that must love you to live.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

**SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH.****1271. The Works of Nature the Works of God.**

I hold that we have a very imperfect knowledge of the works of nature till we view them as works of God, — not only as works of mechanism, but works of intelligence, not only as under laws, but under a Lawgiver, wise and good.

*James McCosh.*

**1272. Tears.**

‘Twere sweet to kiss thy tears away,  
 If tears those eyes must know;  
 But sweeter still to hear thee say,  
 Thou never hadst them flow.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**1273. German Music.**

The mighty German music, which is the proper minstrelsy of a nation of men, a music of philosophy, of heroism, of the intellect and imagination, beside which the strains of modern Italy are indeed effeminate, fantastic and artificially feeble.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**1274. Freedom’s Battle.**

For Freedom’s battle, once begun,  
 Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,  
 Tho’ baffled oft, is ever won.

*Lord Byron.*

**1275. Prayer.**

Prayer is the pulse of the renewed soul; and the constancy of its beat is the test and measure of the spiritual life.

*Octavius Winslow.*

**1276. The Flowers of Paradise.**

The best and sweetest flowers of paradise God gives to His people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven.

*Thomas Brooks.*

**SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH.****1277. What is Prayer?**

Prayer, then, does not consist in sweet feelings, nor in the charms of an excited imagination, nor in that illumination of the intellect that traces with ease the sublimest truths of God; nor even in a certain consolation in the view of God; all these things are external gifts from His hand, in the absence of which love may exist even more purely, as the soul may then attach itself immediately and solely to God, instead of to His mercies.

*Fenelon.*

**1278. The Heart Like a Lake.**

My heart is like the sleeping lake,  
     Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,  
 And only feels its surface break  
     When birds of passage wander by.  
 Who dip their wings, and upward soar,  
 And leave it quiet as before.

*N. P. Willis.*

**1279. The Beauty of the Earth Prophetic.**

All things and all acts, and this whole wonderful universe, proclaim to us the Lord our Father, Christ our love, Christ our hope, our portion and our joy. Oh, brethren, if you would know the meaning of the world, read Christ in it. If you would see the beauty of the earth, take it for a prophet of something higher than itself.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1280. By Jacob's Well.**

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well  
 The weary hour of noon,  
 The languid pulses Thou canst tell,  
 The nerveless spirit tune.  
 Thou from whose cross in anguish burst  
 The cry that owned Thy dying thirst,  
 To Thee we turn, our last and first,  
 Our Sun and soothing Moon.

*John Keble.*

**SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH.****1281. Man is Vanity.**

What is this passing scene?  
 A peevish April day!  
 A little sun — a little rain —  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away:  
 Man (soon discussed)  
 Yields up his trust;  
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust!

*Anon.*

**1282. Golden Moments.**

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

*George Eliot.*

**1283. Forgive and Forget.**

Forgive and forget! — why the world would be lonely,  
 The garden a wilderness left to deform,  
 If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,  
 And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

*Charles Swain.*

**1284. Hope's Pearl.**

Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup  
 Unmelted at the bottom lay,  
 To shine again when, all drunk up,  
 The bitterness should pass away.

*Thomas Moore.*

**1285. Praise.**

Praise is the best auxiliary to prayer; and he who most bears in mind what has been done for him by God will be most emboldened to supplicate fresh gifts from above.

*Henry Melville.*

**1286. Science no Use Without Sense.**

What can science do for him who has no sense of his own? What will a mirror do for one without eyes?

*Anon.*

**SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH.****“ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG.”**

**1287.** He serves all who dare be true.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**1288.** The very flowers that bend and meet  
In sweetening others grow more sweet.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1289.** If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it to His use.

*Bayard Taylor.*

**1290.** Self-ease is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**1291.** Beauty itself is but the sensible image of the Infinite.

*George Bancroft.*

**1292.** Beauty lives with kindness.

*W. Shakespeare.*

**1293.** 'Tis well to think well, it is divine to act well.

*Horace Mann.*

**1294.** God gets His best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1295.** The religious life is a struggle and not a hymn.

*Madame de Stael.*

**1296.** Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1297.** Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.

*Show.*

**1298.** No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

*Lady M. W. Montague.*

### **SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH.**

#### **1299. Works as well as Words.**

Do not fancy, as too many do, that thou canst praise God by singing hymns to Him in church once a week, and disobeying Him all the week long. He asks of thee works as well as words; and more, he asks of thee works first and words after.

*Charles Kingsley.*

#### **1300. This World is all a Fleeting Show.**

This world is all a fleeting show  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —  
 There's nothing true but heaven.

*Thomas Moore.*

**1301 Loudness and Irreverence.**

There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than this tendency of power to loudness and wantonness instead of quietness and reverence. To souls baptized in Christian nobleness the largest sphere of command is but a wider empire of obedience, calling them, not to escape from holy rule, but to its full impersonation.

*James Martineau.*

**1302. Mother's Love.**

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove, —  
 Holy as heaven a mother's tender love;  
 The love of many prayers and many tears,  
 Which changes not with dim declining years, —  
 The only love, which on this teeming earth,  
 Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

**1303. The Wand of Fortune.**

There sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally concealed, as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.

*John Greville.*

**SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH.****1304. Crape and Lawn.**

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;  
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

*Alexander Poe.*

### **1305. Elements of Power.**

What elements of power we wield! Truth unmixed with error, flashing as God's own lightning in its brightness, resistless if properly wielded, as that living flame! Oh, what agencies! The Holy Ghost standing and pleading with us to so work that He may help us, the very earth coming to the help of the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet I am painfully impressed that we are not wielding the elements of Christian achievement nearly up to their maximum.

*T. M. Eddy.*

### **1306. Saturday Night.**

When the worn spirit wants repose,  
 And sighs her God to seek;  
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,  
 That ends the weary week!

*Anon.*

### **1307. Passions Like Winds.**

The passions act as winds to propel our vessel; our reason is the pilot that steers her: without the winds she would not move; without the pilot she would be lost.

*From the French.*

**1308. Solitude.**

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;  
     There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
     By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less, but nature more  
     From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
     To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

*Lord Byron.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH.****1309. The Chain of Being.**

Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach, from infinite to Thee,  
 From thee to nothing.

*Alexander Pope.*

**1310. To Young Men.**

Go, then, young men where glory awaits you. The field is the world. Go where the abjects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lazarettos where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm. Go to the haunts of crime, and float a gospel message upon the feculent air. Go wherever there are ignorant to be instructed, timid to be cheered, and helpless to be succored, and stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.

*Wm. M. Punshon.*

**1311. Overpaid Toil.**

Our work, abiding, shall bring to us the endless glory with which God at last overpays the toils, even as now He over answers the poor prayers of His laboring servants.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1312. Today.**

Today, let us rise and go to our work. Tomorrow, we shall rise and go to our reward.

*Richard Fuller.*

**1313. Many or Few.**

Nay, be they many, be they few,  
My thought but holds the end in view;  
And fills each day's full measure up  
With service sweet and patient hope.

*Mrs. Helen M. Brown.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.****1314. Original Thought.**

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 1315. A Future State.

We are led to the belief of a future state, not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears, of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it, by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.

*Adam Smith.*

### 1316. The Comfort of Dull People.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground glass shade over a gas lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### 1317. Likeness to Thee.

Give me a faithful heart —  
     Likeness to thee,  
 That each departing day  
     Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wanderer sought and won,  
     Something for Thee.

*S. D. Phelps.*

### 1318. Influence of Noble Companionship.

How is it that there are men who, as Socrates did Aristides, make us better merely by our being with them? How do great authors bring it about, that their invisible spirit in their works seizes and holds us fast, without our being able to quote the words and passages whereby they do it, as a thickly-leaved forest always murmurs, though not a single branch stirs?

*Jean Paul Richter.*

## **SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND.**

### **1319. God's First Garden.**

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal order of gardens there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season.

*Lord Bacon.*

### **1320. Nuisances.**

A wise man who does not assist with his counsels, a rich man with his charity, and a poor man with his labor, are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth.

*Dean Swift.*

### **1321. Fumigating.**

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found: I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### **1322. Men Molded by Circumstances.**

In all our reasonings concerning *men* we must lay it down as a maxim that the greater part are molded by circumstances.

*Robert Hall.*

**1323. No Such Word as “Fail.”**

The proudest motto for the young!  
 Write it in lines of gold  
 Upon thy heart, and in thy mind  
 The stirring words enfold:  
 And in misfortune’s dreary hour,  
 Or fortune’s prosperous gale,  
 ‘Twill have a holy, cheering power —  
 “There’s no such word as *fail!*”

*Alice G. Lee.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.****1324. The Oblation.**

Ask nothing more of me, sweet,  
 All I can give you I give  
     Heart of my heart, were it more,  
 More would be laid at your feet:  
     Love that should help you to live,  
     Song that should spur you to soar.

*Algernon C. Swinburne.*

**1325. A Wise Man His Own Columbus.**

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.

*Anon.*

**1326. Well Guarded and Guided.**

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

*Philip Sidney.*

**1327. The Disaster of Vice.**

We have no standard by which to measure the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in the citizens when joined to corruption and fraud in the suffrage.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1328. Christianity.**

Christianity does not consist in a proud priesthood, a costly church, an imposing ritual, a fashionable throng, a pealing organ, loud responses to the creed, and reiterated expressions of reverence for the name of Christ; but in the spirit of filial trust in God, and ardent, impartial, overflowing love to man.

*T. J. Mumford.*

**1329. No Such Word as “Fail.”**

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**1330. The Architects of the Future.**

The children of today will be the architects of our country's destiny in 1900.

*James A. Garfield.*

## **SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH.**

### **1331. The Chemistry of Nature.**

What a chemist Nature is! How in the name of all that is wonderful can she manage to give every kind of flower and vegetable a different perfume? Some of the most homely and useful products of the garden give out odors that are as grateful as those of choice flowers, just as some human lives that are busiest and fullest of care have still the aroma of peace and rest about them.

*E. P. Roe.*

### **1332. The Credentials of Impotence.**

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

*Lavater.*

### **1333. Description of a Summer Day.**

Beloved, the earth is today so beautiful! that, indeed, makes man more tender: heaven rests with a caress and kiss of love on the earth, as a father on a mother and her children — the flowers and beating hearts fall into the embrace and nestle around the mother. The twig gently rocks its singer up and down, the flower cradles its bee, the leaf its fly and its drop of honey: in the open flower-cups hang the warm tears, into which the clouds dissolve themselves, as if in eyes, and my flowerbeds bear the rainbow, which is built up on them, without sinking. The woods lie nursing themselves at the breast of heaven, and having drunken deeply of the clouds, all summits stand fixed in silent bliss.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1334. Open the Windows.**

Let there be many windows to your soul,  
 That all the glory of the universe  
 May beautify it. Not the narrow pane  
 Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays  
 That shine from countless sources. Tear away  
 The blinds of superstition; let the light  
 Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself  
 And high as God.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.****ROCHEFOUCAULD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.**

- 1335.** It is with true love as with apparitions. Everyone talks of it, but few have seen it.
- 1336.** There are people who never would have been in love if they had never heard of love.
- 1337.** Love, like fire, must have continual movement. When it ceases to hope and fear, it ceases to exist.
- 1338.** In love, he who is earliest cured is always best cured.
- 1339.** The reason why lovers are never weary of being together is, because they are always talking of themselves.
- 1340.** Coldness in love is a sure means of being beloved.
- 1341.** The more we love, the nearer are we to hate.
- 1342.** In love we often doubt what we most believe.

- 1343.** There are few people who, when their love is over, are not ashamed of having been in love.
- 1344.** It is impossible to love a second time what we have once really ceased to love.
- 1345.** Men often proceed from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.
- 1346.** In the soul, love is a passion for reigning; in minds it is a sympathy; in the body, it is a latent desire to possess the object loved.

### **SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH.**

#### **1347. Tears of Penitence.**

If penitent tears could be crystallized, they would be the only gems of earth that angels would covet; and perhaps God's coworkers here will find those that they caused to flow on earth set as gems in their "crown of glory that fadeth not away."

*E. P. Roe.*

#### **1348. Shaping the Future.**

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
 Of which the coming life is made,  
 An fill our future atmosphere  
 With sunshine or with shade.  
 The tissue of the life to be  
 We weave with colors all our own,  
 And in the field of destiny  
 We reap as we have sown.

*Anon.*

**1349. Examining the Tongue.**

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

*Justin.*

**1350. A Gracious Theft.**

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

*Anon.*

**1351. The World Defended.**

It is the fashion to inveigh against the “cold and pitiless world”; but the world has often much excuse for maintaining this character.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1352. Measuring Our Way**

The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH.****1353. Nearest to God.**

The smallest child is nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1354. Every Life Needs Help.**

If human experience proves anything, it is that every life needs the personal and practical help, — the direct touch and word, — of One who is divinely powerful and divinely patient.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1355. Natural Affections.**

Natural affections and instincts are the most beautiful of the Almighty's works, but, like other beautiful works of His, they must be reared and fostered, or it is as natural that they should be wholly obscured, and that new feelings should usurp their place, as it is that the sweetest productions of the earth, left untended, should be choked with weeds and briars. I wish we could be brought to consider this, and remember natural obligations a little more.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1356. Jaundiced Eyes.**

Men who look on nature and their fellowmen, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the somber colors are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and need a clearer vision.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1357. Shut Your Eyes.**

In buying houses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.

*Italian Proverb.*

**1358. Life too Short for Hate.**

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;  
 Time is the best avenger, if we wait;  
 The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing;  
 We have no room for anything like hate.  
 This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing  
 That thick and fast about our feet are stealing, —  
 Life is too short.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH.****1359. Mercy.**

I am no angel, heaven knows, but an erring and imperfect man;  
 nevertheless, there is one quality which all men have in common with the  
 angels, blessed opportunities of exercising, if they will, — mercy.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1360. God's Handwriting.**

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament.

