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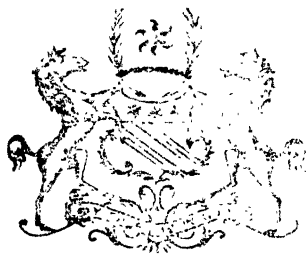




# WISDOM OF THE AGES

*Fourteen hundred concepts of two hundred everyday subjects by four hundred great Thinkers of thirty nations extending over five thousand years, together with a preface and a final section "X-Y-Z" (which latter should solve most problems in business, private, or domestic life), by*

MARK GILBERT



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## PREFACE

**W**E find ourselves here on Earth, and we have to take conditions as we find them on arrival.

For most, those conditions do not leave much time for very extensive reading ; but at the same time many are conscious of the desire for a wider knowledge of the finer thoughts expressed in the World's Literature.

No single collection of extracts could contain all those worthy of inclusion ; and this volume contains a selection only from the small portion of the whole with which I happen to be acquainted. Few as they are, compared with the whole, they are sufficiently varied and representative to satisfy the needs of most people.

I have endeavoured to select passages which seem to me to make a strong appeal to the æsthetic, or which are capable of being applied constructively to normal everyday activities.

In our outlooks on life, I suppose we all fall into either one of two categories : we regard life as cynics, or as pilgrims.

Cynics will find in these pages many foemen worthy with whom to break a lance.

Pilgrims will find that although this book will not transport them into an orthodox heaven wherein all the harps are kept in tune and all the robes are laundered, it will serve as a useful and practical guide-book in traversing this hazy tract of existence called Life. It will, at any rate, keep them out of many of the morasses into which it seems to be but human nature to flounder—that is, of course, if what it contains is put into practice !

At the risk of criticism I have set out the verse extracts in prose form, each of which is indicated by an \* following the name of the poet.

I have done this because many people regard poetry either as merely a series of lines in rhyme and composed of morbid or impossible sentimentalism—and perhaps they are not far wrong as regards some of it ; or blank verse—which I have heard described as chopped-up reading without the saving grace of being in rhyme—which many seem to find difficult for ordinary reading.

The pedant will probably brand me barbarian. If so,

## PREFACE

I suggest that a more tolerant course would be for him to continue to read his verse in poetical form, and rejoice in his heart that perhaps these prose transcriptions may be the means of encouraging less poetically-minded people than himself to catch a glimpse of the splendour and depth of poetic depiction which he enjoys.

In a few instances, particularly in some of the longer extracts from Wordsworth, Emerson, Omar Khayyám, Dandemis, etc., I have put together shorter extracts so as to form a composite whole where full quotation would have been too long to deal with the breadth or aspect of the subject covered.

There have been so many great writers and poets that the average person cannot possess a library embodying them all. And yet it is well-nigh impossible to differentiate.

Has Shakespeare's power of characterization ever been approached? I doubt it. If you would learn all about human nature he can teach you.

Wordsworth and Tennyson both saw far beneath the surface of things: neither of them can be omitted from any library. The same applies to Byron and Shelley: both masters of poetic imagery.

Ruskin, Carlyle and Emerson—masters of analysis of everything around us: they cannot be left out among your prose writers.

The penetrating and practical philosophy of Hubbard will appeal to you strongly. His "Note Book" you cannot afford to be without. When he went down on the torpedoed "*Lusitania*," what a kindly soul left us. Lord Avebury's "*Pleasures of Life*," similarly, is easy reading and yet will give you a deep insight into commonplace things: it should be on everybody's bookshelf.

So one could go on indefinitely.

This volume should make you better acquainted with the characteristics of quite a number of the four hundred authors I have quoted; and by acquiring the works of any who make a special appeal you will add to your library just those volumes which you will love and keep beside you as distinct from those that merely accumulate dust on bookshelves.

MARK GILBERT.

# INDEX TO SUBJECTS

	<i>Pages</i>		<i>Pages</i>
Actions ... ..	1-6	Doubt ... ..	87
Adversity ... ..	7-11	Dress ... ..	88
Advice ... ..	12-13	Drunkenness ... ..	89
Ambition ... ..	14-16	Dulness ... ..	90
Ancestry ... ..	17	Duty ... ..	91-92
Anger ... ..	18-20	Economy ... ..	93-94
Animals ... ..	21	Education ... ..	95-97
Appearance ... ..	22	Egotism ... ..	98-100
Art ... ..	23	Eloquence ... ..	101
Authority ... ..	24-25	Energy ... ..	102-104
Autumn ... ..	26	Envy ... ..	105
Avarice ... ..	27	Error ... ..	106
Beauty ... ..	28-32	Evening ... ..	107
Birds ... ..	33-34	Evil ... ..	108
Boasting ... ..	35	Evolution ... ..	109-112
Body ... ..	36	Extremes ... ..	113
Books ... ..	37-38	Eyes ... ..	114
Brevity ... ..	39	Face ... ..	115
Brotherhood ... ..	40-41	Failure ... ..	116
Business ... ..	42-44	Falsehood ... ..	117-118
Character ... ..	45-47	Fame ... ..	119-120
Cheerfulness ... ..	48	Fate ... ..	121-122
Children ... ..	49	Faults ... ..	123
Clouds ... ..	50-51	Fear ... ..	124-125
Companions ... ..	52	Flattery ... ..	126-127
Confidence ... ..	53	Flowers ... ..	128-130
Conscience ... ..	54-55	Folly ... ..	131
Contentment ... ..	56-58	Forgiveness ... ..	132
Controversy ... ..	59	Fortune ... ..	133
Conversation ... ..	60-62	Freedom ... ..	134-135
Country ... ..	63-66	Friends ... ..	136-137
Courage ... ..	67-69	Future ... ..	138
Courtesy ... ..	70	Generosity ... ..	139
Cowardice ... ..	71	Gentility ... ..	140
Creation ... ..	72-73	Gossip ... ..	141-142
Criticism ... ..	74	Government ... ..	143-148
Cruelty ... ..	75	Gratitude ... ..	149
Culture ... ..	76	Gravity ... ..	150
Death ... ..	77-80	Greatness ... ..	151-152
Debt ... ..	81-82	Grief ... ..	153
Democracy ... ..	83	Habit ... ..	154
Dependence ... ..	84	Happiness ... ..	155-158
Difficulty ... ..	85	Hatred ... ..	159
Discretion ... ..	86	Health ... ..	160

# INDEX TO SUBJECTS

	<i>Pages</i>		<i>Page</i>
History ...	161-162	Passion ...	275
Home ...	163-164	Peace ...	276-277
Honesty ...	165-166	Perseverance ...	278-279
Hope ...	167	Philosophy... ..	280-281
Humility ...	168	Pleasure ...	282-283
Humour ...	169-170	Poetry ...	284-285
Hypocrisy ...	171-172	Politeness ...	286
Ideals ...	173-174	Poverty ...	287-288
Idleness ...	175	Power ...	289
Ignorance ...	176-177	Praise ...	290
Illness ...	178	Prayers ...	291-296
Imagination ...	179	Present ...	297-298
Immortality ...	180-186	Pretension ...	299
Independence ...	187	Pride ...	300-301
Influence ...	188	Progress ...	302-303
Intolerance ...	189	Promises ...	304
Irresolution ...	190-191	Prosperity ...	305
Jews ...	192-194	Prudence ...	306
Judgement... ..	195-196	Quarrels ...	307
Justice ...	197	Rain ...	308
Kindness ...	198	Reason ...	309
Kiss ...	199	Reforms ...	310-312
Knowledge ...	200-204	Religion ...	313-317
Law ...	205-206	Reputation ...	318
Life ...	207-214	Revenge ...	319-320
Love ...	215-224	Sadness ...	321-322
Luck ...	225-226	Satire ...	323
Man ...	227-233	Self-control ...	324
Marriage ...	234-240	Self-deception ...	325
Materialism ...	241	Self-examination ...	326-327
Mercy ...	242	Selfishness ...	328
Mind ...	243-244	Self-praise ...	329
Misfortune ...	245-246	Self-reliance ...	330-331
Moderation ...	247	Self-respect ...	332
Morality ...	248-249	Sexes ...	333-335
Mountains ...	250-251	Silence ...	336
Music ...	252-254	Simplicity ...	337
Nature ...	255-263	Sin ...	338
Night ...	264-266	Sincerity ...	339
Oaths ...	267	Sky ...	340
Obedience ...	268-269	Sleep ...	341
Ocean ...	270	Smile ...	342
Opinion ...	271-272	Society ...	343-348
Opportunity ...	273	Solitude ...	349-350
Ostentation ...	274	Sorrow ...	351-352

# INDEX TO SUBJECTS

		<i>Pages</i>				<i>Pages</i>
Soul	...	...	353-355	Truth	...	... 378-380
Speech			356-358	Usefulness		381
Spring			359-360	Vanity		382
Stars			361-362	Virtue		383-384
Storm			363-364	Wants		385
Strength			365	War		386-391
Success			366-367	Wealth		392-394
Sunset			368	Wind		395
Thought			369-370	Wisdom		396-397
Time			371-372	Woman		398-399
Titles			373-374	Work		400
Tranquillity			375	Worry		401
Trees	...		376-377	X-Y-Z		402-412





# LIST OF AUTHORS

Abulfazl	...	...	<i>Mongolian</i>	...	...	16th Century
Adams, H. G.	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	19th Century
Addison, Joseph	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1672-1719
Akenside, Mark	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1721-1770
Alger, William R.	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1823-1905
Anarcharsis	...	...	<i>Scythian</i>	...	...	...7th Century B.C.
Antisthenes	...	...	<i>Greek</i>	...	...	440 B.C.-370 B.C.
Antoninus, Emperor	...	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	...	86-161
Aristotle	...	...	<i>Greek</i>	...	...	384 B.C.-322 B.C.
Arnold, Matthew	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1822-1888
Aughey, John H.	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	19th Century
Aurelius, Marcus, Em- peror	...	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	...	121-180
Ausonius	...	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	...	4th Century
Avebury, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1834-1913
Babcock, Rufus	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1798-1875
Bacon, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1561-1626
Bailey, Philip James	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1816-1902
Baillie, Johanna	...	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	...	1761-1851
Ballou, Hosea	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1771-1852
Balzac, Honore de	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1799-1850
Barbault, Letitia Ann	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1743-1825
Barham, Richard	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1789-1845
Beaconsfield, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1804-1881
Beattie, James	...	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	...	1735-1803
Beaumelle, Laurent de	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1726-1773
Beaumont, Francis	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1585-1615
Beecher, Henry Ward	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1813-1887
Berkeley, Bishop	...	...	<i>Irish</i>	...	...	1685-1753
Blair, Hugh	...	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	...	1718-1800
Blanchard, Laman	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1803-1845
Boiste	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1763-1830
Borgia, Cæsare	...	...	<i>Italian</i>	...	...	1460-1507
Borrow, George Henry	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1803-1881
Bourdillon, Francis W.	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	19th Century
Bovee, Christian Nestell	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1820-1904
Boyes, John Frederick	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1811-1879
Brann, William Cowper	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1855-1898
Bremer, Frederika	...	...	<i>Swedish</i>	...	...	1802-1865
Broadhurst, George	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	18th Century
Browning, Elizabeth B.	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1806-1861
Browning, Robert	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1812-1889
Bruyère, Jean de la	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1644-1696
Bryant, William Cullen	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1794-1878

# LIST OF AUTHORS

Buddha	...	...	<i>Indian</i>	...	560 B.C.-480 B.C.
Bunyan, John	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1626-1688
Burbidge, John	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	19th Century
Burke, Edmund	...	...	<i>Irish</i>	...	1729-1779
Burns, Robert	...	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	1759-1796
Burritt, Elihu	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	1810-1879
Burton, Robert	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1577-1640
Butler, Samuel	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1612-1680
Buxton, Sir Thomas	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1786-1845
Byron, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1788-1824
Campbell, Thomas	...	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	1777-1844
Carew, Lady	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1615-1670
Carew, Thomas	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1596-1639
Carlyle, Thomas	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1795-1881
Carruth, William Herbert	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	19th Century
Cato	...	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	234 B.C.-149 B.C.
Cavour, Count	...	...	<i>Italian</i>	...	1810-1861
Cervantes, Miguel de	...	...	<i>Spanish</i>	...	1547-1616
Chalmers, Thomas	...	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	1780-1847
Chamfort, Sebastien	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	1741-1794
Channing, William Elery	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	1789-1842
Chapin, Edward H.	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	1814-1880
Chapman, George	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1557-1634
Charron, Pierre	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	1541-1603
Chartery, C. J.	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	19th Century
Chatfield, Paul	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1779-1849
Chesterfield, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1694-1773
Child, Lydia Maria	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	1802-1880
Child, Sir Francis	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1642-1713
Gibber, Colley	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1671-1757
Cicero	...	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	106 B.C.-43 B.C.
Clare, John	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1793-1864
Clarendon, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1608-1674
Clarke, James F.	...	...	<i>American</i>	...	1810-1888
Claudian	...	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	3rd Century
Cobbe, Frances Power	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1822-1904
Cobbett, William	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1762-1835
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1772-1834
Collier, Jeremy	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1650-1726
Collingwood, Lord	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1748-1810
Colton, Caleb	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1780-1832
Colvin, Sir Sidney	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1845-1927
Confucius	...	...	<i>Chinese</i>	...	550 B.C.-478 B.C.
Congreve, William	...	...	<i>English</i>	...	1670-1729
Corneille, Pierre	...	...	<i>French</i>	...	1606-1684

