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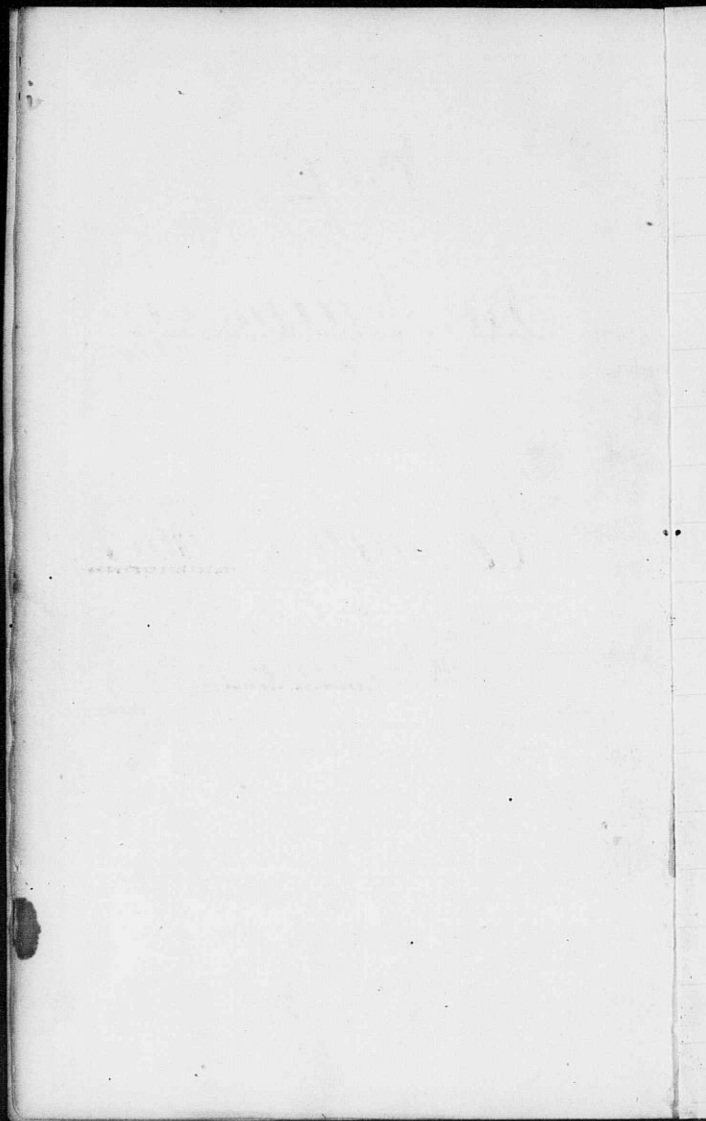
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George Hart.



Selections —
From the year
1880
By Lucy S. Bowers

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

BY COOL SILOAM.

By cool Siloam's shady fountain,
How sweet the lily grows :
How sweet the breath on yonder mountain,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child, whose young devotion
The paths of peace has trod,
Whose secret soul's instructive motion
Tends upward to his God.

A little while, the bitter morrow
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with cankering sorrow
And passion's stormy rage.

Oh Thou ! whose every year untainted
In changeless virtue ~~abides~~,
Preserve the flowers thy grace has planted,
And keep them still thine own.

—Bishop Heber.

No lessons are so impressive as tho-
our mistakes teach us.—*Dr. T. D. Woc-*
sey.

All great art is the expression of man's
delight in God's work, not his own.—
Ruskin.

A man who cannot command his temper
should not think of being a man of busi-
ness.—*Chesterfield.*

The faith of immortality depends on a
sense of it begotten, not on an argument
concluded.—*Bushnell.*

Where we are ignorant, God is wise;
where we stand blindly in the dark, He
is in the light.—*Phillips Brooks.*

There are three things in this world which
deserve no quarter—Hypocrisy, Pharisaism,
and Tyranny.—*F. W. Robertson.*

There is no man that imparteth his joys
to his friend but he joyeth the more; and
no man that imparteth his griefs to a friend
but he grieveth the less.—*Bacon.*

We ought not to acquiesce in the shadows
which are only around us because we do
not hear, or hearing do not heed, God's call
into the sunshine.—*F. R. Havergal.*

What man holds of matter, does not
make up his personality. Man is not an
organism, he is an intelligence served by
organs; they are his—not he.—*Sir Wm.*
Hamilton.

Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close ; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

—Whittier.

All argument and all effort are forever at
an end unless truth,—yea, *all truth*,—be
precious ; so precious, that in the legitimate
pursuit of it, we worry and ought to put
forth our utmost strength ; and in defence
of it, when found, incur the utmost hazard.
—*Lord Kinloch.*

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or ob cure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—*Daniel Webster.*

CONSIDER, for example, and you will find that almost all the transactions in the time of Vespasian differed little from those of the present day. You will find marrying and giving in marriage, educating children, sickness, death, war joyous holidays, traffic, agriculture, flatterers, insolent pride, suspicions, laying of plots, lovers, misers, men canvassing for the consulship and for the kingdom; yet all these passed away, and are nowhere.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

A tree will only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean towards God or away from Him?"—*J. J. Gurney.*

Free institutions will never of themselves make free men out of men who are themselves the slaves to vice; but free men will inevitably express their inward character in their outward institutions. The spirit of every kingdom must begin first "Within you."—*F. W. Robertson.*

We do no violence to reason when we assume that He who made our world in space, made all worlds in space; that He who made our world in time, made all worlds in time; and that He who gave matter its forms, gave it also its origination, or that which is the ground of all its forms.—*Lange.*

"Order is heavens first law; and the second is like unto it, that everything serves an end. This is the sum of all science. These are the two mites even all that she hath, which she throws into the treasury of the Lord; and as she does so in faith, Eternal Wisdom looks on and commends the deed."—*Dr. McCosh.*

It is surely no incredible thing, that He who, in the dispensation of the human period, spake by type and symbol, and who, when he walked upon the earth in the flesh, taught in parable and allegory, should have also spoken in the geologic ages by prophetic figures, embodied in the form and structure of animals.—*Hugh Miller.*

It is not for the refutation of objectors merely, and for the conviction of doubters, that it is worth while to study the two volumes,—that of nature and that of revelation,—which Providence has opened before us, but because it is both profitable and gratifying to a well-constituted mind, to trace in each of them the evident handwriting of Him, the Divine author of both.—*Archbishop Whatily.*

GREAT thoughts proceed from the heart.—*Tauvenargues.*

EVERY day a little life, a blank to be inscribed with gentle thoughts.—*Rogers.*

NURTURE your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.—*Disraeli.*

THE rich are too indolent, the poor too weak, to bear the insupportable fatigue of thinking.—*Cooper.*

How little do they see what is, who frame their hasty judgment upon that which seems.—*Southey*

ORTHODOXY is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget.—*Professor Huxley.*

AN angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.—*Publius Syrus.*

BETTER be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

ANTIQUITY is a species of aristocracy with which it is not so easy to be on visiting terms.—*Madame Swetchine.*

HE that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.—*Bible.*

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 Antoninus.*

IF love and ambition should be equal in balance, and come to jostle with equal force, I make no doubt but that the last would win the prize.—*Montaigne.*

THE events we most desire do not happen; or, if they do, it is neither in the time nor in the circumstances when they would have given us extreme pleasure.—*Bruyere.*

BEWARE of him that is slow to anger; anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury.—*Quarles.*

WITH every one, the expectation of a misfortune constitutes a dreadful punishment. Suffering then assumes the proportions of the unknown, which is the soul's infinite.—*Balzac.*

ANGRY and choleric men are as ungrateful and unsociable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves all storm and tempest; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome to all.—*Clarendon.*

THE round of a passionate man's life is in contracting debts in his passion, which his virtues oblige him to pay. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury and reparation.—*Johnson.*

NEVER forget what a man has said to you when he was angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. Anger is a bow that will shoot sometimes where another feeling will not.—*Beecher.*

THE intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves, and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it.—*Colton.*

IN all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness and intention of mind imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession of them, as he proposed to himself in the expectation.—*South.*

WHAT subsists to-day by violence continues to-morrow by acquiescence, and is perpetuated by tradition; till at last the hoary head of abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us, and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages.—*Edward Everett.*

—elegies,
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever."

REASON AND FAITH.

He lived the Truth which reconciled
The strong man Reason, Faith the child;
In him belief and act were one,
The homilies of duty done! — [Whittier.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a
kind word is never thrown away.

HUMAN LIFE.

See how beneath yon moonbeam's smile
That little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having passed a moment there,
Thus sinks into eternity.

Men are often capable of greater things than
they perform; they are sent into the world with
bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full ex-
tent.

MERCY, CHARITY, LOVE.

When Death strikes down the innocent and
young,

For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it.

Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green
graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

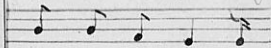
— [Charles Dickens.

Thousands of men and women are drifting
religiously, and always drifting away from
God, never toward him. The supreme choice
involved in giving oneself to God is not a
drift. To go to Christ demands will, de-
termination, energy. To drift requires *noth-*
ing. Thousands who are not infidels, nor
agnostics, nor unbelievers, nor opposers of
religion, nor immoral, but upright, intelli-
gent, well-meaning, church-goers, hearing
sermons, under good influences, fully mean-
ing sometime to become Christians, yet drift
on year after year, outside the church, away
from Christ, and sometimes, we fear, drift
into perdition. "I will arise," was the first
really hopeful decision of the prodigal. Not
the hunger, not the sorrow, not even the
wish, but the "I will." — *Christian Advo-*
cate.

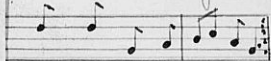
as they now, gathering earthen from pole to pole.

G.

of the seasons! Sing
G. C. A. E. C.



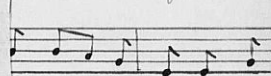
Praises will sing, for



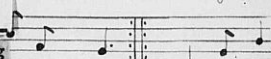
the woods and the valleys ring



With truth's flowers in



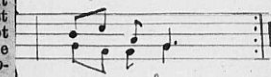
is harvest reaping we



ful spring. Let us all



re delight, For the seasons



FIRE-FLIES.

On the warm and perfumed dark
Glow the fire-fly's tender spark.
Cope, and dell, and lonesome plain
Catch the drops of lambent rain.
Scattered swarms are snarled among
Boughs where thrushes brood their young.
Little cups of daisies hold
Tapers that illumine their gold.
See! they light their floating lamps
Where the katy-did encamps,
Glint the ripples soft and cool
On the grassy-cinctured pool,
Poise where blood-red roses burn,
And rills creep under drooping fern,
Weave inconstant spangles through
Vines that drip with fragrant dew,
And 'mid clumps of dusky pine
In the mournful silence shine.
They cling to tufts of the morass;
The meadow lilies feel them pass;

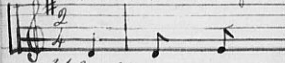
RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Tablecloth off, friendship is gone.
A dry spoon scratches the mouth.
A full man does not understand a hungry one.
There is paradise where there is plenty of bread.
Every cook has her own ways.
The more honor, the more expense.
I obey him whose bread I eat.
A glass of wine adds mind.

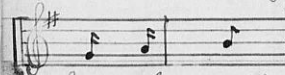
MY PANSIES.

O, here is one in a purple hat
And a robe of violet silk!
This little fellow is all in yellow,
And that one white as milk;
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring-time beauties, O!
One is dressed in a velvety black,
And one has a crimson gown;
This little maid is in blue arrayed,
And that in golden brown;
Dancing high and dancing low,
Just as the breezes come and go,
Dear little spring-time beauties, O!

Rachel W. And I ask
Ann Louisa, and Mary. (3.)



The flowers are bright



And the warblers



the brooklets rise in the mellowed air

If a horse or dog had the same external formation of head that is possessed by man, the horse and the dog, or any other animal, would have all the reasoning and intelligent powers possessed by man; they would then be; acknowledged as not merely instinctive, but so-called rational creatures.

Spiritualism teaches mankind that as they sow so shall they reap. It teaches that there can be no radical changes wrought by simply passing from one condition of life to another. If we sow in the morning of life, and pass to the other side of the river, we shall reap accordingly.

The true patriot does not rely upon the money or forces at his command before he strikes for freedom; he relies on the justice of his cause, and that inexhaustible fountain of justice which flows with an eternal force that the polluted streams of tyranny cannot withstand.

Religion is the belief in a spirit whose mercies are over all his works—who is kind, even to the unthankful and the evil; who is everywhere present, and therefore in no place to be sought, and is in no place to be avoided; to whom all creatures, times and things are everlastingly holy.

Music is a spiritual gift, and when the rhythm of the soul blends with the music by angelic choirs, then the soul feels the raptures of heavenly bliss. But this gift is often perverted, and the rhythm of the soul is lost in some mournful dirge that has neither music nor any of the elements of godliness in it.

Search Nature for Nature's God, and there learn of Him; go to and study the book which man could not interpolate; let the world around teach wisdom, the plants and minerals show forth God's providence, animated nature set us the example of prayer and praise, the sea manifest the depth and extent of his love.

Heaven is a gradation of spheres, each of which is a separate heaven to the sphere beneath, and a hell to the sphere above; so by correspondence hell is a series of gradations, the outermost or superior sphere of hell being the outermost or inferior sphere of heaven; and as the inhabitants of the heavenly spheres ascend or progress from glory to glory, so by correspondence must the inhabitants of the lower spheres progress upwards.
—Medium and Daybreak

The Bible is, after all, but a collection of works, written by different authors, and from different spiritual standpoints. Some of the authors of the Old Testament, e. g., the prophets, thought themselves inspired by the Lord (such was, perhaps, the name assumed by the leader of their band of spirits.) But the Lord, Yahweh, or (as he is perversely called by the translator of the authorized version) Jehovah, was, to most Israelites, a being very different in attributes and character to the Christian God.

"SORROWS humanize the race:
Tears are the showers that fertilize the world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

"They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget."

—Jean Ingelouw.

PASTE OVER

In the still air the music lies unheard,
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great master! touch us with thy skillful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great sculptor! hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Give constantly. The irregularity of beneficence is one reason of its irksomeness. Spasmodic exercise leaves a feeling of soreness in the unpracticed muscles. A little practice in the gymnastics of generosity will ensure a pleasant sensation to the giver. It is only by cultivating a habit of giving that one learns how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.—*S. S. Times.*

No legal device can emancipate the owner of money from the essential obligation which God has placed upon him to use it wisely, beneficently, helpfully. He cannot "buy into a corporation," as the phrase is, and then be responsible merely for the use of his dividends. He is responsible for everything that is done with his money; and if the soulless corporation oppress the hireling or withhold from the laborer his wages, let him know that his soul shall answer for it at the bar of God.—*Bishop Harris.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

UNDER THE SNOW,

All in the bleak December weather,
When north winds blow,
Five little clovers lay warm together
Under the snow.

"Wait," said they, "till the robins sing;
Wait, till the blossoms bud and spring;
Wait, till the rain and the sunbeams gay
Our winter blankets shall fold away—
Then, we will try to grow."

All in the fragrant May-time weather,
When south winds blow,
Five little clovers crept close together
Under the snow.

Poor, pink babies! They might have known
'Twas only the pear-tree blossoms blown
By the frolic breeze; but they cried, "Oh, dear!
Surely the spring is late this year!
Still, we will try to grow."

All in the sultry August weather,
When no winds blow,
Five little clovers were sad together
Under the snow.

'Twas only the daisies waving white
Above their heads in the glowing light;
But they cried, "Will we never understand?
It always snows in this fairyland—
Yet, we will try to grow."

All in the bright September weather,
When west winds blow,
Five little clovers were glad together
Under the snow.

For now 'twas the muslin kerchief cool,
Of a dear little lass on her way to school.
The sweetest snow-fall of all," said they;
"We knew our reward would come some day,
If only we'd try to grow!"

—*Lillian D. Rice in St. Nicholas.*

It Is Well to Remember.

That anxiety is easier to bear than sorrow.

That an insect has feeling and an atom a shadow.

That talent is sometimes hid in a napkin, audacity never.

That good brains are often kept in a poor looking vessel.

That the most brilliant roses bloom among the sharpest thorns.

That the time to bury the hatchet is before the blood is found upon it.

That no man is born into the world whose work is not born with him.

That mistakes are often bought at a big price and sold at a small one.

That leisure is a very pleasant garment, but a bad one for constant wear.

That the best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.

That if it were not for emergencies but little progress would be made in the world.

That it is often better to go a good ways around than to take a short cut across lots.

That the statement so often made in print that "rest makes rust" is the veriest rot.

That the lightest of labors are a burden to those who have no motive for performing them.

That men often preach from the housetops while the devil is crawling in at the window.

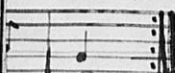
That contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

That tears shed upon a coffin will not blot out the stains that may have been cast in life upon the heart stilled within it.

That many a man sets up a carriage only to find less enjoyment in it than he has had holding the ribbons from his "one horse shay."

That if we would do more for others while we may, we should have less regrets, when too late, that more had not been done when it might have been.—*Good Housekeeping.*

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Pearls.

—elegies,
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever."

PERSEVERANCE WINS.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and
striven. —[Lytton.

Pride hath two seasons—a forward spring and a
early fall.

THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.

From the spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope, shall mar
Its immortal unity. —[R. W. Emerson.

Beauty is a cliff, on which one and another mar
seeks to shipwreck himself, because it lies full of
pearls and oysters.—Richter.

DESPAIR AND BLISS.

But in the wreck of all our hopes
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss;
Despair, and love, and madness meet
In this, in this! —[William Motherwell.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as a ruined edi-
fice, before one single word—faith.—Napoleon.

LOVE IMMORTAL.

Clemanthe. And shall we never see each other?
Ion. (After a pause.) Yes!

I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory; all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish; we shall meet
Again, Clemanthe!

—[T. N. Talfourd's *Ion*, in *Sargent's Cyclopaedia of Poetry.*

Happiness is in taste and not in things; and it is by
having what we love that we are happy, not by having
what others find agreeable.—Rochefoucauld.

There is a tradition that the land on which
Chicago stands was once bought for a pair
of boots. If the boots belonged to the
original Chicago girl, the Indians got a full
equivalent in real estate.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Eighteen bumble-bees, 22 wasps or 38
ordinary honey bees contain enough poison
to kill an adult. Just remember these
figures as you playfully kick up your heels
in the vicinity of a bee foundry.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Well to Remember.

That the tongue is not steel, yet it
cuts.

That cheerfulness is the weather of
the heart.

That sleep is the best stimulant, a nerve
safe for all to take.

That it is better to be able to say no,
than to be able to read Latin.

That cold air is not necessarily pure,
nor warm air necessarily impure.

That a cheerful face is nearly as good
for an invalid as wholesome weather.

That there are men whose friends are
more to be pitied than their enemies.

That advice is like castor-oil, easy
enough to give, but hard to take.

That wealth may bring luxuries, but
that luxuries do not always bring happi-
ness.

That grand temples are built of small
stones, and great lives made up of trif-
fling events.

That nature is a rag-merchant who
works up every shred and part and end
into new creations.

That an open mind, an open hand, and
an open heart, would everywhere find
an open door.

That it is not enough to keep the poor
in mind; give them something to make
them keep you in mind.

That men often preach from the house-
top, while the devil is crawling into the
basement-window.

That life's real heroes and heroines are
those who bear their own burdens brave-
ly, and give a helping hand to those
around them.

That hasty words often rankle in the
wound which injury gives, and that soft
words assuage; forgiving cures, and for-
getting takes away the scar.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around;
In vain the minster-turrets lift
Their brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thine inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

PASTE OVER

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate, social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.—*F. W. Teal.*

We see in the risen Christ the end for which man was made, and the assurance that the end is within reach. Christ rose from the grave changed and yet the same; and in him we have the pledge and type of our rising.—*Westcott.*

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The habit of faltering and distinguishing and concealing, and putting forward the edge of the truth instead of showing boldly the full face of it, at last leads men into an insincerity so habitual that they really do not know when they speak the truth or not.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Among so many, can he care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad's home, a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place?

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!
A. D. T. Whitney.

The great ship at sea never thinks of the harbor where the sun is shining and the waves are at rest; it is only when the storm breaks that she discovers her need of a safe shelter. So we must all be shown our feebleness, in order that we may seek and acknowledge the safe harbor, Jesus.—*Margaret S. Tennant.*

"I'll turn my camel loose, and trust him to God," said a soldier in Mahomet's army, in the hearing of the prophet. "Tie your camel," said the latter, "and then trust him to God." It reminds us of Cromwell's charge to his soldiers on the eve of battle, "To trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry."

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions which it suggests.—*C. J. Fox.*

Thou art seeking thy light in the dispersion of the cloud, and all the time thy light is in the cloud. Thou art like the old patriarch of Uz. Thou art asking God for an explanation of thy darkness, and thou art expecting an answer from all quarters but one—the darkness itself.—

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Care for what you say, or what you say will make you care.

Gentle manners in a lady are worth all the beauty that was ever seen.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. + +

Envy is blind and knows nothing except how to depreciate the excellencies of others.

The free man working for wife and children gets his head and hands in partnership.

With the idea that labor is the basis of progress goes the truth that labor must be free.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.

In life it is difficult to say who do you most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

When you find an unkind feeling toward another person rising in your heart, that is the time not to speak to a fellow being, but to talk to God in prayer.

To be beautiful in person, we must not only conform to the laws of physical health, and by gymnastic arts and artificial appliances develop the elements of our physical being in symmetry and completeness, but we must also train the mind and develop the affections to the highest possible degree.

year.

Never defend an error because you once thought it truth.—*Franklin*.

It is the privilege of truth always to grow on candid minds.—*Scrivener*.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue hath no grace in his heart.—*St. Jerome*.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—*Goldsmith*.

Science has nothing to do with Christianity; only it should make us careful about our proofs.—*Darwin*.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.—*Bishop Horne*.

I know by myself how incomprehensible God is, seeing I cannot comprehend the parts of my own being.—*St. Bernard*.

Her eye, when sorrow's clouds our scene deform,
Looks onward, braving midnight wave and storm,
Where in the dark a heavenly shape goes by,
And a voice answers, "Fear not, it is I."
—*Theron Brown*.

Christ came not to talk about a beautiful light, but to be that light; not to speculate about virtue, but to be virtue.—*H. G. Taylor*.

I have been benefited by praying for others; for by making an errand to God for them I have gotten something for myself.—*Rutherford*.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with fearful interest, from 20 to 30 years after date, and often much sooner.—*Colton*.

Place before children nothing but what is simple, lest you spoil their tastes, and nothing that is not innocent, lest you spoil their hearts.—*National Baptist*.

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whole and sound;
Like that long-buried body of the king,
Found lying with his urns and ornaments;
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
Sht into ashes and was found no more
—*Tennyson*.

As they, who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they, who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.—*Mason*.

True charity makes no noise in the world. A person who does good out of pure motives never spreads it abroad in the circle in which he moves, nor makes it public through a newspaper.—*George Eliot*.

We are all adventurers, each sailing out on a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.

Garnered Gems.

Happiness grows at our firesides and is not to be picked in stranger gardens.

The "point of honor" can often be made to produce, by means of vanity, as means of vanity, as many good deeds as virtue.

The best of men may sometimes fall into the gutter, but it is the worst only who are willing to remain there.

The best physician is he who insinuates hope into the heart at the same time that he prescribe a cordial for the disease.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense, except those who agree with us in opinion.

He that knows a little of the world will admire it enough to fall down and worship it; but he that knows it most, will most despise it.

A generous, virtuous man lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involve in Cimmerian darkness.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money for the purpose of circulation.

If, under all circumstances, a man does not go round acts or ideas, to examine them under their various aspects, this man is incomplete, feeble, and in danger of perishing.

All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but then it must be in *their own way*; what a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in *ours*!

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those who love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is a fruitful offering of good deeds.

hearts and
d thanks

Home are the harps, of which one is finely carved and bright with gilding, but ill-tuned and jarring the air with its discord; while another is old and plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music.—*Advance.*

Some Sunday schools as a part of the weekly exercises repeat the names of new scholars and the classes to which they are assigned. The plan works well as a means of introducing new pupils and also as an encouragement to those interested in building up the school.

Silence is not golden when it falls frostily upon the little ones, ignoring their efforts to please, and showing them practically that they are of small account in the eyes of their parents and teachers. What a pity it is that we are so chary of praise when praise is so often the oil which causes the household machinery to work without friction? It is so easy for some of us to blame, so hard to utter the generous approval.—*Aunt Marjorie in Christian Intelligencer.*

The effect of missionary work is plainly visible in Japan. The people of this country seem just now to have awakened from their long sleep, and to be exerting all their strength to come abreast of the most highly civilized nations. A society has been formed to do away with the Chinese characters in writing, and to introduce the Roman letters. A boy can then learn to read better in a few months than he can now in 10 years. Besides the saving of time and labor, it is impossible to express all the terms of modern science and knowledge in Chinese characters.

We would not get so tired with physical or mental work if we always acted on this principle. It is astonishing how love takes away lassitude. We forget our weariness when we become thoroughly interested in our cause. The mother will work all day and watch all night for her sick child and not complain. The loving child will cheerfully give up the picnic and plod away at his hard work if he remembers that he has a widowed mother to support, and that she will suffer if he takes a "day off." So if we remember that we are the children of God, that he has commissioned us to work for him, and that every duty, if properly performed, is a service for the Lord, we will be happy, and as we cheerfully and intelligently work we will realize that every movement of the shovel or the hoe, and every sweep of the broom is for God. Cheerfulness, study, consecration—these make the happy Christian.

Pearls of Thought.

Everybody is wise after the event.

Nothing is so fearful as a bad conscience

He that has no character is not a man; he is only a thing.

The crutch of time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.

Advice is like castor oil; easy enough to give, but hard enough to take.

The path of genius is not less obstructed with disappointment than that of ambition.

No man preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it to his own heart.

The worst prison is not of stone. It is of a throbbing heart, outraged by an infamous life.