*Anon.*

**1361. The Faith of Lazarus.**

It was Lazarus' faith, not his poverty, which brought him into Abraham's  
 bosom.

*Archbishop Trench.*

**1362. A Lie Defined.**

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

*Bishop Warburton.*

**1363. The Welcome Sabbath.**

Return, thou wished and welcome guest;  
 Thou day of holiness and rest!  
 Thou best, the dearest of the seven,  
 Emblem and harbinger of heaven!

*Anon.*

**1364. What a Chimera is Man?**

What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!

*Blaise Pascal.*

**1365. Excellency of Christ.**

He is a path, if any be misled;  
     He is a robe, if any naked be;  
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread;  
     If any be a bondsman, He is free;  
     If any be but weak, how strong is He!  
 To dead men life He is, to sick men health;  
 To blind men sight, to the needy wealth —  
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

*Giles Fletcher.*

**SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH.****1366. Wrongly Directed Effort.**

One half of the time which is now almost wholly wasted, in district schools, on English grammar attempted at too early an age, would be sufficient to teach our children to love the republic and to become its loyal and life long supporters.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1367. Sewing Women.**

It is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, as it makes them at home with their own hearts.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

**1368. Paul and Apollo.**

I believe that when Paul plants and Apollo waters, God gives the increase; and I have no patience with those who throw the blame on God when it belongs to themselves.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1369. A Principle.**

Schoolhouses are less expensive than rebellions.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1370. How Hearts Keep Firm.**

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
 To remotest place and time,  
 Thou for labors wilt embolden,  
 Unpresuming but sublime;  
 Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,  
 When from Thee new life is taken;  
 Truth recruits itself by love;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love?

*Thomas T. Lynch.*

**1371. Roses and Lives.**

How many roses and lives would be more perfect were it not for some gnawing worm i' the bud.

*E. P. Roe.*

**SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH.****1372. The Noble Army of Martyrs.**

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
 Out of thee the martyrs drank,  
 Who for truth in cities olden  
 Spake, nor from the torture shrank;  
 Saved they were from traitor's meanness  
 Filled with joys of holy keenness:  
 Strong are those that drink of love;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love?

*Thomas T. Lynch.*

**1373. Climb On!**

Be not afraid, O toilers up the height!  
 The gods are very near, though out of sight;  
 They reach out helpful hands and say, "Come higher."  
 All earnest souls must climb if they aspire.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**1374. A Long Pause.**

I should advise a man to pause before he takes a wife;  
 Indeed, I see no reason why he should not pause for life.

*Anon.*

**1375. A Lady's Dress.**

A lady's dress is like the binding of a book, — it ought to be suggestive of her character. Indeed, she can make it a tasteful expression of herself. Neither you nor I believe in the people who value books for the sake of their covers only. A book must have a soul and life of its own as truly as you or I; and the costliest materials, the wealth of a kingdom, cannot make a true book any more than a perfect costume and the most exquisite combination of flesh and blood can make a true woman.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1376. A Miracle.**

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.

*Anon.*

## OCTOBER.

### *OCTOBER FIRST.*

#### **1377. A Warm October Day.**

He walked down the aisle out into the sunny noon of a warm October day. Birds were twittering around the porch. Fall insects fill the air with their cheery chirpings. The bay of a dog, the shrill crowing of a cock, came softened across the fields from a neighboring farm. Cowbells tinkled faintly in the distance, and two children were seen romping on a hillside, flitting here and there like butterflies. The trees were in gala dress of crimson and gold, and even the mountains veiled their stern grandeur in a purple haze, through which the sun's rays shimmered with genial but not oppressive warmth.

*E. P. Roe.*

#### **1378. The Sands of Life.**

With lofty thoughts and noble deeds,  
     The sands of life are gold:  
 With petty thoughts, unworthy deeds,  
     They're but earth's heavy mold.

*James M. Adams.*

#### **1379. Father Time.**

Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well, making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in fair vigor. With such people the gray head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well spent life.

*Charles Dickens.*

***OCTOBER SECOND.*****1380. Secrets.**

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.

**1381. Children Still.**

What were our life, with all its rents and seams,  
Stripped of its purple robes, our waking dreams?  
The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,  
The tinsel shows that cheat us on the stage,  
Lead all our fancies captive at their will;  
Three years or threescore, we are children still.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1382. Beware.**

He that marries a wife and he that goes to war must necessarily submit to everything that may happen.

*Italian Proverb.*

**1383. Common Sense.**

Common sense is genius in its working dress.

*Anon.*

**1384. The Price of Fame.**

The tallest trees are most in power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.

*William Penn.*

**1385. The Ground of Humility.**

The sense that a man is serving a Higher than himself, with a service which will become ever more and more perfect freedom, evokes more profound, more humbling, more exalted emotions than anything else in the world can do. The spirit of man is an instrument which cannot give out its deepest, finest tones, except under the immediate hand of the Divine Harmonist.

*J. C. Shairp.*

**1386. Life.**

A pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

*Byron.*

***OCTOBER THIRD.*****1387. Sympathy.**

The feeling for the beloved of a friend carries with it an unspeakable sweetness and moral tenderness.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1388. Nature Put to Rest.**

The frosts of autumn therefore do not mean death. They merely put nature to rest when her proper bedtime comes, and winter soon after tucks her away under a fleecy blanket until the call of spring awakens.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1389. Don't Hang Yourself.**

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation of burying them,  
hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**1390. The Beginning.**

That man will be a benefactor of his race who shall teach us how to  
manage rightly the first years of a child's education.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1391. Eve in the Garden.**

The Adams and Eves of every generation can have an Eden if they wish.  
Indeed, I know of many instances in which Eve creates a beautiful and  
fruitful garden without any help from Adam.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1391. Maternal Responsibility.**

The fate of a child is always the work of his mother.

*Napoleon.*

**1393. The Secret of Service.**

We serve Him most who take the most  
Of His exhaustless love.

*Alice Cary.*

**1394. How to Deal with an Angry Friend.**

Is thy friend angry with thee? then provide him an opportunity of showing thee a great favor. Over that his heart must needs melt, and he will love thee again.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**OCTOBER FOURTH.**

**A PAGE OF MAXIMS FROM JEAN PAUL  
RICHTER.**

**1395.** An interrupted influence is as good as lost.

**1396.** Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.

**1397.** Only the highest and noblest love is without real trickery.

**1398.** Sacred to the loving heart is the form that has said to it, I am thine.

**1399.** The love which is long overlooked seldom, if ever, becomes a reciprocated love.

**1400.** The fair one believes the flatterer whom she sets down as a consummate flatterer of all others.

**1401.** Before any mother, it is of itself an impossibility to introduce an edifying conversation with the daughter.

**1402.** The conjunction of the upper planets is more easily brought about than that of the upper class of lovers.

**1403.** A love which thinks to die at some time or other was already dead, and that which feared to live forever feared in vain.

- 1404.** Women and oarsmen always turn their backs to the shore toward which they are seeking to propel themselves.
- 1405.** A woman cannot choose for herself a firmer or purer friend than another woman's lover.
- 1406.** It is no virtue, but only luxury, to take away the crown of thorns from a lacerated brow, the prickly girdle from sore nerves.
- 1407.** A man who travels with his beloved to Italy has in the very fact that he might do without one of the two; both double.

### ***OCTOBER FIFTH.***

#### **1408. Our National Safety.**

In a word, our national safety demands that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence and kept pure by vigilance.

*James A. Garfield.*

#### **1409. Touching is Healing.**

Christ proved centuries ago that the sympathetic touch is healing.

*E. P. Roe.*

#### **1410. Banish Tears.**

Banish the tears of children; continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1411. Heart of Christ.**

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden  
 Brimming with salvation's wine,  
 Million souls have been beholden  
 Unto thee for life divine;  
 Thou art full of blood the purest,  
 Love the tenderest and surest:  
 Blood is life, and life is love;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love?

*T. T. Lynch.*

**1412. Over the Bridge of Sighs.**

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood.

*Anon.*

**1413. The World Wants Action.**

The world would move but slowly if all men were content with good dinners and a quiet life.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1414. Death.**

Death is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man eternity is seen looking through time.

*John Wolfgang von Goethe.*

**OCTOBER SIXTH.****1415. Happiness.**

Brethren, happiness is *not* our being's end and aim. The Christian's aim is perfection, not happiness; and every one of the sons of God must have something of that spirit which marked his Master.

*F. W. Robertson.*

**1416. Happy Anywhere.**

There are briars besetting every path,  
Which call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

*Alice Cary.*

**1417. Prayer no Substitute for Labor.**

Prayer was never meant to be a substitute for labor — an easy way of throwing our responsibilities upon God. The old classic story of the teamster whose cart stuck in the mud, and who fell to crying to Hercules for help instead of using effort himself, and was told by the God he invoked to put his own shoulder to the wheel, shows that even a heathen mind could see that faith was never meant to exclude works.

*Anon.*

**1418. Life a Fairy-tale.**

Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers.

*Hans Christian Andersen.*

**1419. From Soul to Soul.**

Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul.

*Fuller.*

**1420. The Lamp of Truth.**

The religious sentiment will and must be expressed. Here it resembles not the fire in the flint, which is struck out by concussions but the light of a lamp, which is itself radiant.

*E. A. Park.*

**OCTOBER SEVENTH.****1421. The Life of Liberty.**

In a service which Thy love appoints,  
 There are no bonds for me;  
 For my Secret heart is taught "the truth"  
 That makes Thy children "free";  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.

*Anna L. Waring.*

**1422. Prayer.**

More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
 For so, the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

*Lord Tennyson.*

**1423. God Everywhere.**

God is here — how sweet the sound!  
 All I feel, and all I see —  
 Nature teems — above — around,  
 With the present Deity.

*Sir John Bowring.*

**1424. The Heaven of Spirits.**

There we shall dwell with Sire and Son,  
 And with the Mother-Maid,  
 And with the Holy Spirit one,  
 In glory like arrayed.  
 And not to one created thing,  
 Shall our embrace be given,  
 For all our joy shall be in God,  
 For only God is Heaven.

*Philip James Bailey.*

**1425. No Gethsemane Without Its Angel.**

Every praying Christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without its angel.

*Thomas Binney.*

**OCTOBER EIGHTH.****1426. Something Better than Happiness.**

There is something better for us in the world than happiness. We will take happiness as the incident of this, gladly and gratefully. We will add a thousand-fold to the happiness of the present in the fearlessness of the future which it brings; but we will not place happiness first, and thus cloud our heads with doubts, and fill our hearts with discontent. In the

blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.

*J. G. Holland.*

### **1427. Could We but Know.**

Could we but know  
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
 Where lie those happier hills and meadows low —  
 Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil  
 Aught of that country could we surely know —  
 Who would not go?

*W. C. Stedman.*

### **1428. Working in Faith.**

Many a man put in the seed who never saw the harvest, just as many another brought home ripe sheaves on which he bestowed no labor save that of the sickle. The worker for Christ, therefore, is to work in faith, expecting the divine hand to secure the result. He has abundant reason to believe that good is done of which he has no knowledge, and will have none until the great day.

*J. W. Chambers.*

### **1429. Blessings out of Sight.**

Who fathoms the Eternal thought?  
 Who talks of scheme and plan?  
 The Lord is God! He needeth not  
 The poor device of man.

I dimly guess from blessing known  
 Of greater out of sight;  
 And with the chastened Psalmist own  
 His judgments, too, are light.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**OCTOBER NINTH.****1430. Doing Ends Disputing,**

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.

*George Macdonald.*

**1431. Blot out the Bible, and Then.**

Blot out that which has come from the Bible, and you will destroy the best part of the intellectual life of the race.

*Dr. H. J. Van Dyke, Jr.*

**1432 Memory.**

What thousands and millions of recollections there must be in us. And every now and then one of them becomes known to us; and it shows us what spiritual depths are growing in us, what mines of memory.

*Wm. Mountford.*

**1433. Look Forward!**

Usually the eyes of a Christian should be directed forward; it is foolish to try to live on past experience; is very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1434. The Bible Its Own Defense.**

After all, the Bible must be its own argument and defense. The power of it can never be proved unless it is felt. The authority of it can never be supported unless it is manifest. The light of it can never be demonstrated unless it shines.

*Dr. H. J. Van Dyke.*

**1435. The God of David.**

For the God of David still  
 Guides the pebble at his well;  
 There are giants yet to kill  
     Wrongs unshriven —  
 But the battle to the strong  
     Is not given  
 While the Judge of right and wrong  
     Sits in heaven.

*Anon.*

**OCTOBER TENTH.****1436. The Gate of Heaven.**

From darkness here, and weariness,  
     We ask not full repose,  
 Only be Thou at hand to bless  
     Our trial hour of woes;  
 Is not the pilgrim's toil o'er paid  
 By the clear rill and palmy shade?  
 And see we not, up earth's dark grade,  
     The gate of heaven unclosed?

*Keble.*

**1437. The Chains of Habit.**

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken.

*Samuel Johnson.*

**1438. Give Truth Time to Take Rest.**

Avoid all refined speculations; confine yourself to simple reflections, and recur to them frequently. Those who pass too rapidly from one truth to another feed their curiosity and restlessness; they even distract their intellect with too great a multiplicity of views. Give every truth time to send down deep root into the heart.

*Fenelon.*

**1439. Looks and Tones.**

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart,  
 An instant sunshine through the heart!  
 As if the soul that minute caught  
 Some treasure it through life had sought.