# LIST OF AUTHORS

Cotton, Nathaniel	...	English	...	...	1707-1788
Cowper, William	...	English	...	...	1731-1800
Crabbe, George	...	English	...	...	1754-1832
Cromwell, Oliver	...	English	...	...	1599-1658
Cromwell, Moses	...	American	...	...	19th Century
Cumberland, Richard...	...	English	...	...	1732-1811
Curtis, George William	...	American	...	...	1824-1892
Dandemis	...	Indian	...	...	3rd Century B.C.
Darley, George	...	English	...	...	1795-1846
Darwin, Charles	...	English	...	...	1809-1882
Davenport, Robert	...	English	...	...	1595-1655
Davies, Sir John	...	English	...	...	1569-1626
Davy, Sir Humphrey	...	English	...	...	1778-1829
Dawes, Rufus	...	American	...	...	1803-1859
Defoe, Daniel	...	English	...	...	1659-1731
Demosthenes	...	Greek	...	...	383 B.C.-322 B.C.
Dewey	...	English	...	...	19th Century
Dixon, William H.	...	English	...	...	1821-1879
Dobson, Henry Austin	...	English	...	...	1840-1921
Donne, John	...	English	...	...	1573-1631
Dryden, John	...	English	...	...	1631-1700
Dyke, Henry van	...	American	...	...	19th Century
Ebner-Eschenbach,	Baroness	Austrian	...	...	19th Century
Edgeworth, Maria	...	Irish	...	...	1766-1849
Egyptian precept	...	Egyptian	...	...	35th Century B.C.
Ehrmann, Max	...	American	...	...	19th Century
Eliot, George	...	English	...	...	1819-1880
Elizabeth, Queen	...	English	...	...	1533-1603
Elliott, Ebenezer	...	English	...	...	1781-1849
Ellis, James	...	English	...	...	19th Century
Emerson, Ralph Waldo	...	American	...	...	1803-1882
Epictetus	...	Greek	...	...	75-150
Epicurus	...	Greek	...	...	341 B.C.-270 B.C.
Erasmus	...	Dutch	...	...	1466-1536
Euripides	...	Greek	...	...	481 B.C.-406 B.C.
Faber, Frederick W.	...	English	...	...	1814-1863
Feltham, Owen	...	English	...	...	1620-1678
Fénelon, François	...	French	...	...	1651-1715
Field, Nathaniel	...	English	...	...	1630-1689
Fielding, Henry	...	English	...	...	1707-1754
Fields, James T.	...	American	...	...	1817-1881
Fiske, John	...	American	...	...	1842-1901
Fletcher, John	...	English	...	...	1576-1625
Fontenelle, Bernard de	...	French	...	...	1657-1757

# LIST OF AUTHORS

Franklin, Benjamin	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1706-1790
Froude, James Anthony	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1818-1894
Fuller, Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1608-1661
Garfield, President	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1831-1881
Garibaldi, Giuseppi	...	<i>Italian</i>	...	...	1807-1882
Garland, Hamlin	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	19th Century
Garrison, William Lloyd	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1805-1879
Gascoigne, Caroline	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	19th Century
Gautier, Theophile	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1811-1872
Gay, John	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1685-1732
Gibbon, Edward	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1737-1794
Giles, Henry	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	19th Century
Gilpin, Bernard	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1517-1583
Gladstone, William Ewart	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1809-1898
Goethe, Johann von	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	1749-1832
Goldoni, Carlo	...	<i>Italian</i>	...	...	1707-1793
Goldsmith, Oliver	...	<i>Irish</i>	...	...	1728-1774
Gray, Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1716-1771
Grecian precept	...	<i>Greek</i>	...	...	11th Century B.C.
Greeley, Horace	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1811-1872
Gregory, Pope	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	...	544-604
Greville, Charles	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1794-1865
Griswold, Rufus W.	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1815-1857
Haggard, Sir H. Rider	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1856-1925
Haliburton, Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1797-1865
Hall, Bishop	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1574-1656
Hamilcar	...	<i>Carthaginian</i>	...	...	275 B.C.-229 B.C.
Hare, Julius Charles	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1795-1855
Havard, William	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1710-1778
Hawes, William	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1736-1808
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1804-1864
Haxthausen, Baron von	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	1792-1867
Hazlitt, William	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1778-1830
Hebrew precept	...	<i>Hebrew</i>	...	...	5th Century B.C.
Heine, Heinrich	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	1797-1856
Helps, Sir Arthur	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1817-1875
Hemans, Felicia	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1793-1835
Henley, William Ernest	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1849-1903
Henry, Matthew	...	<i>Welsh</i>	...	...	1662-1714
Herbert, Lord	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1581-1648
Herrick, Robert	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1591-1674
Hervey, Lady	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1700-1755
Hindu precept	...	<i>Indian</i>	...	...	15th Century B.C.
Hitchcock, Roswell D.	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1817-1887
Holland, Josiah G.	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1819-1881

# LIST OF AUTHORS

Home, John	...	...	Scottish	...	...	1724-1808
Homer	...	...	Greek	...	...	10th Century B.C.
Hood, Thomas	...	...	English	...	...	1799-1845
Hopkins, William	...	...	English	...	...	1647-1700
Horace	...	...	Roman	...	...	65 B.C.-8 B.C.
Horne, Bishop	...	...	English	...	...	1780-1862
Housman, Robert	...	...	English	...	...	1759-1838
Howe, Samuel Grindley	...	...	American	...	...	1801-1876
Hubbard, Elbert	...	...	American	...	...	1856-1915
Hudson, H. N.	...	...	American	...	...	1814-1886
Hugo, Victor	...	...	French	...	...	1902-1885
Hunt, Sir Aubrey	...	...	English	...	...	1788-1846
Hurdis, James	...	...	English	...	...	1763-1801
Ibsen, Henrik	...	...	Norwegian	...	...	1828-1906
Ingersoll, Robert G.	...	...	American	...	...	1833-1899
Irving, Washington	...	...	American	...	...	1783-1859
James the First, King	...	...	English	...	...	1566-1625
Jameson, Anna Murphy	...	...	Irish	...	...	1796-1860
Jeffries, Richard	...	...	English	...	...	1848-1887
Jerrold, Douglas	...	...	English	...	...	1803-1857
Jesus Christ	...	...	Hebrew	...	...	0-33
Johnson, Samuel	...	...	English	...	...	1709-1784
Jones, Lloyd	...	...	Welsh	...	...	1811-1886
Jonson, Ben	...	...	English	...	...	1573-1637
Joubert, Laurent	...	...	French	...	...	1529-1583
Junius, Adrian	...	...	Dutch	...	...	1512-1575
Kant, Immanuel	...	...	German	...	...	1724-1804
Keats, John	...	...	English	...	...	1796-1820
Kempis, Thomas à	...	...	German	...	...	1379-1471
Khayyám, Omar	...	...	Persian	...	...	1071-1123
King, Thomas Starr	...	...	American	...	...	1824-1864
Kingsley, Charles	...	...	English	...	...	1819-1875
Knebel, Karl von	...	...	German	...	...	1744-1834
Knighton, Sir William	...	...	English	...	...	1764-1836
Kossuth, Lajos	...	...	Hungarian	...	...	1802-1894
Lactantius	...	...	Roman	...	...	250-350
Lamb, Charles	...	...	English	...	...	1775-1834
Landon, Letitia E.	...	...	English	...	...	1802-1838
Lao Tzu	...	...	Chinese	...	...	6th Century B.C.
Lavater, Johann Kaspar	...	...	Swiss	...	...	1741-1801
l'Estrange, Sir Roger	...	...	English	...	...	1616-1704
Lenclos, Ninon de	...	...	French	...	...	1616-1706
Lincoln, Abraham, President	...	...	American	...	...	1809-1864
Locke, John	...	...	English	...	...	1632-1704

# LIST OF AUTHORS

Longfellow, Henry					
Wadsworth	<i>American</i>	...	...	1807-1882	
Loveman, Robert	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	19th Century
Lowell, James Russell	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1819-1891
Lucan	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	...	39-65
Luther, Martin	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	1483-1546
Lytton, Lord	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1803-1873
Macaulay, Lord	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1800-1859
Macduff, John R.	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	...	1818-1895
Machiavelli, Nicolo	...	<i>Italian</i>	...	...	1469-1527
Mackay, Charles	...	<i>Scottish</i>	...	...	1812-1889
Madison, President	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	1751-1836
Maeterlinck, Count	...	<i>Belgian</i>	...	...	19th Century
Mahomet	...	<i>Arabian</i>	...	...	570-632
Martineau, James	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1805-1900
Mason, George	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1818-1872
Massinger, Philip	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1585-1639
Metternich, Prince	...	<i>Austrian</i>	...	...	1773-1859
Middleton, Conyers	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1683-1750
Mill, John Stuart	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1806-1873
Milton, John	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1608-1674
Mitchell, Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1783-1845
Molière	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1622-1673
Montaigne, Michel	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1533-1592
Montesquieu, Baron	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1689-1755
Montgomery, Robert	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1807-1855
Moore, Thomas	...	<i>Irish</i>	...	...	1780-1852
More, Sir Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1480-1535
Moses	...	<i>Hebrew</i>	...	...	16th Century B.C.
Napoleon, Emperor	...	<i>French</i>	...	...	1769-1821
Neale, Charles	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	19th Century
Newcomb, Arthur W.	...	<i>American</i>	...	...	19th Century
Newffer	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	18th Century
Newton, Sir Isaac	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1642-1727
Nicol, Robert	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1814-1837
Novalis	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	1772-1801
O'Connell, Daniel	...	<i>Irish</i>	...	...	1775-1847
Opie, John	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1761-1807
Opitz, Martin	...	<i>German</i>	...	...	1597-1630
Osler, William	...	<i>Canadian</i>	...	...	1849-1919
Ossian	...	<i>Irish</i>	...	...	3rd Century
Otway, Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1651-1685
Overbury, Sir Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1581-1613
Ovid	...	<i>Roman</i>	...	...	43 B.C.-A.D. 17
Paine, Thomas	...	<i>English</i>	...	...	1737-1809

# LIST OF AUTHORS

Pakington, Sir John	...	English	...	...	1671-1727
Paley, William	...	English	...	...	1742-1805
Parker, Theodore	...	American	...	...	1810-1860
Pascal, Blaise	...	French	...	...	1623-1662
Payne, John Howard	...	American	...	...	1792-1852
Peel, Sir Robert	...	English	...	...	1788-1850
Penn, William	...	American	...	...	1644-1718
Persius	...	Roman	...	...	36-62
Petit-Senn, Jean	...	Swiss	...	...	1796-1870
Petrarch	...	Italian	...	...	1304-1374
Phædrus	...	Roman	...	...	40 B.C.-A.D. 10
Phillips, Charles	...	Irish	...	...	1785-1856
Plato	...	Greek	...	...	427 B.C.-347 B.C.
Plautus	...	Roman	...	...	255 B.C.-184 B.C.
Pliny the Elder	...	Roman	...	...	23-79
Pliny the Younger	...	Roman	...	...	63-113
Plutarch	...	Greek	...	...	48-122
Pollok, Robert	...	Scottish	...	...	1799-1827
Pope, Alexander	...	English	...	...	1688-1744
Porteus, Bishop	...	English	...	...	1731-1808
Praed, Winthrop M.	...	English	...	...	1802-1839
Prentice, George D.	...	American	...	...	1802-1870
Proctor, Bryan...	...	English	...	...	1787-1874
Publilius, Syrus	...	Syrian	...	...	1st Century B.C.
Punshon, William M.	...	English	...	...	1824-1881
Pythagoras	...	Greek	...	...	580 B.C.-500 B.C.
Quarles, Francis	...	English	...	...	1592-1644
Quintillian	...	Roman	...	...	35-97
Raleigh, Sir Walter	...	English	...	...	1552-1618
Randolph, Thomas	...	English	...	...	1605-1634
Reade, Charles	...	English	...	...	1814-1884
Richter, Johann	...	German	...	...	1763-1825
Rivarol, Count de	...	French	...	...	1757-1801
Robertson, Frederick W.	...	English	...	...	1816-1853
Robinson, William J.	...	American	...	...	19th Century
Rochefoucauld, Duc de la	...	French	...	...	1613-1680
Rochester, Lord	...	English	...	...	1648-1678
Roman precept	...	Roman	...	...	2nd Century B.C.
Rothschild, Lord	...	English	...	...	1840-1915
Rousseau, Jean Jacques	...	French	...	...	1712-1778
Rowe, Nicholas	...	English	...	...	1673-1718
Ruskin, John	...	English	...	...	1819-1900
Russell, Lord	...	English	...	...	1792-1878
Saadi, Sheikh	...	Persian	...	...	1175-1291
Sala, George A.	...	English	...	...	1828-1895