When one has no good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

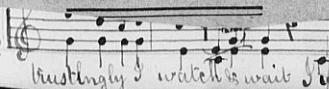
Vicious habits are so odious and degrading that they transform the individual who practises them into an incarnate demon.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is simply, "I in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you"; and there is no antidote against the fear of death but the consciousness of being united to the Fountain of life.—*S. Reed.*

He who begins in the way of prayer must conceive that he is beginning to frame an orchard or garden for the contentment and delight of his Lord, though yet it be in a very unfruitful soil and full of weeds.—*St. Theresa.*

We sometimes think that it is the transitory alone which changes: the eternal stands still. Rather, the transitory stands still, fades, and falls to pieces: the eternal continues by changing its form in accordance with the movement of advancing ages.—*Stanley's "Christian Institutions."*

"LET us rise," Bishop Ewing said to his own clergy, "from systems, whether of Episcopacy or Presbytery, above all material apparatus. Let us rise to higher things, let us live in that region which makes the face to shine, and where the heart says, 'I have seen the Lord; where we behold his glory, and the Word becomes flesh in the midst of us.'"—*Edinburgh Review.*



When the Lord opens His mouth we should open our ears and hearts.—*Schaff*.

A man may be truly merciful who has not wherewithal to be bountiful or liberal.—*Henry*.

There are few who conceive how instrumental the tongue is to salvation or condemnation.—*Quesnel*.

If a man is faithful to truth, truth will be faithful to him. He need have no fears. His success is a question of time.—*Prof. Phelps*.

A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproof.—*Hinton*.

My heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be merely a human production.—*Daniel Webster*.

Between heaven and earth hangs a great mirror, crystal-clear, upon which the unseen world casts its mighty images; but only the pure, childlike eye can behold them.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

Dr. Young says: "Man is immortal until his work is done." Then, and not before, death comes and transfers him to another world. Then God assigns to him a destiny according to the character of his work.

In the ordinary concerns of life, moral energy is more serviceable than brilliant parts; while in the more important, these latter are of little weight without it, evaporating only in brief and barren flashes.—*Prescott*.

In the power of the Spirit of God we realize the oneness of the church both in heaven and earth, and the spirits of just men made perfect are in union with us. No gulf divides the militant from the triumphant; we are one army of the living God. We sometimes speak of the holy dead; but there are none such; they live unto God!—*Spurgeon*.

The tender affections, especially those of the family, which bind men together in this world, are largely the source of their earthly happiness. And yet these very affections, when ruptured and lacerated by the death of those we love, become the source of the most exquisite anguish known to the human heart. God be praised that in heaven there is no death, and no sorrow over the dead.

Over \$1,000,000 is the sum to be distributed under the will of the late Cornelius B. Erwin of New Britain, Conn., president of the Russell & Irwin manufacturing company. Among the be-

quests are \$10,000 each to the American home missionary society, American missionary association, American Baptist home missionary society, and the Connecticut industrial school for girls, \$80,000 for Marietta college, Ohio, and \$25,000 for Olivet college, Michigan.

When I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorders of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness that filleth the hungry soul. I want to have a light on the mystery of providence, to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and close it in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus, "who His own self bears our sins in His own body on the tree." Tell me of His intercession for the transgressors as their "Advocate with the Father." Tell me of His chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of His presence and sympathy and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.—*Dr. Mason*.

Spiritual Life.

HE loveth too little who loves anything besides thee, except he love it for thy sake.—*St. Augustine*.

THOU hast made us, O Lord, for thyself; and our souls are restless till they return to thee.—*Augustine*.

FOREVER free
From jar is he
To whom Time as Eternity,
Eternity as Time, shall be.

—*Jacob Boehm*.

JESUS took the human person to exhale an atmosphere of God that should fill, and finally renew creation, bathing all climes and times and ages with its dateless, ineradicable power.—*H. Bushnell*.

TO BE silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—*Fénelon*.

A gentleman was one day relating to a
Quaker a tale of dear discourse and comfort
ed very pathetically by saying: "I could
not but feel for him."

Be always displeased at what thou art, if
thou desire to attain to what thou art not.

Be always displeas'd at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleas'd thyself there thou abidest.—*Quarles*.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling; Time is the best avenger, if we wait;

The years speed by, and our wings bear healing; We have no room for any thing like hate.

This solemn truth the low mountains seem revealing That thick and fast about our feet are rising—
Life is too short.—*Life Wrecker*.

All the good things of this world are no further good than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.—*Defoe*.

Let not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.—*Leighton*.

Usually the eyes of the Christian should be directed forward; it is foolish to try to live on past experience; it is very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did 20 years ago.—*Spurgeon*.

Lord, it is not life to live

If thy presence thou deny;

Thy no longer death to die,

Source and vigor of repose,

Poverty from thy smile it flows;

Peace and happiness are thine—
Mine they are if thou art mine.

—*Augustus M. Toplady*.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl; and on the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE KEY OF HEAVEN.

The Lord unbraideth not the child of prayer. Who pleads for lacking wisdom, and for grace; From such he never takes his loving care.
Nor turns his face.

The prayer unwavering in the Saviour's name, The plea for mercy, and the earnest cry Ascends, as erst arose the incense flame To God on high.

O Prayer, the saints' delight, the golden key That doth unlock the treasury of the Lord, Would that our hearts were ever given to thee,
With one accord!—*L. Squire*.

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.—*Seneca*.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—*New York Observer*.

Though God may seem to frown in his providences, yet he always smiles in his promises.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow*.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.—*Bishop Horne*.

Live near to God, and so all things will appear to you little in comparison with eternal realities.—*R. M. M'Cheyne*.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—*Ruskin*.

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.—*Carlyle*.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"—*Selected*.

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this: where'er the pathway lead, He gives to me no helpless, broken need, But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So, where he leads me, I can safely go, And in the blest hermitage I shall know, Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

Christ is a rock in a weary land, a covert from the tempest of divine justice, receiving through the ages the snows of divine mercy and melting them for the green pastures and still waters of God's peaceful flock—a rock against which wicked men and devils have breathed their empty curses in vain for 1,800 years.—*Edward Thomson*.

The common mercies we enjoy all sing of love, just as the sea-shell, when we put it to our ears, whispers of the deep sea whence it came; but if we desire to hear the ocean itself, we must not look at every-day blessings, but at the transactions of the crucifixion. He who would know love, let him retire to Calvary and see the Man of Sorrows die.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

I find these two truths a stay to my soul: the efficiency of the atonement, and the stability of the promise. Just now this seems my all, and enables me to look up to God as my father, although I am his sorrowing child; for as I think of my sins and sinfulness, it almost seems as I must sorrow even in the land where sorrow shall be no more known.—*Evans*.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—*Spurgeon*.

It is of no concern to Christianity what you and I think of it, but it is of immense concern to ourselves.—*President R. D. Hitchcock*.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—*Madame de Staël*.

You must not suppose that the whole of religion is wrapped up in the day or two or week or two which surround conversion. Godliness is a lifelong business.—*Spurgeon*.

The "house of the Lord" is the only home of the pure and holy beings. It is the safe and happy home of the angels. It is the everlasting home of the whole family of the redeemed.—*Stevenson*.

A quiet life often makes itself felt in better ways than one that the world sees and applauds; and some of the noblest are never known till they end, leaving a void in many hearts.—*Louisa M. Alcott*.

People don't believe in fairies nowadays; nevertheless, good spirits still exist, and help us, in our times of trouble, better even than the little people we used to read about. One of these household spirits is called Love.—*Exchange*.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

O weary Hands! that all the day
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song.
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done:
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trusting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze;
" 'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!"

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To night forget the stormy strife,
And know what Heaven shall send us best.
Lay down the tangled web of life!
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!
—*Florence Tyler in N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The heart has reasons that reason does not understand. — [Bishop Jacques B Bossuet.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.—[Saint Augustine.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow*.

Prayer is the outlet of the saints' sorrow, and the inlet of their supports and comforts.—*Flavel*.

But the morning hour has gold in its mouth, and should be set apart for work and held sacred from intrusion.

"A man never loses anything by politeness." At all events there are some men who never do and never intend to.

The drink-bill of New Zealand fell last year £104,662, owing to trade depression and the spread of temperance views.

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance; "but you are a very bad shot."—*Christian Register*.

If when thou makest a bargain, thou thinkest only of thyself and thy gain, thou art a servant of mammon.—*Paul Faber*.

How different is the life within our breast
From what we seem to those who know us best.
—*William Allingham*.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—*Whately*.

Philip Henry said: "There are two things we should beware of—that we never be ashamed of the gospel, and that we never be a shame to it."

It is good for us to think no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks*.

A personal Jesus accepted is salvation; a personal Jesus obeyed is sanctification; a personal Jesus trusted is perpetual joy; a personal Jesus possessed is our only power.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

The divinest attribute in the heart of man is love, and the mightiest, because the most human principle in the heart of man, is faith. Love is Heaven; faith is that which appropriates Heaven.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial; put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we have not recourse to his love, and therefore we know it not.—*Samuel Rutherford*.

The truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.—*McKinley*.

when about to start for Sweden.

PASTE OVER

Don't dwell upon your troubles and discouragements; look for and at your opportunities and advantages that you may improve them. The night is not all dark; there are stars still shining. Many a man fails because he so fastens his thoughts on his hardships that he fails to discern his opportunities and the means he has to make good use of them. Don't vex the ears of your friends with your trials until you have made the Lord Jesus your confidant. Tell them first to Him and seek wisdom, strength, comfort and relief from Him. If He shuts you up to seeking help from friends, then do so; but tell Him first of your perplexities, difficulties and wants.

Prayer does not directly take away a trial or its pain, but it preserves the strength of its whole spiritual fibre, so that the trial does not pass into temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you; omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the trial with prayer, cast your care on God, and the paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceable fruit of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into endurance, from endurance into battle, and from battle to victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life.—*S. A. Brooks.*

It is often that the providence of God manifests itself through arrangements made by men no less than through the apparently blind forces of nature. The late Heman Bangs was once appointed to a church where two-thirds of the members wished another man and did not wish him. His text on the occasion of his first sermon was, "I seek not yours, but you," and the Spirit of God descended upon the people, and a career of success unsurpassed in his long life followed. We had the narrative from his own lips, and it has frequently been paralleled. When the church and the minister have but one object, and that the glory of God, the gates of hell cannot prevail against them.—*Christian Advocate.*

"Oh, the drudgery of every day routine," cries many a business man, and many a housekeeping woman. "To get through the day and have the same round to traverse to-morrow!" Yes, but how do you now what use the gracious Superintendent of your life is making of this hum-drum as you call it. A poor blind mill-horse treads his beat, hour after hour, and it all seems to come to nothing. But the shaft he is turning is geared into others, and they into wheels, that in other rooms, above him far beyond his hearing, are working out the

RELIGIOUS WORK AND WORKERS.

SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each one by one unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth, white ample sail;
And eastward drove with bending spars
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay-to; at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships, they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea;
I stood at watch for many a day—
But one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and fondered fast
In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A crown linked to a Cross.

The Sabbath is a gift from heaven to
the laboring man.—[D. King.]

Satan always rocks the cradle when we
sleep at our devotions.—[Bishop Hall.]

How much he knew of the human
heart, who first called God our Father!

Divine confidence can swim upon those
seas which feeble reason cannot fathom.
—[W. Seeker.]

He who waits to do a great deal of
good at once will never do anything.—
[Samuel Johnson.]

An untrained childhood is the nursery
for the prison, the almshouse, the pre-
mature grave.—[Geo. Dana Boardman.]

There are sweet surprises awaiting
many an humble soul fighting against
great odds in the battle of a seemingly
commonplace life.

It is not disgraceful to any one who is
poor to confess his poverty; but the not
exerting one's self to escape poverty is
disgraceful.—[Pericles.]

The only doctrinal truth which Solo-
mon insisted on, when he took the whole
world for his barren text, was, that "all
is vanity."—[Bishop Sanderson.]

ned to brighten up the drawn faces of Jones
Small. "Cornelius is the man referred to in
text," Jones launched out. "He was a great

The living get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are. Posterity judges a man by the best rather than the average of his attainment.—*J. R. Lowell.*

God is the whole life of our soul. All the powers of the mind do not find their aim till they find God. In Him the heart finds its happiness, the reason its truth, the will its true freedom.—*Luthardt.*

There are two sides to all memories, a bright side and a dark side; and the gain or loss from a memory depends on the side of it which we have in our minds as it is recalled by us.—*Sunday-school Times.*

The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—*Faber.*

A prominent Episcopal bishop tells this story: "I was preparing for an Episcopal visitation, and put six or seven sermons in the bag I was packing. My little daughter watched me, and finally asked: 'Papa, are you going to preach all those sermons while you are gone?' 'Yes, my child.' 'Well, I'm glad I don't belong to the church where you're going.'"—*Evangelist.*

A little girl who had been told that when it was thundering it was God talking, was out on the lawn one day not long ago playing with her dolls. Her mother, seeing a storm coming up, called to little Alice to hurry and come in. She began picking up her playthings, but before she got them all, it thundered, when she exclaimed, "O God, don't raise such a fuss and scold so. I'm hurrying fast as I can."

O, tired heart,
God knows!
Not you nor I,
Who reach our hands for gifts
That wise love must deny.

We blunder where we fain would do our best,
Until awary: then we cry, "Do thou the rest!"—
And in His hands the tangled thread we place
Of our poor, blind weaving with a shamed face.
All trust of ours He sacredly will keep,
So, tired heart—God knows—go thou to work or sleep!
—*Hannah Coddington.*

As Christians we must eschew untruth in every form; we must labor to seem just what we are, neither better nor worse. To be true to God and to the thought of His presence all day long, and to let self occupy as little as possible of our thoughts; to care much for His approval, and comparatively little for the impression we are making upon others; to feed the inward light with oil, and then freely to let it shine—this is the great secret of edification. May He indoctrinate us into it, and dispose and enable us to illustrate it in our practice.—*Dr. Goulburn.*

WISE WORDS.

Hold on to what you have rather than to reach for what you cannot get.

There is nothing so much prevents us from being easy as the desire of appearing so.

Wealth legitimately acquired is valuable, and is only valuable when thus acquired.

We are often in the most slippery places when we think our foothold the firmest.

Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of which it presently hath, supposeth itself to stand in need of a which it hath not.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere beside the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good. I am sure no other is comparable to this.

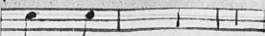
A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed while he is half dead.

The heart is the key of the world, and of life. We often live helpless amidst the most dreary circumstances in this world that we may love others and minister to their happiness. Through our very imperfections we are often more capable of influencing others, and this strange influence expounds the riddle of our existence.

Faith can supply the want of temporal things, and faith is the grave of care.—
[Frederick Adolf Krummacher.]

Each thing lives according to its kind; the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communion with God.—[E. H. Chapin.]

A blessed God, who neither slumberest nor sleepest, take us unto thy gracious care for this night, and make us mindful of that night when the noise of this busy world shall be heard by us no more. O Lord, in whom we trust, help us by thy grace so to live, that we may never be afraid to die, and grant that at the last as now our even-song may be: "I will lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou Lord makest me to dwell in safety."—
[James Martineau.]



The Endless Story.

A freshening wind, an April shadow,
 A bird's song trilling clear and fast,
 A gleam of violets from the meadow,
 A builded nest—and the Spring is past.

Warm golden blooms that break asunder,
 The calm of a full perfection won ;
 A lightning spark—a crash of thunder,
 And rose-leaves scattered—the Summer's done.

Light thistle-downs through the blue air flying,
 Swift wandering leaves of gold and red,
 An empty nest by the wayside lying—
 A mateless bird! Ah, fair Autumn's dead!

A bright white world! Soft snow wreaths blowing,
 And fringed eaves dropping in the sun,
 Then floating ice in the great sea going,
 And the endless story is again begun.

He that lives by faith shall never die by fear.—*Flavel*.

Faith finds food in famine and a table in the wilderness.

A man at his wit's end is not at his faith's end.—*Matthew Henry*.

Holiness, as well as pardon, is to be had from the blood of the cross.—*Berridge*.

It is not so much what we renounce as what we receive that makes us Christians.

He that is born but once, dies twice. He that is born twice, shall never die.—*Henry Ford*.

There are no...

It is the easiest thing in the world to train up a child in the way he should go; all you have to do is to go that way yourself.—*Dr. Lyman Abbott*.

I walk amid the darkness. My way I cannot see,
 But still I know it tendeth, O Father unto thee;
 And so I'll journey onward, for thou art leading me.
 —*Lucy Wheelock*.

There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and see," will speak best to your soul.—*Samuel Rutherford*.

Notes and Extracts.

White hairs and an aged exterior often cover a young and teachable heart.

However helpless men may be in their position, they have nevertheless to stand the consequences of their acts.

“Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice.”—Eph. iv. 31.

Of all the theories connected with heaven the most general is one of a gradation of states and of evolution or progression from one of these states to a higher.

One of the chief aims of the Spiritualist is to make those around him happy. The power to accomplish this is drawn from the philosophy, from the principles it embodies.

By the law of attraction and the power of will, a spirit makes his or her presence known, if there be sufficient mediumistic power in the person desiring the presence of the spirit.

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unstopped from the world.”—James i. 27.

“This day, this day, if vainly spent,

Will ever so remain;

Though we ten thousand times spent,

It will not come again.”

The world had been, prior to the advent of Spiritualism, sowing the seed of ignorance, and as long as there was no clear revelation of the divine principle there could be no progress made in spiritual unfoldment.

Inspiration is always in proportion to a man's receptivity and man's spiritual need. Mistakes may at times creep into even inspired utterances, and we cannot consider any teachings we receive on earth as final.

Spiritualism did not come as an usurper, regardless of the interests of mankind. It did not come as a savage to destroy. It did not come with fire and sword, but as a messenger of peace, bearing a white flag, as the emblem of its mission.

Who believes now that this body of flesh, the seat of so many aches and pains, the cause of so much daily care, the incentive to so much that is earthly, sensual, devilish, will be raised up to trouble its possessor again at some far distant day of judgment?

It has been truly said that the history of youth is the history of heroes, and the future of Spiritualism is in the hands of the young; theirs is the pleasure of picking the blossoms we have caused to bud, and theirs the burden of taking up the well-worn crown of thorns.

Is there anything which is more certain to sap the foundations of morality than the public maintenance of a creed which has long since ceased to command the assent, and even the respect, of its recognized defenders?—*F. W. Farrar.*

When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half way to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell.—[William Penn.

“The very word humanity,” says Max Muller, “dates from Christianity.” No such idea, and therefore no such term, was known among men before Christ came.—[I. F. Clarke.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep abiding, godlike hatred.—[F. W. Robertson.

The arm that wields the sledge at daily toil gets strength and toughness. So the soul that has hard discipline, that feels the pain and trouble of misfortune, that toils on through trial, and under burdens and with the strain of sorrow, is made sturdy, and, if it puts faith in God, receives the strength that he supplies. It is fitted for higher duty, to be more helpful to others, and more Christ-like.—[Dr. Burdette Hart.

During the colonial history, no Bibles except Eliot's Indian Bible were allowed by the mother country to be printed. They were, therefore, scarce and expensive, and during the Revolutionary war a few were imported with great difficulty from Scotland and Holland. The first American edition of the Holy Scriptures was published in 1781, by Robert Aiken, of Philadelphia. So meagre were the means of resistance against the evils of that period.—[Daniel Dorchester, D. D.

Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.—[Duke of Wellington.

Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years.—[Spurgeon.

What a “bridge of sighs” Satan builds! What a bridge of songs Christ builds over the border river!—[Macduff.

The three essentials to human happiness are, something to love, something to do and something to hope for.

There is never an end; it is always a going on; and God's mercy is beyond, always.—[Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.—[David H. Aughey.

The sacred Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—[Flavel.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

What says the clock when it strikes one?
"Watch," says the clock, "O, watch little one."

What says the clock when it strikes two?
"Love God, little one, for God loves you."

Tell me softly what it whispers at three?
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more,
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And O, let your young hearts gladly revive
When it echoes so sweetly, "God bless you," at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,
That "your life is a vapor that fadeth away."

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?
'Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?
"Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate."

And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,
"My son, give me that heart of thine."

And such be your voices responsive at ten,
"Hosanna in the highest, hosanna, Amen!"

And loud let your voices ring out at eleven,
'Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven,

When the deep stroke at midnight the watchword
shall ring,
"Lo, these are my jewels, these, these, saith the
King."
—Little Gem.

Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight the unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendors of beneficence.—[Dr. Johnson.

A benevolent man—Dr. Wilson, of Bath—discovered a clergyman who, he was informed, was sick, poor and had a large family. One evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown friend. The friend said: "I will wait upon him early in the morning." "You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

We are accustomed to look with lowly adoration and awe at the condescension of the Lord of Glory. We recall less often the fact by thus becoming man He forever exalted humanity; that humanity is not and cannot be the same hopeless, sin-entangled, prostrate thing it was, since a human body it was for 33 years the dwelling-place of the divine Lord; that by this act God set his seal upon the worth of humanity and gave to man, yes, to human nature, a share in the redemptive scheme.—[President Carter.

Poetry.

O world! thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exer-
cise,
Are still together: who twin, as I were, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. [Shakespeare.

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative.

'Tis fate that flings the dice; and as she flings,
Of kings makes peasants, and of peasants kings.
[Dryden.

We must trust God where we cannot
trace him—[Adam.

There are many echoes in the world
and but few voices.—[Goethe.

Cheerfulness has been called the fair
weather of the heart.—[Smiles.

Religion is the best armor a man can
have, but it is the worst cloak.—[Bunyan.

Though we know not where the road
winds, we know where it will end.—
[Spurgeon.

Some persons, instead of "putting off
the old man," dress him up in a new
shape.—[St. Bernard.

Had the faith of the heart been suffi-
cient, God would not have given you a
mouth.—[L. Aquinas.

I find the doing of the will of God
leaves me no time for disputing about
his plans.—[George Macdonald.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those
things living which are to be desired
when dying.—[Jeremy Taylor.

We must be as courteous to a man as
we are to a picture, which we are will-
ing to give the advantage of a good light.
—[Emerson.

If you do not wish for His kingdom
don't pray for it. But if you do, you
must do more than pray; you must work
for it.—[Ruskin.

Blessed are those homes which are
hallowed by daily prayer. They are
blessed now, and their memory will be a
benediction when the children have gone
forth into new homes of their own. Alas
that any home, particularly a pro-
fessedly Christian home, should be with-
out this great privilege, this great safe-
guard, this means of preparation for the
heavenly home!—Illustrated Christian
Weekly,

Selections from Authors.

Oh, God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains.—*M. Briggs.*

The gulf (of intemperance) from which the man who once enters it never rises more, but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down until recovery is hopeless.—*Chas. Dickens.*

My opinion is that the most severe labors and privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus, because those who have endured the most had nothing else but water.—*Dr. Livingston.*

Of spirits, he who drinks them draws a bill on his health which must always be renewed, because, for want of means, he cannot take it up. He consumes his capital instead of his interest, and the result is the bankruptcy of the body.—*Professor Liebig.*

The habit of using ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public than all other causes. And were I to commence my administration again, with the experience I now have, the first question I would ask, respecting a candidate, would be, "Does he use ardent spirits?"—*Jefferson.*

There is one perfectly sure remedy for intemperance, and that is total abstinence. There is no sure remedy except that, and what I will not recommend to myself I will not recommend to others. I have been a total abstainer from birth. I rejoice that I was early taught to abhor even moderate drinking, and that what I suppose to be sound principles as to temperance were inculcated upon me from the very outset of my preference as a child.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

This above all—to thy own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Shakespeare.*

Not in the Bible, but in the Koran, do I find a sentence that best enunciates the great need of the hour. It reads, "A ruler who appoints to office a man when there is in his dominion another man better qualified for the position, sins against God and against the state."—*J. S. Mill.*

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—*Robert Hall.*

The universe is full of indices; every spot lifts a finger-post pointing to an origin.—*J. C. Campbell.*

No man has any more religion than he can show in time of adversity and trial.—*Matthew Henry.*

Every road which leads to a throne is delightful, were it bristling with thorns; every road which leads to a precipice is frightful, were it covered with roses.—*Fenelon.*

Beautiful is the activity which works for good, and beautiful the stillness which waits for good; blessed the self-sacrifice of one, and blessed the self-forgetfulness of the other.—*Collyer.*

Ye who weep, come to Jesus, for he weeps; ye who suffer, come to him, for he heals; ye who tremble, come to him, for he smiles; ye who pass away, come to him, for he abides.—*Hugo.*

I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world, yet when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. Death will never take me by surprise; do not be afraid of that. I feel so strong in Christ.—*Dr. Judson.*

BEECHER'S SAYINGS.—The *Literary News* offered prizes for the best approved quotations from the writings of Henry Ward Beecher; seventy-three lists were sent in, and the following six selections received the highest number of votes, viz;

Of all battles there are none like the unrecorded battles of the soul.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

If a man is fit to go higher, he will show it by being faithful where he is.

Books out-live empires. They fly without wings, walk without feet; houses of supply are they that, without money or price, feed men suffering from soul hunger, loaves that increase as they are broken, and, after feeding thousands are ready for thousands more.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

God did not make men perfect. He made them pilgrims after perfection.

visited Enfield St, Harvard

PASTE OVER

WISDOM FROM THE HOLMES CALENDAR.

Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind or miss it;—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it.

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.

Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else,—very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now, let us be a celebrated individual!"

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.

Something intensely human, narrow, and definite pierces to the seat our sensibilities more readily than huge occurrences and catastrophes. A nail will pick a lock that defies hatchet and hammer.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum and the place to stand on if you want to move the world. Even "sentimentality," which is sentiment overdone, is better than the affectation of superiority to human weakness.

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.

Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.

It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at.

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!

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.

Let me give you a caution. Be very careful how you tell an author he is droll. Ten to one he will hate you. Say you cried over his romance or his verses, and he will love you and send you a copy. You can laugh over that as much as you like—in private.