*Thomas Moore.*

**1440. Evening Time.**

At evening time let there be light;  
     Life's little day draws near its close;  
 Around me falls the shades of night,  
     The night of death, the grave's repose;  
     To crown my joys, to end my woes,  
 At evening time let there be light.

*Anon.*

**OCTOBER ELEVENTH.****1441. Four Things to Make a Garden.**

In every garden four things are necessary to be provided for, — flowers, fruit, shade and water; and whoever lays out a garden without all these must not pretend to any perfection.

*Anon.*

**1442. Solitude.**

In solitude the passions feed upon the heart.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**1443. Guide and Guard.**

If God be our guide, he will be our guard.

*M. Henry.*

**1444. Incivility.**

Incivility is the extreme of pride: it is built on the contempt of mankind.

*Zimmermann.*

**1445. Foppery.**

Foppery is never cured: once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb.

*Samuel Johnson.*

**1446. Character.**

Character is a perfectly educated will.

*Novalis.*

**1447. A Vision of Love.**

Have you seen but a bright lily grow?  
 Before rude hands have touched it?  
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow,  
 Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver?  
 Or swan's down ever?  
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?  
 Or the nard o' the fire?  
 Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?  
 Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!

*Ben Jonson.*

### ***OCTOBER TWELFTH.***

#### **1448. No Vain Regretting.**

Life is too short for any vain regretting;  
 Let dead delight bury its dead, I say,  
 And let us go upon our way forgetting  
 The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.  
 Between the swift sun's rising and its setting,  
 We have no time for useless tears or fretting,  
 Life is too short.

*Ella Wheeler.*

#### **1449. Motive Power of Christianity.**

By Christianity a moral motive power is supplied, which is far better than any fact or enactment in keeping society together: and that is, the charity that is not easily provoked, the love that works no ill to his neighbor. To the motives which tend to insure well being in this world, it adds the loftier hopes, the nobler aspirations, the better purposes, that bind the Christian man to an endless future. It helps him to be a better citizen of this world, in teaching him that he has a citizenship in Heaven.

*Bishop Harris.*

**1450. Liberty.**

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
 Once having felt thy generous flame?  
 Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee!  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing.  
 To arms! to arms! ye brave.

*Rouget de Lisle.*

**1451. Meekness**

Meekness is the grace which, from beneath God's footstool, lifts up a candid and confiding eye, accepting God's smile of Fatherly affection, and adoring those perfections which it cannot comprehend.

*James Hamilton.*

**OCTOBER THIRTEENTH.****1452. Mistaking the Footstool for the Throne.**

The things without us have naturally a voice, if we only had not lost the power to hear that voice. To the old Greek and Roman mind there was a holy mystery about the earth and sky, which we are in danger of missing in these days of cold intellectuality. We name processes of nature and then seem to think we have got to the end of them. Analysis is fatal to mystery, as it is to love. Our scientific knowledge is hardly more than ignorance reduced to classification. We are in danger of making what we know a throne instead of a footstool for the attainment of what is beyond. There is more for the spirit in a presentiment of a far off truth than in the knowledge of a close one. Stand where we may, we stand on holy ground. We shall still find God in nature when we kneel in nature.

*C. H. Parkhurst.*

### 1453. Prayer and Action.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

*John Ruskin.*

### 1454. Saints.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
 Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,  
 That makes us saints; we judge the tree  
 By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
 From works on theologic trust,  
 I know the blood about his heart  
 Is dry as dust.

*Alice Cary.*

### 1455. Praying and Working.

Whatever we are directed to pray for, we are also exhorted to work for; we are not permitted to mock Jehovah, asking that of Him which we deem not worth our pains to acquire.

*E. L. Magoon.*

## **OCTOBER FOURTEENTH.**

### 1456. The Rule of our Life.

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

**1457 The Befogged Vessel.**

Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft, lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us and give us a chance to see which way to steer.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1458. Sunset but not Eclipse.**

His sun went down in the morning,  
While all was fair and bright;  
But 'twas not an eclipse of darkness  
That hid him from our sight.

For the valley of death was brighter  
Than the hills of life he trod,  
And the peace that fell on his spirit  
Was the calm, deep peace of God.

His sun went down in the morning,  
While all was fair and bright;  
But it shines today on the far away hills,  
In the land that knows no night.

*Elmo.*

**1459. "Lead, Kindly Light."**

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step's enough for me.

*Cardinal Newman.*

## ***OCTOBER FIFTEENTH.***

### **1460. Easy to go to Heaven.**

Many might go to heaven with half the labor they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way.

*Ben Jonson.*

### **1461. Eternity.**

How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth; of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, “with every tear wiped from their eyes,” standing before the throne of God and the Lamb *in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever!* What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labor of the way, and to approach, not the house, but the throne, of God in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amid the splendor and fruitions of the beatific vision!

*Robert Hall.*

### **1462. Mysteries in Childhood**

One of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the skepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### **1463. The Heart of Man.**

The heart of man is the place the devil dwells in: I feel sometimes a hell within myself: Lucifer keeps his court in my breast, Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxarchus' conceited worlds: there was more than one hell in Magdelene, when there were seven devils, for every devil is a hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*; and

needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him; and thus a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter.

*Sir T. Browne.*

### ***OCTOBER SIXTEENTH.***

#### **1464. God Everywhere and in All.**

Could I for a moment deem  
 God is not in all I see,  
 Oh! how dreadful were the dream  
 Of a world devoid of Thee!

But since Thou art ever near,  
 Ruling all that falls to me,  
 I can smile at pain or care,  
 Since it comes in love from Thee.

*Sir John Bowring.*

#### **1465. The Deepest Anguish.**

Of all the anguish in the world, there is nothing like this — the sense of God without the sense of nearness to Him.

*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

#### **1466. Reason's Royal Entrance.**

Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;  
 Sweep down the cobwebs of worn out beliefs;  
 And throw your soul wide open to the light  
 Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear  
 To all the worldless music of the stars.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**1467. Talking.**

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1468 The Bleeding Hand.**

From this bleeding hand of mine,  
Take this sprig of Eglantine,  
Which, though sweet unto your smell,  
Yet the fretful brier will tell,  
He who plucks the sweets shall prove  
Many thorns to be in love.

*Robert Herrick.*

**OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH.****1469. The Visions of Love.**

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,  
 With mirth and joy may perish;  
 That to which darker hours gave birth  
 Still more and more we cherish.  
 It looks beyond the clouds of time,  
 And through death's shadowy portal;  
 Made by adversity sublime,  
 By faith and hope immortal.

*Bernard Barten.*

**1470. Two Buckets in a Well.**

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well — when one ascends the other descends.

*Bishop Hopkins.*

**1471. Sleep.**

Six, or at most seven, hours' sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody can want: more is only laziness and dozing; and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupefying.... I have very often gone to bed at six in the morning, and rose, notwithstanding, at eight; by which means I got many hours in the morning that my companions lost; and the want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third, night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading, for from twenty to forty I should certainly have read very little if I had not been up while my acquaintances were in bed. Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**1472. Every Man His Own Ancestor.**

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.

*Dr. H. F. Hedge.*

**OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH.****1473. Day and Night.**

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1474. A Proud Heart.**

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.

*A. Gurnall.*

**1475. God's Presence Enough.**

God's presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If he journey with us by the way, he will abide with us when nightfall comes; and his companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening camp.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1476. A Wise Maxim.**

Enjoy the present, whatsoever it be, and be not solicitous about the future.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

**1477. To be No More.**

To be no more — sad cure; for who would lose  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion?

*John Milton.*

**1478. Heroic Souls.**

Heroic souls need heroic treatment. To approach one strong to the utmost endurance of trouble, with the flowery pietistic poetry which soothes feebler natures, is like offering herb tea as a medicine for cholera.

*Anon.*

**1479. The Vacant Mind.**

Absence of occupation is not rest;  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

*William Cowper.*

***OCTOBER NINETEENTH.*****1480. Conscience.**

Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another, the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not. Meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens; and after death comes judgment.

*Taylor.*

**1481. Life for High Endeavor.**

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor, —  
 Too short for spite, but long enough for love.  
 And love lives on forever and forever;  
 It links the worlds that circle on above;  
 'Tis God's first law, the universe's lever.  
 In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh never,  
 "Life is too short."

*Ella Wheeler.*

**1482. Talent and Character.**

A talent may be perfected in solitude, a character only in the world.

*Wolfgang Von Goeth.*

**1483. God Never Hurries.**

There is no hurry in eternal things. We must indeed run to do the commandments of God, but we must run cautiously, and look about us while we run. If we are not slow, we shall miss things. We shall miss seeing God, and miss hearing Him also. We can hardly be reverent unless we are slow.

*F. W. Faber.*

**1484. Four Things Never Return.**

Four things come not back, — the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

*Anon.*

**1485. He is Risen.**

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
 Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,  
 Like those of old on that thrice hallowed night,  
 Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright,  
 And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,  
 Says, pointing upward, that He is not here,  
 That he is risen.

*Samuel Rogers.*

**OCTOBER TWENTIETH.****1486. Early Rising.**

I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing." If you do not set apart your hours of reading; if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.

*Lord Chatham.*

**1487. Hallowed Ground.**

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —  
 Peace! independence! truth! go forth,  
     Earth's compass round;  
 And your high priesthood shall make earth  
     All hallowed ground!

*Thomas Campbell.*

**1488. A Life All Sport.**

He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**1489. The Quiet Forces Strongest.**

Nature's strongest forces are the quiet, all-pervading forces; no crashing thunderbolt ever did half so much work in the world as an hour's sunshine. Human life has survived the earthquake, the tempest, the plague and war, but human life could not survive for fifteen minutes the withdrawal from the earth of the kindly air.

*Anon.*

**1490. Ignorance and Presumption.**

We may recover out of the darkness of ignorance, but never out of that of presumption.

*Stanislaus.*

**1491. Life's Farewells.**

Life hath as many farewells  
 As it hath sunny hours,  
 And over some are scattered thorns  
 And over others, flowers.

*Mrs. L. P. Smith.*

***OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST.*****A PAGE OF PROVERBS.**

- 1492.** Good words are worth much and cost little.
- 1493.** The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.
- 1494.** Weight and measure take away strife.
- 1495.** Honor without profit is a ring on the finger.
- 1496.** Estate in two parishes is bread in two wallets.
- 1497.** Diseases of the eye are to be cured with the elbow.
- 1498.** The hole calls the thief.
- 1499.** The devil is not always at one door.
- 1500.** When a friend asks, there is no tomorrow.
- 1501.** God sends cold according to clothes.
- 1502.** You cannot know wine by the barrel.
- 1503.** A cool mouth and warm feet live long.
- 1504.** He loseth nothing that loseth not God.
- 1505.** The German's wit is in his fingers.
- 1506.** The house shows the owner.
- 1507.** He that gets out of debt grows rich.
- 1508.** Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.

**1509.** Of all smells, bread; of all tastes, salt.

**1510.** Every path hath a puddle.

**1511.** In good years, corn is hay; in ill years, straw is corn.

**1512.** When God will, no wind but brings rain.

**1513.** A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.

**1514.** Little sticks kindle the fire, great ones put it out.

### ***OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND.***

#### **1514. Jesus, Son of Mary, Hear.**

When our heads are bowed with woe,  
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
 When we mourn the lost, the dear:  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!  
 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
 Thou hast shed the human tear:  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!  
 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
 For our own departing souls —  
 When our final doom is near,  
 Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

*Henry Hart Milman.*

#### **1516. An Easy Task.**

It is easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.

*George Eliot.*

**1517. Death and Sleep.**

How wonderful is Death!  
 Death and his brother Sleep!  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world:  
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

*P. B. Shelley.*

**1518. Consider Your Strength and Weakness.**

Consider well what your strength is equal to, and what exceeds your ability.

*Horace.*

**1519. Light on the Paths of the Aged.**

But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail  
 In treading its gloomy way;  
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness  
 To see the young so gay.

*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

**OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD.****1520. Who Can Tell?**

It was reserved for this age to discover that the thought flashed in pulses along one wire, throbs more faintly over parallel circuits. So it is with those blind intuitions which come to us unbidden and prove oftentimes

our surest guides. They are simply bits of intelligence conveyed to us by induction. Thus many of our best impulses, our sweetest thoughts, or even the quaint striking fancies which nest in the little heads of children may come by impression, perhaps from friends in another life — who can tell?

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

### **1521. Eager to be Heard.**

Some men are so eager to make a noise in the world that if they had their choice they would rather beat a drum than touch a lyre.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

### **1522. Invisible but Near.**

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,  
 But learn what God is like;  
 And in the darkest battlefield  
 Thou shalt know where to strike.  
 Thrice blessed is he to whom is given  
 The instinct that can tell  
 That God is in the field when he  
 Is most invisible!

*F. W. Faber.*

### **1523. Society and Solitude.**

It is easier, pleasanter, and more advantageous for a youngster to go from solitude into society, than the converse — from the marketplace into the corner. Unmitigated solitude and unmitigated society are both bad; and, with the exception of their *order* of succession, nothing is so important as their succession.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1524. Original Ideas.**

Few people realize the value of an original idea. New thoughts are the rare blossoms of centuries. Fulton, Morse and Pullman each had one apiece.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH.****1525. Contentment.**

I cannot bring myself to believe that ladies in Paris who wear diamond hairpins, had half such happy lives as the women there who get their living by picking up old hairpins out of the street sweepings; and many a one whose fuel is nothing but dry fir-cones, gathered by himself as a substitute for fir-fuel, is often quite as well off on the whole as people who can preserve green cones in sugar and eat them.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1526. Self-Made Men.**

We frequently meet with individuals whose honest and ineradicable delusion is that they are self-made. This is their boast and the ever recurring burden of their discourse. Imagine a harp calling out, "Hear me, watch me, I am producing some remarkable melodies," all the time unconscious that the hands of the master were sweeping the strings.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1527. Sunrise Once More.**

Truly, were I every evening to depict sunrise, and every morning to see it, still I should cry, like the children, Once more, once more!