# LIST OF AUTHORS

Saville, Sir Henry	...	English	...	...	1549-1622
Schiller, Johann	...	German	...	...	1759-1805
Scott, Sir Walter	...	Scottish	...	...	1771-1832
Selden, John	...	English	...	...	1584-1654
Seneca, Lucius	...	Roman	...	...	4 B.C.-A.D. 65
Shaftesbury, Lord	...	English	...	...	1671-1713
Shakespeare, William	...	English	...	...	1564-1616
Sharpe, Gregory	...	English	...	...	1713-1771
Shaw, Henry Wheeler	...	American	...	...	1818-1885
Shelley, Percy Bysshe	...	English	...	...	1792-1822
Shenstone, William	...	English	...	...	1714-1763
Sheridan, Richard	...	English	...	...	1751-1816
Shirley, James	...	English	...	...	1594-1656
Sidney, Sir Philip	...	English	...	...	1554-1586
Sigourney, Lydia H.	...	American	...	...	1791-1865
Simms, William Gilmore	...	American	...	...	1806-1870
Sinclair, George	...	Scottish	...	...	1630-1696
Smiles, Samuel	...	Scottish	...	...	1812-1904
Smith, Alexander	...	English	...	...	1830-1867
Smith, James	...	English	...	...	1775-1839
Smith, Sydney	...	English	...	...	1771-1845
Smith, William	...	English	...	...	1809-1872
Smollett, George Tobias	...	English	...	...	1721-1771
Socrates	...	Greek	...	...	469 B.C.-399 B.C.
Solomon, King	...	Hebrew	...	...	10th Century B.C.
Solon	...	Greek	...	...	638 B.C.-558 B.C.
Sophocles	...	Greek	...	...	495 B.C.-405 B.C.
Southey, Robert	...	English	...	...	1774-1843
Spurgeon, Charles	...	...	...	...	...
Haddon	...	English	...	...	1834-1892
Staël, Baronne de	...	French	...	...	1766-1817
Stanislaus, King	...	Polish	...	...	1732-1798
Steele, Sir Richard	...	English	...	...	1672-1729
Stephen, Sir Leslie	...	English	...	...	1832-1904
Sterne, Laurence	...	English	...	...	1713-1768
Stevenson, Robert Louis	...	Scottish	...	...	1850-1894
Sumner, Charles	...	American	...	...	1811-1874
Swain, Charles	...	English	...	...	1803-1874
Swift, Jonathan	...	English	...	...	1667-1745
Swing, David	...	American	...	...	1830-1894
Tabb, John Banister	...	American	...	...	1845-1909
Tacitus	...	Roman	...	...	55-119
Tagore, Sir	...	...	...	...	...
Rabindranath	...	Indian	...	...	19th Century
Talfourd, Sir Thomas	...	English	...	...	1795-1854

## LIST OF AUTHORS

Talmud, The	...	Hebrew	...	...	1st Century
Taylor, Jeremy	...	English	...	...	1613-1667
Taylor, John Bayard	...	American	...	...	1825-1878
Temple, Sir William	...	English	...	...	1628-1700
Tennyson, Lord	...	English	...	...	1809-1892
Thackeray, William M.	...	English	...	...	1811-1863
Thales	...	Greek	...	...	640 B.C.-550 B.C.
Theophrastus	...	Greek	...	...	350 B.C.-285 B.C.
Thomson, James	...	Scottish	...	...	1700-1749
Thoreau, Henry David	...	American	...	...	1817-1862
Tillotson, Bishop	...	English	...	...	1630-1694
Tolstoy, Count Leo	...	Russian	...	...	1828-1910
Tuckerman, Henry	...	...	...	...	...
Theodore	...	American	...	...	1813-1871
Tupper, Martin	...	...	...	...	...
Farquhar	...	English	...	...	1810-1889
Turgenev, Ivan	...	Russian	...	...	1818-1883
Twain, Mark	...	American	...	...	1830-1910
Untermeyer, Louis	...	American	...	...	19th Century
Vauvenargues, Duc de	...	French	...	...	1715-1747
Vere, Aubrey de	...	English	...	...	1814-1902
Victoria, Queen	...	English	...	...	1819-1901
Virgil	...	Roman	...	...	70 B.C.-19 B.C.
Voltaire	...	French	...	...	1694-1778
Waller, Edmund	...	English	...	...	1606-1687
Warren, Samuel	...	English	...	...	1807-1887
Warwick, Sir Philip	...	English	...	...	1608-1683
Watts, Isaac	...	English	...	...	1674-1748
Webster, Daniel	...	American	...	...	1782-1852
Wellington, Duke of	...	English	...	...	1769-1852
Whateley, Richard	...	English	...	...	1787-1863
Whewell, William	...	English	...	...	1795-1866
Whipple, Edwin Percy	...	American	...	...	1819-1886
Whitman, Walt.	...	American	...	...	1819-1892
Whittier, John Greenleaf	...	American	...	...	1807-1892
Willis, Nathaniel	...	American	...	...	1807-1867
Winthrop, Robert C.	...	American	...	...	1809-1894
Wordsworth, William	...	English	...	...	1770-1850
Wu Ting Fang	...	Chinese	...	...	15th Century
Xenophon	...	Greek	...	...	430 B.C.-354 B.C.
Young, Edward	...	English	...	...	1681-1765
Zeno	...	Greek	...	...	490 B.C.-420 B.C.
Zimmermann, Johann	...	...	...	...	...
von	...	Swiss	...	...	1728-1795
Zoroaster	...	Persian	...	...	6th Century B.C.



# ACTIONS

**S**O TO CONDUCT ONE'S LIFE AS  
TO REALIZE ONESELF—THIS  
SEEMS TO ME THE HIGHEST ATTAIN-  
MENT POSSIBLE TO A HUMAN BEING.  
IT IS THE TASK OF ONE AND ALL OF  
US, BUT MOST OF US BUNGLER IT.

*Ibsen*

To live is not merely to breathe : it is to act ; it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties—of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence.

*Rousseau*

Words are good, but there is something better. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the chief matter. Action can only be understood and represented by the spirit.

*Goethe*

Judge not of actions by their mere effect ; dive to the centre, and the cause detect. Great deeds from meanest springs may take their course, and smallest virtues from a mighty source.

*Pope\**

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

*Pope\**

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It

## ACTIONS

is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to look after your own ; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

*Emerson*

Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine or expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world—as invalids pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate but to live : my life is for itself, and not for spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, if it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. I ask for primal evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from a man to his actions.

*Emerson*

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its cradle. Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness.

*Emerson*

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

*Franklin*

I hate to see a thing done by halves : if it be right do it boldly ; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

*Gilpin*

## ACTIONS

Our whole Universe is but an infinite Complex of Forces ; thousandfold, from Gravitation up to Thought and Will ; Man's Freedom environed with Necessity of Nature : in all which nothing at any moment slumbers, but all is for ever awake and busy. The thing that lies isolated inactive thou shalt nowhere discover : seek everywhere, from the granite mountain, slow-mouldering since Creation, to the passing cloud-vapour, to the living man ; to the action, to the spoken word of man. The word that is spoken, as we know, flies irrevocable : not less, but more, the action that is done. "The gods themselves," sings Pindar, "cannot annihilate the action that is done." No : this, once done, is done always ; cast forth into endless Time ; and, long conspicuous or soon hidden, must verily work and grow for ever there, an indestructible new element in the Infinite of Things. Indeed, what is this Infinite of Things itself, which men name Universe, but an Action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities ? The living ready-made sum-total of these three—which Calculation cannot aid, cannot bring on its tablets ; yet the sum, we say, is written visible : All that has been done, All that is doing, All that will be done ! Understand it well, the Thing thou beholdest, that Thing is an Action, the product and expression of exerted Force : the All of Things is an infinite conjugation of the verb To Do.

Shoreless Fountain—Ocean of Force, of power to Do ; wherein force rolls and circles, billowing, many-streamed, harmonious ; wide as Immensity, deep as Eternity ; beautiful and terrible, not to be comprehended : this is what man names Existence and Universe ; this thousand-tinted flame-image, at once veil and revelation, reflex such as he, in his poor brain and heart, can paint of One Unnameable, dwelling in inaccessible light ! From beyond the Star-galaxies, from before the Beginning of Days, it billows and rolls

## ACTIONS

—round thee, nay, thyself art of it, in this point of Space where thou now standest, at this moment.

*Carlyle*

Days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to you ; therefore, employ the present without regretting the loss of what is past, or depending too much upon what is not yet here. This instant is yours : the next belongs still to futurity, and you do not know what it may bring forth.

Do not defer till the evening what the morning may accomplish ; for idleness is the parent of want.

Do not be slothful lest you become a burden to yourself. Do not loiter about, lest the hours hang heavy on your hands through not knowing what to do. Do not let your days pass away like the shadow of a cloud which leaves behind it no trace for remembrance.

Do not let your body become diseased for want of exercise, lest you should wish for action and find that you have no power to move.

When you see with your eyes, and when you hear with your ears, do not sit still with no resolution shaking your head and wishing, lest ruin come upon you like a whirlwind.

If your soul thirsts for honour and if your ear finds pleasure in the voice of praise, raise yourself from the dust and exalt your aim to something that is praiseworthy ; but let him who does good beware how he boasts of it, for rarely is it of his own free-will. Is not the event of an impulse usually from without : born of uncertainty ; suggested by accident ; dependent on something else ?—to these, then, is the praise due.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of your actions, and beware of instability in the execution of them : so shall you triumph over two great failings in human nature.

What reproaches reason more than to act contrarieties ?

## ACTIONS

What can suppress the tendencies of these but firmness of mind ! Do not be inconstant and changeful, not knowing why, lest you escape from yourself and see not how. Be incapable of change from that which is right ; and men will rely upon you. See that your principles are just ; then will you be inflexible in carrying them out. Do not let your passions have rule over you ; so shall your constancy ensure to you the good you possess.

How can the actions of a man be right who has no rule of life ?

Do not esteem an action because it is done with noise and pomp ; for the noblest soul is he who does great things quietly.

When you do good, do it because it is good—not because men praise it ; and when you avoid evil, avoid it because it is evil—not because men speak against it.

Be honest for love of honesty, and you will be uniformly so ; for he who does it without principle is but a waverer. The inconstant man has no peace in his soul : neither has any one who concerns himself with him. To-day he is a tyrant ; to-morrow, more humble than a servant. Why ? He does not know ! To-day he is profuse ; to-morrow, he grudges even his own mouth that which it should eat. To-day, he loves you ; to-morrow, he detests you. Why ? He does not know !

It is always thus with those who know not constancy. Who shall say that the chameleon is black, when a moment afterwards the colour of the grass overspreads him ? Who can say of the inconstant : “ He is joyful,” when his next breath is spent in sighing ? What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream ? In the morning he rises happy : at noon he is on the rack. This hour he is a god : the next, beneath a worm. One moment he laughs : the next he is



## ACTIONS

weeping. Now he wills : in an instant he will will it not ; and in another instant he will not know whether he wills or no.

Be resolute, and direct an even and an uninterrupted course ; so shall your foot be upon the earth, and your head above the clouds. Though obstacles appear in your path, do not deign to look down to them, but proceed with resolution, guided by right, and mountains shall sink beneath your tread. Storms may roar against your shoulders, but they will not shake you. Thunder will burst over your head in vain : the lightning will but serve to show the glory of your soul.

*Dandemis*

# ADVERSITY

EXTRAORDINARY AFFLICTIONS  
ARE NOT ALWAYS THE PUNISH-  
MENT OF EXTRAORDINARY SINS,  
BUT SOMETIMES THE TRIAL OF  
EXTRAORDINARY GRACES.

*Henry*

Remember that there is nothing stable in human affairs ; therefore avoid undue elation in prosperity, or undue depression in adversity. *Socrates*

The truth is, when we are under any affliction we are generally troubled with a malicious kind of melancholy ; we only pore and dwell upon the sad and dark occurrences of Providence, but never take notice of the more benign and bright ones. Our way in this world is like a walk under a row of trees, chequered with light and shade ; and because we cannot all along walk in the sunshine, we therefore perversely fix only upon the darker passages, and so lose all the comfort of our comforts. We are like froward children who, if you take one of their playthings from them, throw away all the rest in spite. *Hopkins*

Present suffering is not enjoyable, but life would be worth little without it. The difference between iron and steel is fire, but steel is worth all it costs. Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but when the watch-spring looks back, it knows better. *Babcock*

Why then, you princes, do you with cheeks abashed

## ADVERSITY

behold our works, and think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else but the protractive trials of great Jove, to find persistive constancy in men? The fineness of which metal is not found in fortune's love : for the bold and coward, the wise and fool, the artist and unread, the hard and soft, seem all affined and kin : but, in the wind and tempest of her frown, distinction, with the broad and powerful fan, puffing at all, winnows the light away ; and what hath mass, or matter, by itself lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.  
*Shakespeare\**

Henceforth I'll bear affliction till it do cry out itself  
" Enough ! enough ! " and die. *Shakespeare\**

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm. *Colton*

Sunk are the winds that swept the rock-girt shore ; the foaming billows cease their hollow dash ; above no longer bursts the thunder crash, and the bleak, driving rain descends no more ; clear is heaven's face, and sweetly in the West the sun hangs o'er the hushed and purple hill ; the bird that sought her sheltering nest soars to heaven's gates and warbles wildly shrill. The air is odorous with the soul of flowers, and Nature, ere day breathes its last, wears smiles in guerdon for the past.