As a general rule, that society where flattery is acted is much more agreeable than that where it is spoken. Attention and deference don't require you to make fine speeches expressing your sense of unworthiness (lies) and returning all the compliments paid you.

Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good-breeding never forgets that amour-propre is universal.

You know, that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way,—and the fools know it.

Sermons against Covetousness and against the dangers of making haste to be rich have given place to discourses on the "Moral uses of Wealth and Luxury," and things of that sort. Little public and less private admonition has been given to the Disciples of Christ against the thirst for material gratifications and possessions, the great temptation of our times. Many congregations have become Temples of Fashion and Pride, and their ministers priests of Mammon, though using the forms of Christianity. Methodism has not withstood this generation as it should have done, and Methodism must wear its proportion of sackcloth and ashes.—[Christian Advocate.

Too many are reliant entirely upon external religion. If that be attended to carefully, they conclude that all is right. To sing a hymn is in their minds a good thing, though their heart never praises God; to join in the posture of prayer is to them an excellent thing, though their heart never cries to God for mercy. Alas! that men should dream that the hollow hypocrisy which insults God with empty forms should have a magical virtue in it. Oh that men should be so mad as to conceive that the bringing of the mere husks and bran of external devotion to God can be anything to Him but sheer mockery, provoking Him to greater wrath! Outward religion is a slight and pretended healing, being, in fact, no healing at all, but a cry of "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. —[Spurgeon,

Sober thought about one's own soul and its destiny is by no means a favorite occupation with men. How few sit down and answer the question, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" They would sooner hear a thunder clap than be asked to consider their ways. Because superficial religion only requires so much church-going, or attendance at sermon, or so many half guineas, so much repeating of minor phrases, and listening to pious periods, it suits the thoughtless; but as to seeking after God by meditation, prayer, confession, faith, they cannot. Away with it,—[Spurgeon.

—What could better describe the effects of Divine grace than this? "Not desponding, sickly, pining, morbid, morose; not gloomy, chilling, cold, forbidding; not languid, lazy, indolent, inactive; but full of life and warmth and energy; cheerful, and making others cheerful; gay, and making others gay; happy, and making others happy; contented, and making others contented; at ease, and putting others at ease; active, and making others active; doing good, and making others do good, by our living, lively, life-like, vivid vitality—filling every corner of our own souls and bodies, filling every corner of the circle and institution in which we move, with the fresh life-blood of a warm, genuine, kindly Christian heart."—Dean Stanley.

GEMS OF LIBERAL THOUGHT.

Pleasure is the reward of moderation.

Knowledge without discretion is like a house without a roof.

A character that will not defend itself is rarely worth defending.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—[Sterne.

Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it is little.

Strive to impress on your children that the only disgrace attached to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly.

A new thought may be false; if it is it will pass away. When the new truth has come to life it bursts the old husks.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motives in performing it.

If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.—[Voltaire.

It is not the man who cannot feel what peril is, nor the man too much abstracted to see it, who suffers to most purpose or does his work best; but the man who sees trial, who feels suffering in all its intensity, and yet for the sake of duty, will endure all.

Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give up the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that in any possible situation, or any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing.—[Thomas Jefferson.

Every Sunday School has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality. The poor children are taught that nothing can be more acceptable to God than unreasoning obedience and eyeless faith, and that to believe that God did an impossible act is far better than to do a good one yourself.—[Col. Ingersoll.

The Perry (L.)

with the prospect of

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THREE THOUGHTS.

"Come in, Sweet Thought, come in
Why linger at the door?
Is it because a shape of sin
Defiled the place before?
'Twas but a moment there;
I chased it soon away;
Behold, my breast is clean and bare—
Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay,
The Sweet Thought said me, 'No;
I love not such a room,
Where one outh inmates come and go,
And back, unbidden, come.
I rather make my cell
From ill resort secure,
Where love and lovely fancies dwell
In bosoms virgin-pure.'

Oh, Pure Thought, then I said,
Come thou, and bring with thee
Thou dainty Sweetness, fancy-bred,
That flouts my house and me.
No peevish pride hast thou,
Nor turnest glance of scorn
On aught the laws of life allow
In man of woman born.
Said he, 'No place for us
Is here; and, be it known,
You dwell where ways are perilous
For them that walk alone;
There needs the sure-footed,
The fresher-sprinkled floor,
Else are we not for your abode—
And turned him from my door.

Then, in my utmost need,
Oh, Holy Thought, I cried,
Come thou, that cleanest will and deed,
And in my breast abide.
'Yes, sinner, that will I,
And presently begin';
And ere the heart had heaved its sigh,
The Guest Divine came in.
As in the pest-house ward
The prompt Physician stands,
As in the leaguered castle-yard
The Warden with his bands,
He stood, and said, 'My task
Is here, and here my home;
And here am I, who only ask
That I be asked to come.'

See how in huddling flight
The ranks of darkness run,
Exhale and perish in the light
Streamed from the risen sun;
How, but a drop infuse
Within the turpid bowl,
Of some elixir's virtuous juice
It straight makes clear the whole;
So from before his face
The fainting phantoms went,
And, in a fresh and sunny place,
My soul sat down content;
For—mark and understand
My ailment and my cure—
Love came and brought me, in his hand,
The Sweet Thought and the Pure."

—[SAMUEL FERGUSON.

History of the ...

PASTE OVER

DIE, SWEET JUNE.

Ring all thy lily bells; thy royal colors fly,
Sweet June, and die!
The burden of her flowery state she bore,
Till heart could bear no more
The revelry of golden throats, perfumes
Of all the dear, dead Junes.
The phantom rose-leaves drifting faint and wan,
Slow fading in the sun,
Remembered kisses by the pansy bed,
Vows that were said,
Soft dreaming eyes of loved ones passed away,
Haunt the still day.
The vanished sighs, the thrilling touch of hands,
In death's far lands,
All the impassioned loveliness that smiled
On thee, fair child.
Oh! rose-crowned daughter of a deathless sire,
Too fierce the fire
That poured its amber tide along thy veins;
Too strong the chains
That bound thy spirit to the unburied past;
Peace, June, at last!

LITTLE MINISTRIES.

A single word is a little thing,
But a man may be dying before your eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
With its welcome help and sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
But men may be fainting beside us here,
For longing to share their weariness.

These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,
Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow,
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

—M—

For the Companion.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

Why doesn't it snow? why doesn't it snow?
The clouds hang heavy, and dark, and low.
I've watched, and waited, and longed, all day;
I've stood at the window; I could not play
With top or marbles, while in the shed
Hung, idle and useless, my bright new sled!

Does it take so long for the snow to make?
I s'pose it is frozen, flake by flake,
And stays in some particular spot
Until it has gathered a good big lot,
And then, when the word of command is given,
Comes floating down from the clouds of heaven.

I see a flake! I see a flake!
Another! another! and now they make
The air all white, they come so fast!
The ground will be covered with snow at last!
'Tis late, I know, but I think we might,
Dear sled, have one little slide to-night.

JOY ALLISON.

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly.
Keep at one thing—in nowise change.
Always be in haste, but never in a hurry.
Observe system in all you do and undertake.
What ever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.
Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.
Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping.
Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed—help others along in life's thorny path.
Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.
He that ascends the ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.
Think all you speak; but speak not all you think; Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more—
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err when she does keep the door.

There is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skilful, will not turn to account. Honey exudes from all flowers, the bitter not excepted; and the bee knows how to extract it.—[Bishop Horne.

Those that are not resolved, and go in religious ways without a steadfast mind, tempt the tempter, and stand like a door half ajar, which invites a thief; but resolution shuts and bolts the door, resists the devil, and forces him to flee.—[Matthew Henry.

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.

occasion of our anniversary meeting with us, April 1, 1870.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-doer only in the want of opportunity.

Spanish proverb: The man who stumbles twice on the same thing is a fool.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

We may boast of great strength, yet possess little skill; profit lies nearer the latter than the former.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.

Cheerfulness should be encouraged. The world is full of people who volunteer to look sad and feel melancholy.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

As I wandered through the wildwood,
Breathing the fresh, balmy air,
Thinking of the pleasant spring-time,
Bringing flowers so rich and fair;
Just above a little snow drift,
Springing out of the cold ground,
There I saw the sweet arbutus,
Spread in beauty all around.

Eagerly I ran to pluck them,
Glad to welcome them again,
For they spoke in tones so gentle,
After winter's long, cold reign.
Oh, they are so sweet and lovely,
How they seem to cheer our sight;
Leaves so green and flowers so tiny,
Clothed in palest pink and white.

Wildwood flowers! Oh, how I love them,
Blooming beautiful and fair,
Still without the hand of culture,
Or the gardener's tender care;
What a lesson they do teach me!
Though our lot may be obscure,
He who clothes the fields in beauty,
Careth for the humble poor.

[CHLOE.]

Another object in the spiritual movement is to unfold the latent forces of human souls, to expand their natures, and make them more susceptible to the teachings of the spirit. It is not the work of a day, nor a year, but ages must pass away ere the summit can be reached.

God is love, love concentrated, love essential, love in everything; but if we are to accept this doctrine of Eternal Punishment, this conception of God receives such a shock as to shatter it to the very foundations, and proclaim God as harsh, unyielding, revengeful, and tyrannical.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

TENDER WORDS TO THE BLIND.

Dear friends, left darkling in the long eclipse
That veils the noonday—you whose finger-tips
A meaning in these ridgy leaves can find
Where ours go stumbling, senseless, helpless, blind—
This wreath of verse how dare I offer you
To whom the garden's choicest gifts are due?
The hues of all its glowing beds are ours—
Shall you not claim its sweetest smelling flowers?

Nay, those I have I bring you; at their birth
Life's cheerful sunshine warmed the grateful earth;
If my rash boyhood dropped some idle seeds
And here and there you light on saucy weeds
Among the fairer growths, remember still
Song comes of grace and not of human will:
We get a jarring note when most we try,
Then strike the chord we know not how or why.
Our stately verse with too aspiring art
Oft overshoots and fails to reach the heart.
While the rude rhyme one human throb endears
Turns grief to smiles and softens mirth to tears.

Kindest of critics, ye whose fingers read,
From Nature's lesson learn the poet's creed;
The queenly tulip flaunts in robes of flame,
The wayside scouling scarce a tint may claim,
Yet may the lowliest leadlets that unfold
A dewdrop fresh from heaven's own chalice hold.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

ANGEL COURT.

The palace-gardens shone with flowers,
The long warm summer day;
A beggar-child stood watching
The little prince at play;
But the guard who passed the palace-walls
Would have thrust the child away.
But the little prince, he chid the guard—
"What has she done?" said he;
"Our Father loves us all," he said,
"Whatever we may be."

"Where do you live, my little maid?"
"In Angel Court," said she;
"And it's all so dark; I only came
Just once the flowers to see:
We have no flowers in Angel Court,"
She murmured bitterly.
But the little prince looked up to heaven,
"That is our home," said he;
"Our father loves us all," he said,
"Where'er on earth we be."

The years went by; the beggar child
In an Angel home was blest;
In a distant land the bright young prince
Was passing to his rest.
Far from his home, and wife, and child,
And all he loved the best,
But he turned and saw a face he knew
An angel at his side,
"Our father loves us well," she said,
And with a smile he died.

—Frederic E. Weatherly in the Quiver for September.

To have our hearts balanced on God as their centre, and so balanced that under the ruder touches of temptation they may be moved to and fro like the nicely poised stones of the Druids, but, like those stones, always return again to their rest—that is to be blessed indeed—to be blessed like the Psalmist, who said, after some rough onset of Satan, "I shall not be greatly moved."

Thou turnest all my hopes to fears,
My peace to strife;
Thou feedest me with bread of tears,
Lord of life!

Thou dimm'st mine eyes, thou dull'st mine ears,
Thou tak'st my breath;
Thou feedest me with bread of tears,
Lord of death!

My soul thou humblest till it hears,
And looks above;
Thou feedest me with bread of tears,
Lord of love!

Author of "Gideons Rock."

—True piety is no enemy to courtesy.

—The use of character is to be a shield
against calumny.—[Burke.

—The preacher and the teacher must possess
the accent of conviction.

—If our eye be ever towards God in duty
His eye will be ever towards us in mercy.

—The consciousness of duty performed
gives us music at midnight.—[George Herbert.

—If we take care to keep a good conscience
we may leave it to God to take care of our
good name.

—We cannot expect perfection in anyone;
but we may demand consistency of everyone.
—[Hannah More.

—Behind the snowy loaf is the mill wheel,
behind the mill the wheat field, on the wheat
field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.
—[J. L. Russell.

—Benjamin Franklin [said: "The eyes of
either people are the eyes that ruin us. If all
about myself were blind I should neither want a
fine house nor fine furniture."

—Not great faith, or intelligent faith, but
faith saves the soul; for a touch connects
us with Christ as well as a grasp. The full-
ness is in him, not in our manner of seeking.

—When some certain religious exercise is
too dry for you, stop to think whether it may
not be that you are too dry for it. To some
one else it may be delicious—as "sweet as
honey from the comb."

—He is truly great that is great in charity.
He is truly great, that is little in himself, and
that maketh no account of and height of
honor. And he is truly learned, that doeth
the will of God and forsaketh his own will.—
[Thomas A. Kempis.

—Do not wade far out into the dangerous
sea of this world's comfort. Take what the
good God provides you, but say of it, "It
passeth away; for indeed it is but a temporary
need." Never suffer your goods to become
your God.—[Spurgeon.

—The best things are nearest; light in your
eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your
hand, the path of God just before you.
Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's
plain, common work as it comes, certain that
daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest
things of life.

—One never knows a man till he has re-
fused him something, and studied the effect
of the refusal; one never knows himself till
he has denied himself. The altar of sacrifice
is the touch stone of character. The cross
compels a choice for or against the Christ.—
[O. P. Gifford.

—Mr. Spurgeon recently made this remark:
"Doubts about the fundamentals of the Gos-
pel exist in certain churches, I am told, to a
large extent. My dear friends, where there
is a warm hearted church you do not hear of
them. They do not come near; it is too
warm, I never saw a fly light on a red-hot
plate."

—Endeavor to be always patient of the
faults and imperfections of others; for thou
hast many faults and imperfections of thy
own that require a reciprocation of forbear-
ance. If thou art not able to make thyself
that which thou wishest to be, how canst
thou expect to mold another in conformity to
thy will?—[Thomas A. Kempis.

—It is good for every one to have an in-
telligent attachment to his church. Few
persons more quickly cease to attend any
church than they do to whom all churches
are alike. The reasons may be open to ques-
tion, but let all our fellow citizens have an
attachment, for which they can give reasons
to a particular church, and we shall have less
carelessness, less Sabbath desecration and
less crime.—[Dr. John Hall.

—Nature only tells of hard, pitiless, re-
morseless law. The fire burns, though there
be a saintly martyr in the flame. The tide
surges in, though a Christian maiden be
bound to a stake in his course. Leap over
the precipice and you are dashed in pieces,
There is no mercy in the electric cloud, in the
ocean or the land. Everywhere you see wis-
dom and power in creation and providence,
but not mercy.—[W. M. Taylor.

—All church-goers may profitably pray this
prayer, offered by a South Sea Islander just
as the meeting was breaking up: "O God,
we are about to go to our respective homes.
Let not the words we have heard be like the
fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off
and folded away in a box till another Sabbath
comes round. Rather, let thy truth be like
the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till
death."

—Jesus will not always hide from those
who thus love and sorrowfully seek him.
These longings shall not always be unsatisfied;
this hope shall not be baffled forever. They
shall find who seek. Only let us not seek for
him in a dead past. Let us not seek the living
among the dead. If any thing has been bad
or unbelieving in our past, shall we not let it
go and seek a new, a fresh experience, believ-
ing anew as if we had never believed before,
forming new plans of Christian living, and
entering cheerfully, resolutely on new work
for Christ.—[New York Observer.

BRIO-A-BRAG.

SONNET.

And there are things for which there is no speech;
Which from the gross embrace of language flee,
Like Roman girls from Vandal soldiery;
Which even Poesy can never reach,
Though kneeling genius tearfully beseech
For wings of utterance. Pathetic trees,
Brilliant with autumn, ye are one of these!
O maple garnet-leaved, O bronzed beech!
Burnished with musing noon, there is no voice
For your imperial splendors! Even tears
Ease not the lofty anguish of the heart,
Nor bid that tongueless nightingale rejoice!
O glory that so lavishly appears,
'Tis color's disembodied soul thou art!
—Franklin E. Denton in the *Current*.

BRIO-A-BRAG.

MORNING.

O! fair, sweet mother of the southern breeze,
Celestial Morning, lo, thou dost awake!
And garments of eternal light dost take,
And swift thy scented breath comes o'er the trees
The pink rose garlands fall down to thy knees,
And there, all glittering with dew, they shake,
Like wavelets on some molten silver lake.
'Neath thy blue eye that smiles across the seas,
And from thy purple chalice pouring flowers
Upon the level streams and rolling lands,
Across the rich horizon thou dost fly,
Arousing all the laughing little Hours,
That softly slip away in broken bands
Beneath the moonless and the starless sky
—W. J. Henderson in *New York Times*

PIERPONT'S HEAD, CUT AS A SEAL.

BY M. W. C.

Ayl seem they not of old, heroic mold,—
The brow of haughty grace, the kindling eyes
That pierce the well-cloaked hypocrite's disguise,
And stun the tyrant in his strongest hold,
As if the thunders of the judgment rolled?
Reasoning of righteousness, even while they rise
To make that valiant life the sacrifice,
So stood, with adamantine forehead bold,
The Jew of Tarsus, manacled and bound:
Like his, that voice, amid the tumult swelling,
Of temperance, right, and coming judgment telling,
Till conscience-smitten listeners hate the sound
Of liberty's lone peal from yonder spire,
Calling their craven souls to feel such words of fire!
—*Christian Register*.

BRIO-A-BRAG.

SOLITUDE.

Not in the deepest tangles of the wood,
The turtle's haunt, the timid squirrel's lair;
Not on the ocean beaches, rough and bare
With never ending batties, unsubdued
In war of winds and waters hoarse and rude;
Not in the mountain-passes, where the air
Sobs low, and life is like a long despair—
Thy home is not in these, oh Solitude!
But in the busy concourse, long and loud,
Where not one pulse of human sympathy
Beats through the grasping spirits of the crowd—
Where each is rapt in snatching greedily
His brother's portion—'neath a shallow shroud,
We know thy truest haunt, and weep for thee.
—*Chambers's Journal*.

CHARACTER---A SONNET.

Not what we have, but what we are, O Lord,
Brings the sweet blessing from thy lavish
hand;
'Tis character, not circumstance, the wand
That smites the rock whence flows the rich re-
ward.
Those lives who sweetly with thine own
accord,
The meek, the merciful, the pure in heart,
Shall see and know thee, Saviour, as thou art,
For so 'tis written in thy holy word:
And circumstance is but the scaffolding
By which the soul can build a noble life,
And we are lifted Godward on the wing
Of trial, sorrow, and each daily strife.
Then, Lord, ensure the mind divine to me,
That perfect as thou art, so may I perfect be.
New-York. J. WALLIS COOK.

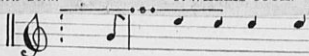
Inner Life—Sonnet.

AH WORLD, oft rude and cold, and full of wrong
And hate, I sometimes sicken at thy ways!
But fancy not that these my youthful days
Pass by without one happy, soothing song;
And that because of thy insulting throng
I take no comfort. Hidden from thy gaze,
Velled from thy curious eyes' far-piercing rays,
My heart hath held a sanctuary long.
For, sweeping clean a quiet place in my mind,
I there have raised an altar where I bend
In worship of the beautiful—the pure.
Though many are the chords thy harpies bind
To keep me in thy thrall, yet there I rend
Them all, and dwell in peace, from thee secure.

HENRY GILMAN.

THE HIDDEN SWEET.

The honey bee that wanders all day long,
The field, the woodland and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness, closely pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
From all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of Humanity,
And like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.



So glory to God

PASTE OVER

TWO WAYS AND ONLY TWO.

First—The "Broad way." Disobedience to parents. Sabbath breaking. Cigarettes. Lager. Whiskey. Drunkenness. Delirium tremens. Dancing. Circus. Ten cent theatres. Obscene literature. Profanity. Gambling. Horse racing. Cock-fights. Dog-fights. Bull-fights. Prize-fights. Crimes. Divorce. Suicide. Murder. Infidel clubs. Short life. Hopeless sickness. Poverty. Death in despair.

Second—"The Narrow way." Obedience to parents. Good company. Family worship. Sunday school. Prayer meetings. Preaching. Penitence. Prayer. Pardon. Peace. Holiness. Happiness. Hope of a crown and mansion "over there." Peaceful death.

"Servants ye are to whom ye obey." The devil is a hard master. "The way of the transgressor is hard." Jesus' "yoke is easy."—*The Bible.* "Choose ye whom ye will serve."
C. DEVOL.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

For days the peaks were hoods of cloud,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the Summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud:
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,
As though September, having blown
A blast of tempest, now had thrown
A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flew,
And, careless of the course of Time,
The bloomy days began anew.
Then, as a happy dream come true,
Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbeliev'd—
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,
And its nooned dead, a while replev'd,
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring
Thee vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring
Did come again, in search of thee?
—Robert Underwood Johnson in the Century.

Touching plagiarism in general, it is to be remembered that all men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped; they are taught by every person whom they meet and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been often aided; and if the attainments of all human minds could be traced to their real sources, it would be found that the world had been laid most under contribution by the men of most original power, and that every day of their existence deepened their debt to the race, while it enlarged their gift to it.—[Boskin.

THE SABBATH MORN.

The birds sing a wondrous hymn
Out in the leafy trees;
The brook ripples out and in,
Kissed by the morning breeze.

The flocks on the hillside lie
'Neath the mossy rock's cool shade;
And the woodland murmurs vie
With the silver-toned cascade.

In the street, where yesterday,
There was noise, and dust, and strife,
And the laugh of children gay,
And the stern affairs of life.

Only chastened voices speak,
Only echoes so, are born—
'Tis the first day of the week—
The earth's most sacred morn!

And above and over all,
The church bells sweetly chime,
Seeming each thought to call
To Eternity from Time.

M. A. P.

Sowing the Tares.

[Baltimore Sun.]

A prisoner in the penitentiary, who heard Mr. Moody's remarks last Sunday, retired after the discourse to a cell and soon emerged with verses hastily written in the meantime, which had been suggested by the discourse, and handed them to Mr. Moody, who, in the afternoon, had them read at the Maryland Institute, as follows:

Sowing tares, when it might have been wheat,
Picking the bud of life's wreath all complete,
The night sinks down, amid darkness and fears,
While we are so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares of malice and spite,
Words of black import—*The night;*
We might have sowed roses amid life's sad cares,
But we turned from their beauty to sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares—how dark the black sin,
Mingling a curse with life's sweetest hymn;
Heeding no anguish, no piteous prayers
While we were so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares to bring sorrow down
That robs of its jewels life's fairest crown;
Turning to silver the once golden hairs
That grew whiter and whiter as we sowed the tares.

Sowing the tares under cover of night,
When we might have sowed joys cheery and bright,
Oh! heart, turn to God, with repentance and prayers,
And plead for forgiveness for sowing the tares.

As a churchy empiric.

The career of thought, like the career of stars, is rhythmic, floating in the magnetic currents of Divine purpose. Whether studied in the private bosom or on the plains of empire, it is seen to repeat the same sublime laws. And these laws are the same that hold the stars in order and orbit. Worlds come from suns, suns from vaster suns, and all, at first, from that burning vortex of eternal light, in which converge the infinite laws of Pure Intelligence. This focus is the vortex through which the Ideas of Pure Reason rush forth into cosmic chronology, just as the human spirit is the other vortex of life through which these worlds rush upward into love, will, wisdom, philosophy. The universe

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter east their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring-flower, tinted like a shell,
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.
As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lonely, clogged, and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.
—J. G. Whittier.

Better Things.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing
wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook, than watch a dia-
mond shine.
Better the love of a gentle heart, than beauty's
favors proud;
Better the rose's living seed, than roses in a crowd.
Better to love in loneliness, than to bask in love all
day;
Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain
by the way.
Better to be fed by mother's hand, than eat alone at
will;
Better to trust in good than say, "My goods my
storehouse fill."
Better to be a little wise, than in knowledge to
abound;
Better to teach a child, than toil to fill perfection's
round.
Better to sit at a master's feet, than thrill a listen-
ing state;
Better to suspect that thou art proud, than be sure
that thou art great.
Better to walk the real unseen, than watch the
hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last, than the air
with shouting rent.
Better to have a quiet grief, than a hurrying de-
light;
Better the twilight of the dawn, than the noonday
burning bright.
Better a death when work is done, than earth's
most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king
of all the earth.

SEPTEMBER.

A change creeps over nature. A deep flush
Mounts to the maple-leaf; the air is clear,
The grapes are purpling, and a crimson blush
Spreads o'er such flowers as deck the waning year;
Ripe apples bend the trees, while golden-rod
By roadside, lane, and meadow gayly nod.
Now whistlings of the quail are often heard
From buckwheat-fields, while, on the calm air,
floats
The drumming of the partridge. Not a bird
Builds now a nest; but night is thrill'd by notes
From crickets near, and locusts' drowsy hum
That seems to say: "September time has come!"
—Brooklyn Magazine.

Mother's Way.

Of within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder at this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

POETS' CABIN

Not to Myself Alone!

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,—
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping every even tide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."
"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,—
"Not to myself I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet,
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget in every fate,
His home on high."
"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the field with herb and floweret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."
"Not to myself alone,"
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part;
Chiefest of Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone!

Selections.

A Literary Curiosity.