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1528 A Picture of Death.**

Death lies on her like an untimely frost,  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*William Shakespeare.*

**1529. The Best Defense Against Vulgarity.**

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

**1530. Heaven Will Make Amends.**

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all His children suffer hear.

*William C. Bryant.*

***OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH.*****1531. Fountains Near at Hand.**

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.  
And a new song is in my mouth,  
To long-loved music set;  
Glory to thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

*Anon.*

**1532. The Eyes.**

The eyes are the amulets of the mind.

*W. R. Alger.*

**1533. Right is Right.**

For right is right, since God is God;  
 And right the day must win;  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin.

*Frederick W Faber.*

**1534. The Worst and the Best.**

Let us fear the worst, but work with faith; the best will always take care of itself.

*Victor Hugo.*

**1535. Noble Fear.**

There are some things I am afraid to do, and I confess it in this great presence: I am afraid to do a mean thing.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1536. Military Courage.**

Nothing is rarer than a cowardly people. One learns to estimate military courage very moderately, when one sees that the Roman legions, precisely when they were mercenary, bad, slavish and half freedmen — namely, under the Triumvirate — fought more courageously than ever. The citizens fought and died to the very last man for that insignificant incendiary, Catiline, and only slaves were made prisoners.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH.****1537. Apostrophe to Music.**

O Music! that thou bringest the Past and the Future with their flying flames so near to our wounds, art thou the evening breath of this life, or the morning air of the life to come? Ay, thy sounds are echoes, which angels snatch from the second world's tones of gladness to convey down into our mute hearts, into our dreary night the faint spring melodies of heavens flying far above us!

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1538. Good to the Poor.**

There is a certainty of love  
 That sets my heart at rest, —  
 A calm assurance for today  
 That to be poor is best.

*Anon.*

**1539. Pulpit and Parish.**

The pulpit is a clergyman's parade ground; the parish is his field of active service.

*Robert Southey.*

**1540. Specialists.**

The world is rapidly filling with specialists; people who live in one chamber of a vast mansion, whose other halls are vacant and deep with dust.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1541. Best Not Know One's Self too Well.**

It is often at best a questionable advantage to know one's self too well; there may be footprints somewhere in the sands which one would sleep easier for not having discovered.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1542. Mystery and Mercy.**

Mystery and mercy are twin sisters of one great father. The one is dark, forbidding, far off; the other is gentle, tender, human; both are beautiful in the light of God.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

***OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH.*****1543. Blessing for the Sad.**

Oh, deem not they are blest alone,  
     Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
 The Power who pities man has shown  
     A blessing for the eyes that weep.

*Anon.*

**1544. Nature an Aeolian Harp.**

There are but few souls that know how far the harmony of the outward nature with our own reaches, and in how very great a degree the whole creation is but an Aeolian harp, with longer and shorter strings, with slower and swifter vibrations, passive before a divine breath.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1545. The Sleeping World.**

Night's curtains now are closing  
Round half a world reposing  
    In calm and holy trust,  
All seems one vast, still chamber,  
Where weary hearts remember  
    No more the sorrows of the dust.

*Matthias Claudius.*

**1546. The Deathless Fame of Peter.**

The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1547. Truth a Cave.**

Truth is a cave: to him who only stands outside all is dark, but to him who boldly enters in and looks out into the sunlight, all is clear.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**1548. Immortal Ideas.**

Every great political party that has done this country any good has given to it some immortal ideas that have outlived all the members of that party.

*James A. Garfield.*

**OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH.****1549. Companionship.**

No one could endure and overcome solitude, if it were not for the hope of companionship in the future, or for the belief in invisible companionship in the present.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1550. The Secret of Long Life.**

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

*Cicero.*

**1551. The Essence of Pleasure.**

The sweetest pleasure is in imparting it.

*J. Bovee.*

**1552. I Will Not Be Unhappy.**

If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity, but, as long as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy.

*Sydney Smith.*

**1553. Easy to Misjudge Men.**

Every heart has its secret sorrow which the world knows not, and oftimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

*Anon.*

**1554. Nature a Faithful Comforter.**

Ah! before the soul in whose sight the morning dew of its ideals has faded to a cold, gray drizzle; and before the heart, which, in the subterranean passages of this life, meets no longer men, but only dry, crooked-up mummies on crutches in catacombs; and before the eye which is impoverished and forsaken, and which no human creature will any longer gladden; and before the proud son of the gods whom his unbelief and his lonely bosom, emptied of humanity, rivet down to an eternal, unchangeable anguish, — before all these thou remainest, quickening Nature, with thy flowers and mountains and cataracts, a faithful comforter; and the bleeding son of the gods, cold and speechless, dashes the drop of anguish from his eyes, that they may rest, far and clear, on thy volcanoes, and on thy springs, and on thy suns!

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH.****1555. God for Treasurer.**

I would rather settle in poverty, with God for my Treasurer, than take the most ambitious position in life with only man to lean on.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1556. Yesterday!**

Yesterday, last week, last year, they are gone! Yesterday was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. What were we doing yesterday? Thrilling our hearts with the excitement of life, contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our day?

*F. W. Robertson.*

**1557. Silence.**

Euripides was wont to say silence was an answer to a wise man; but we seem to have greater occasion for it in our dealing with fools and unreasonable persons, for men of breeding and sense will be satisfied with reason and fair words.

*Plutarch.*

**1558. Verdure on the Rock.**

I never trod a rock so bare,  
 Unblessed by verdure-brightened sod,  
 But some small flower, half-hidden there,  
 Exhaled the fragrant breath of God.

*Anon.*

**1559. History Compared to a Forest.**

Man regards his century or his half-century as the culmination of light, as a festal-day, to which all other centuries lead only as weekdays. He knows only two golden ages — the one at the beginning of the world, and the one at the end of it — by which he understands only his own, he finds history to be like great woods, in the middle of which are silence, night-birds, and birds of prey, and whose borders only are filled with light and song.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**OCTOBER THIRTIETH.****1560. No Love, No Christian.**

No man is a Christian who does not love; and it is love, as a very torrid zone in the heart, that makes him a Christian.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1561. Christ and Plato.**

After reading the doctrines of Plato, Socrates, or Aristotle, we feel that the specific difference between their words and Christ's is the difference between an inquiry and a revelation.

*Joseph Parker.*

**1562. The Model Man.**

A man that all men honor, and the model  
That all should follow; one who works and prays,  
For his work is prayer, and consecrates his life  
To the sublime ideal of his art,  
Till art and life are one.

*Michael Angelo.*

**1563. Facts and Logic.**

Few men are acquainted with facts, and still fewer men reason from them.

*John Bright.*

**1564. The Imperishable Government.**

That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

*Abraham Lincoln.*

**1565. The Mother of Safety.**

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

*Edmund Burke.*

**1566. The Shadow of a Rainbow.**

I never knew a day so drear,  
 But on its leaden sky was hung  
 Some shadow of a rainbow clear,  
 From vanished joy in farewell flung.

*Anon.*

**OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST.****1567. Night Song.**

The moon is up in splendor,  
 And golden stars attend her;  
 The heavens are calm and bright;  
 Trees cast a deepening shadow,  
 And slowly off the meadow  
 A mist is rising silver-white.

*Matthias Claudias.*

**1568. Times of Sympathy.**

There are certain precious minutes of rapture — ah! why not years? — when an inexpressible love toward all human creatures flows through thy whole life, and opens thy arms softly to every brother.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1569. The Worth of a State.**

The worth of a state in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it.

*John Stuart Mill.*

**1570. Flowers.**

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1571. Good Luck.**

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**1572. The Daisy.**

Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,  
 Bold in maternal nature's care,  
 And all the year long through the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest through!

*William Wordsworth.*

## NOVEMBER.

### *NOVEMBER FIRST.*

#### **1573. All Our Life is Mixed with Death.**

And I said in underbreath, —  
 All our life is mixed with death, —  
     And who knoweth which is best?  
 And I smiled to think God's greatness  
 Flowed around our incompleteness, —  
     Round our restlessness, His rest.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

#### **1574. Caged Birds.**

A bird in a cage is not half a bird.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

#### **1575. Three Candles one Light.**

Tell me how it is that in this room there are three candles and but one light,  
 and I will explain to you the mode of the Divine existence.

*John Wesley.*

#### **1576. Rest.**

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim  
     With straining through the gloom; I scarce can see  
     The way-marks that my Savior left for me.  
 Would it were morning and the night were gone.

*Anon.*

**1577. A Word to Skeptics.**

Doubt is smoke. Many oratorical doubters are but chimneys on fire; — much smoke, a bad smell, danger to the neighbors, and some few brilliant sparks. We advise such skeptics to consume their own smoke.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**NOVEMBER SECOND.****1578. Kings and Subjects.**

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.

*Edmund Burke.*

**1579. Smelling of Fresh Earth.**

To smell of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

*Thomas Fuller.*

**1580. Overloaded.**

He laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move.

*Robert Hall.*

**1581. Necessity.**

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.

*William Pitt.*

**1582. Poetry.**

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of youthful feeling; revives the relish of simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; refines youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

*W. E. Channing.*

**1583. Joy in the Morning.**

There is a day of sunny rest  
     For every dark and troubled night!  
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,  
     But joy shall come with early light.

*W. C. Bryant.*

**1584. We Will Die Freemen.**

Under God we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called upon to make our exit we will die freemen.

*Josiah Quincy.*

**NOVEMBER THIRD.****1585. Time.**

Meeting with Time, "Slack thing," said I,  
 "Thy; scythe is dull; whet it, for shame."  
 "No marvel, sir," he did reply,  
 "If it at length deserve some blame;  
     But where one man would have me grind it,  
     Twenty for one too sharp do find it."

*George Herbert.*

**1586. Earth's Richest Fruitage.**

The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man.

*Humboldt.*

**1587. The Sabbath.**

The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community.

*Daniel Webster.*

**1588. Manners and Mind.**

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.

*L. Alcott.*

**1589. Gentle, but a Man.**

A Christian is the gentlest of men; but then *he is a man.*

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1590. Five Essential Points.**

Five things are requisite to a good officer — ability, clean hands, dispatch, patience and impartiality.

*William Penn.*

**1591. God the Master, We the Keys.**

Strike! Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
 The anthem of the destinies!  
 The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
 Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain —  
     “Thy will be done!”

*John G. Whittier.*

**NOVEMBER FOURTH.****1592. Rest in Peace.**

Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,  
 All shall be blessedness and joy at last;  
 Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed;  
     Rest, sweetly rest!

*Jane Borthwick.*

**1593. Do Not Bruise Me.**

O do not use me  
 After my sins! look not on my desert,  
 But on Thy glory! then Thou wilt reform,  
 And not refuse me; for Thou only art  
 The mighty God, but I a silly worm;  
     O do not bruise me!

*George Herbert.*

**1594. God Hides Nothing.**

God hides nothing. His very work from the beginning is *revelation* — a casting aside of veil after veil, a showing unto men of truth after truth. On and on from fact divine He advances, until at length in His son Jesus He unveils His very face.

*George Macdonald.*

**1595. Milton's Prayer.**

What in me is dark,  
Illumine, what is low, raise and support.

*John Milton.*

**1596. Keeping Secrets.**

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**1597. Nothing Good Dies.**

No good thing is ever lost. Nothing dies, not even life which gives up one form only to resume another. No good action, no good example, dies. It lives forever in our race. While the frame molds and disappears, the deed leaves an indelible stamp, and molds the very thought and swill of future generations.

*Samuel Smiles.*

***NOVEMBER FIFTH.*****1598. Progress.**

Progress — the stride of God.

*Victor Hugo.*

**1599. Man's Wants.**

Man has wants deeper than can be supplied by wealth or nature or domestic affections. His great relations are to his God and to eternity.

*Mark*

*Hopkins.*

**1600. Tired.**

For me, my heart that erst did go  
 Most like a tired child at a show,  
     That sees through tears the mummer leap,  
 Would now its weary vision close,  
 Would childlike on His love repose,  
     Who giveth His Beloved sleep.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1601. "My Master."**

How sweetly doth "My Master" sound! "My Master!"  
     As ambergris leaves a rich scent  
         Unto the taster,  
     So do these words a sweet content,  
 An Oriental fragrancancy, "My Master!"

*George Herbert.*

**1602. Three are One.**

Snow is water, and ice is water, and water is water; these three are one.

*Joseph Dare.*

**1603. The Mission of the Clergy.**

This is the ministry and its work — not to drill hearts and minds and consciences into right forms of thought and mental postures, but to guide to the living God who speaks.

*F. W. Robertson.*

**1604. Good for Something.**

Be not simply good; be good for something.

*Thoreau.*

**NOVEMBER SIXTH.****1605. Patience.**

How poor are they who have not patience!  
What wound did ever beat but by degrees?

*William Shakespeare.*

**1606. Great Grievs.**

Light griefs are plaintive, but great ones are dumb.

*Seneca.*

**1607. Miracles.**

The miracles of earth are the Laws of heaven.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1608. Noble Old Age.**

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

*Anon.*

**1609. The Value of Mirth.**

A single burst of mirth is worth a whole season full of cries, with melancholy.

*Thomas Hood.*

**1610. Age Not All Decay.**

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

*George Macdonald.*

**1611. The Worst Kind of Profanity.**

There are passages of the Bible that are soiled forever by the touches of the hands of ministers who delight in the cheap jokes they have left behind them.