So grief and care oft cloud our early hours, then, like the tempest, spirits flee away and leave all bright and blest our closing day. *Mitchell\**

In adversity man sees himself abandoned by others ; he finds that all his hopes are centred within himself ;

## ADVERSITY

he rouses his soul ; he encounters his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancies himself safe : he thinks he is beloved by all who smile upon him ; he grows careless and remiss ; he does not see the dangers before him ; he trusts to others, and, in the end, they deceive him.

Better is the sorrow that leads to contentment, than the joy that renders a man unable to endure distress and afterwards plunges him into it.

Be upright in your whole life : be content in all its changes. And remember that he who despairs of the end shall never attain unto it.

*Dandemis*

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. "He that traverses the lists without an adversary may receive," says the philosopher, "the reward of victory ; but he has no pretensions to the honour." If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction and to receive the gratulations of his own conscience, he whose courage has made way 'midst the turbulence of opposition and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

*Johnson*

I (Robinson Crusoe) had a dismal prospect of my

# ADVICE

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself. *Seneca*

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it. *von Knebel*

Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ; but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee ; give every man thine ear, but few thy voice. Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ; for the apparel oft proclaims the man. Neither a borrower nor a lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend ; and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all : To thine own self be true ; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man. *Shakespeare\**

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive : that I would have thee do ; and not to spend your coin on every bauble that you fancy, or every foolish brain that humours you. I would not have you to invade each place, nor thrust yourself on all societies, till men's affections, or your own desert, should worthily invite you to your rank. He that is so respectless in his courses oft sells his reputation at cheap market. Nor would I you should melt away yourself in flashing bravery, lest while you affect to

## ADVICE

make a blaze of gentry to the world, a little puff of scorn extinguish it, and you be left like an unsavoury snuff whose property is only to offend. I'd have you sober and contain yourself: not that your sail be bigger than your boat; but moderate your expenses now as you may keep the same proportion still. Nor stand so much on your gentility, which is an airy and mere borrowed thing from dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours except you make, or hold it.

*Jonson*\*

# AMBITION

EVERY MAN IS SAID TO HAVE HIS PECULIAR AMBITION. WHETHER IT BE TRUE, OR NOT, I CANNOT SAY; BUT I CAN SAY THAT I HAVE ONE: THAT OF BEING TRULY ESTEEMED OF MY FELLOW-MEN, BY RENDERING MYSELF WORTHY OF THEIR ESTEEM.

*Lincoln*

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder whereunto the climber-upward turns his face; and when he once obtains the upmost round he then unto the ladder turns his back; looks in the clouds, and scorns the base degrees by which he did ascend. *Shakespeare\**

Nay then, farewell! I have touched the highest point of all my greatness; and, from that full meridian of my glory I haste now to my setting: I shall fall like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man see me more. So farewell to the little good ye bear me. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honours thick upon him; the third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is aripening, nips his root, and then he falls, as I do. I have ventured like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, this many summers in a sea of glory, but far beyond my

## AMBITION

depth : my high-blown pride at length broke under me, and now has left me, weary, and old with service, to the mercy of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye ; I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours ! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, that sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, more pangs and fears than wars or women have ; and when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to hope again. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear in all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me out of thy honest truth to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ; and, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, and sleep in dull cold marble where no mention of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee, say, Wolsey—that once trod the paths of glory, and sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ; a sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ; by that sin fell the angels : how can man then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it ? Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee : corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not : let all the ends thou aimest at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's ; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell, thou fallest a blessed martyr. . . . O Cromwell, Cromwell, had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies. *Shakespeare\**

Ambition makes the same mistake concerning power that avarice makes concerning wealth. She begins



## AMBITION

by accumulating power as a mean to happiness, and finishes by continuing to accumulate it as an end.

*Colton*

Ambition, that high and glorious passion which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honour and distinction ; and when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride and covetousness. *Burton*

Pilgrim, turn,—thy cares forego ; all earthborn cares are wrong : man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. *Goldsmith\**

# ANCESTRY

Birth and ancestry, and that which we have not ourselves achieved, we can scarcely call our own. *Ovid*

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. *Webster*

No man is nobler born than another unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition. They who make such a parade with their family pictures and pedigrees, are, properly speaking, rather to be called noted or notorious than noble persons. I thought it right to say this much in order to repel the insolence of men who depend entirely upon chance and accidental circumstances for distinction, and not at all on public services and personal merit. *Seneca*

The origin of all mankind was the same: it is only a clear and a good conscience that makes a man noble. *Seneca*

Philosophy does not look into pedigrees; she did not adopt Plato as noble, but she made him such. *Seneca*

Of all the vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid. *Burton*

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground. *Overbury*

Mark if his birth make any difference: if to his words it adds one grain of sense. *Dryden\**

# ANGER

ANGER ALWAYS BEGINS WITH  
FOLLY, AND ENDS WITH  
REPENTANCE.

*Pythagoras*

When a man is wrong, and won't admit it, he always  
gets angry. *Haliburton*

An angry man is again angry—with himself, when he  
returns to reason. *Publilius Syrus*

A fit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic  
is to life. *Holland*

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

Men often make up in wrath what they want in  
reason. *Alger*

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon  
ourselves. *Pope*

Never do anything that can denote an angry mind ;  
for, although everybody is born with a certain degree  
of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will  
sometimes feel its operation and be what they call  
“ out of humour,” yet a sensible man or woman will  
never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain  
it ; never make any determination until you find it  
has entirely subsided ; and always avoid saying any-  
thing that you may wish unsaid. *Collingwood*

## ANGER

If anger is not restrained it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it. *Seneca*

Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. *Congreve\**

The proud man hath no God ; the envious man hath no neighbour ; the angry man hath not even himself. *Hall*

He does anger too much honour who calls it madness, which, being a distemper of the brain, and a total absence of all reason, is innocent of all the ill effects it may produce ; whereas anger is an affected madness, compounded of pride and folly and with an intention to do more mischief than it can bring to pass. *Clarendon*

When anger rises, think of the consequences. *Confucius*

Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler ? Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ? Fret, till your proud heart break. Go, show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ? Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour ? By the gods, you shall digest the venom of your spleen though it do split you : for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth ; yea, for my laughter when you are waspish. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats : for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass me by, as the idle wind, which I respect not. *Shakespeare\**

Do not indulge in the passion of anger lest you should whet a sword to wound your own breast—or which may even murder your friend.

## ANGER

If you bear provocations with patience you will be credited with wisdom ; and if you wipe them from your remembrance your heart will be at rest, and your mind will not reproach you.

Do you not see that an angry man loses his understanding ? So, while you are yet in your senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to yourself.

Be careful to do nothing while you are in anger : why put to sea in the violence of a storm ?

A fool is provoked by insolent speeches, but a wise man laughs them to scorn.

Give a mild answer to an angry man, for it is like water on a fire : it will abate his heat ; and from an enemy he will become a friend.

Think how few things are worthy of anger, and you will wonder how any but fools could be angry ! Anger always begins through folly or weakness ; but remember, it seldom concludes without repentance.

*Dandemis*

# ANIMALS

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained ; I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition ; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins ; not one is dissatisfied ; not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

*Whitman*

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the kinship of the creature if not of the soul.

*Ruskin*

No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy.

*Queen Victoria*

# APPEARANCE

**D**O NOT ESTEEM A MAN FOR  
HIS TITLES, NOR CONDEMN  
THE STRANGER BECAUSE HE LACKS  
THEM: YOU CANNOT JUDGE THE  
CAMEL BY HIS BRIDLE.

*Dandemis*

Men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.

*Macchiavelli*

Judge not ! the workings of his brain and of his heart thou canst not see. What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, in God's pure light may only be a scar, brought from some well-won field where thou wouldst only faint and yield. The look, the air, that frets thy sight, may be a token, that below the soul has closed in deadly fight with some infernal fiery foe whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, and cast thee shuddering on thy face !

*Proctor\**

# ART

Beauty is the ultimate principle and the highest aim of Art. *Goethe*

A work of art is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created. *Tuckerman*

Whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another. *Ruskin*

Arts may be learned by application—proportions and attitudes may be studied and repeated—mathematical principles may be, and have been, comprehended and adopted ; but yet there has not been hewn from the marble a second Apollo, and no measuring by compasses will ever give the secret of its power. The ideal dwelt in the Sculptor's mind, and his hands fashioned it. *Ruskin*

One of the first principles of decorative art is that in all manufactures ornament must hold a place subordinate to that of utility. When, by its exuberance, ornament interferes with utility it ceases to be art and becomes vulgarity. *Mason*

Art is more godlike than Science. Science discovers : but Art creates. *Opie*



# AUTHORITY

THAT GOVERN MOST  
MAKE LEAST NOISE.

*Selden*

O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant. Could great men thunder as Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet, for every paltry petty officer would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder. O, but man, proud man ! Dressed in a little brief authority ; most ignorant of what he's most assured, his glassy essence, like an angry ape, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.

*Shakespeare\**

If there is anything beautiful ; if there is anything desirable ; if there is anything within the reach of man that is worthy of praise, is it not Knowledge ? And yet, who attains unto it ! The Statesman proclaims that he has it ; the Ruler of the people claims the praise of it—but does the subject find that they possess it ?

How many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws ; and how many crimes are committed by the decrees of the Council ! Be wise, you Rulers ! acquire Knowledge, you who are in command of nations ! One crime authorized by you is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When your people are numerous ; when your sons increase about your table, do not send them out to slay the innocent, or to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended. If the object of your desires demands the lives of men, do not say : " I will have

## AUTHORITY

it ! " lest you should forget that He who created you created them also ; and that their blood is as rich as your own.

Do not say that justice cannot be executed without wrong ; for surely your own words will condemn you !

Teach men to be just, that there may be no need for repentance. Teach men to be honest, and oaths will be unnecessary.

When you commend punishment to him who is but suspected of ill, dare you remember that you may be racking the innocent ? Is your soul satisfied with his confession ? pain will enforce a man to say what is not as easily as what is ; and anguish has often caused an innocent to accuse himself.

Be careful, you who are in Authority ! You should know that when your Judge shall bid you to account you will wish ten thousand to have gone free rather than have one innocent stand forth against you.

*Dandemis*

# AUTUMN

The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear ; and  
harvest-home hath hushed the clanging wain, save  
where, sad laggard of the autumnal train, some age-  
struck wanderer gleans few ears of scattered grain.

*Scott\**

Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness !

*Keats\**

# AVARICE

**P**OVERTY IS IN WANT OF MUCH,  
BUT AVARICE IS IN WANT OF  
EVERYTHING.

*Publilius Syrus*

Avarice starves its possessor to fatten those who come after, and who are eagerly awaiting the demise of the accumulator.  
*Greville*

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest ; the lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless ! The last corruption of degenerate man.  
*Johnson\**

The lust of avarice has so totally seized upon mankind that their wealth seems rather to possess them, than they possess their wealth.  
*Pliny*

Study rather to fill your mind, than your coffers ; knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt until avarice or ambition parted them.  
*Seneca*

# BEAUTY

THERE'S BEAUTY ALL AROUND  
OUR PATHS, IF BUT OUR  
WATCHFUL EYES CAN TRACE IT  
'MIDST FAMILIAR THINGS, AND  
THROUGH THEIR LOWLY GUISE.

*Hemans\**

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever : its loveliness increases ; it will never pass into nothingness. *Keats\**

I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.  
*Socrates*

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring ; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass ; it haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The Universe is its temple ; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now this beauty is so precious ; the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a

## BEAUTY

dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. *Channing*

I am of opinion that there is nothing so beautiful, but that there is something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image or expression—a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears, nor any of the senses. *Cicero*

Give me a look, give me a face, that makes simplicity a grace ; robes loosely flowing, hair as free ! Such sweet neglect more taketh me than all the adulteries of art that strike mine eyes but not my heart. *Jonson\**

We all of us, in a great measure, create our own happiness. And so it is with beauty : Nature does little more than furnish us with materials of both, leaving us to work them out for ourselves. Stars, and flowers, and hills, and woods, and streams, are letters, and words, and voices, vehicles and missionaries ; but they need to be interpreted in the right spirit.

When we are at peace with ourselves and with the world, it is as though we gazed upon outward things through a golden-tinted glass, and saw a glory resting upon them all.