Mrs. A. A. Deming, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting up and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets. The names of the authors are given below :

Life.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
2. Life's short summer, man a flower ;
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die ;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all ;
10. Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.
11. Nature to each allots his proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care ;
13. Custom does not often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well, how long or short permit, to heaven ;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.
19. Then keep each passion down,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear ;
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high, but stoop to rise :
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem :
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave :
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition ? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions, tell.
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just ;
38. For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young ; 2, Dr. Johnson ; 3, Pope ; 4, Prior ; 5, Sewall ; 6, Spenser ; 7, Daniel ; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh ; 9, Longfellow ; 10, Southwell ; 11, Congreve ; 12, Churchill ; 13, Rochester ; 14, Armstrong ; 15, Milton ; 16, Bailey ; 17, Trench ; 18, Somerville ; 19, Thomson ; 20, Byron ; 21, Smollett ; 22, Crabbe ; 23, Massinger ; 24, Crowley ; 25, Beattie ; 26, Cowper ; 27, Sir Walter Davenant ; 28, Grey ; 29, Willis ; 30, Addison ; 31, Dryden ; 32, Francis Quarles ; 33, Watkins ; 34, Herrick ; 35, William Mason ; 36, Hill ; 37, Dana ; 38, Shakspeare.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun ;
After the snow, the emerald leaves ;
Silver stars when the day is done ;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky ;
After the tempest, the lull of waves ;
Quiet woods when the winds go by ;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell the wedding bells ;
After the bud, the radiant rose ;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells ;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed ;
After the flight, the downy nest ;
After the furrow, the waking seed ;
After the shadowy river—rest !

pleft,

*the land
gift*

*eful arm
Thee*

*from harm
troubled sea.*

Odds and Ends.

... Anticipation of evil is the death of happiness.

... Disinterestedness, inspired by enthusiasm, is the true economy of great minds, and the true wisdom of great politicians.

... Life has indeed some noble pleasures. It is so easy to do good when compared with the happiness we derive from doing it.

... Weaknesses, light as we make of them, by the names we give them, are things of thews!—tough wrestlers!—have a care of them—keep aloof from them!—suffer them not to close with you! once they get a hold, they mostly keep it, and often are they mortal in the grapple!

... What is virtue? To a student who put this question to the late D'Archibald Alexander, his simple and admirable reply was, "Virtue consists of our duty in the several relations that we sustain in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience and revelation."

... It often happens that the plans which, in our human wisdom, we have laid, would, if carried out, prove disastrous to ourselves, and it as often happens that Providence is secretly working for our good, when, in the despair of tribulation and adversity, we are led to think ourselves forgotten by Him who notes even the fall of a sparrow.

... Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry—the wreck of health repaired by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever *again looked upon his vanished hours*, recalled his slighted years and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from his heart's record the blot of a wasted life?

... It is cruel—it is wicked, to grieve the love of *old age*. Youth is elastic and hopeful, with a long future before it—and can get over every trouble, except, perhaps, *remorse*; and middle life is mature in strength, and occupied with many things—but age, old age! it has so little to hope for in this world! so short a time to live in this sunshiny world, that it loves as much as a child does! and to fill that little time with bitterness—to flood those few remaining hours with sorrow!—to break an old heart that has survived all the stormy troubles of life!

... The only instant when man has anything sublime about him, is when prostrate before the Invisible, he makes an offering of his own will and his own wisdom, desiring to be guided only to that which is best and wisest. Prayer is the appeal from the fluctuating incomprehensible aspect of this life, to Him who changes not. None but they who are sinking under some of the infinitely varied forms of human need and human weakness, can tell the strong consolation of taking refuge from their perplexities with one "who knoweth all things, and to whom all hearts are open."

Len
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A Sonnet.

enamored architect of airy rhyme,

Build as thou wilt; heed not what each ^{man} ^{says} man
 Good pouls, but innocent of dreamer's ways,

Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
 Others, beholding how thy turrets climb

'Swift theirs and heaves, will hate thee all their ^{day}

But most because of those who come to praise.

O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime

And heaven-pent dreams, let art be all in all;

Build as thou wilt, unspriled by praise or blame,

Build as thou wilt; and as thy light is given:

Then, if at last the airy structure fall,

Resolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.

They fail, and they alone, who have not stung.

G. B. Aldrich.

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A Collection of Beautiful Gems.

"No intellectual investment. I feel certain bears such smile and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin, or Greek literature deposited in our memory during childhood and youth." — Max Müller.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
- Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good & the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. — David Bates.

How sweet the words of truth breathed
from the lips of love! — James Beattie.

Of all the earthly music, that which
reaches furthest into heaven is the music
of a loving heart.

We can do more by being good than in any
other way. — Rowland Hill.

To the merry brown thrush sings away in
the tree

To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy!
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!"

But long it whist-be,
Don't-you know? don't-you see?
Unless we're as good as we can be!

Lucy Larcom.

Every day that is born into the world comes
like a burst of music, and sings itself
all the way through; and thou shalt
make it a dance, a dirge, or a grand life-
march, as thou wilt. Ladies' Repository.

For honesty is before honor; and the w man
must write his poems in sounding words,
God's poems are printed best in the bare
and silent duties of common life.

Edwards Barrett

The life of man is made up of action and
endurance; and life is fruitful in the
ratio in which it is laid out in noble action
or in patient-perseverance. H. P. Liddon.

If you tried and have not won,
 Never stop for crying;
 All that's good and great is done
 Just by patient trying
 Phoebe Cary.

Children have more need of maddes than of critics
 Joseph Joubert.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast
 Massinger

The best hearts are ever the bravest
 Laurence Sterne.

He that avoideth not small faults,
 by little and little falleth into greater
 Thomas a Kempis.

True to be true, nothing you need a lie;
 A fault which needs it most grows true thereby
 George Herbert.

Dishonor waits on perfidy. A man should
 blush to think a falsehood; it is the crime
 of cowards -
 Samuel Johnson

Truth is the highest thing a man may keep
 Dehaene

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint; and the cowardly, feeble resolve.

Burns.

I have learned by experience that no man's character can be effectually injured, but by his own acts.

Routledge Hill.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds. George Eliot.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. Jean Paul Richter.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.

Samuel Smiles.

Here is the manliness of manhood, that a man has a reason for what he does, and has a will in it.

Alexander MacLaren.

Look for goodness look for gladness,
 You will meet them all the while;
 If you bring a smiling visage
 To the glass you meet a smile.

Alice Lang.

The deepest truth blooms only from the
 deepest-love.

Helen.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased
 in doing good.

Nicholas Prou.

How calmly we commit ourselves to the
 hands of Him who bears up the world!

Leon Paul Richter.

The best things are nearest, - light in your eyes,
 flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path
 of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the
 stars, but do life's plain, common work as it
 comes, certain that our daily duties and daily
 bread are the sweetest things of life.

Learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldenwith

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

Horace Mann.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.

Horace Bushness.

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency

R. W. Emerson.

The most profitable and praiseworthy genius in the world is untiring industry.

E. L. Magoun.

Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.

Petouch.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

John Ruskin.

Bad as any government may be, it is seldom worse than anarchy.

Adrop.

An anarchist is a social Ichmaelite, whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.

C. G. Drake.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.
 Longfellow.

I pray the prayer of Plato old, -
 "God make thee beautiful within."
 Whittier.

He hath a daily beauty in his life
 Shakespeare.

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

The finest fruit earth hold up to its Maker
 is a finished man. -
 Humboldt

Nothing is more simple than greatness, in
 deed, to be simple is to be great.
 Emerson.

The truly great man is he who does not
 lose his child-heart
 Menenius.

No fountain is so small but that heaven
 may be imaged in its bosom.
 Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Anger manages everything badly. *Stodius.*

Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor. *Queen Elizabeth.*

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts up his eyes. *Cato.*

Beware of him who is slow to anger; anger when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept.

Abused patience turns to fury.

J. Quaker.

Never forget what a man has said to you when he was angry; if he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up; anger is a bow that will shoot some times where another feeling will not.

H. W. Beecher.

First appearances deceive many

Proverbs.

Beware so long as you live of judging men by their outward appearance.

La Fontaine.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be ^{secretly} really what we would appear to be

In your patience ye are strong.

Mark. C. B. Browning.

How poor are they who have no patience!

Shakespeare.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

George Eliot.

And heaven is kind to the faithful heart;
And, if we are patient and brave & calm,
Our fruits will last; thr' our flowers depart.

D. M. Craik.

For ever and ever, my darling, ye—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are winged from the first for flying.

Our way we plough

In the furrow "now";

But after the tilling and sowing, the sheep,
Poil for the root, but the sun for the leaf;
And God keepeth watch forever.

Mary Hayes Dodge.

There is no creature so small and abject, that it representeth not the goodness of God. Thomas à Kempis

Appetite maketh the food sweet.

Mencius

A well-governed appetite is the greater part
of liberty.

Seneca.

He who pampers his appetite is the enemy
of his own body.

Cecilianus.

Appetite and reason are commonly like
two buckets—when one is at the top, the
other is at the bottom; now of the two, I
had rather the reason bucket be uppermost.

J. Collier.

Authors like wine, grow dearest as they
grow older.

Pope.

It requires more than mere genius to
be an author.

Bruyere.

He who proposes to be an author should
first be a student.

Dryden.

Young authors give their brains much
exercise and little food.

Joubert.

A wise attempt defeated is no failure.

J. P. Day.

From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend -
 Path, matrix, guide, original, and end.

Samuel Johnson.

My barge is rafted to the storm
 By breath Divine;
 And on the helm there rests a home
 Other than mine.

Dean Alford.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
 I love Thee while my days go on;
 Through dark and death thine fire I feel,
 With emptied arms, and treasure lost,
 I thank Thee while my days go on.

Mrs. C. B. Browning.

I expect to pass through this life but once.
 If therefore, there be any kindness I can
 show, or any good thing I can do to my
 fellow-being, let me do it now. Let
 me not defer or neglect it; for I shall
 not pass this way again.

Mrs. A. B. Heigerman.

Power in its measure and degree is the measure
 of mankind

J. G. Holland.

Fleets and armies are not always the
strongest bulwarks. Tacitus.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
Shakespeare.

Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Butler.

The land is dearer for the sea
The ocean for the shore.
Lucy Larcom.

As the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day;
Longfellow.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Much being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Shakespeare.

He that is drunken
Is outlawed by himself; all kinds of ill
Did with the liquor slide into his veins.
Herbert.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
I hate it and desire all good men's love.
Shakespeare

Man's labors must pass like the sunrises
and sunsets of the world. The next thing,
not the last, must be his care.

George Mac Donald.

Our grand business is not to see what
lies dimly at a distance, but to do what
lies clearly at hand.

Thomas Carlyle.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!

Take this lesson to thy heart:—

That is best which lieth nearest;

Shape forms that thy work of art—

Long fellow.

Character is higher than intellect. A
great soul will be strong to live as well
as strong to think. Emerson.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might
stand up, and say to all the world,

"This was a man!"

Shakespeare.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness & humility. Shakespeare.

Before the Rain

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
 A spirit on slender ropes of mist
 Was lowering its golden buckets down,
 Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
 To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars ^{showed}
 The white of their leaves, the amber grain
 Shrank in the wind, - and the lightning saw
 Im tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

I'll face the land, to hastening ill a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay,
 Goldsmith.

Attempt the end and never stand in doubt;
 Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
 Herrick.

Pleasure must succeed to pleasure,
 The past pleasure turns to pain.
 Robert Browning.

I hold in truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in diverse tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson

Aspirations pure and high,

Strength to do and to endure—

Heir of all the ages, I:

See! I am no longer poor!

Julia C. R. Dow.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,

A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;

King of two hands he, does his part

In every useful toil and act;

A heritage it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

J. P. Lowell.

Be courageous. Be independent. Only remem-
 be where true courage and independence
 come from.—

Phillips Brooks.

He who thinks his place below him
 will certainly be below his place

Li H. Savile.

After the Rain.

The rain has ceased and in my room
 The sunshine pours an airy flood;
 And on the churches dizzy spire
 The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
 Antiquely carved, gray and high,
 A dome facing westward, looks
 Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
 A square of gold, a disk, a speck.
 And in the belfry sits a dove
 With purple ripples on her neck.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Ye who would in aught excel,
 Ponder this simple maxim well,
 A wise man's censure may appall,
 But a fool's praise is worst of all.

Bohn Mess.

The stone that is rolling, you gather in vain,
 To make and prevent it changing is less
 Fuller

The man whom I call deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself.

Sir Walter Scott.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, there I think our work in this world is over.

George Mac Donald

'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial fire of charity in the heart.

Washington Irving.

There is no death of charity in the world in giving; but there is little exercised in thinking and speaking.

Sir Philip Sidney

Charity - gentle to hear, kindly to judge.

Shakespeare.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

George Elliot

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls.

David Thomas.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone:
 No flower of her kindred
 No rosebud is nigh
 To reflect back her blushes
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves over the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away;
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone.

J. Moore.

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
 That obeyeth Love's command!
 It is the heart, and not the brain,
 That to the highest doth attain;
 And he who followeth Love's behest
 Far excelleth all the rest.

Longfellow.

Think about yourselves, about what you want,
 what you like, what respect people ought
 to pay to you, what people think of you,
 and then to you nothing will be pure.
 May God keep our hearts pure from that
 selfishness which is the root of all sin!

Charles Kingsley.

Selfishness is the making man's self his
 own centre, the beginning and end of all
 he doeth.

John Owen.

We can neither change nor overpower God's
 eternal suffrage against selfishness and
 meanness.

James Martineau.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own my native land!"
 Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wondering on a foreign strand?
 Scott.

Have faith in one another,
 When ye meet in friend ship's name;
 For a true friend is a brother,
 And his heart should thro' the same.
 J. C. Carpenter.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The live-long night. Cooper.

Mark how the lark and linnet sing;
 With rival notes
 They strain their warbling throats
 To welcome in the spring.
 Dryden.

It's quid to be merry and wise,
 It's quid to be honest and true,
 Burns.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to get up in the quibbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

Robert West.

Conquer thyself! Till thou hast done that, thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thine own.

Burton.

Time wasted is existence, used is life

Young

There are two freedoms, — the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true where a man is free to do what he ought.

Charles Kingsley.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.

Cato.

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

Washington.

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being tacked & lost;
Why, then we see the value.

Shakespeare.

The summer's golden sails are furled,
And sadly falls the autumn rain.

Celia Haaster.

The lands are lit
With all the autumn haze of Golden Rod,
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod.
And bend and wave and flit.

Keelen Keunt.

And the great sun
Looked with eyes of love through the golden vapors
around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet,
and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each
glittering tree of the forest
Flushed like the plume-tree the Persian
adorned with mantles and jewels.

Longfellow.

Life is of little value, unless it be consecrated by duty. Samuel Smiles.

Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright. Thomas Carlyle.

The soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful. Parke Godwin.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness. Montaigne.

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured Addison

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? L. M. Child

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared
Jane Porter.

The wind moans in the wood,
 The leaf drops from the tree,
 The cold pain falls on the graves of the good,
 The cold mist comes up from the sea.

- Byron J. Wilson.

They are poor
 That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
 Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

Jean Ingelow.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connection.

Wm. Cooper.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
 The man who stands with arms akimbo set.

- James Russel Lowell.

There's truth as pure among the poor
 As'er adorns the highest station,
 And minds as just as theirs, we trust,
 Whose claims are but of a monk's creation.

- Chas. Swain.

A true life must be simple in all its
 elements. - Horace Greeley.

Most all men call getting a mind fault,
a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice
except drunkenness, which can so utterly
destroy the peace, the happiness, of a home.

Mrs. H. J. Jackson.

There is no happiness in life, there is no
misery, like that growing out of the dis-
positions which consecrate or desecrate
a home.

C. H. Chapin.

Hosts of angels, hidden from mortal eyes,
shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories
of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.
The blue sky now turned more softly gray,
The great watch-plans shut up their holy
eyes; the east began to knidle; faint
streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky;
the whole celestial concave was filled with
the inflowing tides of morning light; which
came pouring down from above in one
great ocean of radiance.

Edward Everett.

Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of
eternity. — Bishop Heber.

Every day is the best day in the year.
R. W. Emerson.

The great art of life consists in fortitude
and perseverance. — Sir W. Scott.

Education is not confined to books.
The world is a great school.
— J. L. Trubridge.

The best laid plans are daily sacrificed
because somebody is "behind time."
— Freeman Hunt.

The drying up of a single tear has more
of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
— Byron.

Let in light, the holy light!
Brothers fear it never,
Darkness smiles, and wing grows right.
Let in light forever!

— Anonymous.

In moderating, not in satisfying, desires, lies peace.

The birds sing in chorus in the spring, just
as children prattle; the brooks run full, like
the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop
easily, as young tears flow; and the whole sky
is as capricious as the mind of a boy.

J. K. Marvel.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweep
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit & flower
Glistening with dew. Milton.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stillly hour, when storms are gone,
When warring birds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off and leave the land & sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity.

Thomas Moore.

Beauty itself is but the sensible image of the
Infinite. — George Bancroft.

They are never alone that are accompanied with
noble thoughts. — Sir Philip Sidney.

Mozart's Requiem

One more then, one more strain,
 In links of joy and pain
 Mighty the troubled spirit to inthrall!
 And let me breathe my dower
 Of passion and of power
 Full into that deep lay—the last of all!

Like perfumes on the wind,
 Which none may stay or bind,
 The beautiful comes floating thro' my soul,
 I strive with yearnings vain
 The spirit to detain
 Of the deep memories that just me roll!
 Felicia Keenone.

—From "The Water-Lily."—

Oh! beautiful thou art,
 How sculpture-like and stately river-grown!
 Crowning the depths, as with a light serene
 Of a pure heart.
 Flower, let thy image in my bosom lie!
 Tell something there of its own purity
 And peace be brought.
 Mrs Keenone.

How far from here to heaven?

Not very far my friend;
A single hearty step

Will all the journey end.

Hold there! where sunnest thou?

Know, heaven is in thee!

Seekest thou for God elsewhere?

His face thou'lt never see.

Angelus Silesius.

Live for something; do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. While you remain in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of others and you will come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Of you none your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

Behalmers.

Happiness is not the end of duty, it is a constituent of it. It is in it and of it, not an equivalent, but an element.

Henry Giles.

"It is Common!"

So are the stars in the arching skies,
 So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
 Common the sun which is over all;
 Common the beautiful tints of the fall;
 Common the rain with its pattering feet—
 So is the bread which we daily eat.
 Common is the grass in its glowing green,
 So is the water glittering sheen;
 Common the fragrance of rosy June,
 So is the generous harvest-moon;
 Common the life-giving breath of the spring,
 So are the songs which the wild birds sing.
 So unto all are the "promises" given;
 So unto all is the hope of heaven;
 Common the rest from the weary strife—
 So is the life which is after life—
 Blessed be God, it is common!

—Phenological Journal.

When people once are in the wrong,
 Each line they add is much too long;
 Who fastest walks but walks astray,
 Is only farthest from his way.

—Paine

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approached sublimity.

Garater.

There is nothing in the universe I fear, but that shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it.

Mary Lyon

Conscience is God's vicegerent in the soul.

Buchanan

Conscience in the soul is the root of all true courage. If a man would be brave, let him learn to obey his conscience.

J. F. Reliance.

The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character.


Thomas Hughes

Just that man is nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

Laurence Sterne

There is no evil which we cannot face or fly from, but the conscientiousness of duty disregarded.

Daniel Webster.



Myranthemum

I bring you the latest blossoms
 Which summer has given to me.
 How white is her farewell token!
 How pure she would have us be!

She sent the Snow-drop and Wild-flower
 To herald her happy reign,
 And the Hawthorn's crown of beauty
 Was a fall of snow again.

Oh! gaze at her latest blossoms,
 And ponder her gentle speech,
 And the voice of the passing summer:
 Her lowliest thought shall teach.
 — Clara Shovantes.

Honor to those whose words or deed:
 Help us in our daily need,
 And by their ever flow
 Raise us from what is low!
 — Longfellow.

A poor man waited 1500 years before the gate of
 Paradise; then while he snatched one little
 nap, it opened and shut: — Persian.

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken. Samuel Johnson.

That is the bitterest of all to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing. George Eliot.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity. St. Augustine.

If anger proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness; and so is either terrible or ridiculous. Jeremy Taylor.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which make us stronger for the time, but leave us weaker forever after.

Dean Swift.

With pleasure own your error past
And make each day a critic on the last.

Some temptations come to the industrious,
But all temptations attack the idle.
C. H. Spurgeon

Qui Pro

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
 Children follow through the mist;
 'Tis not here - still yonder, yonder;
 Never we think found it yet.

What is life? A towering ice-land
 On a sea with sunny shore:
 Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
 We are sunk and never more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
 Vainly strives and fights and frets;
 Demanding all deserving nothing,
 One small grove is all he gets.
 - Thomas Carlyle.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare,
 Will Paradise be found!
 - Montgomery.

Are you fish taught to swim? - Talmud.
 Feed a snake milk, it will yield poison.
 Talmud.

When I had twice or thrice made a resolute resistance to anger, the like befell me that did the Thebans, who, having once foiled the Lacedaemonians, were after so much as lost one battle which they fought against them. Plutarch.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.

Washington.

Be thy best thoughts to work divine addresses,
Do something - do it soon - with all thy might:
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself inactive were no longer blessed.

Carlos Wilcox.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.

George Mac Donald.

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!

Longfellow.

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 whom they caught their colour 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.

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

- Byron.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.

- Lowell.

Smallest helps if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough one day,
 Wait a little longer.

- Mackay.

Earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties.

C. V. Bovee.

Be not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.

Quijot.

The fact is, in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

Sidney Smith.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?

J. F. Lecleridge.

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

Lord Bacon.

One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth.

Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Suns set and rise
 In these dull skies;
 Suns rise and set,
 Till men forget
 The day is at the door.
 When they shall rise no more.

- Bonar.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
 The waters are sparkling in wood & glen;
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

- Mrs Hemans.

Measure your cloth but ten times, you can
 cut it but once. -

- Russians.

The Oak.

I am a monarch, the king of the trees,
 Soberly I rise, and spread by slow degrees,
 Three centuries I grow; and there I stay
 Supreme in state; and in three more decay.

- Dryden.

Men must either be the slaves of duty or the slaves
 of force -

Joseph Joubert.

Wisdom and truth, are the offspring of the sky and
 are immortal; while cunning and deception, the
 meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment,
 must pass away. Robert Hall.

I have seldom known any one who deserted
 truth in trifles, that could be trusted in
 matters of importance. Paley

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of
 love, twisted together, will draw men on with
 a sweet violence, whether they will or not.
 Leudworth.

Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds
 all notions of time, effaces all memory
 of a beginning, all fear of an end. -
 Madame de Staël.

Love only unlocks the door upon that future where
 the isles of the blessed lie like stars. Affection is
 the stepping stone to God. H. Marvel.

Never does the human soul appear so
 strong as when it forgoes revenge, and
 dares to forgive an injury. C. L. Chapin

Days come and go
 In joy or woe;
 Days go and come
 In endless row.

Only the eternal day
 Shall come but never go;
 Only the eternal tide
 Shall never ebb, but flow.
 Bonar.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
 The most are gone now, here & there one lingers;
 Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
 J. B. Aldrich.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight-clips
 The days, as thro' the sunset gates they crowd;
 And summer from her golden collar slips
 And strays thro' stubble fields, and meads above,
 Save when by fits the warmer air deceives.
 And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bow,
 She lies on pillows of yellow leaves,
 And tries the old tunes over for an hour.
 Alice Cary.

That best portion of a good man's life -
 His little nameless remembered acts
 Of kindness and of love.

Wordsworth.

The surest and the shortest way to make your-
 self beloved and honored is to be indeed the very
 man you wish to appear. Socrates.

He had a face like a benediction. - Cervantes

Great hearts alone understand how much
 glory there is in being good. - Michelet

The best teachers of humility are the lives of great men.
 C. H. Fowler.

His heart was as great as the world; but
 there was no room in it to hold the
 memory of a wrong. - Emerson.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over
 another man than this, that when the injury
 began on his part, the kindness should
 begin on ours. Gillotson.

The yellow poplar leaves come down
 And like a carpet lay,
 No waftings were in the summer air
 To flutter them away.

John Ingelow.

Glorious are the woods in their latest-gold and crimson,
 Yet one full-leaved willow are in their freshest-green.
 Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
 With the growth of summer, I never yet have seen.

Byrant.

The sea is a joyful comrade,
 He laughs wherever he goes;
 His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
 That wrinkles his hale repose;
 He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
 And shakes all over with glee,
 And the broad-backed billows fall faint ^{the shore,} on
 In the mouth of the mighty sea.

Bayard Taylor.

He dwells apart tho' not alone,
 He walks among his peers unheed;
 The best of thoughts which he hath known,
 For lack of listeners are not paid.

John Ingelow.

For still in mutual sufferance lies
 The secret of true living;
 Love scarce is love that never knows
 The sweetness of forgiving.

J. G. Whittier.

Speak gently to the erring one,
 Oh! do not now forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is thy brother yet,
 Heir of the self same heritage,
 Child of the self same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

F. L. Good.

When death the great Reconciler, has come it is never
 our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.
 George Eliot

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is
 a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from
 the charms of the living. Oh the grave, the grave!
 It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes
 every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring
 more but fond regrets and tender recollections -
 Dying.

As the waxes men can take
 The tidal waters in her make,
 And lead them round and round to break
 Obedient to her drawings line;
 So may the movements of his mind,
 The first Great Father of mankind,
 Affect with unerring movements blind,
 And draw the souls that breathe by thine.

Jean Ingelow.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
 You're powdered your legs with gold;
 O brave marsh-meadow birds, rich & yellow,
 Give me your money to hold!

Jean Ingelow.

Soreliest of lovely things are they,
 On earth, that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour,
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

William C. Bryant.

The lands are lit
 With all the autumn blaze of golden east,
 And everywhere the purple aster nod,
 And bend, and wave, and flit.

Heleen Hunt.

Thus star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night;
 They hide themselves in heaven's
 pure light.

James Montgomery.

Over the river they beam to me,
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.