*Phillips Brooks.*

**1612. Life is More than Breathing.**

How dull it is to pause, to make an end;  
To rust, unburnished, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**NOVEMBER SEVENTH.****1613. Advancing Age.**

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.

*Anon.*

**1614. Beauty Defined.**

Socrates called beauty a short lived tyranny; Plato termed it a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Homer, a glorious gift of nature; while Ovid styled it the gift of the gods.

*Anon.*

**1615. Rather Death than Atheism.**

I would rather die a thousand deaths by torture than lose my faith that there is a God who will bring order out of this chaos of broken, thwarted lives, of which the world is full, and that those who seek a "happier shore" will eventually find it.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1616. The Safety of Liberty.**

Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1617. The Perils of Calm.**

God forbid that the waters of our national life should ever settle to the dead level of a waveless calm. It would be the stagnation of death, the ocean grave of individual liberty.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1618. Fame.**

Fame, — a flower on a dead man's heart.

*William Motherwell.*

**1619. Better True than Great.**

I'd rather be thought true than thought a genius.

*E. P. Roe.*

**NOVEMBER EIGHTH.****1620. Advice.**

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

*Charles C. Colton.*

**1621. Be a Man.**

Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy, be still a man.

*David Hume.*

**1622. What Kindness Will Do.**

Kindness and human fellowship will unbar and unbolt where all other forces may clamor in vain.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1623. God Hiding His Face.**

God hides Himself from His children as we do from ours, in a kind of playfulness, to make them seek his face.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**1624. The Universality of Truth.**

Truth is so related and correlated that no department of her realm is wholly isolated.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1625. Dignified Despair.**

Only weak natures fume at the inevitable. There is a certain dignity in silent, passive despair.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1626. Genius.**

Genius is only great patience.

*M. Buffon.*

**1627. National Perpetuity.**

The hope of our national perpetuity rests upon that perfect individual freedom which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1628. A Resistless Force.**

The power of gentleness is irresistible.

*Henry Martyn.*

**NOVEMBER NINTH.****1629. Sweet Corn.**

There is no corn so sweet as that of your own hoeing.

*Elmo.*

**1630. Dreaming and Waking.**

Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.

*Alexander Pope.*

**1631. Hope.**

Hope never spread her golden wings but in unfathomable seas.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**1632. Munificence.**

Munificence is not quantity but quality.

*Blaise Pascal.*

**1633. How to Make a Horse Fat.**

There is nothing so good to make a horse fat, as the eye of his master.

*Diogenes.*

**1634. Real Martyrdom.**

It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr.

*Napoleon I.*

**1635. The Human Heart.**

The human heart is ever the same — willful, passionate. With many it is often like the wild storm that *will* spend itself to the end, no matter how much wreck and ruin is wrought.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1636. Hope is Healthful.**

Hope is a light diet, but very stimulating.

*Balzac.*

**1637. Sunday Conscience and Sunday Coat.**

There is a Sunday conscience as well as a Sunday coat; and those who make religion a secondary concern put the coat and conscience carefully by to put on only once a week.

*Charles Dickens.*

**NOVEMBER TENTH.****1638. Shepherd and Flock.**

The shepherds sing-and shall I silent be?  
 My God, no hymn for Thee?  
 My soul's a shepherd, too: a flock it feeds  
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.

The pasture is Thy word; the streams, Thy grace  
 Enriching all the place.  
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers  
 Out sing the day light hours.

*George Herbert.*

### **1639. Charity.**

Charity ceases to be charitable when it ceases to be just. Charity is not distrust of truth: it is truth spoken with gentleness.

*Joseph Parker.*

### **1640. Style.**

Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world.

*George Bancroft.*

### **1641. Set in the Shade.**

God sets some souls in shade alone;  
 They have no daylight of their own:  
 Only in lives of happier ones  
 They see the shine of distant suns.

*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

### **1642. The Snowy Heights.**

An aged Christian with the snow of time on his head may remind us that those points of earth are whitest that are nearest heaven.

*E. H. Chapin.*

**1643. Value of the New Testament.**

I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament, and the study of that book, as the one unailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Savior, as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men; you cannot go very wrong.

*Charles Dickens.*

**NOVEMBER ELEVENTH.****1644. Rights and Duties.**

It would be a very good thing for the world if we were all as anxious to discharge our duties as we are to maintain our rights.

*Elmo.*

**1645. Trip it Lightly.**

They best pass over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog. If we stop, we sink.

*Queen Elizabeth.*

**1646. Be a Hero.**

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life;  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle, —  
 Be a hero in the strife.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1647. The Keystone of Public Morals.**

The law of the Sabbath is the keystone of the arch of public morals; take it away, and the whole fabric falls.

*Anon.*

**1648. Truth Left Handed.**

Truth is very liable to be left handed in history.

*Alexander Dumas.*

**1649. Sunday is not a Sponge.**

There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1650. Why Some Men Were Born.**

Some men were born for great things,  
 Some men were born for small;  
 Some, it is not recorded  
 Why they were born at all.

*Will S. Carleton.*

**NOVEMBER TWELFTH.****1651. The Future.**

It can bring with it nothing  
 But He will bear us through;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing

Will clothe His people too;  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed;  
 And He who feeds the ravens  
 Will give His children bread.

*William Cowper.*

### **1652. Healing.**

When we receive our slight cuts and bruises through life, there is usually outcry and abundant sympathy. But when we receive our deep wounds that leave scars, often only God knows; and it is best so, for He can heal, but the world can only probe.

*E. P. Roe.*

### **1653. America.**

America is our brother land, and, though a younger brother, sits already in the teacher's seat, and expounds the common rights of our humanity. It would be strange, indeed, if we in England did not love and exult in America; if English poets, of whom I am least, if at all, did not receive with a peculiar feeling of gratitude and satisfaction the kind welcoming word of American readers.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

### **1654. The Gate Unclosing.**

Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid  
 By the clear rill and palmy shade?  
 And see we not, up earth's dark glade,  
 The gate of heaven unclose?

*John Keble.*

**1655. Mental Monsters.**

A symmetrical education is essential to a properly balanced mind: misshapen heads belong to notional people and cranks. The man who runs entirely to mathematics is as much of a monstrosity as though one leg had grown great at the expense of the rest of the body.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH.****JACULA PRUDENTUM.**

A PAGE FROM GEORGE HERBERT.

- 1656.** One flower makes no garland.
- 1657.** A fair death honors the whole life.
- 1658.** One enemy is too much.
- 1659.** Living well is the best revenge.
- 1660.** Three women make a market.
- 1661.** Three can hold their peace if two be away.
- 1662.** Nothing dries sooner than a tear.
- 1663.** In a leopard the spots are not observed.
- 1664.** If you must fly, fly well.
- 1665.** All that shakes falls not.
- 1666.** He that comes of a hen must scrape.

- 1667.** He that seeks trouble never misses.
- 1668.** God comes to see without a ball.
- 1669.** Life without a friend is death without a witness.
- 1670.** This world is nothing except it tend to another.
- 1671.** Where your will is ready your feet are light.
- 1672.** Music helps not the toothache.
- 1673.** A piece of a churchyard fits everybody.
- 1674.** All things require skill but an appetite.
- 1675.** Great fortune brings with it great misfortune.
- 1676.** A fair day in winter is the mother of a storm.
- 1677.** Woe be to him that reads but one book.

### ***NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH.***

#### **1678. Power, Kingly and Godlike.**

Any common man may have kingly power, and the meanest have cursed the world with it. But the power to win men from evil is godlike, and only the godlike have it.

*E. P. Roe.*

#### **1679. Don't Be Smart.**

Your sayer of smart things has a bad heart.

*Blaise Pascal.*

**1680. The Passionate Lover.**

There's not an hour  
 Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee.  
 There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,  
 And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon  
 But in its fragrance tells a tale  
 Of thee.

*A. D. Procter.*

**1681. Next to Liberty, Labor.**

The best thing in this republic next to liberty, is the labor of our people.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1682. Man His Own Heaven or Hell.**

I sent my soul through the Invisible,  
 Some letter of that afterlife to spell;  
 And by and by my soul returned to me  
 And answered, — "I myself am heaven and hell."

*Omar Khayyam.*

**1683. Cloud Curtains.**

Clouds are the curtains which God, with motherly care, hangs over the bed  
 of His children to give His beloved sleep.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**1684. Admirers Rather than Friends.**

Great favorites have many admirers, but few friends.

*Niebuhr.*

**NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH.****1685. “Be of Good Cheer.”**

From behind the shadow of the still small voice — more awful than tempest or earthquake — more sure and persistent than day and night — is always sounding full of hope and strength to the weariest of us all, “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

*Thomas Hughes.*

**1636. Garden Lessons on Refinement.**

All the best things of the garden suggests refinement and courtesy. Nature might have contented herself with producing seeds only, but she accompanies the prosaic action with fragrant flowers and delicious fruit. It would be well to remember this in the ordinary courtesies of life.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1687. Christ is Before You.**

Be sure that Christ is not behind you, but before, calling and drawing you on. This is the liberty, the beautiful liberty of Christ. Claim your glorious privilege in the name of a disciple; be no more a servant, when Christ will own you as a friend.

*Horace Bushnell.*

**1688. The Food of the Spirit.**

Truth is the food of the human spirit, which could not grow in its majestic proportions without clearer and more truthful views of God and His universe.

*James A. Garfield.*

**1689. Clever Devils.**

Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.

*Duke Wellington.*

**1690. Our Duty.**

It is the high privilege and sacred duty of those now living to educate their successors and fit them by intelligence and virtue for the inheritance which awaits them.

*James A. Garfield.*

**NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH.****1691. Fault-Finding.**

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

*Robert West.*

**1692. God a Hiding Place.**

All spiritual strength for ourselves, all noble ties to one another, have their real source in that inner sanctuary where God denies His lonely audience to none. Its secrets are holy; its asylum inviolate, its consolations sure; and all are open to the simple heartword, "Thou art my hiding place."

*James Martineau.*

**1693. Chaucer.**

But it is in Chaucer we touch the true height, and look abroad into the kingdoms and glories of our poetical literature. . . . His verses are open and delicate, like a young child's — his sensibilities capacious of supersensual relations, like an experienced thinker's. Childlike, too, his tears and smiles lie at the edge of his eyes, and he is one proof more among the many that the deepest pathos and the quickest gaieties hide together in the same nature.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
 They touch the shining hills of day;  
 The evil cannot brook; delay,  
 The good can well afford to wait.

*John G. Whittier.*

**1694. Adding Death to Death.**

To destroy the ideas and hopes of immortality is to add death to death.

*Madame de Sowza.*

Of the bright things in earth and air  
 How little can the heart embrace!

*John Keble.*

**NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH.****1695. Perversion.**

Recollect that all good things perverted to evil purposes are worse than those which are naturally bad.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1696. Books Good and Bad.**

I read books bad and good — some bad and good  
 At once; good aims not always make good books;  
 Well-tempered spades turn up ill smelling soils  
 In digging vineyards, even; books that prove  
 God's being so definitely, that man's doubt  
 Grows self-defined the other side the line,  
 Made atheist by suggestion.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1697. Home a Nest.**

One may live in a palace, and yet not be a slave to the palace. Our home should be as beautiful as our taste and means can make it; but, like the nest yonder, it should simply serve its purpose, leaving us the time and means to get all the good out of the world that we can.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1698. Man.**

Man is the crowning history of and the realization of poetry, the free and living bond which unites all nature to that God who created it for Himself.

*F. Godet.*

**1699. The Advent of Truth.**

The advent of truth, like the dawn of day, agitates the elements, while it disperses the gloom.

*E. L. Magoon.*

### 1700. Christ the “Captain.”

Christ puts Himself at the head of the mystic march of the generations; and, like the mysterious angel that Joshua saw in the plain by Jericho, makes the lofty claim, “Nay, but as the captain of the Lord’s host am I come up.”

*Alexander Maclaren.*

### NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH.

#### 1701. Courage the Foundation of Manliness.

The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness is the perfection of human character.

*Thomas Hughes.*

#### 1702. Success and Success.

What the poet writes,  
He writes: mankind accepts it if it suits,  
And that’s success; if not, the poem’s passed  
From hand to hand, and yet from hand to hand,  
Until the unborn snatch it, crying out  
In pity on their fathers’ being so dull,  
And that’s success, too.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

#### 1703. “When the Shore is Won.”

When the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past?

*John Keble.*

**1704. Keep Your Wills in Equipoise.**

Do not let the loud utterances of your own wills anticipate nor drown, the still, small voice in which God speaks. Bridle impatience till He does. If you cannot hear His whisper, wait till you do. Take care of running before you are sent. Keep your wills in equipoise till God's hand gives the impulse and direction.

*Alexander Maclaren.*

**1705. A Mark, but not a Stain.**

Let our lives be as pure as snow fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

*Madame Swetchine.*

**1706. Sympathy with the Young.**

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over.

*George Macdonald.*

**NOVEMBER NINETEENTH.****1707. A Talking Generation.**

For, with all our pretension to enlightenment, are we not now a talking, desultory, rather than a meditative generation?

*J. C. Shairp.*

**1708. Narrowness.**

You pride yourself that you are not narrow, unconscious of the truth that you are spreading yourself thinly over the mere surface of affairs. You have little comprehension of the deeper forces and motives of humanity.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1709. The Love of Children.**

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1710. "Dare to be True!"**

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie:  
A fault which needs it must grow two thereby.