There is beauty everywhere ; but it requires to be sought, and the seeker after it is sure to find it : it may be in some out-of-the-way place where no one else would think of looking.

Beauty is a fairy ; sometimes she hides herself in a flower-cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide and seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright young face. Sometimes she takes the form of a white cloud, and goes dancing over the green fields or the deep blue sea, where her misty form, marked out in a momentary

## BEAUTY

darkness, looks like the passing shadow of an angel's wings.  
*Sala*

Beauty—a living Presence of the Earth, surpassing the most ideal fair forms which craft of delicate spirits hath composed from Earth's materials—waits upon my steps, an hourly neighbour.

Paradise, and groves Elysian, why should they be a history only of departed things, or a mere fiction of what never was? for the discerning intellect of man, when wedded to this goodly Universe in love and holy passion, shall find these a simple produce of the common day.  
*Wordsworth\**

What is beauty? Not the show of shapely limbs and features. No; these are but flowers that have their dated hours to breathe their momentary sweets, then go. 'Tis the stainless soul within that outshines the fairest skin.  
*Hunt\**

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety; other women cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry, where most she satisfies.

*Shakespeare\**

Around her shone the nameless charms unmarked by her alone. The light of love, the purity of grace, the mind, the music breathing from her face, the heart whose softness harmonized the whole, and, oh! that eye was in itself a soul.  
*Byron\**

She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies; and all that's best of dark and bright meet in her aspect and her eyes: thus mellowed to that tender light which heaven to gaudy day denies.  
*Byron\**

## BEAUTY

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth ; her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow, her cheek all purple with the beam of youth, mounting, at times, to a transparent glow as if her veins ran lightning. *Byron\**

Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of adornment, but is when unadorned adorned the most. *Thomson*

The ancients called beauty the flowering of virtue. Who can analyse the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form ? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization ; nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love known and described in society, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere : to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, to what roses and violets hint and foreshadow.

We cannot approach beauty. Its nature is like opaline dove's-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use.

The statue is beautiful when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring-wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it. And of poetry, the success is not attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it astonishes and fires us with new endeavours after the unattainable. In like manner, personal beauty is then first charming and itself, when it dissatisfies us with any end ; when it becomes a story without an end ; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions. *Emerson*



## BEAUTY

'Tis not alone in the flush of morn, in the cowslip-bell,  
or the blossom thorn, in the noon's high hour, or  
twilight's hush, in the shadowy stream, or the rose's  
blush, or in aught that boundless nature gives, that  
the delicate Spirit of Beauty lives. Oh no, it lives, and  
breathes, and lies in a home more pure than the morn-  
ing skies : in the innocent heart it loves to dwell, when  
it comes with a sigh or a tear to tell sweet visions that  
flow from a fount of love, to mingle with all that is  
pure above.

It dwells with the one whose pitying eye looks out on  
the world in charity ; whose generous hand delights  
to heal the wounds that suffering mourners feel :  
without a wish, or a hope, or thought that light should  
shine on the deeds it wrought.

Sweet Spirit of Beauty ! my dreams are thine ; but I  
lose thee not when the day-beams shine : thy image  
is still my constant gaze at midnight hour or noontide  
blaze ; and none but one with a heart unsold, can  
know the bliss which thy lovers hold. *Dawes\**

The soul enamoured of beauty, and pursuing it,  
cannot achieve its quest in selfishness and isolation ;  
it must be purified by active sympathy with others.

*Colvin*

A passion for the manifold beauties of earth is in its  
nature identical with the passion for transcendental  
beauty.

*Colvin*

# BIRDS

Hail to thee blithe Spirit ! Bird thou never wert, that from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher from the earth thou springest like a cloud of fire ; the deep blue thou wingest, and singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest in the golden lightning of the sunken sun, o'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud, as, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud the Moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not : what is most like thee ? From rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see as from thy presence showers a rain of melody. Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass, rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird, what sweet thoughts are thine : I have never heard praise of love or wine that panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain ? What fields, or waves, or mountains ? What shapes of sky or plain ? What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain !

With thy clear keen joyance languor cannot be : shadow of annoyance never came near thee : thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem things more true and deep than we mortals dream, or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ? We look before and after, and pine for what is not : our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught ; our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. Yet, if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear ; if

## BIRDS

we were things born not to shed a tear, I know not how  
thy joy we ever should come near.

Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must  
know ; such harmonious madness from my lips would  
flow ; the world should listen then—as I am listening  
now !  
(Skylark) *Shelley*.\*

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird ! No  
hungry generations tread thee down ; the voice I  
hear this passing night was heard in ancient days by  
emperor and clown ; perhaps the selfsame song that  
found a path through the sad heart of Ruth, when,  
sick for home, she stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
the same that oft-times hath charmed magic case-  
ments, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery  
lands forlorn.  
(Nightingale) *Keats* \*

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these, where  
melodies alone are the interpreters of thought ?  
Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !

*Longfellow* \*

# BOASTING

THE LESS PEOPLE SPEAK OF  
THEIR OWN GREATNESS THE  
MORE WE THINK OF IT.

*Bacon*

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

*Shakespeare \**

Here's a stay, that shakes the rotten carcass of old Death out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed, that spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas ; talks as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ? He speaks plain cannon-fire and smoke—and bounce ; he gives the bastinado with his tongue : our ears are cudgelled !

*Shakespeare \**

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears with this abundance of superfluous breath ?

*Shakespeare \**

We rise in glory as we sink in pride : where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

*Young \**

# BODY

Do not vaunt your body or your brain ; for is not the Master of the house more honourable than the walls of the house ?

As ground must be prepared before corn is planted, and the potter must build his furnace before he can make his porcelain, so let your Spirit actuate and direct your flesh.

Is not your hand a miracle in itself ? Why was it given to you but that you might stretch it out to the assistance of one another.

Why, of all things living, are you, alone, made capable of blushing, unless it be that if you allow your soul to do a shameful thing the world shall be able to read the shame upon your face.

Why do fear and dismay rob your face of its natural colour ? Avoid guilt, and then you, and the whole world, shall know that fear is beneath you, and that, to you, dismay is unmanly.

You, alone, of all creatures of the earth, have the power of speech. Be thankful for your glorious privilege ; and pay to Him who gave you speech a welcome and a rational praise.

*Dandemis*

# BOOKS

Books like friends, should be few, and well chosen.

*Fuller*

The place that does contain my books, the best companions, is to me a glorious court, where hourly I converse with the old sages and philosophers ; and sometimes for variety, I confer with kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.

*Fletcher\**

They give new views to life, and teach us how to live ; they soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise, fools they admonish, and confirm the wise : their aid they yield to all : they never shun the man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone : unlike the hard, the selfish and the proud, they fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ; nor tell to various people various things, but show to subjects what they show to kings. Silent they are, but, though deprived of sound, here all the living languages abound ; here all that live no more, preserved they lie in tombs that open to the curious eye. Blessed be the gracious Power who taught mankind to stamp a lasting image of the mind.

*Crabbe\**

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life.

*Milton*

A library is true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it alike, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage.

*Avebury*

In my garden I spend my days ; in my library I spend my nights. With the flowers I am with the present ; with my books I am in the past. I go into

## BOOKS

my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve. I see the Pyramids building ; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander ; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theatre—the stage is Time, the play is the Play of the World. What a spectacle it is !

O men and women, so far separated, yet so near, so strange, yet so well known. By what miraculous power do I know ye all !

Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What King's Court can boast such company ? What school of Philosophy such wisdom ?

Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down, and it speaks to me of men and things not now known on Earth. I call myself solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term ; for no man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a Sovereign in my library ; but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees.

*Smith (Alexander)*

# BREVITY

**B**REVITY IS VERY GOOD, WHEN  
WE ARE, OR ARE NOT,  
UNDERSTOOD.

*Butler\**

If you would be pungent, be brief ; for it is with words  
as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the  
deeper they burn.

*Southey\**

General observations drawn from particulars are the  
jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a  
little room.

*Locke*

Brevity is the soul of wit.

*Shakespeare\**



# BROTHERHOOD

However wretched a fellow-mortal may be, he is still a member of our common species. *Seneca*

We are members of one great body. Nature planted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life. We must consider, therefore, that we were born for the good of the whole. *Seneca*

Infinite is the help man can yield to man. *Carlyle*

Give bread to the stranger in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds together all men under the common father of nature. *Quintilian*

Shivering in the ice-bound or scorching in the tropical regions ; in the lap of luxury or in the wild hardihood of the primeval forest ; belting the globe in a tired search for rest, or quieting through life in the heart of ancestral woods ; gathering all the decencies around him like a garment, or battling in fierce raid of crime against a world which has disowned him, there is an inner humanness which binds me to that man by a primitive and indissoluble bond. He is my brother, and I cannot dis sever the relationship. He is my brother, therefore I cannot release myself from the obligation to do him good. *Punshon*

Your food, your clothing, your convenience of habitation, your enjoyment of the pleasures and comforts of life you owe to the assistance of others ; and you could not enjoy them but in the bands of society. It is your duty, therefore, to be friendly to mankind, as it is your interest that man should be friendly to you. As the rose breathes sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produces good works.

## BROTHERHOOD

By removing the oppression from another you will relieve yourself ; and you will rejoice in the happiness of your neighbour.

Let your desire be to do good, and ease and tranquillity will be in your breast ; for by the generosity of your heart your mind will be enlarged, and by promoting the happiness of all men you will receive happiness yourself.

*Dandemis*

# BUSINESS

The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and subtle to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. We are all implicated, of course, in this charge. It is only necessary to ask a few questions as to the progress of the articles of commerce from the fields where they grow, to our houses, to become aware that we eat and drink and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities.

The general system of our trade is a system of selfishness ; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature ; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity—much less by the sentiments of love and heroism ; but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness not of giving, but of taking, advantage.

I do not charge the merchant or the manufacturer. The sins of our system of trade belong to no class, to no individual. One plucks, one distributes, one eats. Everybody partakes, everybody confesses—yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse ; he cannot alter it. What is he ? an obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice—that no one feels himself called to act for man, but only as a fraction of man.

It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their nature must act simply, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it.

But by coming out of trade you have not cleared yourself. The trail of the serpent reaches into all the professions and practices of men : each finds a tender conscience a disqualification for success ; each requires of the practitioner a certain shutting of the eyes, a certain dapperness and compliance, an acceptance of customs, a sequestration from the sentiments of

## BUSINESS

generosity and love, a compromise of private opinion and integrity. Nay, the evil custom reaches into the whole institution of property, until our laws seem not to be the issue of love and reason, but of selfishness.

*Emerson*

Do not trust a man before you have tried him ; yet do not mistrust without reason, for that is uncharitable. When you have proven a man to be honest, look upon him in your heart as a treasure and regard him as a jewel of inestimable worth.

Do not accept favours of a mercenary man, lest they be but snares to your virtue.

Do not join with the wicked, lest it bring grief to your soul.

Endeavour to reach the top of your calling, whatever it may be ; and do not let anybody surpass you in well-doing. Nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve your own talents by watching his example ; neither depreciate the endeavours of those who excel you, lest you put an evil interpretation on all their doings.

Scorn to fight your competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods, but strive to raise yourself above him only by excelling him in honesty : so shall your contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success. In your dealings with all men be impartial and just ; and do unto them only as you would wish that they should do to you.

Be faithful to your trust, and do not deceive any man who relies upon you ; for, be assured, it is less in the sight of God to steal than to betray.

When you sell for gain, listen to the whisperings of your conscience, and be satisfied with moderation ; neither take advantage of the ignorance of the buyer.

Pay the debts which you owe ; for he who gave you

## BUSINESS

credit relied upon your honour, and to withhold from him his due is both mean and unjust.

Examine your heart and call remembrance to your aid ; and if in any of these things you have transgressed, make speedy reparation.

Remember that the oak that now spreads its branches toward the heavens was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

*Dandemis*

# CHARACTER

IT IS AN OLD SAYING, AND ONE OF FEARFUL AND FATHOMLESS IMPORT, THAT WE ARE FORMING CHARACTERS FOR ETERNITY. FORMING CHARACTERS ? WHOSE ? OUR OWN, OR OTHERS ? BOTH— AND IN THAT MOMENTOUS FACT LIES THE PERIL AND RESPONSIBILITY OF OUR EXISTENCE.

*Burritt*

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

*Richter*

Character is the product of daily, hourly actions, and words and thoughts : daily forgivenesses, unselfishness, kindnesses, sympathies, charities, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. It is these, like the blending colours in a picture, or the blending notes of music, which constitute the man.

*Macduff*

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels ; one warehouses, another villas ; bricks and mortar are

## CHARACTER

mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else. *Carlyle*

A man's character is the reality of himself : his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him ; character resides in him, reputation in other people—the one is the substance, the other is the shadow.

*Beecher*

His life was gentle ; and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world—  
“ This was a Man ! ”

*Shakespeare\**

Character is the result of two things : mental attitude, and the way we spend our time.

*Hubbard*

We should not be too hasty in bestowing either our praise or censure on mankind, since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate enquiry to determine on which side the balance turns.