N. A. W. Priest.

Sorrows humors me and
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.

Jean Ingelow.

Suffering is my gain, I bow
 To my heavenly Father's will,
 And receive it hushed and still;
 Suffering is my wealth now.

Jean Paul Richter.

Patience and resignation are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth.

Byron.

There's a spirit above and a spirit below,
 A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
 The spirit above is the spirit divine,
 The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

Found on the vaults of a wine cellar.

Heaven poor are they that have no patience.

Shakespeare.

God's enemies never fail - Whittier.

True contentment depends not on what we
 have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes;
 but a world was too little for Alexander.

C. C. Cotton.

The end of man is an action, and not a
 thought, tho' it were the noblest.

Thomas Carlyle.

What a man knows should find its expression
 in what he does. The value of superior
 knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to
 a performing manhood.

C. N. Boice.

I have learned by experience that no man's
 character can be effectually injured, but by
 his own acts.

Rowland Hill.

And I paid in underneath,
 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.

Mrs. E. B. Browning:

On thee we fling our burdening load,
 O Love Divine, forever dear:
 Content to suffer while we know
 Living and dying, thou art near.

(C. W. Holmes).

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest
 souls; the most massive characters are
 peanned with scars; martyrs have put on
 their coronation robes glittering with fire;
 and through their tears have the sorrowful
 first seen the gate of heaven.

E. H. Chapin.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

Burns.

Contentment is natural wealth; luxury,
artificial poverty. Socrates.

There is two sorts of content: one is connect-
ed with exertion, the other with habits of
indolence. The first is a virtue; the
other a vice. Mrs Maria Edgeworth.

Negligence is the rust of the soul that cor-
rodes thro' all her best resolves.

Owen Feltham.

True contentment depends not upon what
we have, a tub was large enough for
Diogenes; but a world was too little for
Alexander. C. C. Colton.

What a man knows should find its expres-
sion in what he does. The value of superior
knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a
performing manhood. C. N. Boyer.

Men must be either the slaves of duty, or
the slaves of force Joseph Joubert.

Birds

What the Poets think of them.

They'll come again to the apple tree,

Robin mid all the rest,

When the orchard branches are fair to see

In the snows of the blossoms dressed,

And the prettiest-thing in the world will be

The building of that nest:

— Margaret & Songster.

You call them thieves and pillagers, but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvest keep a hundred beams.

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service at your man-at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,

And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

— Songfellow.

Hark how the lark and linnet sing;

With rival notes

They strain their warbling throats,

To welcome in the spring.

— Dryden.

'Tis the merry nightingale
 That crows, and hurries, precipitates,
 With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that on April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
 Of all its music. — Kebleidge.

I said to the sky-prised lark:

"Hark-hark!

Thy note is more loud and free
 Because thou liest safe for thee
 A little nest on the ground."

— G. M. Keuleok.

Oh, blackbird! sing me something well,
 While all the neighbors shoot thee round
 I keep smooth plots of fruitful ground
 Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.

— Tennyson.

Teach me, O lark! with thee to greatly rise,
 I exult my soul and lift it to the skies,
 To make each worldly joy as mean appear,
 Unworthy care, when heavenly joys are near.
 — Edmund Burke.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the maw.

- Shakespeare.

I said to the brown, brown thrush,

"Trush - trush!

Through the world's full strains I hear
 Thy monotone deep and clear,

Like a proud amid sounds most fine!"

- O. M. Mulock.

But the whippoorwill wails on the moon,
 And day has deserted the west;
 The moon glimmers down thro' the eaves at my door,
 And the robin has flown to her nest.

- J. L. Belack.

O yellow-bird where did you learn that song?
 Pearch'd on the trellis where grape vines clamber,
 In and out fluttering all day long,
 With your golden breast be dropping with amber.

- Belia Thaxter.

The eagle.

An emblem of freedom, stern haughty, and high,
 Is the grey forest eagle, that-king of the sky;

It scans the bright scenes, the gay places of earth,
 By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth,
 There, rocked by the wild wind, baptised by the foam,
 It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home.

- Alfred B. Street.

The Owl.

When the cats run home and the light is gone,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round.
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

- Fenimore.

The Pigeon

'Tis a bird I love with its hoarding note,
 And the trembling throat in its mottled throat;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lovely crest;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel,
 Hee runs so close to the rapid wheel.

- Willis, in the Belfry Pigeon.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth.
 P. J. Basley.

The Canary.

Sing away, ay, sing away,
 Merry little bird,
 Always gayest of the gay,
 Through a woodland roundelay,
 You're never sung or heard;
 Through your life from youth to age
 Passes in a narrow cage.
 - D. M. Mulock.

The Bobolink.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
 One weak chirp is her only note;
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat;
 - Bryant.

Columns, arches, pyramids - what are they,
 but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but
 characters written in the dust?

Irving.

The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Ay, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. - Shakespeare.

Falling Leaves.

The wind its tramp hath blown
 Adown the dell,
 And, lo! what leaves are strown
 On you grey stone
 And o'er the well!

Like human hopes they fall -
 Keops bin in spring,
 When Nature's cuckoo-call
 Wakes life in all
 And everything.

Leaves Meaton Summer must
 On sunny slopes
 Where their young verdure first
 To beauty burst -
 Leafage and hopes.

But the autumnal gust,
 That sweeps life's dell,
 Blows leaves as red as rust
 Into the dust,
 And Death's dark well. - Louella Banks.

Autumn & Plenty

Finest Autumn! who may praise thee best;
 Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
 Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest:
 The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
 Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,
 In fading woods where acorns patter fast,
 Dropping to feel thy tusky hoofs around,
 Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
 Sometimes at work where ancient-groaners flow
 Are wide open, a thresher stout and hale,
 Whitered with chaff up-wafted from thy flail,
 While south winds sweep along the dusty floor;
 And sometimes fast asleep at moorland home,
 Pillowed on sheaves, and shaded from the heat,
 With Plenty at thy feet,
 Braiding a coronet of eaten straw & flowers.

- R. H. Stoddard.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth in years,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Thomas Gray.

Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.

- Petarch.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,-
Know'st this, God rules the host of heavens,
The inhabitants of earth.

- Schiller.

Wide as the world is His command,
Vast as eternity His love;
Firm as a rock His truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts.

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.

Whittier.

What seems to us to be but sad funeral tops
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

- Longfellow.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience. — Bishop Keome.

Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Presents; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without a fear, and with a manly heart.

Longfellow.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight. George Herbert.

Heaven is not gained by 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.

J. S. Holland.

He that overcome hath power in the nations;
Stronger than steel is the sword of the Spirit;
Sweeter than arrows, the light of the truth;
Greater than anger is love that subdueth.

Longfellow.

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

The wise man is but a clever infant; spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.

Thomas Carlyle.

Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

Seneca.

Triviality, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

Meadame de Staël.

Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone-quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors. Emerson.

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; Duty is the path that all may tread.

Senis Meier

Real knowledge never prompts either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration.

Lord Brougham.

God be thanked for books! they are the voices
of the distant and the dead, and make
us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.
Books are the true levellers. They give to all
who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual
presence, of the best and greatest of our race.
W. C. Channing.

Let us have faith that right makes might;
and, in that faith, let us to the end dare
to do our duty as we understand it.

Abraham Lincoln.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health
of the body, the peace of the city, the security
of the State.

Robert Southey.

Napoleon was the most effective man in
modern times: some will say of all times.
The secret of his character was, that while
his plans were more vast, more various,
and of course more difficult, than those of
other men, he had the talent at the same
time to fill them up with perfect promptness
and precision in every particular of execution.
Horace Bushnell.

The keen spirit

Seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought
Start into action; and at once,

Plans and performs, perceives & executes.

Horace Mann.

One must build to the praise of a Being above,
to build the noblest memorial of himself. -

R. S. Stoddard.

No man, for any considerable time, can wear
one face to himself and another to the mul-
titudes without finally getting bewildered as
to which may be true. -

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Though a hundred crooked paths may con-
duct to a temporary success, the one plain
and straight path of public and private
virtue can alone lead to a pure and last-
ing fame and the blessings of posterity.

Edward Everett.

No true and permanent fame can be
founded, except in labor which promotes the
happiness of mankind. - Charles Sumner.

Be ashamed to die until you have
gained some victory for humanity.
Horace Mann.

What a piece of work is man! How noble
in reason! How infinite in faculties! in
form and moving, how express and ad-
mirable! in action, how like an angel!
in apprehension, how like a god!
Shakespeare.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low, vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last;
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast;
Till thou at last art free,
Leaving stone and iron shell by life's
unresting sea. — O. W. Holmes.

If you would know the value of money, go &
try to borrow some, for he that goes a borrowing
goes a sorrowing. — Franklin.

A blush on the countenance is better than a
blemish on the heart. — Cicero also.

GAR

PREPARED FOOD

BIRD FANCY

*3
Mr*

"What would the little Roses do?"

Effie standing on small tip-toes,
With red lips kissed a sweet red rose.

"Rose," she said, with a curious face,

"Are you not tired of the same old place?"

Would you not like to fly away
With some butterfly every day?"

"Or if, like me, you could but walk,

With the white lilies you could talk,

Wouldn't you like to speak with the pinks,

And find out what a daisy thinks?"

And I should think you'd like to go

And see where the wild roses grow.

"When you were only a little bud,

Then were you always sweet and good?"

Did you mind the roses big and old,

And grow and grow as you were told?"

Are the little buds your children, pray?"

And do you teach them every day?"

Do you set them in the morning light?

And wash them with the dew at night?
 I think you do, and so I see
 Why you don't want to leave your tree.
 Hush, Haman's Rose, I won't pull you,
 For what would the little roses do?"

Be prompt in duty; heed the deep,
 Low voice of conscience, thro' the ill
 And discord round about you, keep
 Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle: unto griefs and needs,
 Be pitiful as a woman should;
 And, spite of all the lies of creeds,
 Hold fast the truth—that God is good.

J. G. Whittier.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
 What pomp of ice and shout of day;
 What hues where with our Northern clime
 Makes autumn's drooping woodlands gay,
 What airs outblow from ferny dells,
 And clove-blossom and sweet-brier smells;
 What songs of bushes and birds, what fruits & flowers,
 Green woods and moon-lit snows, how in its com'd been and

"I Know."

I know that never blooms in vain
 A flower in any world and clime,
 That not a single drop of rain
 Is lost upon the desert air.

I know that never is there whiled
 Against the shore a grain of sand,
 But, in the building of the world,
 Serves to complete the perfect plan.

I know that not a withered leaf
 Is cast upon the wintry sea,
 But, gathered in some useful sheaf,
 Serves, finally, the year to be.

I know that never from its race
 A soul, however weak or small,
 But surely found some resting-place
 In the great thought and heart of all.

— Rev. J. Frederick Dutton.

It is better for a young man to blush than
 to turn pale — Cato.

The most necessary things for boys to learn are those which they will put in practice when they become men. - Aristippus.

Books are embalmed minds. - Bovee

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books - Colton.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed & digested. - Lord Bacon.

Books are the windows thro' which the soul looks out, a house without books is like a room without windows. It is a man's duty to have books. H. W. Beecher.

A brasting tongue is the manifest sign of a cowardly heart. - Bias.

He who brasts much does little - Yoruba.

You may keep your beauty and your health, unless you destroy them yourself, or discourage them to stay by using them ill. - Sir William Temple

It deserves to be considered that boldness is ever blind, for it sees not dangers and inconveniences, whence it is bad in council tho' good in execution. The right use of bold persons, therefore, is that they never command in chief, but serve as seconds, under the direction of others, for in council it is good to see danger and in execution not to see them, unless they are very great. —

Lord Bacon.

The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are His gift to all alike; there are many of the poor who have a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. — Mrs. H. B. Stone.

Joy is a Nymph so shy, so ringed of wit,
 Vainly we follow her untracked retreat.
 But on some mountain, where the hope has ceased to ^{chase},
 Of her own will she meets us face to face.
 — Paul Hamilton Heyne

Sonnet

In Memoriam of *Ulysses P. Grant*.
 Born April 26th. 1822. Died July 23rd. 1885.

Forgotten is the sword. The bugle's blast
 No more recalls fierce memories of the fight;
 Faint echoes only, through the voiceless night,
 Come softly floating from the muffled past:
 Life's tattered flag is almost faded. At last
 Hope spreads her wings for her departing flight;
 And o'er the darkening fields the lingering light
 Of days declining warily is cast.
 A deadlier battle now is waged - and now,
 The arm of victory to the shoulder bared
 Strikes, from the opposing side, the dauntless hero
 Which War's red hand and Slender's fang hath spared.
 But Honor writes on glory's shield his name,
 And by his side still stands unconquered Fame.

Thus hath Nature taught - amid her all, -
 The complex miracle of land and sea,
 And infinite marvels of the infinite air,
 No life is trivial, no creation small!
 P. H. Haynes.

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 on lot,
 If flowers failed, and the sun shone not,
 And God who sees each separate soul,
 Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful ^{whole}.
 — Susan Coolidge.

"Whatever is, is right!" O! falsehood bland,
 Too oft Life's key-note jangles harshly ^{wrong};
 We can but hope the Great Musician's hand;
 May make harmonious still Life's
 dissonant song. — P. H. Haynes.

Suspense

Of all fierce tortures of the rack-bound mind,
 Whose dark commission's signed and countersigned
 By powers of hell, to wrench both soul and sense, —
 He stands supreme, the demon named Suspense!
 P. H. Haynes.

Worship acceptable in
all places.

O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Not where, at purling noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well;

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant string shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,

And child-brnd lips, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.
— Pierpont.

England - A Sonnet.

While men pay reverence to mighty things,
They must revere thee, thou blue-cinctured isle
Of England - not to-day, but this long while
In the front of nations, Mother of great kings,
Soldiers, and poets. Round thee the Sea flings
Her steel-bright arm, and shields thee ^{from the} ~~from the~~ ^{quilt}
And huts of Greece. Secure, with august smile,
Thou sittest, and the East its tribute brings.
Some say thy old-time power is on the wane,
Thy shores of grandeur filled, contracts at length
They see it darkning down from less to less.
Let but a hostile hand make threat again,
And they shall see thee in thy ancient strength,
Each iron sinew quivering, lioness! W.D. Aldrich.
Some say, that this sonnet has few superiors.

O Thou who art above all height,
 Our God our Father, and our Friend,
 Beneath Thy throne of love and light,
 Let Thine adoring children bend.

We kneel in praise, that here is set
 A vine that by Thy culture grew;
 We kneel in prayer, that thou wouldst wet
 Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

Since this thy servant now hath given
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
 To the great cause of truth and heaven,
 Be Thou his guide, O God of truth.

Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
 His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
 Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
 Ripe for the harvest, waits Thy will.

And when he sinks in death, by care,
 Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,
 O God, remember then our prayer,
 And take his spirit to Thy rest. — Pie's prot.

Evening Contemplation.

See, the bright monarch of the day
 In ocean dips his beam,
 While from his bow a parting ray
 In milder glory streams.

The moon, pale empress of the night,
 In sweet succession reigns,
 And finely paints, with silver light,
 The mountains, vales, and plains.

And planets in progression rise,
 And shine from pole to pole;
 Their pleasing cones delight our eyes,
 And charm the rising soul.

The starry arch in grandeur glows,
 Thro' all its ample round:
 Great God, thy power no limit knows,
 Thy wisdom knows no bound.
 — Turner.

Death of the Virtuous

Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the dying breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Tarnish'd by some angel's purple wing;
 O grave where is thy victory now?
 Invincible death, where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which nothing can destroy;
 Naught can disturb that peace profound,
 Which such unfettered souls enjoy.

Tarewell, conflicting joys and fears,
 Where light and shade alternate dwell!

A brighter, purer scene appears;
Farewell, inconsistent world, farewell!

Its duties done; as sinks the clay,
Ligh- from its load, the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
Sweet is the scene where virtue dies.

Doctor Chapin's Library brought a public sale after his death \$23,000 which was less than ^{half} its original cost.

He gathered a library of nearly 10,000 volumes, the printed catalogue of which makes a volume of 268 pages, but a study of this catalogue gives me clue by which to trace even the life-calling of Dr. Chapin.

It is said that one of his lectures on Building and Being, was given 130 times and in one season brought him the handsome reward of \$3,030.

Dr. Chapin's Lecture on the Orders of Nobility is one of his earliest and best, and seems to have a favorite with its author as well as the public.

On the older copy of Orders of Nobility is the record of ninety places in which he delivered it; and in the copy, which is a revision and improvement, he made note of 217 deliveries. The prices which this lecture brought range from \$25 to \$250. Taking the average price of each lecture, we shall find an income from it also to be \$16,880. So it is probable that \$20,000 would be a closer estimate.

Modern Chivalry must have been delivered on nearly 300 platforms.

He wrote and delivered 1,825 sermons
 — Elegies,
 And quoted odes, and jewels five words long.
 That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
 Sparkle forever, — *Yerrigton.*

Unseen

How do the rivulets find their way?
 How do the flowers know the day,
 And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
 And the nestlings know the old bird's speech,
 I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,
 And the stars thro' the pathless spaces ride,
 I do not see that they have a guide.

Hee is Eyes for All who is eyes for the world;
 All motion goes to the rightful goal;
 O God! I can trust for the human soul.

Charles G. Ames.

Authorship is, according to the spirit in
 which it is pursued, an infamy, a pas-
 time, a day labor, a handicraft, and art,
 a science, a virtue

June

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever come perfect days;

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And o'er it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within that reaches and towers

And grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a point in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice!

And there's never a leaf or a blade to mean

To be some happy creature's palace.

The little bird sits in his den in the sun,

Atill like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'erun

With the deluge of summer it receives,

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in ^{her} dumb breast flutters &

sings;

She sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest. —

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best,
— James Russell Lowell.

The Sea

A Sonnet

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gulfs twice ten thousand caverns, till the gulf
Of Heccate leaves them their old shadowy sum.
Often tis no such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will she very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometimes fell,
When the last winds of Heaven were unbound.
Oh ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
Lead them upon the wildness of the sea;
Oh, ye whose ears are dinred with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with claying melodies,
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, & bide
Until ye start, as if the sea-symphonies quired
Heate.

The Sea.

A Sonnet.

The ocean, at the bidding of the moon,
 Forever changes with his restless tide;
 Flung shoreward, man, to be regather'd soon
 With kingly pauses of reluctant pride
 And semblances of return:— Arise from home
 He issues forth onward, high-ridg'd & fed—
 The gentlest murmur of his seething fount,
 Like armies whispering where great chieftens be!
 Ah leave me here upon this beach to weep,
 Nought listened to that sound, so grand and lone—
 A glorious sound, deep drawn & strongly thrown,
 And reaching those ere mountainic heights above,
 To British ears (as who shall sound to ours?)
 A tutelae voice, a pensive-tone of love!

Charles Kempton.

Any truth, faithfully faced is strength in
 itself.

He who loses hope may then part with any
 thing

He who has lost his honor can lose nothing
 more.

A Sonnet

Where lies the land to which your ship must go?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array,
 Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?

What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
 She cares for; let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, or beater's way
 Cared before her, and a wind to blow.

Ayet, still I ask, what haven is her mark?
 And almost as it was when ships were rare,
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here & there
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
 Of the old sea some reverential fear,
 Is with me at the farewell, joyous Bark,
 Woodworth.

Never take a crooked path when you could
 see a straight one.

The heart benevolent & kind, the most-resem-
 bles God

Choose such pleasures as create much &
 cost little.

Sonnet

The world is too much with us; late & soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid brood!
 The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.
 Wordsworth.

If there be a true measure of a man
 than by what he does, it must be by
 what he gives.

Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part;
 Do thou, but thine. — Milton

Hopes and Waves

Hopes on hopes from the bosom sever,
 But the heart hopes on, unchanging ever,
 Wave after wave breaks on the shore,
 But the sea is deep as it was before.

That the billows heave with a ceaseless motion
 Is the very life of throbbing ocean;
 And hopes that from day to day upstart
 Are the swelling wave-beats of the heart.
 From the penman of *Richter*.

Humility is never so beautiful as when
 praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving
 another.
Richter.

To fill the hour and leave no crevice for
 repentance or our approval - that is happiness.
R. W. Emerson.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts
 to watch - in our families our temper,
 and in society our tongues.

The ocean looketh up to heavens,
 As 't were a living thing;
 The homage of its waves is given,
 In ceaseless worshipping.

They knell upon the sloping sand
 As bends the hummock kneed,
 A beautiful and tireless band,
 The priesthood of the sea.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
 The blue and wavy air
 Is glorious with the spirit-march
 Of messengers at prayer.

J. S. Whittier.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort. — Sir Humphrey Davy

Is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind?
 Shakespeare.

O Holy Sea!

O cradle of the rising sun, O holy sea!

O grave of setting sun, O holy sea!

O thou in balmy nights outspreading the crystal
Where Luna looks, - a silent muse, - O holy sea!

O thou in silent midnight's chiming, through
thy wide realm,

With starry chime, - sweet unison, - O holy sea!

The morning's and the evening's red flood out from thee
Two roses of thy garden-bed, O holy sea!

O Amphitrite's floating bosom, whose heavy waves
Now swell, now sink, beneath the moon, O holy sea,
Sprinkle the earth's green meath of spring with
pearly dew.

For thine the pearls are every one, O holy sea,
The Naiads of the meadows all, that sprang from
thee,

Come back as Nereids at thy call, O holy sea!

The ships of thought sail over thee & sink in thee,

Atlantis rests there, mighty one, O holy sea!

The beaks of the Gods, that fell from high Olympus,

Hangs on the coral-tivings, far down, O holy sea!

My spirit yearneth like the moon to sink in thee;

Loth send me from thee like the sun, O holy sea!

The Dying Poet.

[The following lines (from the writings of a Persian poet of the 12th century, were uttered at the moment when death was about to darken the windows of his earthly habitation, and must after a lapse of seven centuries, find one echo in every heart:)]

Tell thou to my friends when weeping
 They my words desire,
 Were you find my body sleeping,
 But it is not - I.

Now is life immortal hovering,
 Far away I roam,
 This was but my house, my covering
 No more my home.

This was but the cage that bound me,
 I the bird have flown;
 This was but the shell around me,
 I the pearl, am gone.

O'er me as o'er a treasure,
 Had a spell been cast,
 God had spoken at His pleasure,
 I am free at last.

Thanks and praise to Him be given,
 Who has set me free,
 Now forever in Heaven
 Shall my dwelling be.

Here I stand His face beholding,
 With the saints in light,
 Present, future, past, unfolding,
 In that radiance bright.

Toiling thro' the plain I leave you,
 I have journeyed on
 From your tents, why should it grieve you,
 Friends, to find me gone?

Let the house forsaken perish,
 Let the shell decay,
 Break the cage, destroy the garments,
 I am far away.

Call not this my death, I pray you,
 'Tis my life of life;
 Goal of all my weary wanderings,
 Cord of all my strife.

Think of God with love fervent,
 Know His name is love;
 Come to Him distrust him never,
 His rewards above.

I behold each deathless spirit,
 All your vows I view,
 Lo! the portion I inherit
 Is reserved for you.

When temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession they will be sure to call in those who have no religion at all: knaves will embrace it for the sake of interest, fools will follow them for the sake of fashion, and when once it is in such hands, omnipotence itself can never preserve its purity.

Longfellow's Alphabet.

A

As turning the logs will make a dull fire
burn, so change of study a dull brain.

B

By the cares of yesterday each today is heavier made.

C

Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.

D

Do thy duty; that is best
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.

E

Each thing in its place is best.

F

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled.

G

God is not dead, nor doth He sleep,
The wrong shall fail the right prevail,
With peace on earth good will to men.

H

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.

I

If you wish a thing to be well done, do
it yourself.

J

Joy hath one undertone of pain.
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

K

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and grow strong.

L

Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone.

M

Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

N

Nothing useless is or low.

O

Our to-day and yesterday
Are the blocks with which we build.

P

Patience is powerful.

Q

Quickly our pleasures glide away;

The moments that are speeding fast
 We heed not, but the past more highly prize

R

Reward is in the doing.

Q

Sorrow and silence are strong, and
 patient-endurance is godlike.

J

Think that to-day shall never dawn again.

U

Use no violence, nor do in haste what
 cannot be undone.

W

Visions of childhood stay ah, stay, ye were so pure & wild.

W

We cannot buy with gold the old associations.

H

'Ocelleth all the rest,

Ye who followeth love's behest.

O

Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems

And all the rest are dead.

L

Love is stronger than fear or love.

A Selection

For each day in the year. 1887.

I. January.

Live up to the best that is in you; live noble lives, as you all may, in whatever condition you may find yourselves, so that your epitaph may be that of Euripides:

"This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides! but thou makest this monument famous.

2nd

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs;
And by their over flow
Raise us from what is low.

3rd

Look not mournfully into the past, - it comes not back again: wisely improve the present. -

it is shine; go forth to meet the shadowy
future without fear and with a manly
heart.

2th

Build me straight, O worthy master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.

5th

The talent of success is nothing more than
doing what you can do well, and doing
well whatever you do without thought of fame.
If it comes at all it will come because it is
deserved not because it is sought after.

6th

Study yourselves, and most of all, mte well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.

7th

Man is unjust, but God is just, and
finally justice triumphs.

8th

— Longfellow.

Treat old age with great reverence and
tenderness—

— Looaster.

Henceforth the majesty of God revero:

Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear

10th - Fordyce.

He who possesses no reverence for the Divine Being, shows at once the depravity of his heart and the weakness of his reason.

11th - C. Buck.

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground.

12th - Alice Cary.

We can do more good by being good
than in any other way.

13th - Rowland Keill.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of friends, however humble, scarce not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew drop from the sun.

14th - W. Wordsworth.

A man should blush to think a falsehood;
it is the crime of cowards. - Samuel Johnson

'Tis not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make men better be;
 As standing long and oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and dead;

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 measure life may perfect be

16th — Ben Jonson.

Hee has but one great fear that fears to do wrong.

17th — C. N. Bowd.