*George Herbert.*

**1711. A Benediction for Children.**

I long to have the children feel that there is nothing in this world more attractive, more earnestly to be desired, than manhood in Jesus Christ.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1712. The Best Worker for Man.**

The man most man  
 Works best for men; and, if most man indeed,  
 He gets his manhood plainest from his soul:  
 While obviously this stringent soul itself  
 Obeys our old law of development;  
 The Spirit ever witnessing in ours,  
 And Love, the soul of soul, within the soul,  
 Evolving it sublimely.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTIETH.****1713. Till the Morning.**

Tarry with me, O my Savior;  
 Lay my head upon Thy breast  
 Till the morning; then awake me, —  
 Morning of eternal rest.

*J. K. Clark.*

**1714. What Poets See.**

Poets are the true seers. They discern the truths which the science of after centuries demonstrates.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1715. Value of a Moment.**

Summer is quickly going with some of you, yet learn that if one moment remains, a great deal may be done in it. It is marvelous how the very greatest things we read of have been done, as it were, instantaneously.

*Joseph Parker.*

**1716. Impossibility.**

Impossibility! Never let me hear that foolish word again.

*Mirabeau.*

**1717. Let the New Life in.**

To let the new life in, we know,  
 Desire must open the portal;  
 Perhaps the longing to be so,  
 Helps make the soul immortal.

*James Russell Lowell.*

**1718. The World's Heralds.**

Dreamers are the world's heralds.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1719. Faith in Doubt.**

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.****1720. Division of Labor.**

In these days of division of labor, the artisan, who was once the whole machine, is now but a single cog on a pinion, and thus dependent on the working of every other part.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1721. The Crown of Sorrow.**

Comfort, comfort scorned of devils, this is truth the poet  
 sings,  
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier  
 things.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**1722. Light and Shadow.**

There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in the  
 contrast. Some men, like bats or owls, have better eyes for the darkness  
 than for the light.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1723. Music of the Storm.**

Gales from heaven, if so He will,  
 Sweeter melodies can wake  
 On the lonely mountain rill  
 Than the meeting waters make.  
 Who hath the Father and the Son,  
 May be left, but not alone.

*John Keble.*

**1724. A Clever Infant.**

The wise man is but a clever infant, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical  
 prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**1725. Paradise Enough.**

A book of verses underneath the bough  
 A jug of wine, a loaf of bread — and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the wilderness —  
 Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!

*Omar Khayyam.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND.****1726. Truth More than Accuracy.**

Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail; but in conveying a right impression.

*Dean Alford.*

**1727. Malice.**

We are strangers to Christian love, if we harbor malice or revenge in our hearts toward any of our fellow creatures, whatever treatment we receive at their hands.

*Charles Backus.*

**1728. Nerveless Wills.**

The world is full of people who are proud and self-respecting in the extreme, who are honorable and virtuous, good and kindly at heart, but whose wills are nerveless, though they may go safely through life without suspecting this truth.

*E. P. Roe.*

### 1729. Carlyle's Ripest Conclusion.

The older I grow — and I now stand upon the brink of eternity — the more comes back to me that sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, “What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.”

*Thomas Carlyle.*

### 1730. Ossification of the Heart.

There is no cure for ossification of the heart. Oh, that miserable state, when to the jaundiced eye all good transforms itself into evil, and the very instruments of health become the poison of disease.

*F. W. Robertson.*

### 1731. Christ the Law and the Life.

Subsists no law of life outside of life,  
 No perfect manners, without Christian souls;  
 The Christ himself had been no Law-giver,  
 Unless he had given the life, too, with the law.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

## NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.

### 1732. “Divisions Must Come!”

Life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a whitesmith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith. Divisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. And so God bless you, God bless you!

*Charles Dickens.*

**1733. A Young Man's Saddest Mistake.**

It is a sad day for a young man when he first allows himself to believe that there is an easier way of making a dollar than by honest work.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1734. Clocks and Men.**

Clocks will go as they are set; but man, irregular man, is never constant, never certain.

*Thomas Otway.*

**1735. Christ Our Sun and Moon.**

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well  
 The weary hour of noon,  
 The languid pulses Thou canst tell,  
 The nerveless spirit tune.  
 Thou from whose cross in anguish burst  
 The cry that own'd Thy dying thirst,  
 To Thee we turn, our Last and First,  
 Our Sun and soothing Moon.

*John Keble.*

**1736. Love Has No Grave.**

Love knows no measure, has no grave.

*Italian.*

**1737. Light! More Light!**

I have stood in the dim religious light of the cathedral and gazed at its painted windows. They were a series of blotches; but when the sun from on high streamed through them, lo, apostles, prophets, martyrs in stately array!

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH.****1738. Shame a Sign of Life.**

I hold him to be dead in whom shame is dead.

*Plautus.*

**1739. More than We Deserve.**

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,  
 To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!  
 A thousand times more good than I deserve  
 God gives me every day.

*Mrs. Celia Thaxter.*

**1740. The Human Eye.**

We have just learned that the human eye possesses possibilities of indefinite development, and that the pulsations of certain rays are too rapid to be translated as light by the present imperfect organs of vision. Yet old John Milton wrote of one —

“Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human light,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue.”

Oh, when, the scales shall fall, what a splendor of rainbow colors will some day flame from leaf and bud and sunset-tinted cloud.

*M. M. Cass, Jr.*

**1741. Mark Tapley's Philosophy.**

That's where the aggravation of it is. Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he is well dressed. There ain't much credit in that. If I was very ragged and very jolly, then I should begin to feel I had gained a point.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1742. Tears for the Living.**

Take music from the silent dead, whose meaning is  
completer;  
Reserve thy tears for living brows, where all such tears  
are meeter.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.****1743. The Poetry of Heaven.**

Ye stars that are the poetry of heaven.

*Lord Byron.*

**1744. Judge not Motives.**

In general, we do well to let an opponent's motives alone. We are seldom just to them. Our own motives on such occasions are often worse than those we assail.

*W. E. Channing.*

**1745. The Grammar of Science.**

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar, of. science.

*Lawrence Sterne.*

**1746. Motive.**

It is not the motive, properly speaking, that determines the working of the will; but it is the will that imparts strength to the motive. As Coleridge says: "It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man."

*James McCosh.*

**1747. Surprises.**

Sometimes a light surprises  
     The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord, who rises  
     With healing in His wings:  
 When comforts are declining,  
     He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
     To cheer it after rain.

*William Cowper.*

**1748. Discontented Souls.**

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH.****SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.**

**1749.** Prosperity's the very bond of love.

**1750.** Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

**1751.** They love least that let men know their love.

- 1752.** They do not love that do not show their love.
- 1753.** Too light winning makes the prize light.
- 1754.** To be wise and love exceeds man's might.
- 1755.** At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs.
- 1756.** By love the young and tender wit is turned to folly.
- 1757.** Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
- 1758.** There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
- 1759.** One who loved not wisely, but too well.
- 1760.** Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.
- 1761.** Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in health, is short lived.
- 1762.** Good-night! good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
- 1763.** I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say  
Love's reason's without reason.

### ***NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH.***

#### **1764. God's Plans.**

God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart, —  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

*Anon.*

**1765. Victory.**

Victory belongs to the most persevering.

*Napoleon I.*

**1766. Leader and Guide.**

Leader of Israel's host, and Guide  
 Of all who seek the land above,  
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
 Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word,  
 Our end the glory of the Lord.

*Charles Wesley.*

**1767. A Suggestive Diction.**

You don't want a diction gathered from the newspapers, caught from the air, common and unsuggestive; but you want one whose every word is full-freighted with suggestion and association, with beauty and power.

*Rufus Choate.*

**1768. Great Thoughts Robed in Beauty.**

The greatest thoughts are wronged, if not linked to beauty; and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arranged in this their natural and fit attire.

*W. E. Channing.*

**1769. John Bunyan.**

John Bunyan, while he had a surpassing genius, would not condescend to cull his language from the garden of flowers; but he went into the hayfield and the meadow, and plucked up his language by the roots, and spoke out in the words that the people used in their cottages.

*C. J. Spurgeon.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH.****1770. Resurrection.**

Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in springtime.

*Martin Luther.*

**1771. Goodness**

Goodness is a perpetual quantity, all penetrating, all searching, impartial, noble, a comfort in distress, a refuge to the weak, a tower and a defense to all men who wish to be right and to do right.

*Joseph Parker.*

**1772. God Man's Only Rest.**

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.

*Saint Augustine.*

**1773. Rude Partings.**

Alas! by what rude fate  
Our lives, like ships at sea, an instant meet  
Then part forever on their courses fleet.

*E. C. Stedman.*

**1774. One or the Other.**

A man must be one of two things, either a reed shaken by the wind, or a wind to shake the reeds.

*Elmo.*

**1775. The Wonderful.**

Unheard, because our ears are dull;  
     Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
 He walks our earth, the Wonderful,  
     And all good deeds are done to Him.

*Anon.*

**1776. Life Worth Living.**

Life is unutterably dear,  
     God makes today so fair;  
 Though Heaven is better; — being here  
     I long not to be there.

*Charlotte F. Bates.*

**NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH.****1777. Thanksgiving.**

Come one, come all! come home, come home!  
 From desert sands, from ocean foam,  
 Beneath the honored home roof-tree,  
 Join hands and hearts and you shall see  
     Sweet thoughts pure love and honest living  
     Flow from the keeping of Thanksgiving.

*Anon.*

**1778. A Thanksgiving Ode.**

For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,  
 For bending wheat and blasted maize,  
 For health and sickness, Lord of Light,  
 And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

We trace to Thee our joys and woes, —  
 To Thee, of causes still the cause, —  
 We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;  
 We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws

We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;  
 We come to Thee with no complaint;  
 In Providence Thy will is done,  
 And that is sacred to the saint.

*Dr. Holland.*

**1779. Thanks for Thanksgiving.**

Thanks, grim old Puritans to you,  
 Who "builded better than ye knew!"  
 True, ye were hard and stern, 'tis said,  
 Intolerant and bigoted.  
 But one sweet gift is of your giving —  
 Thanks, sad old pilgrims, for Thanksgiving!

*Anon.*

**1780. Puritan Festival.**

Our honest Puritan festival is spreading, not as formerly, as a kind of opposition Christmas, but as a welcome prelude and adjunct, a brief interval of good cheer and social rejoicing, heralding the longer season of feasting and rest from labor in the month that follows.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**NOVEMBER THIRTIETH.****1781. Education.**

Education is the chief defense of nations.

*Edmund Burke.*

**1782. Rich Men.**

A rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove that he is also a fool.

*Joseph Fielding.*

**1783. Hope.**

Hope is sent to the unfortunate; fear hovers round the head of the prosperous, for the scales of fate are ever unsteady.

*Schiller.*

**1784. God Rules.**

Have faith! where'er thy bark is driven —  
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth —  
 Know this! God rules the host of heaven,  
 The inhabitants of earth.

*Schiller.*

**1785. The Harvest.**

Nature's bank dividends.

*Judge Haliburton.*

**1786. How to Awake Compassion.**

People may excite in themselves a glow of compassion, not by toasting their feet at the fire, and saying: “Lord, teach me compassion,” but by going and seeking an object that requires compassion.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1787. The First and the Last.**

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.

*John Wolfgang Von Goethe.*

**1788. The World's Morning.**

I am an optimist, and instead of thinking everything is going to ruin, I think everything is going to salvation; and instead of its being eleven o'clock at night with our suffering and dying world, it is half-past five o'clock in the morning.

*T. De Witt Talmage.*

## DECEMBER.

### *DECEMBER FIRST.*

#### **1789. Veneration for the Bible.**

So great is my veneration for the Bible that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country and respectable members of society.

*John Quincy Adams.*

#### **1790. A Mean Slavery.**

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

*James Russell Lowell.*

#### **1791. The Unruly Member.**

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.

*George D. Prentice.*

#### **1792. We Meet Again.**

Somewhere is comfort somewhere faith,  
    Tho' thou in outer dark remain;  
One sweet, sad voice ennobles death  
And still for eighteen centuries saith  
Softly — "Ye meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,  
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,  
 And something whispers my despair,  
 That, from an orient chamber there,  
 Floats down "We meet again!"

*James Russell Lowell.*

### **1793. Concerning Quarrels.**

When one will not, two cannot quarrel.

*Loutrel.*

### **DECEMBER SECOND.**

### **1794. Hope and Despair.**

Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope. To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair.

*Sidney Smith.*

### **1796. The Inventor and the Poet.**

The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living.

*George W. Curtis.*

### **1796. John Milton.**

Milton was the stair or high table-land to let down the English genius from the summits of Shakespeare.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**1797. “Drudgery Divine.”**

Teach me, my God and King,  
 In all things Thee to see,  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for Thee.  
 A servant with this clause  
 Makes drudgery divine;  
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
 Makes that and the action fine.

*George Herbert.*

**1798. A Vacant Mind.**

A vacant mind is an invitation to vice.

*B. Gilpin.*

**1799. Through Love to Light.**

Through love to light! Oh! wonderful the way  
 That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
 From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
 To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.

*R. W. Gilder.*

**1800. The Best Empire.**

The best empire is the empire of the mind.

*Julian.*

**DECEMBER THIRD.****1801. A Saving Clause.**

Do not call that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

*Robert Southey.*

**1802. A Melodious Life.**

Happy those who have a lyre in their heart, and music in their minds which their actions perform.

*Joseph Joubert.*

**1803. Gossip**

Gossip pretending to have the eyes of an argus, has all the blindness of the bat.

*Ouida.*

**1804. Sought in Vain.**

Friendship, love, the philosopher's stone,  
I have heard them praised, all three I own.  
I have praised them, too, and for them have sought,  
But alas! alas! I have found them not.