*Fielding*

The great hope of society is individual character.

*Channing*

A good character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents, it is not created by external advantages, it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents, or station ; but it is the result of one's own endeavours.

*Hawes*

The highest of characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind as if he were every day guilty of some himself ; and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.

*Pliny the Younger*

## CHARACTER

Experience serves to prove that the worth and strength of a State depend far less upon the form of its institutions than upon the character of its men, for the nation is only the aggregate of individual citizens.

*Smiles*



# CHEERFULNESS

**L**ET US BE OF GOOD CHEER,  
REMEMBERING THAT THE  
MISFORTUNES HARDEST TO BEAR  
ARE THOSE WHICH NEVER HAPPEN.

*Lowell*

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work !  
Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of  
those who follow the same pursuit in sullen silence.  
He will do more in the same time—he will do it  
better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely  
sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The  
very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in  
their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness,  
altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.  
Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly  
joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very  
gladness—beautiful because bright.

*Carlyle*

God is glorified, not by our groans, but by our thanks-  
givings.

*Whipple*

The burden becomes light which is cheerfully borne.

*Ovid*

Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner,  
but all who come in contact with it.

*Fields*

# CHILDREN

**T**RAIN YOUR CHILD IN THE WAY  
YOU NOW KNOW YOU SHOULD  
HAVE GONE YOURSELF.

*Spurgeon*

From the creatures of God man can learn wisdom ; and he can apply to himself the instruction they give. Go into the desert, my son. Watch the young stork of the wilderness, and let him speak to your heart. He bears his aged parent between his wings ; he carries him into safety—and he supplies him with food. Be grateful, then, to your father, for he gave you life ; and likewise to your mother, for she nurtured you and sustained you.

When your parents utter words of reproof, they are spoken for your own good ; so listen to their admonition, for it does not proceed from malice, but is provided by love.

Your parents have watched over your welfare, and they have toiled that life shall be easier for you. Honour them, therefore, in their age ; and let them not be treated with irreverence.

They ask no reward for what they have done for you ; but see that you do not repay them with ingratitude. Think back on the years of your helpless infancy, lest you forget to help them through the infirmities of the decline of life.

So shall their heads go down to the grave in peace ; and your own children, in reverence of your own example, will do the same for you. *Dandemis*

# CLOUDS

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers from the seas and the streams ; I bear light shades for the leaves when laid in their noonday dreams ; from my wings are shaken the dews that waken the sweet birds every one, when rocked to rest on their mother's breast, as she dances about the sun. I wield the flail of the lashing hail, and whiten the green plains under ; and then again I dissolve it in rain, and laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below, and their great pines groan aghast ; and all the night 'tis my pillow white, while I sleep in the arms of the blast. Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers, Lightning, my pilot, sits ; in a cavern under is fettered the thunder—it struggles and howls by fits.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes, and his burning plumes outspread, leaps on the back of my sailing rack, when the morning star shines dead. And the crimson pall of eve may fall from the depth of heaven above, with wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest, as still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden, whom mortals call the moon, glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor by the midnight breezes strewn ; and wherever the beat of her unseen feet—which only the angels hear—may have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof, the stars peep behind her and peer ; and I laugh to see them whirl and flee like a swarm of golden bees when I widen the rent in my wind-built tent till the calm rivers, lakes and seas, like strips of the skies fallen through me on high, are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of earth and water, and the nursing of the sky ; I pass through the pores of the oceans and shores ; I change, but I cannot die. For after

## CLOUDS

the rain, when, with never a stain the pavilion of heaven is bare, and the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams build up the blue dome of air, I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, and out of the caverns of rain, like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb, I arise and upbuild it again.

*Shelley\**

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance, tinted and shadowed by pencils of air, thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests—seats of the gods in the limitless ether, looming sublimely aloft and afar.

*Taylor\**

That looked as though an angel, in his upward flight, had left his mantle floating in mid-air.

*Baillie\**

# COMPANIONS

WE SHOULD EVER HAVE IT  
FIXED IN OUR MEMORIES  
THAT, BY THE CHARACTER OF  
THOSE WHOM WE CHOOSE FOR  
OUR FRIENDS OUR OWN IS LIKELY  
TO BE FORMED, AND WILL CER-  
TAINLY BE JUDGED BY THE WORLD.

*Blair*

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

*Chesterfield*

In the choice of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care : we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character ; and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

*Avebury*

# CONFIDENCE

THE MAN WHO TRUSTS MEN  
WILL MAKE FEWER MISTAKES  
THAN HE WHO DISTRUSTS THEM.

*Cavour*

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.  
*Boiste*

All confidence which is not absolute and entire is dangerous : there are but few occasions but where a man ought either to say all or conceal all, for how little soever you have revealed of your secret to a friend, you have already said too much if you think it not safe to make him privy to all particulars. *Beaumont*

Trust him not once he has broken faith. *Shakespeare\**

People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that, even when there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than to condemn ; and then the spirit of confidence again awakens within them. *Bremer*

# CONSCIENCE

I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities :  
a still and quiet conscience. *Shakespeare\**

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart ; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the latter interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected. *Addison*

Good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it. *Aughey*

Let not your peace rest in the utterances of men, for whether they put a good or bad construction on your conduct, does not make you other than you are. *Thomas à Kempis*

Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body. It is astonishing that these two languages contradict each other so often. When they do, to which must we listen ? Too often reason deceives us ; but conscience never deceives us. Conscience is the true guide of man : it is to man what instinct is to the body, which follows it, obeys nature, and never is afraid of going astray. *Rousseau*

'Tis by comparison an easy task Earth to despise ; but to converse with Heaven, this is not easy. To relinquish all and stand in freedom loosened from this world I deem not arduous ; but must needs confess that 'tis a thing impossible to frame conceptions equal to the soul's highest desires ; and the most difficult of tasks to keep heights which the soul is competent to gain.

Man is of dust : ethereal hopes are his, which, when they should sustain themselves aloft, want due consis-

## CONSCIENCE

tence—like a pillar of smoke, that, with majestic energy from earth rises, but, having reached the thinner air, melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen.

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh ; this vital warmth too cold ; these visual orbs, though inconceivably endowed, too dim for any passion of the soul that leads to ecstasy. Alas ! the endowment of immortal power is matched with custom, time, domineering faculties of sense, idle temptations, open vanities—ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world ; and, in regions of the mind, ill-governed passions, ranklings of dispute, immoderate wishes, pining discontent, distress and care.

Victory is most sure for him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives to yield entire submission to the law of Conscience—conscience revered and obeyed.

Endeavour thus to live ; these rules regard ; these helps solicit ; and a steadfast seat shall then be yours among the happy few who dwell on Earth, yet breathe empyreal air : doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away, with only such degree of sadness left as may support longings of pure desire. *Wordsworth\**



# CONTENTMENT

**I** SWEAR, 'TIS BETTER TO BE  
LOWLY BORN, AND RANGE WITH  
HUMBLE LIVERS IN CONTENT,  
THAN TO BE PERKED UP IN A  
GLISTERING GRIEF AND WEAR A  
GOLDEN SORROW.

*Shakespeare\**

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire ; not in multiplying of wealth, but in subtracting one's desires. *Fuller*

Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. *Epicurus*

He is richest who is content with the least ; for contentment is the wealth of nature. *Socrates*

There are two sorts of contentment ; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virtue ; the other, a vice. *Edgeworth*

To be content with little is difficult ; to be content with much, impossible. *Ebner-Eschenbach*

The king can drink the best of wine—so can I ; and has enough when he would dine—so have I ; and cannot order rain or shine—nor can I ! Then what's the difference, let me see, betwixt my lord the king and me ?

Do trusty friends surround his throne night and day ?

## CONTENTMENT

Or make his interest their own?—No ! Not they ! Mine love me for myself alone—bless'd be they ! And that's one difference which I see betwixt my lord the king and me.

Do knaves around me lie in wait to deceive, or fawn and flatter when they hate, and would grieve ? Or cruel pomps oppress my state—by my leave ? No ! Heaven be thanked ! And here you see more difference 'twixt the king and me !

He has his fools with jests and quips when he'd play ; he has his armies and his ships—great are they ! but not a child to kiss his lips, well-a-day ! And that's a difference sad to see betwixt my lord the king and me. I wear the cap and he the crown—what of that ! I sleep on straw and he on down—what of that ! And he's the king, and I'm the clown—what of that ! If happy I, and wretched he, perhaps the king would change with me !

*Mackay\**

A man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm : “ Why,” said he, “ I have three farms still, and you have but one ; so I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.”

Every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. I like the story of the honest Dutchman who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by that it was a great mercy it was not his neck. We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him he used to thank God that it was not the stone ; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

*Addison*

## CONTENTMENT

When Socrates was asked, " Which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the gods in happiness ? " he answered : " That man who is in want of fewest things." Yet it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied.

What we believe ourselves to want torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds. To prize everything according to its real use, however, ought to be the aim of every rational being. But there are few things that can much conduce to happiness, and therefore few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens will turn away at last with his exclamation : " How many things are here which I do not want ! " *Johnson*

Our portion is not large, indeed ; but then how little do we need ! For Nature's calls are few : in this the art of living lies, to want no more than may suffice, and make that little do. *Cotton\**

# CONTROVERSY

WE MUST NOT CONTRADICT,  
BUT INSTRUCT HIM THAT  
CONTRADICTS US : FOR A MADMAN  
IS NOT CURED BY ANOTHER  
RUNNING MAD ALSO.

*Antisthenes*

The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose.

*Shakespeare\**

Whenever you argue with another wiser than yourself  
in order that others may admire your wisdom, they  
will discover your ignorance.

*Saadi*

We are more inclined to hate one another for points  
on which we differ, than to love one another for  
points upon which we agree. The reason, perhaps, is  
this : when we find others that agree with us, we  
seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement ;  
but when we chance on those who differ from us, we  
are zealous both to convince and to convert them.  
Our pride is hurt by failure to achieve this, and dis-  
appointed pride engenders hatred.

*Colton*

To make another person hold his tongue, be you first  
silent.

*Seneca*

Do not condemn the judgement of another because  
it differs from your own. May you not both be in  
error ?

*Dandemis*

# CONVERSATION

NOT ONLY TO SAY THE RIGHT  
THING IN THE RIGHT PLACE,  
BUT, FAR MORE DIFFICULT STILL,  
TO LEAVE UNSAID THE WRONG  
THING AT THE TEMPTING MOMENT.

*Sala*

Conversation should be pleasant, without scurrility ;  
witty, without affectation ; free, without indecency ;  
learned, without conceitedness ; novel, without falsehood.  
*Shakespeare\**

Avoid making yourself the subject of conversation.  
*Bruyère*

The less men think, the more they talk. *Montesquieu*

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say  
a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish  
we had rather left unsaid. *Swift*

In my whole life I have only known ten or twelve  
persons with whom it was pleasant to speak—i.e.,  
who keep to the subject, do not repeat themselves,  
and do not talk of themselves. *Metternich*

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself  
without loss : his accusations of himself are always  
believed, his praises never. *Montaigne*

Do not speak before you have weighed your words.

## CONVERSATION

The thoughtless man fails to bridle his tongue : he speaks at random and becometh entangled in the foolishness of his own words. . . .

Repentance follows much speaking ; but in silence is safety. Do not deride another, for it is dangerous : a bitter jest is the poison of friendship ; and whosoever speaks of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear his own with shame.

Do not talk so that your torrent of words overwhelms the conversation, lest the ears of your listeners become sick of your babbling and you become a nuisance.

Do not boast of yourself, for it brings contempt upon you. . . .

Do not bestow on any man the flattery of unmeaning words. You know that when he returns them to you, you heed them not ; he knows he lies to you—and that you know it, yet he knows that you will thank him for it. Always speak with sincerity, for then you shall hear with instruction. . . .

Let the words of your mouth be the thoughts of your heart ; so will you be far above the meanness of dissimulation. Do not mask your words in a semblance of truth, lest you become like the hypocrite whose business in life is only to deceive. . . .

Give a mild answer to an angry man, for it is like water on a fire : it will abate his heat ; and from an enemy he will become a friend. . . .

The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly. Nevertheless, it is part of wisdom to bear with fools, to hear their absurdities with patience, and to pity their weaknesses.

Do not become puffed-up, nor boast of superior understanding ; for the clearest human knowledge is but little better than blindness. *Dandemis*

He is an elegant man who can treat humble subjects

## CONVERSATION

with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately. *Cicero*

Much tongue and much judgement seldom go together. *l' Etrange*

# COUNTRY

To one who has been long in city pent, 'tis very sweet  
to look into the fair and open face of heaven,—to  
breathe a prayer full in the smile of the blue firmament.

*Keats\**

God made the country, and man made the town ;  
what wonder then, that health and virtue should most  
abound and least be threatened in the fields and  
groves ?

*Cowper\**

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I mock at the  
pride of Greece and Rome ; and when I am stretched  
beneath the pines when the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and pride of man, at the Sophist's  
schools, and the learned clan ; for what are they all  
in their high conceit, when Man in the Woods with God  
may meet ?