There are as many lovely things,

As many pleasant tones,

For those who sit by cottage hearths

As those who sit on thrones.

18th — Mrs. Hemkes worth.

"I'd rather be right than be President of the United States." — Henry Clay.

19th

In the elder days of Art, Builders wrought with greater ^{care}
 Each minute and unseiz'd part, For the gods see everywhere.

— Longfellow.

20th

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;
 Plant hate and hate will grow;
 You can sow today, to-morrow will bring
 The blossom that proves what sort of thing
 Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

21th

The most manifest sign of wisdom is con-
 tinued cheerfulness. — Montaigne.

22nd

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

23rd — James P. Lowell:

The gloomy soul aggravates misfortune, while
 a cheerful smile often dispels those mists
 which pretend a storm.

24th

Apt, then, from all my grief, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst on the confidence of mercy
 My soul took hold on Thee.

25

— Addison

Better die ten thousand deaths than
 wound my honor.

— Addison

26th
 Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen one
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
 Red with unconquer'd wrath, to blast the man
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

27th - Addison.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.

28th - Pope.

Heaven is a place, its counterpart must find
 Within the secret chambers of the mind;
 All that embellish these with truth & grace,
 Prepare for us that blessed dwelling-place

29th M. J. A.

They are never alone that are accompa-
 nied with noble thoughts. - Sir Philip Sidney.

30th

Great hearts are they who noble actions hold
 Above the praise of fame, or price of gold.

31st M. J. A.

There is no passion that steals into the
 heart more imperceptible and covers itself
 with more disguises than pride.

Finis

February

1st

The Good Great Mean.

How seldom find, a good, great mendicant
Honor and wealth with all its worth and pains,

It seems a story from the world of spirits,
Where none more obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

2

A mean man studies no one's happiness
but his own. 3 - Pope

Mont Blanc.

Rise, O, ever rise!

Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit shrouded among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thro' the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Heath with her thousand voices praises God.

1

Charm always strikes the sight; but
merit wins the soul. - Pope.

False hearts are they who innocence beguile,
And lure to sin through flattery's artful mile.

6

M. J. A.

Water rises to heaven to seek blessings and
bring them down again to earth. Ecce Ege.

7

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Reverish some flower, be it ever so lowly,
Labor! - all labor is noble and holy.

Let thy deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

8

- Francis D. Legard.

A few vices are sufficient to darken many
virtues. -

9

- Plutarch.

Vain hearts, to dream that pleasure lies
I've sought - but noble sacrifice.

10

- M. J. A.

Do not grasp at the stars, but do life's
plain, common work as it comes, certain
that daily duties and daily bread are
the sweetest things of life. -

Anon.

11

* Just censure proves a generous meed of praise,
If by its truth we wisely mend our ways.

"How sweet the moonlight sits upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep into our ears; soft stillness and the night
 Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright-gold;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
 But in his motions like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear.

13

If we could read the secret history of our
 enemies, we should find in each man's
 life, sorrow and suffering enough to
 disarm all hostility.

14

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted.
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
 refreshment;

15

That which the fountain sends forth returns
 again to the fountain.

Energy will do any thing that can be done
in this world; and no talents, no circum-
stances, no opportunities will make a man
without it. 17. - Goethe.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none.

18

- Shakespeare

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others
upon ourselves. 19

- Pope

Heaven is not gained 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.
We rise by things that are beneath our feet,
By what we have mastered of good & gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we humbly meet.

20

- J. G. Holland

Fame can never make us lie down
contentedly on a death bed. Pope

21

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

Shakespeare.

He who has a noble object in view aims
at a high mark and a glorious end.

23.

- Bruyere

Every man has just as much vanity
as he wants understanding. - Pope

24.

I must be measured by my soul -
The mind's the standard of the man.

25.

- Watts.

It is not so much the being exempt from
faults as the having overcome them that
is our advantage to us. - Pope

26

The heights by greatness reached & kept;
Wad not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept;
Were toiling upward in the night.

27.

- Longfellow.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to
beauty, it is not only needless, but it
impairs what it would improve.

28

- Pope

Ye glorious hoped that in my bosom's eye,
Proclaim immortal kinship to the skies.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one. — Pope

March.

1st

* Good deeds are better far than costly gems
True virtue wears immortal diadems.

2

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be much generosity if he were a rich man. — Pope

3

Few substances in nature pure are found,

To show its light the diamond must be ground.

So in our souls, whatever is of worth,

* Must be reclaimed from all the dross of earth.

4

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. — Pope

Though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate. — Pope

6

I would rather excel in knowledge than in power. — Addison

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind. — Addison

8

Silence never shows itself so great as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. — Addison.

7

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

10

— Shakespeare

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich

11

— Shakespeare

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

12.

— Shakespeare

To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first. "

Ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
 heaven. 12 - Shakespeare.

Be just and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's
 Thy God's and truth's.
 13

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 I know thy breath in the burning sky!
 And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
 For the coming of the hurricane!
 And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
 Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails,
 Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
 The mighty shadow is borne along.
 16. - Bryant.

Life is valueless without end or object.
 17 - A. Layard.

A hale cobbler is better than a sick king.
 18 - Bickersteth.

The mind is the leader and director of
 mankind. 19 - Gallust.

The mind grows saner in proportion as
 the soul grows corrupt. - Rousseau.

He's armed without what's innocent
within. 21 — Pope

How many bitter thoughts does the
innocent mind avoid. Serenity and
cheerfulness are his portion. W. Paley.

22.

Weepest is the most envied and the least
enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed and the least
envied. 23. — Colton.

He who lives upon the fruit of his own
labour escapes the contempt of haughty
benefactors. 24. — Laadi.

Labour though at first inflicted as a curse,
seems to be the gentlest of all punishments,
and is fruitful of a thousand blessings.

25

— Gortin.

Let no one flatter himself that he is
innocent if he love to meditate upon
anything which he would blush to own
before men, or fear to unveil before God.

26.

— J. Wayland.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that
hate thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty —
Shakespeare.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
 His works. Admitted once to His embrace,
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before.
 Thine eyes shall be instructed, and thine heart-
 Hoode purd, shall relish, with divine delight
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

28

- Cowper

The pure and every vassal star,
 All space, beyond the reach of angel wings,
 Wait on His word; and yet He stays His ear
 For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

29

- Keble.

Though man sits still and takes his ease,
 God is at work on man;
 No means, no moment unemployed,
 To bless him if He can.

30

- Young

Impatience thou marble-hearted fiend,
 How hideous when thou show'st thee in a
 Child
 Show a sea monster

31

Few things require more of a calm, sweet, whole-
 some discipline than the troubles in which we
 bear disappointment so we are masters of ourselves.

May.

1st

Spring. — A Sonnet

Behold the passing of the sparkling snows;
 The silent dimming of its crystals bright;
 The pleasant coming of the vernal light;
 The gentle lulling of the wind that flows,
 And hear the murmur of the stream that flows.
 List to the matinee from tree-top's height —
 Sweet happy echoes of a time delight —
 All kind adieus to winter as he goes.
 Behold the matchless splendour of the skies,
 And rivaling beauties of the earth beneath,
 The thousand tender leaves and buds that rise
 To twine for lovely spring a flower-wreath.
 The sombre months are friends but in disguise,
 Which in their generous wills glad joy bequeath.

2.

To him who in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language.

Com
 the
 pl

The grass is yellow on the heath,
 The banks with speedwell flowers are gay;
 The oaks are budding, and beneath
 The hawthorn pond will bear the meath,
 The silver wreath of May.
 — Charlotte Smith.

L

God might have bade the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.
 Hee might have had enough, enough
 For every want of ours;
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.

5

— Mary Hewitt.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 Upon loneliest nook.

6

— Horace Smith.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;
 they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet
 Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one
 of these.

Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that ringeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

8

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
 He paints the morning red,
 The flowers white and blue,
 And feeds them with his dew.

9

— Hummacker.

Behold the young, the rosy Spring
 Give to the breeze her scented wing,
 While virgin graces warm with May
 Yield roses o'er her dewy pray.
 The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languished into silent sleep;
 And mark! the flitting sea-birds land
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
 While cranes from brassy winter fly
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away,
 And cultured fields and winding stream
 Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds and flowery bells,
 Germinating shoots the olive twine,
 Relusters bright-festoon the vine;
 All along the branches creeping,
 Who's the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see
 Nursing into luxury.

10

I feel a newer life in every gale;
 The winds that fond the flowers
 And with their welcome breathings fill the air
 Tell of serene home. —
 Whoms that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.

11

I come from haunts of court and hem,
 I make a sudden pally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

12

— Tennyson

In May, when sea winds pierce our solitudes,
 I find the fresh rhodora in the woods.

Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To plead the desert and the sluggish brook;
 The purple petals fallen in the pool
 Make the black waters with their beauty gay.

13

The angel of the flowers one day,
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay, -
 And whispered to the rose:

"O fondest object of my care,
 Still fairest found where all is fair,
 For the sweet shade thou hast given me
 Ask what thou wilt; 'tis granted thee."
 "Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
 "On me another grace bestow."
 The spirit paused, in silent thought, -
 "I was but a moment - e'er the rose
 A veil of moss the angel throws,
 And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
 Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

14 - Hummached.

"O faint, delicious, springtime violet!
 Thine odor, like a key,
 Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
 A thought of sorrow free."

Lo, the lilies of the field, How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to nature's lesson, given by the blessed birds of heaven;
 Every bush and tufted tree Warbles sweet philosophy,
 "Hortal, fly from doubt & sorrow, bid passion die for the moment."

16

The Groves.

A Sonnet.

I love the groves, the groves of leafy green
 Where cometh many a beauty of the year.
 Where lingereth not a shade of gloom or fear
 For sunlight rays come every bough between.
 And waves of summer air pass, though unseen,
 From top-most heights that pierce the blue so clear,
 Some matinees of happiness and cheer,
 And all day reigneth peace, and calm serene.
 The Dryads love the groves and in them stray,
 And Flora takes her vines and blossoms there,
 Or Boreas thro' his wild tumultuous way
 Leaves pearls and stars among them every where
 Who loves the flowers and grass and summer day,
 Must love the sylvan isle with that and care.

17

Gull many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Gull many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

18

See truth love and mercy in triumph descending,
 And nature all glancing in Eden's lost bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are ^{blending},
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

— James Beattie

19

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her
 part; Do thou but thine. — Milton

20

Nature faint emblem of Omnipotence!
 Shaped by His hand, the shadow of His light,
 The veil in which He wraps His majesty.

21

A. B. Street!

Oh! how canst thou pronounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
 The warbling woodland, the resounding show,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;

All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dead magnificence of heaven;
 Oh! how canst thou renounce, & hope to be forgiven?

22. - James Beattie.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank,
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears. Shakespear

23.

Gently one by one, in the infinite, meadows of
 heaven
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-
 nots of the angels. - Long fellow

24

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor clouds, nor speck,
 Breaks the serenity of ^{heaven} (nor stain
 Senthay.

25

And the night shall be filled with music
 And the cares that infest the day

Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

26 / Longfellow.

What can be more delicious than a summer morning dawning through your open windows, to the sounds of innumerable birds, while the shadows of branches and leaves pervade and fro along the wall, or spread new patterns on the floor, wavering with perpetual change!

27 - Beecher.

The groves were God's first temples.

- Bryant.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing time,
And greets every sky.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The daisy never dies.

Montgomery.

These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Both in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks. Thy tenderness and love.

— James Thomson.

June
1st

Passages from the Wisdom of the Brahmin
By C. Buckart.

From the German by Dr. Heinrich Jick.

God weds their claim to me put every day:
Iought. Imust. Ican. Iwill. Idare. Imay.

Iought - this is the law by God to my heart given;
The goal on towards which I am by myself driven.

Imust - this is the pole, in which the world one side,
And on the other nature, force me to abide.

Ican the measure is of power to me lent,
Of strength, ability, art. Knowledge the extent.

Iwill's the most lustrous jewel with which I'm dress'd,
And freedom's seal my mind hath on itself impress'd.

Idare - this is the motto on the seal,
At freedom's opened gate a bolt whose check I feel.

I may - at last, is that which doth betwixt all float,
Uncertain and unfix'd; the moment gives it note.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
These six their several claims to me put every day.

As long as I have would it teach, I know what every day
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

2

Which is the most-popular government?

"That," said Bias, "where the laws have no superior." "That" said Hoales, "where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor".

"That" said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where virtue is honored and vice detested".

"That" said Pittacus, "whose dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base." "That" said Cleobulus,

"where the citizens fear blame more than punishment." "That" said Chilo, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators".

"But that," said Solon, "where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult upon the whole constitution." *Allegory of the Ancients.*

Every apartment devoted to the circulation of the press may be regarded as a temple set apart for the performance of humane sacrifices. And they ought to be fitted up, like the ancient temples in Egypt, in a manner to show the real atrocity of the superstition that is carried on within their walls. — Beddoe.

L

Its kind, its value, and appearance; the silence or the pomp that attends it; the style in which it reaches us may decide the dignity or vulgarity of the giver.

5 — Rev. J. Lavater

Shall courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich? In good breeding, which differs, if at all, from high breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insist on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth; but rather that it lies in humane nature itself, and is due from all men to all men. — Carlyle.

The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigor with humanity. - Savata.

7

The love of pleasure is natural to the human heart; and the best preservative against criminal pleasures is a proper indulgence of such as are innocent.

8

The youth who bathes in pleasures limpid stream,
At well-judg'd intervals feels all his soul
Nerved with recruit'd strength, but if too oft
He swims in sportive mazes thro' the flood,
It kills his languid virtue. - Mason.

9

There is but one way to reform men, and that is to render them happier. It is good and easy to enfeeble vice by bringing men nearer to each other, and by rendering them thus more happy. All the sciences, indeed are still in a state of infancy; but that of

rendering men happy has not so much as
seen the light yet, even in Leibniz's tenderness.

— St. Pierre's *Studies of
Nature.*

10

Though we seem grieved at the shortness
of life in general, we are wishing every
period of it at an end. The minor long to
be of age; then to be a man of business;
then to make up one estate; then to arrive
at honours; then to retire. — *Spectator.*

11

Contentment produces in some measure all
those effects which the alchemist 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 disqui-
tudes arising from a man's mind, body
or fortune, it makes him easy under them.

12.

— *Addison.*

The virtues are not forced into us, they
are natural. Seek, and you will find
them; neglect and you will lose them.
Menicus.

Even a dull brain is made wise by intercourse with a wise man, as turbid water is clarified by contact with the fruit of the Kataka. - Malavika.

14

Where there is much mire the elephants' feet slip. (The most pious and abstinent are in danger of falling into vice, if they go in the way of strong temptation.) -

15.

Poebuck.

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge. - Confucius.

16

As cloth is tinged by any dye
In which it long time plunged may lie,
So those with whom he loves to live
To every man his color give. -

17

Hindoo.

To deny the reality of religious conversion, would be to deny the testimony of thousands of witnesses. - A. B. French

Persian Quatrains.

The Divine Demand.

God will not seek thy race,
 Nor will he ask thy birth:
 Alone he will demand of thee,
 "What has thou done on earth?"

Aspiration.

As long as the star for night,
 The flower for the sun,
 So long my soul for thee,
 O Holy One!

Covet Pursue the Fruitful.

Rejoice, O my soul and be glad,
 When Covet speaks evil of thee!
 Sticks, and stones, and clods of the field,
 Are cast at the fruit-bearing tree.

The Divine Unity.

Some are of divers colors, but they all milk the ^{same}
 Altar flowers are not alike, but worship is one ^{flame}
 Systems of faith may differ with every changing zone,
 But God, unchanging ever, remaineth God alone.

Translated by Rev. Frederick R. Marvin.

The wounded bird seeks the loneliness of solitude in which to heal a broken wing, so wounded hearts often recover soonest when left alone.

20

Human life has its cycles of thought, not less than physical transformation. Childhood trusts and believes; youth doubts, condemns and censures; manhood and womanhood reasons and reflects; while age gathers up the lost jewels of faith and trust, and we reproduce the virtues of life's earlier years.

21

This world does not lie on the bleak wastes of pathless oceans nor yet afar in the regions of stellar space. It is a world lying all about us. As every flower has its aroma, so all external nature is but the materialized expression of the invisible soul. What we call the real world is only the camera in which the soul is photographed. All the external

objects are simply leaves in the universal library. The hardest rock, the frowning mountain, the ancient ruin with crumbling wall and broken tower, the Grecian relic or Roman coin, a chip from the Pyramid or cold hair-bread of Memnon - all are leaves in Nature's universal library. Sensitive souls carry the key which unlock the treasure-house of the world.

22

Those who lack the undefinable fire we call eloquence, often couple it with superficial thought. This is the narrow criticism of jealous minds. It generally comes from those who ridicule the gifts of others because partial nature has refused to share the same with them.

23

It was said of Denton that he could dress the frowning Alps with the chisel of a sculptor, or paint over the world's primitive night the roseate tints of coming day.

"But the work that he has builded, oft with bleeding hands and tears.

In error, and in anguish, will not perish with the years.

It will be at last made perfect; in the universal plan

It will help to crown the labors of the toiling hosts of men."

25'

But he knew no wealth but knowledge, and desired no fame but truth. —

26

Said of W. Denton

Of William Denton it was said that the earth was his mother and he loved her tenderly. Why should he not look at her time-worn face, pitted by thousands of dead volcanoes, and wrinkled by uncounted earthquakes in her youthful days? To him to study and meet primitive man face to face, and thereby trace the origin and migration of the races, was of more value than to inherit a crown.

The bird when chilled by winter's breath
 can scent a summer's air hundreds of
 miles away. The meanest worm has
 strange instincts by which it feels the
 web fate weaves around it and even
 the coarsest lives are, in some supreme
 moments, made luminous by the sun
 of prophecy.

A. B. French

28

No marble, or granite, or block of stone
 guard the grave of William Denton.
 In the early morning Hunter, with the
 aid of natives, dug a grave, and then
 tied his handkerchief around his face,
 wrapped his body in a blanket, and
 buried it. Yet nature is kind. The bird
 will call his mate, and its early song
 from the fern-fringed jungles near the
 little mound, and the unbroken song
 of the mountain stream will chant his
 requiem. The same sun which shines
 over us will warm his grave, and
 faithful stars nightly kiss it with their

pure sweet-beams.

The stones we place at the graves of our dead are at best-but-the play marks of a child which time will quickly wipe away.

29.

What of William Denton? Let us believe he has gone up higher. Let us try to feel the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy in which he believed, and which we delight to proclaim, and in its magic light-look beyond our tears, and see that "death is but the gate to endless day."

All hail, brother mine! We soon shall meet you. We, too, are coming. We are coming with the weary ^{tread} ache of aching feet; coming with our hot-templed throbbing with pain; coming battle-scarred and wet with tears. Oh! brother, doubly blest by death's sweet-kiss, swing wide the gates, and let our weeping eyes behold the garden of the soul's bloom, where we shall live and love forever. A. B. French.

God's Kingdom must be established within
the soul, before his will can be fulfilled
in the life.

July,
1st

Happiness is unrepented pleasure—

2

Socrates.

The end of man is one action, not a
thought.—

Carlyle.

3

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.—Goethe

4

The defects of the mind increase in old age,
like those of the face.—Rochefoucauld.

5

The love which grows slowly and by de-
grees, resembles friendship too much to
be a violent passion.—Du Coeur.

6

Music—we love it; for the buried hopes,
the garnered memories, the tender feelings
it can summon at a touch.—L. C. L.

A man is more faithful to the secret of another than to his own, a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another. — La Bruyere.

8

We may have the confidence of another without possessing his heart. If his heart be ours, there is no need of revelation, or of confidence — all is open to us. Du Couss.

9

Life is short: if it merits that name only when it is agreeable; since if we reckoned together all our happy years, we should with difficulty make a life of some months out of a great number of years.

10

— Diderot

All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage and grow wiser and more serene. —

11

— Channing

Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.

12

— Colton

Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears, and what never rose in the heart of man; love prepares for its object. — Lovater.

The transition from unconscious to conscious thought is education. Learning a thing truly is but recognizing it. A scholar never knows his lesson until he understands it, and understanding it is thinking it for himself. When he says at last of his problem, "I understand it," he says, "That is my own thought."

11

Rose Cleveland

It is not likely there have been any new thoughts outside the Garden of Eden. That which wins for the thinker the title of original, is not the newness or firstness of his thoughts; but the newness, perhaps firstness, of his expression of them in their relation to other thoughts, their method and extent of elaboration. That this is true is proven by the reception given the original thinkers, preachers, writers, teachers. At once they are called original, and the fact they are called so proves they are not so. It is because their thoughts are the very

thoughts of their hearers, readers, scholars, but - so surprisingly dressed up, come at by routes so unfamiliar, confronted so unexpectedly, elaborated to such distinctness.

Rose Cleveland.

13.

By the term, abstract-altruistic faith, I mean to imply that general attitude of mind which is hopeful and expecting of humanity; a faith in human nature's intrinsic worth and capability; a faith that the race is steadily gravitating toward a goal of final good rather than evil; a faith that when the coverages of the ages are accurately struck, the leverage will be found to be constantly upward, not downward; a faith that humanity is persistently electing itself to honor, glory, and immortality by a majority which secures to the some party all future convulsions; a faith which wavers not an instant before the question, however cleverly put by the pessimist. "Is life worth

living"? but responds with an immediate and hearty, "Yes, a thousand times Yes! Life is infinitely worth living"! A faith which looks into prisons, and idiot-asylums, and penitentiaries - ay, and into the darkness of great cities by night; and still believes in humanity reclaimable, however maimed or fallen, and infinitely worth saving. A faith which contemplates the catastrophe of moral obliquity and spiritual suicide, of the mole and the bat life of thousands of us; of the leprous spawn of human beings that are constantly thrown upon the shores of life only to contaminate and curse, and yet which says, with Longfellow,

"I believe that in all ages
 Every human heart is human;
 That in every savage bosom
 There are longings, stirrings, yearnings,
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,

Groping blindly in the darkness,
Reach God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

16

Rose Cleveland.

The spirit of chivalry may be inferred from the vow which in its early history was confession of faith to the chevaliers, and is thus epitomized: "To speak the truth, to succor the helpless and oppressed, and never to turn back from one enemy."

Fidelity, clemency, courage, courtesy - these four seem to sum up the main points of the chivalric code.

17

R. C. C.

Network of golden ferns, whose tracery weaved
In lingering twilight of warm August' eve,
Ethereal fescues, pictures fugitive,
Drawn on the flickering & fall-foliaged wall
Of the dense forest, ere the night shades fall.

18

P. H. Heugne.

Heroism is the divine relation
which in all times unites a
great man to other men. - Carlyle.

The Vow of Washington

Centennial Ode by Whittier. 1889.

The sword was sheathed. In spirit's sun
Lay green the fields by freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea!

How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its stead, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon pulses spoke;
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the placid-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymns borne heavenward from St. Paul!

How felt the bond in every part
The strong throbs of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
 That now the steep of centuries stined;
 In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
 Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
 And hopes deceived all history told.
 In two weeks that strewed the mournful past,
 Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
 The one man equal to his trust,
 Wise beyond lot, and without weakness good,
 Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
 Made possible the world's release;
 Taught prince and self that power is but a trust,
 And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
 In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
 Let her that turns her holy truths to lies,
 And lawless license masking in her guise,

Lands of his love! with no glad voice
 Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
 A century's sun o'er thee has risen and set,
 And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
 Shall prove his hope was destiny,
 Leaving our flag with all its added stars
 Unrent by faction and unmeted by war.

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
 And trained the new-set plant at first,
 The widening branches of a wide ^{stately} spread tree
 Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
 Sitting with none to make afraid,
 Were we now silent, thro' each mighty limb
 The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him

Our first and best! - his ashes lie
 Beneath his own Virginian sky.
 Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,
 The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

I never in the awful strife
 And dark hours of the Nation's life,
 Tho' the fierce tumult pierced his warning word,
 Their father's voice his crying children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
 In that sharp agony was wrought;
 No partial interest draws its alien line
 I mix North and South, the cypress and the pine.

One people now, all doubt beyond,
 Their name shall be our Union-bond,
 We lift our hands to Heaven, and here and now,
 Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be one,
 Chosen and chosen both are joined,
 Equal in service as in rights; the claim
 Of duty sets on each and all, the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
 Our banner floats in sun and air,
 From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
 Repeat with us the pledge a century old!

The Moon, a ghost of her sweet self,
 And wading thro' a watery cloud,
 Which wraps her lustre like a shroud,
 Creeps up the gray funereal sky.
 "Wearily, how wearily!"

P. H. Heyme.

The diamond in the monarch's crown
 Is crystalized from peasant's tears;
 The purple of his royal gown
 Betokens blood of bitter years.
 20

There are errors which no wise man will
 treat with rudeness, while there is a
 probability that they may be the repac-
 tion of some great truth still before
 the horizon. — Coleridge.
 21

"Think truly, and thy thought-
 Shall be a fruitful seed."
 22

The pleasure of doing good is the
 only one that doth not wear out.
 Chinese

Our Love

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The winds unbenic'd
 Would trouble my mind
 I said when you went away
 I had been more careful darling,
 Nor given you needless pain;
 "But we've our own"
 With look and tone
 We might never take back again.

You tho' in the quiet evening
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet well it might be
 That never for me
 The pain of the heart should cease.
 How many go forth in the morning
 Who never come home at night,
 And hearts home broken
 No harsh words spoken.
 That power can ne'er set right.

We have care for the strong,
 And smiles for the sometime guest,
 But oft for "our errand"
 The bitter tone

Thou' we love our errand the best.
 Ah! life with the cure impatient;
 Ah! born with that look of scorn,
 'T were a cruel fate
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn.
 M. E. Sangster.
 24

Content weighs heavier than gold
 In every perfect life;
 And there are blessings manifold,
 Outlasting pain and strife.
 Apparent losses may prove gains,
 And victory crown defeat.
 As after April's lingering rains,
 The May-flowers blossom sweet.
 Robert Hudson.