*Heinrich Heine.*

**1805. Light and Shade.**

Light is the shadow of God; clearness the shadow of light.

*Joseph Joubert.*

**1806. A Universal Longing.**

O Christ! that it were possible  
 For one short hour to see  
 The souls we love, that they might tell  
 Us what and where they be.

*Anon.*

**1807. Justice Must Not Be Delayed.**

But above all, if we be just men, we shall go forward in the name of truth and right, bearing this in mind — that when the case is proved, and the hour is come, justice delayed is justice denied.

*W. E. Gladstone.*

***DECEMBER FOURTH.*****1808. Pass Through the Clouds.**

To reach the regions of light, you must pass through the clouds. Some stop there, others are wise enough to go beyond.

*Joseph Joubert.*

**1809. Soldered, but not Sound.**

A broken friendship may be soldered, but will never be sound.

*Anon.*

**1810. After the Burial.**

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
 When the helpless feet stretch out,  
 And find in the deeps of darkness  
 No footing so solid as doubt;

Then better one spar of memory,  
 One broken plank of the past,  
 That our human heart may cling to,  
 Tho' hopeless of shore at last!

*James Russell Lowell.*

**1811. Education and Liberty.**

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

*Edward Everett.*

**1812. A Passion for Flowers.**

A passion for flowers is, I really think, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

**1813. Education.**

Education is the key note of the best society.

*Emily Faithful.*

**1814. Giving.**

Who gives and hides the giving hand,  
 Nor count on favors, fame or praise,  
 Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
 The burden of the sea and land.

*Anon.*

**DECEMBER FIFTH.****1815. The Best Doctor.**

Time is generally the best doctor.

*Ovid.*

**1816. Living Backward.**

No man is at liberty to live backward. If the prophets underwent misjudgment and torment by reason of having to live in the future, what shall be said of those poor rickety creatures who are always trying to go back into the dim past, to exhume the prophets, and to live three or four centuries behind their privileges?

*Joseph Parker.*

**1817. I Wish!**

I wish — that friends were always true  
 And motives always pure;  
 I wish the good were not so few,  
 I wish the bad were fewer.

*J. G. Saxe.*

**1818. Troubling Trouble.**

Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

*Anon.*

**1819. The Great Bell of Moscow.**

The great bell of Moscow is too large to be hung: the question arises, what was the use of making it? Some preachers are so learned that they cannot make themselves understood, or else cannot bring their minds to preach plain, gospel sermons; here, too, the same question might be asked.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**1820. The Gods See Everywhere.**

In the elder days of Art  
 Builders wrought with greatest care  
 Each minute and unseen part,  
 For the gods see everywhere.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**DECEMBER SIXTH.****1821. A Sharp Definition.**

Haste is the Devil.

*Koran.*

**1822. God's Governance.**

God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, neither can a kingdom rise without His aid.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

**1823. Genius and Madness.**

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.

*Seneca.*

**1824. Napoleon.**

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle of Waterloo? We answer, no! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No! Because of God! For Bonaparte to conquer at Waterloo was not the law of the nineteenth century. It was time that this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the Infinite! He had vexed God! Waterloo was not a battle. It was the change of front of the Universe!

*Victor Hugo.*

**1825. No Fear of Death.**

I have no fear of death, but only of long waiting for it. When once a man has made up his mind that God means to do him good, he ceases to fear death.

*Anthony Trollope.*

**1826. God and the Tailor.**

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears; God made one and the tailor the other.

*Anon.*

**1827. A Paradox.**

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.

*William Hazlitt.*

**DECEMBER SEVENTH.****1828. The Width of a Grave.**

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard  
 Would scarce stay a child in his race,  
 But to me and my thought it is wider  
 Than the star-sown vague of Space.

*James Russell Lowell.*

**1829. Charity.**

Charity is an eternal debt.

*Pasquier Quesnel.*

**1830. A Poor Home.**

A bad tent to dwell under is discontent.

*Anon.*

**1831. The One Test of Littleness.**

All finery is a sure sign of littleness.

*Lavater.*

**1832. Paradise vs. Home.**

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise.

*Julius Hare.*

**1833. The Happy Man.**

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

*J. Von Goeth.*

**1834. The Strength of a Nation.**

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well ordered homes of the people.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

**1835. Stumbling-blocks or Stepping-stones.**

Our environments are stumbling-blocks, or stepping-stones, just as we use them.

*Elmo.*

**1836. The Gates of Circumstance.**

The massive gates of Circumstance,  
 Are turned upon the smallest hinge,  
 And thus some seeming petty chance  
 Oft gives our life an after tinge.

*Anon.*

***DECEMBER EIGHTH.*****1837. Making Haste Slowly.**

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

*Cicero.*

**1838. Affliction.**

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1839. Human and Divine.**

Human things must be known to be loved, but divine things need to be loved to be known.

*Anon.*

**1840. Distrust.**

Distrust that man who tells you to distrust.  
 He takes the measure of his own small soul  
 And thinks the world no larger.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**1841. Libraries.**

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature.

*James Dyer.*

**1842. Salt.**

Salt in its orthodox salt-cellar looks well and is useless — but when scattered and lost amid corruption it works and purifies — so with Christian life.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**1843. Temptations to Doubt.**

He that has something to do has less temptation to doubt than the man who has nothing else to do but to doubt. Heresies in the Christian church come never from the faithful pastor, but always from the gentlemen at ease, who take no actual part in our holy war.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**DECEMBER NINTH.****1844. Living Twice.**

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

*Robert Herrick.*

**1845. Kindness.**

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

*J. W. Goeth.*

**1846. Society.**

If we recall the rare hours when we encountered the best persons, we then found ourselves, and then first society seemed to exist.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**1847. Mind and Money.**

It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to the gods.

*Seneca.*

**1848. Death is Death.**

Console if you will, I can bear it;  
 'Tis a well meant alms of breath,  
 But not all the preaching since Adam  
 Has made Death other than Death.

*James Russell Lowell.*

**1849. Worry.**

They who live in a worry, invite death to hurry.

*Anon.*

**1850. Joy and Sorrow.**

Joy and sorrow are next door neighbors.

*Opitz.*

**1851. Labor.**

The gods sell everything good for labor.

*Epicharmus.*

**1852. Twins From Birth.**

And twins, even from the birth, are misery and man.

*Homer.*

**DECEMBER TENTH.****1853. God's Will.**

God's will is the very perfection of all reason.

*Edward Payson.*

**1854. Unseen Guards.**

How sweet when nature claims repose,  
     And darkness floats in silence nigh,  
 To welcome in, at daylight's close,  
     Those radiant troops that gem the sky!

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,  
     While feet unheard are gathered round  
 To know that we in faith may grasp  
     Celestial guards from heavenly ground.

*Anon.*

**1855. Magnifying Cherries.**

There is a good deal of helpful philosophy in the course of the good natured man who had a pile of small cherries on his plate, and who made them taste better by looking at them through a magnifying glass and saying to himself, "Those are the biggest and handsomest cherries I ever saw."

*Anon.*

**1856. Opportunity.**

Opportunity is the measure of a nation's responsibility.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

**1857. Little Tyrant.**

Let every sound be dead;  
     Baby sleeps.  
 The Emperor softly tread!  
     Baby sleeps.  
 Let Mozart's music stop!  
 Let Phidias' chisel drop!  
     Baby sleeps.  
 Demosthenes be dumb!  
 Our tyrant's hour has come!  
     Baby sleeps.

*Anon.*

**DECEMBER ELEVENTH.****1858. The Impotent Sky.**

And that invisible Bowl we call the Sky,  
 Where under covering coop'd we live and die,  
     Lift not your hand to *It* for help — for *It*  
 As impotently rolls as you and I.

*Omar Khayyam.*

**1859. Miracles.**

Miracles are God's suspension bridge between the finite and the infinite. People refuse to cross the bridges, because they cannot comprehend how they were built. We advise them to use the bridge, and after they land in heaven, they can, if so minded, study the mechanism of miracles.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

**1860. The Mountains and the Sea.**

The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1861. Honor Will Out.**

‘Tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

*William Shakespeare.*

**1862. The Glass and the Dial.**

The glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
The dial how thy precious minutes waste.

*William Shakespeare.*

**1863. Truth and Sadness.**

All truth contains an echo of sadness.

*F. W. Trafford.*

**1864. Example and Argument.**

One example is worth a thousand arguments.

*W. E. Gladstone.*

**DECEMBER TWELFTH.****1865. A Much Needed Prayer.**

O Lord, that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

*William Shakespeare.*

**1866. Thought and Prayer.**

A single grateful thought toward heaven is the most perfect prayer.

*Lessing.*

**1867. The Ideal.**

I think the song that's sweetest  
Is the one that's never sung;  
That lies at the heart of the singer,  
Too grand for mortal tongue.

*Anon.*

**1868. One Vacant Chair.**

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**1869. The Truest End of Life.**

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.

*William Penn.*

**1870. The Tides of Life.**

These struggling tides of life that seem  
     In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
 Are eddies of a mighty stream  
     That rolls to its appointed end.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

**1871. Ocean Foam.**

Religion which is merely emotional is but foam on the ocean. It stirs the fountain of the great deep and adds an evanescent picturesqueness to the waves. When the ocean becomes all foam, it will bury in everlasting perdition all who trust it.

*Duncan Macgregor.*

***DECEMBER THIRTEENTH.*****1872. Paying Toll to the Devil.**

He that does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the Devil to let him into heaven.

*Augustus Hare.*

**1873. Life.**

Life, like a dome of many colored glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of eternity.

*T. B. Shelley.*

**1874. Our Fireside Evening Hymn,**

Hither, bright angels, wing your flight,  
 And stay your gentle presence here;  
 Watch round and shield us through the night,  
 That every shade may disappear.

Oh, ever thus, with silent prayer  
 For those we love, may night begin —  
 Reposing safe, released from care,  
 Till morning leads the sunlight in.

*James Thomas Fields.*

**1875. The Children.**

They are idols of hearts and of households.  
 They are angels of God in disguise;  
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
 His glory still gleams in their eyes.

*Charles M. Dickinson.*

**1876. Discipline of Poverty.**

A man would be none who should shed a bigger tear over wounds of poverty than a young lady drops at the piercing of her ears, for in both cases the wounds become points of suspension for jewels.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1877. Suspect Suspicion.**

Look through true eyes, you will discover truth:  
 Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**DECEMBER FOURTEENTH.****1878. The World Out of Joint.**

This world is evidently sadly out of joint. We all know of the most gentle, lovely, unselfish spirits, beautiful to heaven's eye, that are enshrined in painfully plain caskets.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1879. Immortality.**

Beyond this vale of tears,  
     There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
     And all that life is love.

Here would we end our quest;  
     Alone are found in Thee  
 The life of perfect love — the rest  
     Of immortality.

*James Montgomery.*

**1880. Desolation.**

I think that the bitterest sorrow or pain  
     Of love unrequited, or cold death's woe,  
     Is sweet, compared to that hour when we know  
 That some grand passion is on the wane.

*Ella Wheeler.*

**1881. Clinging to God.**

All I can do is just cling to my hope in God, while I cry like a child that has lost itself and all it loves in a thorny wilderness.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1882. Reliance.**

As a little child relies.  
     On a care beyond his own,  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
     Fears to stir a step alone —  
 Let me thus with thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard and Guide.

*John Newton.*

**DECEMBER FIFTEENTH.**

**A MORNING WITH JEAN PAUL  
 RICHTER.**

- 1883.** God hath not created anything nobler than a scholar sitting at his writing.
- 1884.** A diary about an ordinary child would be much better than a book upon children by an ordinary writer.
- 1885.** Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.
- 1886.** He never wrote without having read himself full on the subject; and the reverse, he never read without having first *thought* himself *hungry*.
- 1887.** Every great head goes to the grave with a whole library of unprinted thoughts.
- 1888.** Of all the hours of a man's life, his last must be the most indifferent as regards religion, inasmuch as it is the most unfruitful, and no seed can sprout in it which will bear any fruit of action.

**1889.** We are all like the Adam of the epic, and take our first night to be the day of judgment, and the setting of the sun for the end of the world. We sorrow for our friends, just as if there were no brighter future *yonder*, and we sorrow for ourselves, as if there were no brighter future *here*. For all our passions are born atheists and unbelievers.

**1890.** How different are the sufferings of the sinner and those of the saint! The former are an eclipse of the moon, by which the dark night becomes still blacker and wilder; the latter are a solar eclipse, which cools off the hot day and casts a romantic shade, and wherein the nightingales begin to warble.

### ***DECEMBER SIXTEENTH.***

#### **1891. Once Gone, Gone Forever.**

We never feel the same emotion twice;  
 No two ships ever plowed the selfsame billow.  
 The waters change with every fall and rise;  
 So, Guilo, go contented to thy pillow.

*Ella Wheeler.*

#### **1892. Immortality of Authors.**

It is a beautiful thing that all authors, even those who deny the immortality of their own souls, seldom have anything to say against that of their names.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

#### **1893. Shakespeare.**

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb  
 The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,  
 With tears and laughters for all time!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1894. Our Own Age Always the Greatest.**

Alas! every one believes himself to stand so precisely and accurately in the zenith of the universe, that, according to his calculation, all suns and nations must culminate over his head; and he himself, like the countries at the equator, cast no shadow save into himself alone.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1895. The Lark.**

The music soars within the little lark,  
 And the lark soars. It is not thus with men.  
 We do not make our places with our strains —  
 Content, while they rise, to remain behind,  
 Alone on earth instead of so in heaven.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1896. Hope.**

Hope is a hardy plant in the hearts of the young.