*Emerson\**

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts, by meadow,  
mountain, streamlet, grove, or cell ; where the poised  
lark his evening ditty chants, and health, and peace,  
and contemplation dwell.

*Smollett\**

Once again I see these hedgerows—little lines of  
sportive green run wild ; these pastoral farms, green  
to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke sent up in  
silence from among the trees.

These beauteous forms, through a long absence, have  
not been to me as is a landscape to a blind man's  
eye ; but oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din of  
towns and cities, I have owed to them in hours of  
weariness, sensations sweet felt in the blood, and felt  
along the heart ; and passing even into my purer  
mind with tranquil restoration ; feelings too, of  
unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps, as have no



## COUNTRY

light or trivial influence on that best portion of a good man's life—his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

Nor less, I trust, to them I may have owed another gift of aspect more sublime : that blessed mood in which the burden and the mystery, in which the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world is lightened : that serene and blessed mood in which the affections gently lead us on until the breath of this corporeal frame, and even the motion of our human blood almost suspended, we are laid asleep in body and become a living Soul ; while, with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

If this be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft, in darkness and amid the many shapes of joyless daylight when the fretful stir unprofitable and the fever of the world have hung upon the beatings of my heart—how oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods : how oft has my Spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought ; with many recognitions dim and faint, and somewhat of a sad perplexity, the picture of the mind revives again : while here I stand not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts that in this moment there is life and food for future years. For I have learned to look on Nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth, but hearing, oftentimes, the still, sad music of humanity. And I have felt a Presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man : a Motion and a Spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things.

## COUNTRY

Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows and the woods and mountains, and of all that we behold from this green Earth ; of all the mighty world of eye and ear—both what they half-create, and what perceive ; well-pleased to recognise in Nature and the language of the sense the anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the companion of my heart, and Soul of all my moral being.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved Her ; 'tis Her privilege through all the years of this our life to lead from joy to joy : for She can so inform the Mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts that neither evil tongues, rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb our cheerful faith that all which we behold is full of blessings.

*Wordsworth\**

I turned, and bade him mark that, howsoe'er the world went ill, as he related, certainly the thrushes still sang in it. At the word his brow would soften—and he bore with me in melancholy patience, not unkind, while breaking into voluble ecstasy I flattered all the beauteous country round, as poets use the skies, the clouds, the fields, the happy violets hiding from the roads the primroses run down to, carrying gold ; the tangled hedgerows—hedgerows all alive with birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies which look as if the May-flower had caught life and palpitated forth upon the wind ; hills, vales, woods netted in a silver mist, farms, granges doubled up among the hills ; and cattle grazing in the watered vales, and cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods, and cottage-gardens smelling everywhere confused with smell of orchards.

“ See,” I said, “ see ! is not God with us on the earth ?

## COUNTRY

and shall we put Him down by aught we do? Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile save poverty and wickedness? behold!" And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped and clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

*Browning, E. B.\**

# COURAGE

THE COURAGE WE DESIRE AND  
PRIZE IS NOT THE COURAGE  
TO DIE DECENTLY, BUT TO LIVE  
MANFULLY.

*Carlyle*

He who loses wealth loses much ; he who loses a friend  
loses more, but he that loses his courage loses all.

*Cervantés*

True courage has so little to do with anger that there  
lies always the strongest suspicion against it where this  
passion is highest. True courage is cool and calm.  
The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying  
insolence ; and in the very time of danger are found  
the most serene, pleasant and free.

*Shaftesbury*

Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make  
a man brave in one way ; and moral courage, which  
despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another.  
The former would seem most necessary for the camp,  
the latter for the council ; but to constitute a great  
man, both are necessary.

*Colton*

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

*Clarke*

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed has  
been among that class too poor to know they possessed  
it, and too humble for the world to discover it. *Shaw*

The higher moral courage can look danger in the face  
unawed and undismayed ; can encounter loss of ease,

## COURAGE

of wealth, of friends, of your own good name ; can face a world full of howling and of scorn—aye, of loathing and of hate ; can see all this with a smile, and, suffering it all, can still hold on, conscious of the result, yet fearless still. *Parker*

This life's a fort committed to my trust, which I must not yield up, till it be forced ; nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die, but he that boldly bears calamity. *Massinger\**

Perils, misfortune, want, pain, and injury come the way of every man who comes into the world ; therefore, you should fortify your mind with courage and patience from your youth up, that you may bear with resolution any part of calamity that may come your way.

Let courage sustain you in the instant of danger, so that the steadiness of your mind shall carry you through ; for calmness alleviates the weight of misfortunes, and by constancy you are able to surmount them.

In the hour of danger be not embarrassed ; and in the day of misfortune, do not let despair overwhelm your soul. *Dandemis*

It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense—sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next ! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his “honour of a soldier,” different from drill-regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste the sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, and the dullest day-drudge

## COURAGE

kindles into a hero. Kindle the inner genial life of him, and you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations.

*Carlyle*

Never was there a time in the history of the world, when moral heroes were more needed. The world waits for such. But where are they? Who shall breathe into our civil and political life the breath of a higher life?

*Hopkins*

Don't aim at impossible heroisms : strive rather to be quiet in your own sphere. Don't live in the cloudland of some transcendental heaven : do your best to bring the glory of a real heaven down to your fellows in this workday world.

*Punshon*

Heroes in history seem to us poetic. But if we should tell the simple truth about some of our neighbours it would sound like poetry.

*Curtis*

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

*Richter*

# COURTESY

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 insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth : but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men.

*Carlyle*

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is the most flexible ; so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors. *Fuller*

The small courtesies sweeten life ; the greater ennoble it.

*Bovee*

# COWARDICE

IT IS THE COWARD WHO FAWNS  
UPON THOSE ABOVE HIM; AND  
IT IS ALSO THE COWARD THAT IS  
INSOLENT WHENEVER HE DARES  
BE SO TO THOSE BENEATH HIM.

*Junius*

It is strange that cowards cannot see that their greatest  
safety lies in dauntless courage.

*Lavater*

Cowardice is not synonymous with prudence. It often  
happens that the better part of discretion is valour.

*Hazlitt*

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false as  
stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins the beards of  
Hercules and frowning Mars, who, inward searched,  
have livers white as milk.

*Shakespeare\**

Cowards die many times before their death.

*Shakespeare\**



# CREATION

IF A CLOCK PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF A CLOCKMAKER AND THE WORLD DOES NOT PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF A SUPREME ARCHITECT, THEN I CONSENT TO BE CALLED A FOOL.

*Voltaire*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

*Pope\**

The spacious firmament on high, with all the blue ethereal sky, and spangled heavens, a shining frame, their great Original proclaim. In reason's ear they all rejoice, and utter forth a glorious voice ; for ever singing as they shine : " The hand that made us is Divine."

*Addison\**

From harmony, from heavenly harmony, this universal frame began : from harmony to harmony, through all the compass of the notes it ran, the diapason closing full in Man.

*Dryden\**

One God, one law, one element, and one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves.

*Tennyson\**

Above the indistinguishable roar of the many feet I feel the presence of the sun, of the immense forces of the Universe, and beyond these the sense of the eternal Now, of the immortal. There is yet some-

## CREATION

thing to be found, something real, something to give each separate personality sunshine and flowers in its own existence now. Something to shape this million-handed labour to an end and outcome, leaving accumulated sunshine and flowers to those who shall succeed. It must be dragged forth by might of thought from the immense forces of the universe.

*Jeffries*

Out of the dusk a shadow, then a spark ; out of the cloud a silence, then, a lark ; out of the heart a rapture, then, a pain ; out of the dead, cold ashes—Life again.

*Tabb\**

Nature is not fixed, but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness is the absence of spirit : to pure spirit it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient.

Every Spirit builds itself a house ; and, beyond its house, a world ; and beyond that world, a heaven. Know, then, that the world exists for you ; for you is the phenomenon perfect. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have, and can do. Adam called his house heaven and earth ; Cæsar called his house, Rome ; you, perhaps, call yours a cobbler's trade, a hundred acres of ploughed land, or a scholar's garret. Yet, line for line, and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs—though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world ! As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, so will it unfold its great proportions.

*Emerson*

# CRITICISM

IS IT IN DESTROYING AND PULLING DOWN THAT SKILL IS DISPLAYED? THE SHALLOWEST UNDERSTANDING, THE RUDEST HAND, IS MORE THAN EQUAL TO THAT TASK !

*Burke*

A true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellencies than imperfections, to discern concealed beauties, and to communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation.

*Addison*

It is ridiculous for any man to criticise the work of another who has not already distinguished himself by his own performances.

*Addison*

Be willing to commend, and slow to censure ; so shall praise be on your own virtues, and the eye of enmity will be blind to your own imperfections.

*Dandemis*

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

*Beaconsfield*

How good it would be if we could learn to be rigorous in our judgement of ourselves, and gentle in our judgement of our neighbours ! In remedying defects, kindness works best with others, sternness with ourselves. It is easy to make allowances for our faults, but dangerous ; hard to make allowances for others' faults, but wise.

*Babcock*

# CRUELTY

All cruelty springs from weakness.

*Seneca*

We ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

*Blair*

Revenge is detestable : what, then, is cruelty !—for cruelty possesses the mischiefs of revenge without even the pretence of their provocation. Men disown it as not of their nature ; for do not they call it inhumanity. The hero lifts his sword against the enemy who resists ; but no sooner does he submit than he is satisfied. It is not an honour to trample on the object that fears ; it is not a virtue even to insult an enemy who is beneath you ; so, subdue the insolent, then spare the humble, and you are at the summit of victory.

*Dandemis*

# CULTURE

WHATEVER EXPANDS THE  
AFFECTIONS, OR ENLARGES  
THE SPHERE OF OUR SYMPATHIES—  
WHATEVER MAKES US FEEL OUR  
RELATION TO THE UNIVERSE, MUST  
UNQUESTIONABLY REFINE OUR  
NATURE, AND ELEVATE US IN THE  
SCALE OF BEING.

*Channing*

It is very rare to find ground that produces nothing ; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit trees or grain, it produces weeds. It is the same with man; if he is not virtuous, he becomes vicious. *Bruyère*

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, the strength of its fortifications, or the beauty of its public buildings ; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character. *Luther*

The highest purpose of intellectual culture is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self. *Novalis*

A cultured mind is, so to speak, made up of all the minds of preceding Ages. *Fontenelle*

# DEATH

WE SOMETIMES CONGRATULATE OURSELVES AT THE MOMENT OF WAKING FROM A TROUBLED DREAM : WE SHALL PROBABLY CONGRATULATE OURSELVES THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH.

*Hawthorne*

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark.

*Bacon*

Who knows that 'tis not life which we call death, and death our life on earth ?

*Euripides*

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death should ever have been designed as an evil to mankind.

*Swift*

Cowards die many times before their deaths ; the valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear ; seeing that death, a necessary end, will come, when it will come.

*Shakespeare\**

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has done.

*Mahomet*

## DEATH

When I lived, I provided for everything but death ;  
now I must die, and am unprepared. *Borgia*

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who  
knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and  
planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would  
grow. *Lincoln*

Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like to  
talk with you about this thing which has happened,  
before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay  
then awhile, for we may as well talk with one another  
while there is time.

Either death is a state of nothingness, or there is a  
change and migration of the soul from this world to  
another.

Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a  
sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by  
the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain.  
For if a person were to select the night in which his  
sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to  
compare it with the other days and nights of his life ;  
and then were to tell us how many days and nights he  
had passed in the course of his life better and more  
pleasantly than this one, I think this man—I will  
not say a private man, but even the great king  
—will not find many such days or nights, when  
compared with others. Now, if death is like this, I  
say that to die is gain ; for eternity then is only a  
single night.

But if death is the journey to another place—and  
there, as men say, all the dead are—what good can be  
greater than this? If, indeed, when the pilgrim  
arrives there, he is delivered from the professors of  
justice in this world, and finds the true judges who  
are said to give judgment there—Minos and Tripto-  
lemus and Aeacus and Rhadamanthus, and other sons

## DEATH

of God who were righteous in their own life—that pilgrimage will be worth making.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge. And I shall find out who is wise and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give to be able to examine the leader of the Trojan expedition, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or numberless others—men and women, too ! What infinite delight there would be in conversing with them and asking questions ! In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions ; assuredly not.

Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in this life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods, nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance.

I am not angry with my condemners or with my accusers. They have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good ; and for this I may gently blame them.

The hour of my departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die and you to live. Which is better, God only knows.

*Socrates*

As the production of the metal proves the work of the refiner, so is death the test of our lives ; the assay which shows the standard of all our actions.

The terrors of death are not terrors to those who have done good ; therefore, restrain your hand from evil, and your soul will have nothing to fear.

If you would learn to die nobly, let your vices die first ; then, when your hour comes, you will be happy from having nothing to regret.