25

The best days of a man's life are those
 in which ~~in~~ all times he effects the most good

Osibru down! A listening hush!
 O kindly glory of the mind!
 What beauty in the roseate flush,
 What shimmer of gems on leaf & thorn!
 How near to God the spirit waits
 Who watches in the morning gates.
 J. M. E. Songster.

Each in her place appointed,
 The lily dwells serene;
 She cares not for the thistle blow
 Anear her leaf of green;
 Her neighbors cannot vex her soul,
 For she was born a queen.

28 M. E. Songster.
 Gold hath its dress, blue skies a cloud,
 Fortune a fall, and hope a shroud;
 But Love upon its mountain height,
 Reflects a ray of Heaven's own light.
 J. J.

The exercise of Approbation is specifically
 blameable when a person aims at the
 esteem and affection of other people by
 means in appearance honest, but in their
 end pernicious and destructive.

30

Stearns says in his Herond: I never drink - I cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day, but me three: the first in sinning, the second in suffering, & the third in repenting.

31

The eight stages on the noble eightfold Path to find the truth are, according to the doctrine of Samantapa Buddha, the following: 1 Right belief, 2 Right Int., 3 Right Speech, 4 Right Doctrine, 5 Right means of Livelihood, 6 Right endeavor, 7 Right Memory, 8 Right Meditation.

A person who injures another, injures himself, for each man constitutes a power which acts upon humanity, and the good or evil he does will return to himself.

August 1st

227

Day and Night

When drowsy Day draws round his drowsy ^{bed}
The Syrian tapestries of gold and red,
And, weary of its flight;
Puts out the palace light.

'Tis night!

When languid Night, unawakening with ^{yawn}
Leaps down the moon-washed stairway of the ^{alcove}
In trailing disarray,

Sweeping the dews away.

'Tis day.

James Newton Mathews.

Man is merely a manifestation of the universal principle on an individual form, and all the spiritual powers he seems to possess belong to the spirit.

Like all other forms in nature he receives life, light and energy from the universal fountain of life, and enjoys their possession for a short space of time; he has no power whatever which he may properly call his own.

The will, to become powerful, must be free, which means that it must be obedient to universal law, to become free of the bonds of self.

The purest way to become rich is by being contented with what we have; the perfect way to obtain power is to sacrifice ourselves for others; and if we desire love, we must distribute the love we possess to others, & then the love of others will descend upon us like rain descends upon the earth.

5'

Only that which is ^{more} harmonious.

6

To attain the highest the spirit should be the master, the passions, the servants.

7

Metals are purified by fire, & the emotions by suffering. The lower desires must starve to nourish the higher; the animal passions must be crucified and die, but the angels of Will remove the stone from the sepulchre & liberates the higher energies from the sphere of

selfishness & darkness, and then the
resurrected virtues will begin to live, 229
and become active in a new world of enduring
light & harmony.

Symbolism &

"In the 'Old Testament' we find the doctrine of salvation represented in the story of Noah's ark. Noah represents the spiritual man, and the ark the spiritual church. Only those elements of the psychic organism of man which enter the spiritual realm are saved, while those who remain in a lower state are doomed to destruction.

Upon the waters of thought floats the ship containing many compartments; the window of Knowledge is open to enable the divine man to look out upon the material waste. The intellectual arrow is sent out to discover dry land, but it can find no place to rest, and returns to the ark; the divine of spiritual intelligence alone can find solid ground in the realm of the spirit; she returns with the emblem of peace, the doubts recede, and the ark is turned into a temple resting upon the top of the mountain of knowledge. Blessed is he whose

ask during his terrestrial life is guided upon this Ar-ar-at of Faith; it will enable him patiently and with indifference to bear the ills of terrestrial life until the soul is released from her bonds and returns to her home in the eternal Kingdom, having become separated from all the attractions of matter.

9

Man's actions are his writings. By putting his thoughts into action, he expresses them and records them in the book of life. He writes them all over his body and upon his face; they will appear in the lustre of his eyes and in the grace of his movements. An angelic soul cannot fail to impress its beauty upon the form.

10

Evil acts are followed by a degradation of character, producing an increased corporealization of sensual elements from icyestation of the soul. Selfish desires bleach the hair, bend the back, wrinkle the face, & are the cause of endless ills; for all of which there is no other remedy but goodness of will.

"To take up one's cross", means to sacrifice one's own desires to the rule of divine law. By doing so the evil and animal desires remain crucified and die, but the divine element will be resurrected and enter the Light.

12

To be silent means to let no other language be heard within the heart but the language of God, to listen to the voice of Divine Wisdom speaking within the heart; but this state will be arrived at only after the storm of the passions, the battle of desires, and the conflict of the intellectual forces is over.

13

The only true way to obtain courage is to rise above fear.

14

Learn to obey the spiritual law, and your will becomes your own master, and the Lord over all.

15

We should desire nothing except what the divine spirit desires within our own heart.

Who can know the practical spiritual signification of the Cross except he who has been nailed there on and suffered the pangs of crucifixion of thought & desire and of the mystic death? The external Christian sees only the wooden Cross, but he whose spiritual perception is open sees the living Cross in its glory. Sublimely stands that Cross upon the mountain of the living Truth; magnificent in its aspect. Far into space shines the light radiating from its center & illuminating the darkness with its beneficent rays, which give life to all who behold it.

Rise, oh man, up to your divine dignity, so that you may see the true Cross, the true Light. Not the dead wooden Cross, the emblem of ignorance and suffering, nor the glittering cross made of brass, the emblem of vanity, sectarianism and superstition, but the Living Golden Cross, the emblem of Wisdom which each true Brother of the

Golden Cross and Rosy Cross carries
 deeply buried within his own heart.

This Cross carries deeply buried is the
 full grown Tree of Life and of Knowledge,
 bearing the fruits of salvation & immortality,
 the dispensers of Life, the protectors against
 evil. He ^{who} knows practically the true mys-
 tery of the Cross is acquainted with the
 highest wisdom; he who is adorned
 with the true Cross is safe from all
 dangers. Infinite power of the Cross! In
 this is Wisdom revealed. Buried deep,
 deep in the realm of Matter is thy foot,
 teaching us Patience; high, high into the
 heavens reaches thy crown, teaching us
 Faith. Lifted by Hope and extended
 by Charity are thy arms, Light & Ben-
 ediction surround thee. Link upon link the
 chain of creation encircles the Cross; words
 within words, forms within forms, illusions
 upon illusions surround it like clouds &
 nebulous mists, but in the center is the
 Reality, in which is hidden the jewel of
 priceless value, the Truth. Let the dew
 of heaven which comes from the true Cross

descend into your hearts and penetrate into your soul and body, so that it may crystalize into form. Then will the darkness within your mind disappear, the veil of matter will be rent, & before your spiritual vision will stand revealed the Angel of truth.

17

It requires only momentary outbursts of power or temporary efforts of will to perform a daring deed on the physical plane, and after it is accomplished it is followed by satisfaction & rest; but in the realm of the soul there is no rest for those who have not succeeded in eradicating that which is evil. A continual and unremitting strain is needed to keep the emotions subjected, and this strain is rendered still more fatiguing by the circumstance that it depends entirely on your own will whether or not you will endure it, and that if we relax the bridle and allow our emotions to run free

and disorderly, sensual gratification is the result. It requires a courage of the highest order to act under all circumstances in obedience to the law. Long may the battle last, but each victory strengthens the will; each act of submission renders it more powerful, until at last the combat is over.

18

To make the will free, action is required, and each action strengthens the will, and each unselfish deed increases its power. In unity is power. To render one will powerful we may unite it with the will of others, and if the desires of others are different from ~~others~~ ours, our will there by becomes free from our own desires. In action is strength. If we oppose one will to the will of others, by acting against the desires of others, we increase its strength, but we become there by isolated from others.

We must dare to act and throw off our desires, instead of waiting patiently until they desert us. We must dare to tear ourselves loose from accustomed habits, irrational thoughts, and selfish considerations, and from everything that is an impediment to our recognition of the truth. We must dare to conquer ourselves and to conquer the world; dare to face the ridicule of the ignorant, the vilifications of bigots, the haughtiness of the vain, the contempt of the learned, and the envy of the small; dare to proclaim the truth if it is useful to do so, & dare to be silent if taunted by the fool.

20

The soul of each human being is an exact image of the soul of the universe, and as the great Spiritual Sun exists in the center of the Universe, likewise the image of that sun exists within the heart of each human being. Of no

only permit this divine light to shine within our own soul, we will know the truth, for the truth is only one, & the one existing within our own hearts is identical with the one existing within the centre of the universe.

21

If we desire to see the pure light of the terrestrial sun, the atmosphere must not be obscured by clouds and fogs; if we desire to see the eternal light of the spiritual Sun existing within the heart, the realm of the soul must not be clouded by material desires. We must by the power of our will disperse the fogs and mists created by the vapors coming from the material plane, we must become our own masters in our own house. To do this requires effort and perseverance.

22

If we listen to beautiful music the air seems filled with life. If the principles of harmony exist within ourselves, we may recognize it in the music and it becomes alive in our soul. A discor-dant being may listen to the most beautiful music & be left cold because there is no harmony within his own soul.

If we do not want to receive the truth we will not obtain it, because it acts with the spirit, and the spirit is a power that exercises the universal law of attraction; it attracts the mind that corresponds to its vibrations, and is repulsed by discords.

24

Men believe that they love the truth, but there are few that desire it. They love only welcome truths; those that are unwelcome are usually rejected. Opinions which flatter the vanity and are in harmony with accustomed modes of thought are accepted; strange truths are often regarded with astonishment and driven away from the door. Men are often afraid of that which they do not know, and, not knowing the truth, they are afraid to receive it. They ask new truths for their passports, and if they do not bear the stamp of some fashionable authority they are looked upon as illegitimate children, and are not permitted to grow.

Many followers of the church profess to love God, and have not the remotest conception of what God is. Many profess to love Christ, and despise and reject him if they meet him in man. Such a "love of God and Christ" is a pretense and an illusion, it exists only in the brain and not in the heart. We can only love that of which we know that it is good, because we feel it to be so; and where else could we feel the presence of God except within our own heart? To learn to desire God means therefore to enter a mental state in which we can feel the presence of the Divine principle within our own heart; to learn to know God means to learn to know our own Divine Self.

26

To enter a state in which universal truth may come to one direct perception, no intellectual labor but spiritual development is required. We must become masters of our own thoughts and desires, and be able to sink our thoughts into the invisible center of All.

How shall we learn to love the truth?
 By being obedient to the law. How can we
 become convinced of its goodness? By doing
 our duty. Irrational man asks for external
 proofs, but true man requires no other
 certificate for the truth but its own
 appearances.

28

Only an intelligent and well balanced
 mind can discriminate properly and dive
 into the hidden mysteries of Nature.

"Only the pure in heart can see God."

He who has reached that stage need not
 search for an adept to instruct him; the
 higher intelligences will be attracted to him,
 and become his instructor, in the same
 manner as he may be attracted by the
 beauty of an animal or flower.

29

A harp does not invent sounds but obeys
 the hand of a master, and the more
 perfect the instrument, the sweeter may
 be the music. A diamond does not

originate light, but reflects it, and the purer the diamond the purer will be its lustre. Man does not invent original thought, will and intelligence. He is a mirror in which the thought of God and the imagery of nature is reflected, an instrument through which the eternal will or the animal will expresses itself; a pearl filled with a drop of water from the universal ocean of intelligence.

30

He who ascends to the top of a high mountain need not inquire for some body to bring him pure air. Pure air surrounds him on all sides. The realm of wisdom is not limited, and he whose mind is receptive will not suffer from want of divine influx to feed his aspiration.

31

No effort is lost, every cause creates a corresponding effect, no favors are granted, no injustice takes place. Blind to bribes and deaf to appeals is the law of justice, dealing out to

every one according to his merits or demerits, but he who has no selfish desire for reward, and no cowardly fear of punishment, but who dares to act rightly because he can not do wrong, identifies himself with the law, and in the equilibrium of the law will be found his Power.

September 1st-

If the physical body is in good health, it acts as an armor, and more-over, more had the power, by a judicious exercise of his will, to so concentrate the odie aura by which he is surrounded, as to render his armor impenetrable; but if by bad health, by a careless expenditure of vitality, or by the practice of mediumship, he dispenses through space the odie emanations belonging to his sphere, his physical armor will become weakened and unable to protect him; he becomes a victim of elementaries and elemental forces, his mental faculties will lose their balance, and some

or later he will, like the symbolical Adam and Eve, know that he is naked, and exposed to influences which he can not repel. Such is the result for which those ignorantly crave who wish to obtain knowledge without corresponding morality. To supply the ignorant and weak with power of destruction would be like providing children with gun-powder and matches for play.

2.

Man is continually surrounded by unseen influences, and the astral plane is continually swarming with entities & forces, which are acting upon him for good or for evil, according to his good or evil intentions & inclinations. At the present state of evolution man has a physical body, which is admirably adapted to modify the influences from the astral plane, and to shelter him against the "monsters of the deep."

There are three kinds of knowledge, the useful, the useless, and the harmful. The most useful knowledge is the one which relates to the essential nature of man, to his destiny, and to his possibilities. There is no higher knowledge than the practical knowledge of religion; that is to say, the knowledge of all that relates to the spiritual, emotional, and physical nature of man. He who has this knowledge is necessarily the true physician for the soul as well as for the body, and he heals by the power of his spirit. An attempt to separate religion from science and the practice of morality from the practice of medicine leads to illusions of the most dangerous kind.

4

The ~~useless~~ ^{harmful} knowledge consists in scientific attainments without any corresponding perception of the moral aspect of truth. It is only partial knowledge, because it recognizes only a part of the truth. A high

intellectual development without any corresponding growth of morality is a curse to mankind. Knowledge, to be good must be illuminated by Wisdom; Knowledge without wisdom is dangerous to possess. Misunderstanding and misapplication of truths are the source of suffering.

3'

The useless knowledge is the knowledge of, or rather the adherence to, illusions and falsehoods; it is no real knowledge, altho' it embraces a great deal of what is considered of great importance in civilized life countries that men should know.

6

To obtain true knowledge we must under ourselves able to receive it; we must free our minds from all the intellectual rubbish that has accumulated there thro' the perverted methods of education of modern civilization. The more false doctrines we have learned the more difficult will be the labor to make room for the truth, and it may take years to unlearn that which we have learned at the expense of a great deal of labor, money, & time.

Only when the mind of the regenerated man has become illuminated by divine wisdom will he be able to know the true God, for he will see His image within his own soul.

8

He who desires to know all things should not look upon them with his own eyes, but with the eyes of God; he should not think the thoughts suggested by external appearances, but he should let the Divine Spirit do its thinking within his mind.

9

The divine prerogative of spiritual man and his highest destiny is to live in eternal perception and adoration of the highest God, of which the intellect cannot conceive, and for which we can find no name.

10

Those who are willing to learn can be instructed, but they that believe that they already know, refuse to be taught. For this reason the legitimate guardians of the truth, the teachers of science and religion, like those who have an intellectual pride, are often the last ones to ^{the truth.} ~~the truth.~~

Only in practical experience is life. Petrified
 speculative science, mouldy speculative philo-
 sophy, and dried-up speculative theology groan
 in the embrace of death. Humility knocks in
 her plumb and asks for the bread of wisdom,
 but receives only a stone. She turns to science,
 but science is silent, wraps herself up in her
 vanity and turns away; she turns to philo-
 sophy, and old philosophy answers, but her
 talk is incomprehensible jargon, and con-
 fuses matters still more. She turns to
 theology, but theology threatens the ignorant
 with hell, and bids her to re-
 main ignorant. But the people, on the whole,
 are no longer satisfied with such answers;
 they are no longer contented with the assertion
 that the truth is known to a few, & that they
 themselves must remain ignorant, they
 want to enjoy it too. If we want to enter
 the path to infinite life, the first requirement
 is to know. Knowledge is the perception &
 understanding of truth. We can only know
 that which we perceive.

The reason why love must prevail over hate is because love being associated with wisdom is stronger than hate. Love unites and attracts all; it even converts hate into love by the power of truth. Hate disunites and repulses. Love is related to wisdom, and hate is based on ignorance.

Both are enduring and independent of form, but only that which is good and wise is immortal. Wisdom is there for the time redeemed of good, and at the same time the destroyer of evil.

13.

The unpardonable sin is to knowingly and willfully reject spiritual truth. In a certain sense all sins are "unpardonable," because they all cause effects which have to become exhausted before they can cease; but if a person knowingly and willfully, without any selfish considerations, rejects the truth, it proves that he has a determinate preference for evil, that he loves evil better than good, and that he is therefore amalgamated with evil.

14

The true principle of Christ is not the least of popular Christianity; it has long been driven away from the modern Christian temple, and an illusion has remained in its place. The money-changers & tradesmen have again taken possession of the temple of mind, sacrificing the life-blood of the poor at the altars of wooden gods, closing their eyes to the truth and whipping themselves, squandering the wealth of nations for the glorification of self. The true "Son of Man" is still scoffed at by His nominal followers, traduced by His pretended friends, crucified by men who do not recognize in Him the only source of their life. Killed by men in their own hearts, ignorantly and foolishly, because they do not know what they are doing, and that their own life substance departs at the same time when He departs from their life.

15-

As well may one acorn enclosed in a stone beg to be developed into an oak, as a man whose heart is filled with desires for the low ask to become conscious of the high.

Modern civilization adores the religion of selfishness, and rejects the gospel of love; she debases her own dignity by crouching at the feet of idols, where she should stand up in her own dignity and purity as the queen of the whole creation. Humanity is still dreaming and has not yet fully awakened to life. She searches for a god in her imaginations, and cannot realize that he can only be found in the truth. Men & women clamor for the coming of a god, and yet this god is ever ready to come to them as soon as he is admitted into the heart, by submitting to him their will.

This unknown god is attainable to all. He is ever ready to be born in every heart where the conditions for his birth are prepared. He always begins to come to life in a "mangle" between the elemental and animal forces in man. He can only be born in a lowly place, because pride & superstition are his enemies, and in a heart filled with vanity he would soon suffocate. The news of his birth sends a thrill of pleasure thro' the physical body, and the morning stars

sing together for joy, hailing the dawn of the
 day for the resurrection of the spirit. The
 three magicians from the East, Love, Wisdom
 and Power, appear at the manger and offer
 their gifts. If Herodes, the King of pride &
 ambition, does not succeed in driving it
 out of the country, it begins to grow, and as
 it grows its divinity becomes manifest. It
 argues with the intellectual forces in the
 temple of the mind, and silences them by
 its superior knowledge. It penetrates into mys-
 teries, which intellectuality, born of sensual
 perceptions, cannot explain. Grey-headed
 material science, sophistry hoary with age,
 old logic based upon misconceptions of
 fundamental truths, give way and are
 forced to acknowledge the presence of the
 half grown God. Living in the wilderness
 of material desires, it is vainly tempted by
 the devil of selfishness.

17

As long as the worshipping intellect obeys the
 exiles of spirit, it cannot become conscious of
 its exiles, because only the steady light of unclouded
 reason can penetrate into the depths where

the spirit resides. Mere "belief" is a confession
of ignorance; true faith is based upon conviction
18

How much more grand and sublime is
practical Christianity than the mere theo-
retical christianism of antiques! Jesus of Naz-
areth, whether he ever existed or not, represents the
ideal man whose example we ought to follow.
Without being a true follower of the ideal Christ,
a belief in a person can be of no value. How
superior is knowledge to mere opinion and belief,
how infinitely greater the living spirit of Christ
to a mere belief in the historical person whose
memory is worshipped by those who cling to external
symbols and cannot rise up to a realization
of spiritual facts! Why do men close their eyes
and grope in darkness while they are surrounded
by light, why do they cling to death when the
door of immortal life is open before them.

19

A pretense to knowledge does not make a
man wiser. 20

From ignorance spring all evils; from knowledge

come cessation of this mass of misery. The truly enlightened one stands, dispelling the hosts of illusions like the sun that illuminates the sky.

21

There has been a great deal of time and labor spent to prove or disprove that the founder of Christianity was a person living in Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era. To know whether or not such a person by the name of Jesus or perhaps Jehoshua ever existed, and whether he existed at the time indicated by theologians, may be a matter of great ^{historical} interest, but it cannot be of supreme importance for the salvation of Men.

22

Every one in whom the spirit of God awakens to consciousness is a Son of God and an incarnation of the Word.

23

Jesus may have been the most perfect incarnation of the spirit of truth that ever existed, but the truth existed before the person was born, and it is not the belief in the person that can save mankind.

from evil, but the recognition of the truth, of which the outward form can be nothing else but the external expression. Those who believe in the still living eternal spirit of Christ, whether they believe in His person or not, are the true worshippers, but those who do not follow His words, but believe in His person, worship only a form without life - an illusion.

24

The doctrines of the Jesus of the Gospel grow in sublimity in proportion as their secret meaning is understood; the tales of the Bible in regard to his deeds and miracles which he performed, and which to the superficial observer appear incredible and absurd, represent eternal truths and psychological processes which are not merely things of the past but which occur ever more within the realm of the soul of man, and in proportion as man ceases to be a "Christian" and comes nearer to Christ, veil after veil drops from his eyes, and a new life awakens in him, and a new and infinite world of truth ^{uses up before his astonished eyes.}

Modern Christianity has not destroyed the Olympian gods. They were allegorical representations of truths, and truths cannot be killed. The laws of nature are the same today as they were at the time of Socrates; Christianity has only changed with symbols and called old things by new names, & the dead heathen gods have been resurrected in the form of Roman Catholic saints.

1 Do not believe there is any thing higher in the universe than the immortal principle of good obtaining self-consciousness in man, and that man is exactly what he makes himself - not what he pretends to be - and nothing else. True religion is the recognition of truth; idols are playthings for children.

2 Learn that the All is one and that the everything is thyself; man is a component and integral part of universal humanity, and that what affects one, reacts on all.

3 Realize that man is an embodiment of ideas, and his physical body an instrument which enables him to come into contact with matter and control it; and that this instrument should not be used for unworthy purposes. It should neither be worshipped nor neglected.

4

Let nothing that affects your physical body, its comfort, or the circumstances in which you are placed, disturb the equilibrium of your mind. Borne for nothing on the material plane, love above it without losing control over it.

5

Never expect any favors from any body, but be always ready to assist others to the extent of your ability, and according to the requirements of justice. Never fear anything but to offend the moral law, and you will not suffer. Never hope for any reward and you will not be disappointed. Never act for love, sym-

pathy or gratitude from any body, but
 be always ready to bestow them on others.
 Such things come only when they are
 not desired.

October. 1st

6) Learn to discriminate between the
 true and the false, and act up to
 your highest ideal of virtue.

2

Learn to appreciate everything (you-
 self included) at its true value in all
 the various planes. A person who attempts
 to look down upon one who is his superior
 is a fool, and a person who looks up to
 one who is inferior is mentally blind.
 It is not sufficient to know of the worth
 of a thing, its worth must be realized, else
 it resembles a treasure hidden in the
 vaults of a miser.

3

Louis Claude de Saint Martin (the *Embossed*
 Philosopher) says:
 "This is what should pass in a man who is

restored to his divine proportions thro' the process of regeneration:

"Not a deed but in obedience to the law.

5

"Not an idea which is not a sacred communication with God.

6

"Not a word, which is not a sovereign decree.

7

"Not an act, which is not a development and extension of the vivifying rule of the word.

8

"Instead of this our desires are false because they come from ourselves.

"Our thoughts are vague & corrupt, because they form adulterous alliances.

"Our words are without efficacy, because we allow them to be blunted every day by the heterogeneous substances to which we continually apply them.

"Our acts are insignificant & barren, because they can but be the results of our words." To learn these instructions

is easy, to realize them is difficult, to adopt them in practical life, is divine.

8

The highest spiritual truths cannot be intellectually grasped, the reasoning power of half animal man cannot hold them until they become accustomed to them; average men can only look up to those ideals which are perceptible to his spiritual vision in moments of aspiration, and only gradually can he grow up into that plane where, becoming less animal & more intuitive, he will be able to realize the fact that moral growth is not necessary to please a god, whose favor must be obtained, but that man himself becomes a god by that growth - and that he can stimulate it only by making his energies act on a higher plane.

9.

Never say you have no faith or hope. Always think of God's strength when you feel your weakness, and remember that you can come nearer to Him than to any being in the universe.

Mary Lyon.

Faith is a luminous star that leads the honest pecker into the mysteries of nature. You must seek your point of gravity in God, and put your trust into one honest, divine, sincere, pure and strong faith, and cling to it with your whole heart, soul, sense and thought full of love and confidence. If you possess such a faith, God (wisdom) will not withhold His truth from you, but He will reveal His works to you credibly, visibly, and consolingly.

10

"Conscience is the state which we have received from God, in which we should see our own image, and according to the dictates of which we should act, without attempting to discover reasons in the guidance of our life in regard to morals and virtues."

11

It is not faith in the existence of a historical Jesus Christ that has the power to save mankind from evil, but a faith in the Supreme Power, God through which the man Jesus was enabled to act.

According to Dr. Hartmann the philosopher's stone is not a stone in the usual sense of that term, but an allegorical expression, meaning the principle of wisdom upon which the philosopher who has obtained it by practical experience (not the one who is merely speculating about) may fully rely on, as the world rely on the value of a precious stone, or as he would trust to a solid rock upon which to build the foundations of his spiritual house.

13.

No man ever grew to his spiritual height without sympathy, nor can he ever. We are intended to live in love with one another, and any contradiction of this fundamental law entails just so much helplessness and futility, and narrowness of insight.

Caroline Fox.

14

All the so called forces of nature pre-exist in the spiritual world, as spiritual forces; and become natural forces when they flow into the molecules of physical structures. Thus the Spirit is Love, he comes the heat, & the Divine Wisdom the light of the material ^{universe.}

The spiritual and natural worlds are associated like the soul and body of man; & the natural exists & persists from moment to moment only by the influx of the spiritual into it.