*E. P. Roe.*

**DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH.****1897. John Keats.**

And Keats, the real  
 Adonis, with the hymeneal  
 Fresh vernal buds half sunk between  
 His youthful curls kissed straight and sheen  
 In his Rome-grave, by Venus queen.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1898. Song of the Pilgrim.**

Come, brothers, let us go!  
 Our Father is our guide;  
 And, if our way be bright or dark,  
 He's ever at our side.

Come, brothers, let us go!  
 We travel hand in hand;  
 Each with his brother walks in joy  
 Through this dear Fatherland.

*Gerhard Tersteegen.*

**1899. Influence of Shakespeare.**

When one dips his head at night under water, there is an awful stillness round about him; into a similar supernatural stillness of the underworld does Shakespeare introduce us.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1900. Seven Men to Make a Pin.**

'Twill employ  
 Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin!  
 Who makes the head, content to miss the point —  
 Who makes the point, agreed to leave the join:  
 And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,  
 And I must make it straightway, head and point,"  
 His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.  
 Seven men to a pin — and not a man too much!  
 Seven generations haply to this world,  
 To right it visibly, a finger's breadth,  
 And mend its rents a little.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH.****1901. A Glorious Trinity.**

Faith is a Trinity. It is one — faith in God; and it is three — faith in God, faith in self, and faith in humanity.

*Rose E. Cleveland.*

**1902. Dante.**

And Dante stern  
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn  
For wine and milk poured out in turn.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1902. Language a Temple.**

Language is a solemn thing; it grows out of life — out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1904. Good Clothes.**

Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best when others wear them.

*George Eliot.*

**1905. Mistakes of Prophets.**

Every prophet who goes beyond ethical and religious instruction, and ventures into predictions, makes mistakes, and leaves his errors recorded for our warning.

*R. Heber Newton.*

**1906. Gifts are for Use.**

God will not grudge us any gift if we but use it well.

*Elmo.*

**1907. Voices of Morning.**

The voices of morning! how sweet is their thrill  
 When the shadows have turned and the evening grows still!  
 The text of our lives may get wiser with age,  
 But the print was so fair on its twentieth page!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**DECEMBER NINETEENTH.****WORDS OF WISDOM: FROM GEORGE HERBERT.**

**1908.** Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

**1909.** Here is a talk of the Turk and the Pope, but my next neighbor doth me more harm than either of them both.

**1910.** Civil wars of France made a million of atheists and thirty thousand witches.

**1911.** We bachelors laugh and show our teeth, but you married men laugh until your hearts ache.

**1912.** The devil never assails a man except he finds him either void of knowledge or of the fear of God.

**1913.** There is nobody will go to hell for company.

**1914.** Much money makes a country poor, for it sets a dearer price on everything.

**1915.** The best mirror is an old friend.

**1916.** A man's destiny is always dark.

**1917.** Every man's censure is first molded in his own nature.

**1918.** Money wants no followers.

**1919.** Your thoughts close and your countenance loose.

**1920.** Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned.

**1921.** Death will be the funeral of all our evils and the resurrection of all our joys.

### ***DECEMBER TWENTIETH.***

#### **1922. Four Wise Negatives.**

Do not all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear, and tell not all that you know.

*Anon.*

#### **1923. The Grandest Victory.**

A more glorious victory cannot be gained than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

*Anon.*

#### **1924. Ballads.**

Ballads are gypsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature — in the genial summer time.

*Anon.*

**1925. The Memories of Age.**

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,  
 Sits by the raked up ashes of the past,  
 Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers  
 That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1926. Modern Men and Medieval Knights.**

Those medieval knights were men to look at with a sigh, — men devoid of aches and pains and dyspepsias; men without nervous headaches; men to whom coddling and “soothing” were not indispensable. Alas! there are no duplicates of this picture among the men of our day; and the negative was not preserved.

*Rose E. Cleveland.*

**1927. The Soldier and the Captain.**

The soldier who executes his captain’s commands is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order.

*Cervantes.*

**1928. Every Leaf its Dew Drop.**

From Thy hand

The worlds were cast; yet every leaflet claims  
 From that same hand its little shining sphere  
 Of star-lit dew.

*O. W. Homes.*

**DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.****1929. The Sabbath a Benediction for the Poor.**

Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she stands,  
 The seventh sweet morning folds her weary hands;  
 Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure  
 He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1930. The Heaviest Loss.**

There are no losses on earth worth troubling about, compared with the loss of a true, faithful friend. We lose money; we may get that back again, and if we do not, it matters little. Our houses burn; but we can rebuild them, and the poor frame cottage generally gives place to a house of stone. But when we lay our friends to rest, we have lost them indeed. They will not heed our entreaties any more, our tears will not move them, we call in the agony of a breaking heart, but they make us no reply.

*Elmo.*

**1913. Men Like Fretful Children.**

Methinks; we do as fretful children do,  
 Leaning their faces on the windowpane  
 To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,  
 And shut the sky and landscape from their view.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**1932. What to Remember in the Day of Calamity.**

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.

*Samuel Johnson.*

**1933. Men Without Faith.**

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

**1934. Life's, Grand Business.**

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

*Thomas Carlyle.*

**DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND.****A PAGE OF DEFINITIONS.**

**1935.** Common sense is the gift of heaven.

**1936.** Knowledge is gold to him who can discern.

**1937.** Friendship is a seed that needs tending.

**1938.** A character is a full-formed will.

**1939.** Wishes and longings are but wings.

**1940.** A child is love made visible.

**1941.** Sorrow is the great revealer of human hearts.

**1942.** Diseases are taxes on pleasure.

**1943.** Judgment is the throne of prudence.

- 1944.** Industry is fortune's right hand.
- 1945.** Thoughts are a prime article of commerce.
- 1946.** Memory is the cabinet of imagination.
- 1947.** Gaiety is the soul's health; sadness, its poison.
- 1948.** Eloquence is vehement simplicity.
- 1949.** Solitude is the home of the strong.
- 1950.** Morality is but the vestibule of religion.
- 1951.** Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

***DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.***

**1952. God's Many Ways.**

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfills Himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**1953. Wise Anxiety.**

Whenever our neighbor's house is on fire it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little on our own. Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.

*Edmund Burke.*

**1954. What a Good Book Must Have.**

A book that is to live with you — to be a companion, an instructor, must have something better than polished words or well wrought sentences. It must have thoughts and sentiments that touch the head and the heart. Then a book becomes a silent power more and more influential.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

**1955. Better to be a Child.**

It is better to be a child in a green field than a knight of many orders in a state ceremonial.

*George Macdonald.*

**1956. Shirking.**

We do a great deal of shirking in this life on the ground of not being geniuses.

*Rose E. Cleveland.*

**1957. Life Dreary.**

What makes life dreary is want of motive.

*George Eliot.*

**1958. The Insight of Love.**

O hearts of love! O souls that turn  
 Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
 To you the truth is manifest;  
 For they the mind of Christ discern  
 Who lean, like John, upon His breast.

*J. G. Whittier.*

**DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH.****1959. Begun not Done.**

A good deed done is not a thing completed and finished; a good thing done is nothing less than an endless series of good deeds set in motion.

*Elmo.*

**1960. Cheerfulness in Old Age.**

Don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1961. Our Brains a Clock.**

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1962. Winter.**

Here comes Winter, savage as when he met the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Indian all over, his staff a naked splintery hemlock, his robe torn from the backs of bears and bisons, and fringed with wampum of rattling icicles, turning the ground he treads to ringing iron, and, like a mighty sower, casting his snow far and wide, over all hills and valleys and plains.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**1963. The World.**

The world — a conventional phrase, which, being interpreted, often signifieth all the rascals in it.

*Charles Dickens.*

**1964. Two Faces.**

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

**1965. Youth and Age.**

Age brings experience; graybeards oft are wise,  
But oh! how sharp a youngster's ears and eyes!

*O. W. Holmes.*

***DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.*****1966. The Universal Joy of Christmas.**

This universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals and festivals; but once in the year, and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.

*Elmo.*

**1967. The Night of the Nativity.**

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began;  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave;  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the wave.

No war nor battle's sound  
 Was heard, the world around;  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstained with hostile blood;  
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

*John Milton.*

### **1968. A Merry Christmas.**

I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. \* \* \* And so as Tiny Tim said: A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us, every one.

*Charles Dickens.*

### **DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH.**

#### **1969. The Interests of Classes.**

Depend upon it, the interests of classes too often contrasted are identical; and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting for each other's advantage.

*Prince Albert.*

### **1970. The Mighty Dead.**

Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any that ever was fit to live, dead? Disenthralled of flesh and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, they begin an illimitable work. Their lives are now grafted on the Infinite and will be fruitful as no earthly lives can be.

*Henry Ward Beecher.*

### **1971. Golden Slippers and Gouty Feet.**

If we have not quiet in our own minds, outward comforts will do no more for us than a golden slipper on a gouty foot.

*John Bunyan.*

### **1972. The Luxury of Books.**

Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.

*W. E. Channing.*

### **1973. Knowledge.**

Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed;  
 Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
 The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite,  
 And slander, die.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1974. Shakespeare and Milton.**

A rib of Shakespeare would have sufficed to produce a Milton, and a rib of Milton all the poets that have succeeded him.

*W. S. Landor.*

**DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH.****1975. Repining.**

We always paint, like Milton, our lost paradise more glowing than the regained one — like Dante, hell better than purgatory.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1976. Man a Queer Animal.**

Man is a queer animal to boast of reason; for, go the world over, God's best gifts are generally the most slighted.

*E. P. Roe.*

**1977. Critics.**

Yet it does sometimes happen that some of them have written bad books themselves, and consequently know a bad book in a moment when they come across one.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

**1978. God Lives.**

We do not serve the dead — the past is past!  
 God lives and lifts his glorious mornings up  
 Before the eyes of men awake at last,  
 Who put away the meats they used to sup.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**1979. The Best Divinity.**

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

*Anon.*

**1980. George Washington.**

By broad Potomac's silent shore  
 Better than Trajan lowly lies,  
 Gilding her green declivities  
 With glory now and evermore;  
 Art to his fame no aid hath lent;  
 His country is his monument.

*Anon.*

**1981. The Glow Worm and the Star.**

God makes the glow worm as well as the star: the light in both is divine.

*George Macdonald.*

**DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH.****PEARLS.**

**1982.** A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.

**1983.** A good character shines by its own light.

**1984.** He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.

**1985.** The frown of a friend is better than the smile of a fool.

**1986.** If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

**1987.** Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.

- 1988.** He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.
- 1989.** A man is little the better for liking himself, if nobody else likes him.
- 1990.** Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of a dead man's bags.
- 1991.** Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak, and to speak well, are two things.
- 1992.** Avoid circumlocution in language. Words, like cannonballs, should go straight to their mark.
- 1993.** The verb "to be happy" has neither present, past nor future. It should be conjugated in the conditional.
- 1994.** Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good.
- 1995.** There is nothing which helps us to feel that our lives have been worth living so much as the humble but grateful consciousness that we have helped some other soul to fill its destiny.

### ***DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH.***

#### **1996. The Proper Sphere.**

Man for the field, and woman for the hearth;  
Man for the sword, and for the needle she;  
Man with the head, and woman with the heart;  
Man to command, and woman to obey;  
All else confusion.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

**1997. Fickle Fortune.**

Foolish I deem him who, thinking that his state is blest, rejoices in security; for fortune, like a man distempered in his senses, leaps now this way, now that, and no man is always fortunate.

*Euripides.*

**1998. A Word to Parents.**

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

*Anon.*

**1999. The Use of Tears.**

God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears, in order that they may read aright His providence and His commandments.

*Dr. Cuyler.*

**2000. The Use of Books.**

Some books are edifices to stand as they are built; some are hewn stones ready to form a part of future edifices; some are quarries from which stones are to be split for shaping and after use.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**2001. The Voice Across the Storm.**

All is well, tho' faith and form  
     Be sunder'd in the night of fear;  
     Well roars the storm to those that hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## 2002. The Sublimity of Scripture.

In Job and the Psalms we shall find more sublime ideas, more elevated language, than in any of the heathen versifiers of Greece or Rome.

*Isaac Watts.*

## *DECEMBER THIRTIETH.*

### 2003. An Idler Defined.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands:  
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

*William Cowper.*

### 2004. Philosophy from a Tombstone.

“Who plucked that flower?”  
Cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden:  
His fellow servants answered: “The Master!”  
And the gardener held his peace.

*Anon.*

### 2005. Tireless Talkers.

A sick man that gets talking about himself, a woman that gets talking about her baby, and an author that begins reading out of his own book, never know when to stop.

*O. W. Holmes.*

**2006. George Herbert.**

Herbert is the psalmist dear to all who love religious poetry with exquisite refinement of thought. So much piety was never married to so much wit.

*R. W. Emerson.*

**2007. Good-Night. — To Charles Sumner.**

Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said in the days  
That are no more, and shall no more return.  
Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed.  
I stay a little longer, as one stays  
To cover up the embers that still burn.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

**2008. Still and Strong.**

Be still and strong,  
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,  
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong —  
That so, as life's appointment issueth,  
Thy vision may be clear to watch along  
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST.****2009. Nearing Home.**

Now I am entering the quiet harbor. There has been much that was dark and hard to understand; there is much still; but there is plenty to prove that my Heavenly Father is leading me home as a little child.

*E. P. Roe.*

## 2010. Requiem for the Old Year.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
     The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
     The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
     Ring happy bells, across the snow;  
     The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,  
     And ancient forms of party strife;  
     And in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws!

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
     The faithless coldness of the times;  
     Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller Minstrel in!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
     Ring out the narrow lust of gold;  
     Ring out the thousand wars of old;  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace!

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
     The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
     Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Alfred Tennyson.*