Our life is not a creation of God in us, but a gift to us; an inbreathing of life from Himself. All things exist, consist & live from moment to moment by this inflowing breath of God.

17.
God's life is the Divine Love, & our life is our love, manifested by means of our affections.

18
Our love is two-fold, egoistic & altruistic, the love of self and the love of others.

19
God has no self-love, ^{because He is infinite;} and we approach to God in proportion as we are dead to self and alive to others.

20

The voluntary surrender of our own will to God's will which is done by obeying his commandments, effects a co-operative union be-

tion God's life and our life, so that God's will works in us both towards ourselves & others.

20

When self-love yields itself place to God's love, we love God as we had loved ourselves, & we love our neighbor as God loved us.

21

Religion is such a union of the Soul with God that the divine life and will are carried out into the life & conduct of the individual. True religion is therefore a vital thing, a life and not a creed or system.

22

There is religion & religiosity; religiosity is external without internal religion, a creed without a corresponding life, ritualism without holiness.

We are united to God, & therefore joined, not by creeds or ceremonies, but by the filial, conjugal, parental, fraternal, neighborly, & social affections, which are the forms of God's life in us, & by the performance of the duties they involve and demand of us. We are Christians only as we live, love, think, feel and act in a Christ-like manner. All else is as something brass & iron things
cynical.

I have no home until I am in the realized presence of God; this feeling is my inward home; until it arrives I am not at home; or I am a wanderer without a home in the outward universe.

25'

It is declared in Isaiah that, "The sword of the Lord is filled with blood" — an expression which strikes terror to many minds; & yet, its real meaning is beautiful and consoling.

The sword of the Lord always signifies the divine truth of the Word in its power to conquer and destroy evil & falsities. Therefore a sword is said to go out of the mouth of the Lord because He speaks the truth.

"The sword of the adversary," mentioned in the Word, signifies falsehood. For the Devil is "a liar and the father of it." Then the phrase, "The sword of the Lord is filled with blood," would read, by correspondences, "The truth of the word is filled with life." Sword denoting truth, and blood life.

Let us make man means; Let us make a divine man out of an animal man; let us surround the divine ray within us with the finest of essences gathered from the lower planes; let us throw off everything which is sensual and grossly material, and which hinders our progress; let us transform the emotions into virtues in which the spiritual ray may clothe itself when it ascends to its throne

27

The heart and the head should work together in harmony, to kill the dragon of ignorance, dwelling upon the threshold of the temple.

28

Pure intelligence is Spirituality, but intellectual power laboring only in the lower planes of thought can bring to light no spiritual treasures, unless it is penetrated by the light of Wisdom, which enables it to distinguish the pure metal from the material dross.

29

The snake of evil cannot enter the soul, if the latter is defended by wisdom. If an evil

Thought enters the soul and we do not immediately eject it, we harbor a devil in our hearts, whose claims we take into consideration, we give him a promise & induce him to remain, and like an unwelcome creditor he will continually argue his claims until they are fulfilled.

30

A pure person requires pure food, but to the impure impurities become at first a luxury, and afterwards a necessity.

31

Each animal form is an expression of that animal's character, & he who takes it up in his system receives a part of that character in his own constitution. To man used to live on the meats of tigers & cats, wolves and hyenas & birds of prey, the effect would soon be seen in a state of greater demoralization.

Reforms are necessary, but they cannot be inaugurated by force.

Noble and refined natures require little nutriment.

November 1st

It is said that God permitted man to "have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," we should know that by the terms "fish," "fowl," & "cattle," et cetera meant the elementary forces in man, which find their objective representations in the animal kingdom.

The body politic resembles the individual body. It is of no use to destroy the means to gratify a desire as long as the desire itself is suffered to exist. The evils that affect man kind are the out come of their desire for such evils. Means to gratify evil desires will exist as long as they are patronized, & if they are abolished other means will be found. Weeds are not destroyed by cutting their leaves if the roots are allowed to remain.

Fear and Doubt are the hell-born daughters of ignorance that drag men down to perdition; while Faith is the white-robed angel that lends him her wings and endow him with power.

Even blind faith without knowledge may be more useful than imperfect knowledge without faith, & consequently without action. Strong faith, even if resting upon an erroneous conception, may act powerfully in producing results; faith produces an exalted state of the imagination, which strengthens the will, banishes pain, cures disease, leads to heroism, & transforms hell into heaven. 5'

The only way to develop will power is to act. Each act creates a new impulse, which, added to the already existing energy, increases its strength. Good acts increase the power for good; evil acts the power for evil; but those whose actions are neither good nor evil acquire no power for either.

6

A person who acts only from impulse manifests no will.

7
 The purest way to become rich is by being contented with what we have; the safest way to obtain power is to sacrifice ourselves for others; and if we desire love, we must distribute the love we possess to others, and then the love of others will descend upon us like rain descends upon the earth.

8

As long as the Will is governed by personal desire, it is not we who control our will, but it is an desire.

9

Only when we perform the will of the Divinity within ourselves, we will become free of the bondage of the animal elements & be our own masters.

10

Life is a continual battle between error & truth; between man's spiritual aspirations and the demands of his animal instincts.

11

There are two gigantic obstacles in the way of progress: his ^{man's} misconception of God and his misconception of Man. As long as man believes in a whimsical reasoning God who distributes favors to some & punishes others at pleasure

a God that can be reasoned with, persuaded
and pacified by ignorant man, he will
keep himself within the narrow confines
of his ignorance and his mind cannot
sufficiently expand. 12

We must do good, not on account of any
personal considerations, but because to do
good is best. To be good is to be wise;
the fool expects undeserved rewards; the wise
expects nothing but justice. The wise knows
that by benefiting the world he benefits himself
and that by injuring others he becomes his
own executioner. 13

Knowledge gives strength, doubt paralyzes
the will. 14

To be without personal desire is to be free &
happy, & Heaven and means nothing else but
a state in which freedom & happiness exist.

15'

He whose will is swayed by his lower personal
self is the slave of his passion, but he who has
conquered that lower self enters the higher
life. 16

The science of life consists in subduing the low & elevating the high. Its first lesson is how to free one's self from the love of self, the first Angel of evil 17.

In each human constitution there are the germs which go to make up a Shakespear, a Washington, like the Voltaire, a Buddha, or Leibniz. There are likewise the germs which may grow to make a Nero, Messalina or Joazequimadao; & each germ may develop & take a form, & ultimately find its expression & reflection in the outward form.

18

The true religion of universal Love knows no "self" 19

To renounce one's self means to conquer the sense of personality & to free one's self of the love of things which that personality desires. It means "to live in the world but not cling to the world" to substitute universal love for personal love, and to consider the interests of the whole of superior importance than personal claims. The renunciation of self is necessarily by spiritual growth.

To become perfect, physical health, intellectual growth, and spiritual perception & activity should go hand in hand. Intuition should be supported by an unselfish intellect, a true mind by a healthy form. 20

The struggle between Light and Darkness is as old as the world, no light can become manifest without darkness, and no evil without good. 21

Only spiritual realities are everlasting and true. 22

In the ever revolving kaleidoscope of nature the aspect of illusions changes continually in form. What is laughed at as a superstition by one century is often accepted as the basis of science for the next, and what appears as wisdom to day may be looked upon as an absurdity on the great tomorrow. Nothing is permanent but the real ideal, the truth. 23

We may blind ourselves to the perception of truth but the truth itself is not there by changed. It illuminates the minds of those who have awakened to immortal life.

Where can man find the truth? If he seeks deep enough in himself he will find it revealed, each man may know his own heart. He may send a ray of his intelligence into the depths of his soul and search its bottom, he may find it to be as infinitely deep as the sky above his head. He may find corals and pearls, or watch the monsters of the deep. If his thro' is steady and unwavering, he may enter the innermost sanctuaries of his own temple and see the goddess unveiled. Not everyone can penetrate into such depths, because the thought is easily led astray; but the strong and persistent searcher will penetrate veil after veil, until at the innermost centre he discovers the germ of truth, which awakened to consciousness, will grow into a sun that illuminates the whole of the interior world, where no every thing is contained. Such an interior meditation and concentration of thought upon the germ of divinity, which rests in the innermost centre of the soul, is the only true prayer. The adulation of an external form, whether living or dead, whether existing objectively or merely subjectively in the imagination, is useless and serves only to deceive ourselves. It is

very easy to attend to external forms of external
 "so-called worship," but the true worship of the
 living God within requires a great effort of will
 and a power of will, which few people are able
 to exercise, but which can be acquired by practice.
 It consists in continually guarding the door
 of the sacred lodge, so that no illegitimate
 thoughts may enter the mind to disturb the
 holy assembly whose deliberations are presided
 over by the spirit of wisdom.

25

How shall we know the truth? Truth,
 having awakened to consciousness, knows that
 it is, it is the god-principle in man, which is
 infallible and cannot be misled by illusions.
 If the surface of the soul is not lashed by the
 storms of passions, if no selfish desires exist
 to disturb its tranquillity, if its waters are
 not darkened by reflections of the past, we
 will see the image of eternal truth mirrored
 in the deep. 26

To know the truth in its fulness is to be-
 come alive and immortal, to lose the power

of recognizing the truth is to perish in death. The voice of truth in its person that has not yet awakened to spiritual life, is the "still small voice" that may be felt in the heart, listened to by the imperfect, as a half-conscious dreamer may listen to the ringing of bells in the distance, but in those that have become conscious of life, that have passed thro' the first resurrection of the spirit in their own heart, and received the first baptism of the first initiation administered by themselves, the voice of the new-born ego has no uncertain sound, but becomes the powerful Word of the Master.

27.

Not every one is a Theosophist who goes by that name, nor is every one a Christian who is called a Christian. But a true Theosophist & a true Christian or Mahatma are one and the same, because both are human forms in which the universal spiritual soul has attained a state of self-consciousness.

28

The terms "Christian" or "Theosophist" like so many other terms of similar kind, have almost entirely lost their true meaning. A "Christian" from a days ago is a person whose name is inscribed in the register of some so-called Christian Church, and performs the ceremonies prescribed by that social organization.

A real Christianism is something entirely different from a merely external one. The first Christianisms were a secret organization, a school of Occultists, who adopted certain symbols & signs, in which to represent the truths they knew, & thus to communicate them to each other, while hiding them from the eyes of the ignorant.

+ + +

A real Theosophist is not a dreamer, but a most practical person. By purity of life he receives the power to perceive higher truths than average man is able to see.

December 1st

To know the whole truth is to know every thing that exists; to love the truth above all is to become ^{united} with the consciousness of all; to be able to express the truth in its fulness, is to possess universal power, but to be one with immortal truth is to be forever immortal.

2

A man who only follows the dictates of his emotions, resembles one who in ascending a mountain peak becomes dizzy, & losing his power to control himself falls over a precipice; a man who is only guided by his sensual perceptions influencing his intellect is easily lost in the whirlpool of materialistic illusions. He is like a person on an island in the ocean examining a drop of water taken from the ocean.

and being blind to the existence of the
ocean from which the drop has been taken. 281 But
if the heart & head are attuned to the divine har-
monies of the invisible realm of nature, then
will the truth reveal itself to man, & in him
with the highest ideal see its own image reflected.

3

Heart and brain are not ourselves. They are
instruments which have been lent to us by nature.
They should not govern us; but we should ^{govern} them,
and use them according to the ^{dictates of the} universal dictates
law, whose words we can only hear, when we are
free from the bonds of the animal self.

4

Material man, entombed in his chrysalis of clay, can
only feel, but not see, the rays that radiate from the
sphere of infinite truth; but if he bids his emotions be
still, & commands his intellect not to be deluded, he
may stretch his feeling into the realm of the spirit
and perceive the light of truth. His heart should
be used as a touchstone to examine the conclusions
arrived at by the brain, & the brain should be
employed like scales to weigh the decisions of the
heart; but when his self-knowledge has been awakened,
there will be no more differences of opinion between the
head & the heart, the perceptions of the one will be in har-
mony with the aspirations of the latter, the one will
see & the other will feel the truth, they will the lower
ideals vanish before the light of truth, for truth is a jealous
goddess & suffers no other gods beside her.

If we would rise into a higher state, in which we would no longer require so much of material life, they would cease to be a necessity, & even become undesirable & useless, but it is the crowning & the mastering of thought for the augmentation of the pleasures of the lower life which prevent man to enter the higher life.

To raise the evanescent man to a state of perfection enjoyed by the permanent ideal man is the great object of life; the Acconum, that cannot be learned in books. It is the great secret, that may be understood by a child, but will forever be incomprehensible to him who, living entirely in the realm of sensual perceptions, has no power to grasp it. To the attainment of that which is the highest is the Magnam opus, the great work, of which the Alchemists, said that thousand of years may be required to perform it, but that it may be accomplished in a short time even by a woman engaged in her spinning. They looked upon the human mind as being a great alembic, in which the contending forces of the emotions may be purified by the heat of holy aspirations & by a supreme love of truth. They gave instructions how the soul of mortal man may be sublimated & purified from earthly attractions & its immaterial parts be made living & free. The purified elements were made to ascend to the supreme power of love, & descend again in showers of snowy whiteness, visible to all, because they rendered every act of life holy & pure. They taught how the base metal, becoming the minor energies in man - could be transformed into the pure gold of peace spiritually, and how by attaining spiritual life - allegorically

represented under the "Elixir of Life" - ^{souls} 283
could have their youth & innocence restored and
be rendered immortal. Their truths showed the
fate of other truths; they were misunderstood and
rejected by the ignorant, who continually clamor
for truth & reject it when it is offered, because being
blind they are unable to see it.

The systems in which old truths have been
embodied are still in existence, but the cold
hands of Sensualism, & Materialism have been laid
upon the outward forms, & from the interior the
spirit has fled. Doctors & priests see only the
outward form, & few comprehend the hidden mys-
tery that called these forms into existence. The
key to the inner sanctuary has been lost by
those that were entrusted with its keeping.

8

Thought is the creative power in the universe,
Thought - germs grow in the mind as the seeds of
plants grow in the soil of the earth. The latter
are quickened into life by the light of the sun,
the latter ^{forms} by the light of intelligence.

9

Things are materialized thoughts, or states of mind
having been rendered objective

Now is that what he really wills. This whole being is nothing
else but the vital product of a will acting in form.

To him who does not believe in the power of Good, the power of Good does not exist, and its existence cannot be demonstrated to him.

12

Every man is himself a manifestation of God, & as each man's character differs from that of every other, so each man's idea of God differs from that of the rest, and each one has a God (an ideal) of his own, only when they all attain the same, the highest ideal will they all have the same God.

13

Many people who are in actual possession of power to work black magic, work evil unconsciously; that is to say, that if they hate a person, they are often unconscious of the effect which their hate produces upon the latter, & of the mode in which it acts. The spiritual force created by their hate may enter the organism of the object of their hate & cause some bodily sickness, & the person from whom the evil ^{proceeds} may be entirely ignorant of the fact that it was his own hate which produced the sickness.

14

If evil power cannot take hold of the soul of him against whom they are directed, they return again to the power from which they originated and may kill him, from whom they emanated.

There are seven steps ~~on~~ the ladder, representing the religious development of mankind; On the first stage man resembles an animal, conscious ^{only} of his instincts & bodily desires, without any conception of the divine element. On the second he begins to have a presentiment of the existence of something higher. On the third he begins to seek for that higher element, but his lower elements are still preponderating over the higher aspirations. On the fourth his lower & higher desires are counterbalancing each other. At times he seeks for the higher, at other times he is attracted to the lower. On the fifth he consciously seeks for the divine, but seeking it in the external he cannot find it. He then begins to seek for it in himself. On the sixth he finds the divine element within himself & develops spiritual self-consciousness, which are the seventh grade into self-knowledge. Having arrived at the sixth his spiritual sense begins to become alive & active & he will then be able to recognize the presence of other spiritual entities, existing on the same plane, & his will then becomes free from every selfish desire, his thoughts become obedient to his will, his word becomes an act.

16

The finest protection against the evil thoughts & words of others, whether they are caused consciously or unconsciously, is to acquire strength of character - in other words, faith in the divine principle within one's own soul.

As man becomes unabled, the lower elements in his constitution are thrown off and replaced by higher ones, & in a similar manner a transformation may take place in the opposite way if he degrades himself by his thoughts & acts. Sensual man attracts those elements that his sensuality requires, for gross pleasures can only be felt by gross matter. A man with brutal instincts growing and increasing may degrade himself into a brute in character, even that form if not in external form. But as the form is only an expression of character, even that form may again approach one ordinal in resemblance.

18

The human form is a temple of learning for the character, in which the latter gains experience by passing thro' the struggles of life. The harder the struggle the faster may the character of the individual be developed. An easy life never increases the size of the form, but will break the character weak; a hard struggle may weaken the form, but will strengthen the spirit.

19

An entity attracted by the illusion of self, may fence itself to be something distinct and isolated from the universal life, & look upon all other existences as being distinct from the whole. From this illusion arise innumerable other illusions. From the sense of self arises the love of self, the desire for self continuation of personality, giving rise to greed, avarice, envy, jealousy, fear, doubt & poison, pain & death, and to the whole range of emotions & sufferings which frequently render life miserable & afford no permanent happiness. If a person is miserable & can find no happiness in himself the easiest & quickest way for him to

be contented, is to forget his own personality, & to live in others, by blending his own consciousness with that of others, or all. By feeling with others he will forget his own self, & for the time being cease to experience the sufferings produced by the illusion of self. A person who lives in a state of isolation on the emotional plane with care for nothing else ^{but} for his own personality. He concentrates all his energies into himself, & becomes more and more insignificant & spiritually small.

20

Love for a form disappears with the death of the form, or soon after; love of character remains even after the form in which that character was embodied ceased to exist.

The ancients said that Nature suffers no evil, we cannot destroy or annihilate a passion. If it is driven away another elemental influence will take its place. We should therefore not attempt to destroy the low without putting something in its place, but we should displace the low by the high; vice by virtue, and superstition by knowledge.

22

Life may be transferred from one form upon another, and the power by which it may be transferred is the power of Love, because Love, Will & Life, are essentially the same power, or different aspects of one, in the same sense as heat and light are modifications of motion. The power of hate may kill and the power of love has been known to call the apparently dead back to life.

Love is a restoration of life and health more powerful than all the drugs of the Pharmacopoeia and it is the universal panacea which the true physician applied.

because the pain in them is given cold, they cannot make up their minds to be well; they cannot form that firm resolution, which is necessary to set the will at their own center in motion, so that its vibrations would reduce life & health in all parts of their systems. Their disease is Indolence. They are full of doubt, uncertain whether they ought to live or die, & while they deplore their miserable condition, they have neither the courage nor the will to be well, & instead of curing themselves, they hire a doctor to amuse them, & to enable them to remain sick. 24

The origin of the majority of internal diseases can be traced to some exertion of the will, or to some inharmonious thought, to some irregular desire or some state of the mind, conceived either by the patient himself, or impressed upon him by another.

25
If being sick were looked upon as a disgrace and punished by the law, there would be far less sick people in the world. The more the comforts for the sick are increased the more will there be people who need them. Many a man who hires a physician for his family there by introduced the plague into his house. With the issuing of each diploma that created a new doctor, a new herd of infection for the community is created, because the very sight of a doctor makes one shrink of disease & may cause disease, while there are thousands of sick persons that would be well today if they had never found it convenient to be sick. 26

What then is the use of our modern system of quackery and dosing with medicines, be it legally or illegally done, if the cause of disease

Is not in the body, but in the will and thought
of the patient? When will harmony arise
at our understanding of the eternal truth,
that he who looks for redemption in external
things is doomed to disappointment, while
man's only true friend and redeemer is the
God whom he carries within himself, nor
can any more give to another the life and
truth of the Jewish, but it is the life, the
light and the truth itself giving itself to
a man thus "the instructional value of those
that have been regenerated in the life and
light of the spirit of truth. A physician
or a preacher, having no faith in the power
of God, & no self-consciousness of the
presence of God within themselves, but
are full of conceit in regard to their own
learning & intellectual accomplishment,
can cure neither the ills of the body, nor
those of the soul, they can only create
illusions and act upon the imagination
of the patient, but not infuse life into his
will. They are not physicians, but clowns
and reciters of stories which they themselves
do not believe: 27

The true life-giving power rests in the
source of all Good "In him is life, and the
life is the light of men!"

38
A motive or shot which finds no expression
is an act with no direct result on
the physical plane, but it may cause
great emotions in the sphere of mind, &
these may again reach on the physical
plane 29

39
Plato's words are, the door of his academy

29

Plato wrote over the door of his academy:
 "Let no one enter here unless he is well versed
 in mathematics". And Pythagoras demanded
 the additional knowledge of music. They
 meant to say that he who wished to master
 the hidden mysteries of nature must
 be able to draw logical conclusions from
 his observations and attune his soul to
 the divine harmony of the universe.

30

"To listen to the music of the spheres" is
 poetical expression but it expresses a
 truth; because the universe is filled with
 harmony with the soul of the universe
 listen to that music and understand it.

The world as well as man resemble
 instruments in which everything should
 be in perfect order, so that no discordant
 notes may be sounded. We may look
 upon matter on the physical plane
 as a state of low vibration & upon the
 spirit as the highest vibration of life
 and between the two poles are the
 intermediary principles constituting
 the grand octave called Man.

31

The power by which harmony is produced
 is the power of love. Love produces har-
 mony, hate causes discord. Love is the
 tendency of the disunited parts of one
 principle to unite again into one. This
 tendency presupposes the power of mutual
 recognition, recognition is a manifestation
 of consciousness, consciousness is a mani-
 festation of life. Life, Love, consciousness,
 Harmony are essentially one, the opposite of which
 is discord and death.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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10456g

THE HEROIC LIFE.

I like the man who faces what he must
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
 Who fights the daily battle without fear,
 Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unfaltering trust—
 That God is God—that somehow, true and just
 His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp; better, with love a crust
 Than living in dishonor; envies not
 Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
 Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
 To every toiler. He alone is great
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

10456f

Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its application.

10456d

DEATH DEFIED.

There dwells one bright immortal on the earth
 Not known of all men. They who know her not
 Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
 Sons of oblivion.

To her once came
 That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
 And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
 With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
 Smiled, and passed by. *And who art thou,* he cried,
That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seemst so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?

But she no answer made; silent she stood;
 Awhile in holy meditation stood,
 And then moved on thro' the enamoured air,
 Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—
 Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
 Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

104

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BAN

For the Banner of Light. A THOUGHT.

Fate holds our lives, and—all unseen of us—
Guides as with reins, despite our puny strain,
To the predestined goal; where garnered hopes
In plenteous fruition, all the sweets
Of aspiration followed and fulfilled,
Ambitions gratified, fears turned to joys,
Requited loves, fame, fortune!—or despair,
Or wreck, or lesser ills (but ills the same)
In aspect multiform our coming greet.

But goals are starting points of new careers,
Each from each differing; in aspiring curve
Progressing, till equated good and ill
Shall balance in a vibratory pause,
And coalesce in mystic union!
And as twin gases, merged, are crystal dew,
They, good and ill, shall each in each absorbed,
Thence form one infinite Beneficence!
And Fate at length unveiled, is LOVE revealed.

Omaha, Neb.

D. H.

RECESSIONAL.

A Victorian Ode.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe!
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

10456a

Amen.

RIGHT vs. MAMMON.

Oh! MAMMON! thou on earth hast mighty power,
Entrenched within a strong and lofty tower;
Thy worshipers by millions seek its base,
And starve their souls to gain an envied place.
Thy reign is brief! Thy votaries pass away!
Thy golden calf must erst be turned to clay.
But the true worshipers are those who scan
The works of Nature in its perfect plan;
Whose aspirations mount beyond the skies,
Whose inspirations flow from Paradise!
Those who here worship naught but golden dust,
In spirit-life from spirit-joys are thrust;
In homes of poverty they're forced to dwell,
Which to their senses is a living hell!
While the down-trodden of earth's num'rous throng,
Who've borne their burdens patiently and long,
Reach the glad clime where all is peace and joy.
Where sorrows come not, pleasures never cloy;
Where GOD is seen in attributes of light,
Blessing all those who've striven for the RIGHT.

10456c

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A Curious Poem.

The following is a curious piece of poetry.
The initial letters spell, "My boast is in the
glorious cross of Christ." Read the words in
small capitals downwards with those on the
left, and upwards with those on the right, and
you have the Lord's Prayer.

Make known thy Gospel truths, OUR heavenly King;
Yield us thy grace, dear FATHER, from above;
Bless us with heart WHICH feelingly can sing
Our life thou ART for EVER God of love.
Assuage our griefs in love FOR Christ, we pray,
Since the bright Prince of HEAVEN and GLORY died,
Took all our shame and HALLOWED the display,
In first BE-ing man, AND then being crucified.
Stupendous God! THY grace and POWER make known,
In Jesus' NAME let all THE world rejoice;
New labors in THY heavenly KINGDOM own.
That blessed KINGDOM, for thy saints THE choice.
How vile to COME to thee, is all our cry,
Enemies to THY-self and all that's TRINE;
Graceless our WILL, our lives FOR vanity
Loathing thy truths BE-ing EVIL in design.
O God, thy will be DONE FROM earth to heaven:
Reclining on thy Gospel let us live;
IN EARTH from sins DELIVER-ed and forgiven,
O, as thyself, BUT teach us to forgive,
Unless IR's power TEMPTATION doth destroy,
Sure is our fall INTO the depths of woe;
Carnal IN mind, we've NOT a glimpse of joy;
Raised against HEAVEN in us no hope can flow;
O give us grace and LEAD us on the way;
Shine on us with thy love and give us peace;
Self and THIS sin which rise AGAINST us slay;
O! grant each day OUR TRESPASS-es may cease.
Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do,
Convince us DAILY of THEM to our shame;
Help us with heavenly BREAD; FORGIVE us to
Recurrent lusts; AND WE adore thy name,
In thy FORGIVE-ness we as saints can die,
Since, for us and OUR TRESPASSES so high,
Thy Son, our Savior, bled on Calvary.

10456b