Man is not punished for the good that he has done ; therefore, to the man of virtue, there is nothing in death to fear.



## DEATH

No man knows but that to-day's setting of the sun may be his last here on earth. To-morrow, when he stands in the presence of his Creator, when, in a flash, he sees the purpose of life, when he is asked what progress he has made, happy will he be who has exercised the principles of virtue, for he will reap of the seeds he has sown during the fitful years of his visit to Earth. *Dandemis*

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so : for those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow die not, poor Death ; nor yet canst thou kill me ! One short sleep past, we wake eternally, and Death shall be no more : Death, thou shalt die ! *Donne\**

Who wins his Love shall lose her, who loses her shall gain, for still the spirit woos her, a soul without a stain ; and memory still pursues her with longings not in vain !

He loses her who gains her, who watches day by day the dust of time that stains her, the griefs that leave her grey, the flesh that yet enchains her whose grace hath passed away.

Oh happier he who gains not the Love some seem to gain : the joy that custom stains not shall still with him remain : the loveliness that wanes not, the Love that ne'er can wane.

In dreams she grows not older the lands of Dream among : though all the worlds wax colder, though all the songs be sung, in dreams doth he behold her still fair and be kind and young. . . .

Whom hast thou longed for most, true Love of mine ? Whom hast thou loved and lost ? Lo, She is thine ! Dreams haunt the hapless bed, ghosts haunt the night, but Life crowns her living head, love and delight. Nay, not a dream nor ghost, nay, but Divine : She that was loved and lost waits to be thine ! *Haggard\**

# DEBT

**PAY THE DEBTS WHICH YOU  
OWE ; FOR HE WHO GAVE YOU  
CREDIT RELIED UPON YOUR  
HONOUR, AND TO WITHHOLD  
FROM HIM HIS DUE IS BOTH MEAN  
AND UNJUST.**

*Dandemis*

Creditors have better memories than debtors ; and creditors are a superstitious sect—great observers of days and times.

*Franklin*

Debt haunts the mind ; a conversation about justice troubles it ; the sight of a creditor fills it with confusion. The borrower is servant to the lender.

Independence, so important to the virtues and the pleasures of a man, can only be maintained by setting bounds to our desires, and owing no man anything.

A habit of boundless expense undermines and destroys the virtues. It becomes difficult and, at last, impossible to pay punctually ; and then, when a man of sensibility thinks of the low rate at which his word must henceforth pass, he becomes little in his own eyes. Difficulties prompt him to study deceiving as an art, and at last he lies to his creditors without a blush. Friendship is next dissolved. He seizes any opportunity to ensnare the friends of his youth, borrowing money which he never will repay. His calls are still importunate ; so, he proceeds to fraud and walks on precipices. Ingenuity, which in a better cause might have illustrated his name, is exerted to evade the law, to

## DEBT

deceive the world, to cover poverty with the appearance of wealth, to sow unobserved the seeds of fraud.  
*Charter*

# DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY MEANS NOT "I  
AM AS GOOD AS YOU ARE,"  
BUT "YOU ARE AS GOOD AS I  
AM."

*Parker*

The idea of bringing all men on to an equality with each other has always been a pleasant dream ; but the law cannot equalize men so long as the Laws of Nature are supreme.

*Vauvenargues*

Lycurgus being asked why he, who in other respects appeared to be so zealous for the equal rights of men, did not make his government democratical rather than oligarchical, replied : "Go you and try a democracy in your own house."

*Plutarch*

In every village there would arise some miscreant to establish tyranny by calling himself the people.

*Peel*

# DEPENDENCE

**H**E WHO IMAGINES HE CAN  
DO WITHOUT THE WORLD  
DECEIVES HIMSELF MUCH ; BUT  
HE WHO FANCIES THAT THE  
WORLD CANNOT DO WITHOUT  
HIM IS STILL MORE MISTAKEN.

*La Rochefoucauld*

Life is a system of relations rather than a positive and independent existence ; and he who would be happy himself and make others happy must carefully preserve these relations. He cannot stand apart in surly and haughty egotism ; he must learn that he is as much dependent on others as others are on him. *Sala*

Your food, your clothing, your convenience of habitation, your enjoyment of the pleasures and comforts of life you owe to the assistance of others ; and you could not enjoy them but in the bands of society.  
*Dandemis*

# DIFFICULTY

**D**IFFICULTIES ARE THINGS  
THAT SHOW WHAT MEN ARE.

*Epictetus*

What is difficulty ? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects ; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion—a bugbear to children and fools ; a stimulus to men.

*Warren*

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputations from storms and tempests.

*Epicurus*

Our energy is in proportion to the resistance it meets. We can attempt nothing great but from a sense of the difficulties we have to encounter.

*Hazlitt*

The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly shiver and sink at sights of toil and hazard, and make the impossibility they fear.

*Rowe\**

# DISCRETION

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence. *Bacon*

You have been given the power of free-will—a power that is divine, and by it you are able to do good and also to do harm. Be careful that you direct your line of freedom along the paths of virtue.

Because of your freedom the soul is rash ; therefore, guard it. Because of freedom it is irregular ; therefore, restrain it. As a sword in the hand of a madman, so likewise is the soul to him that lacks discretion.

*Dandemis*

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one. *Bovee*

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment. *Sala*

It often happens that the better part of discretion is valour. *Hazlitt*

# DOUBT

**I**F WE ARE EVER IN DOUBT WHAT  
TO DO, IT IS A GOOD RULE TO  
ASK OURSELVES WHAT WE SHALL  
WISH ON THE MORROW THAT WE  
HAD DONE.

*Avebury*

When you doubt, abstain.

*Zoroaster*

We know accurately only when we know little ; with  
knowledge doubt increases.

*Goethe*

When in doubt, lean to the side of mercy.

*Cervantes*



# DRESS

Beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes plainest. *Sterne*

Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. *Prentice*

The person whose clothes are extremely fine I am apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose. *Goldsmith*

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry, and keeps our larder clean ; puts out our fires, and introduces hunger, frost and woe, where peace and hospitality might reign. *Cowper\**

# DRUNKENNESS

**O** THAT MEN SHOULD PUT AN  
ENEMY IN THEIR MOUTHS,  
TO STEAL AWAY THEIR BRAINS !

*Shakespeare\**

Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness  
belongs only to man. *Fielding*

Drunkenness places man as much below the level of  
brutes as Reason elevates him above them. *Sinclair*

When this vice has taken hold of a man, farewell  
industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to  
things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous  
society, farewell decency of manners ; and farewell,  
too, even an attention to person ; everything is sunk  
by this brutal appetite. In the house of the drunkard  
there is no happiness for anyone : all is uncertainty  
and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day  
at a time. That which he swallows for what he calls  
pleasure brings poverty and misery in its train.

Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it : our own  
will is all that is requisite ; and if we have not the  
will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we  
deserve neither relief nor compassion. *Cobbett*

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that  
vice than the best that was ever preached upon the  
subject. *Saville*

# DULNESS

What ! dull, when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of colour to the violet, its fragrance to the rose ; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder, any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove. What ! dull, when earth, air, and water are all alike mysteries to you, and when as you stretch out your hand you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered ; while all the time Nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her !

Go away, man ; learn something, do something, understand something, and let me hear no more of your dulness. Suffering is often unavoidable, but no one has any excuse for being dull.

*Helps*

# DUTY

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty : on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience' sake will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence or diversion can do for them.

*Paley*

And what are things Eternal? Powers depart ; possessions vanish ; opinions change ; and passions hold a fluctuating seat ; but, by the storms of circumstance unshaken, and subject neither to eclipse nor wane, Duty exists : immutably survive for our support, the measures and the forms which an abstract intelligence supplies ; whose kingdom is where time and space are not.

*Wordsworth\**

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

*Epictetus*

Banish the future ; live only for the hour and its allotted work. Think not of the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day ; for our duty is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

*Osler*

All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

*Beecher*

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the

## DUTY

market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

*Parker*

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.

*Lincoln*

# ECONOMY

THE MAN WHO LIVES ABOVE  
HIS PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES  
IS IN DANGER OF LIVING, IN A  
SHORT TIME, MUCH BENEATH  
THEM.

*Addison*

Beware of little expenses : a small leak will sink a big ship.

*Franklin*

No man is rich whose expenditure exceeds his means ;  
and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.

*Haliburton*

Economy is of itself a great revenue.

*Cicero*

He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

*Penn*

Live according to your proper station in life ; yet do not spend to the utmost of what you can afford, that your prudence may be a comfort in your old age.

Do not let prosperity close the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hand of frugality ; for he who indulges too much in the superfluities of life will live to lament the want of its necessities.

*Dandemis*

It is better to go without riches than to have them at too great a cost. Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high, humane office when its aim is

## ECONOMY

grand ; when it is the prudence of simple tastes, when it is practised for freedom, or love, or devotion.

Much of the economy which we see in houses is of a base origin, and is best kept out of sight : parched corn eaten to-day that I may have roast fowl for my dinner on Sunday, is a baseness ; but parched corn and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations, that I may be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or good-will, is frugality for gods and heroes.

Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants so as to have somewhat left to give, instead of always being prompt to grab ?

*Emerson*

# EDUCATION

**T**HE HUMAN INTELLECT CAN ONLY GROW BY ITS OWN ACTION. EVERY MAN MUST, THEREFORE, EDUCATE HIMSELF. HIS BOOKS AND TEACHER ARE BUT HELPS ; THE WORK IS HIS. A MAN IS NOT EDUCATED UNTIL HE HAS THE ABILITY TO SUMMON, IN AN EMERGENCY, HIS MENTAL POWERS IN VIGOROUS EXERCISE TO EFFECT ITS PROPOSED OBJECT.

*Webster*

No education deserves the name unless it develops thought, unless it pierces down to the mysterious spiritual principle of mind, and starts that into activity and growth.

*Whipple*

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think.

*Beattie*

Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave. It does not mean teaching youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into



## EDUCATION

the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all—by example. *Ruskin*

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself. *Gibbon*

The more a man is educated, the more it is necessary, for the welfare of the State, to instruct him how to make a proper use of his talents. Education is like a double-edged sword : it may be turned to dangerous usages if it is not properly handled. *Wu Ting Fang*

A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and what he knows of Virgil ; but how seldom does he ask, or examine, or think whether the boy can restrain his passions : whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just and benevolent ? *Hervey*

Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, must unquestionably refine our nature and elevate us in the scale of being. *Channing*

The noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his Creator.

Cast your eyes towards the clouds. Do you not find the heavens full of wonders ? Look down at the earth. Does not the worm proclaim to you : " Could less than Omnipotence have formed me ? " The planets follow their courses and the sun remains in his place ; the comet wanders through Space and returns to his destined road again. What but an Infinite Wisdom could have appointed them their laws ? Look down upon the Earth and see her

## EDUCATION

produce ; examine under the surface, and behold what it contains. Has not Wisdom and Power ordained the whole ? Can the meanest fly create itself ?—could you have fashioned it ? You, who see the whole as admirable as its parts, cannot better employ your eye than in tracing out your Creator's greatness ; or your mind than in examining the wonders of Creation.

What is the study of words compared with this ? Wherein lies Knowledge, but in the study of Nature ! For the rest, whatever science is most useful, and whatever knowledge has least vanity, is to be preferred. All other sciences are vain ; and all other knowledge is boast unless it makes a man more good and more honest.

Adoration of your God, and benevolence to your fellow-creatures : are they not your great studies ? Who shall teach you the one, or who shall inform you of the other, like unto the study of His works !

*Dandemis*

# EGOTISM

THE MORE YOU SPEAK OF  
YOURSELF, THE MORE YOU  
ARE LIKELY TO LIE.

*Zimmermann*

He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken ; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.

*La Rochefoucauld*

Who is there who does not either judge too highly of himself, or thinks too meanly of others ? Our Creator himself does not escape our presumption : how, then, shall we be safe from one another ! Man, who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly Sovereign, does not hesitate to arraign the dispensations of his God. He listens to the sentence of the magistrate with silence, yet dares to plead with the Eternal : he attempts to soothe Him with entreaties ; to flatter Him with promises ; to agree with Him upon conditions—he even murmurs at Him if his requests are not granted !

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, believes the whole world to have been created only for him : he thinks the whole frame of Nature is only interested in his well-being. As the fool, when the images tremble on the face of the water, thinks that trees, towns, and the whole wide horizon are dancing to do him pleasure, so man, while Nature performs her destined course, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye. While he courts the ray of the sun to warm him, he supposes that it was made only to be of use to him ; and while he

## EGOTISM

traces the moon in her mighty path, he thinks she was created simply to entertain him.

Man is not the cause why the world holds its course : for him only were not made the vicissitudes of summer and winter. No change would follow if the whole human race ceased to exist : man is but one among millions of species that are blessed in Creation.

Do not exalt yourself to the heavens, for the angels are above you ; nor disdain your fellow-inhabitants of the earth because they are beneath you : are they not the work of the same Hand ?

Do not set your judgment above that of all the earth, neither condemn as falsehood that which does not happen to agree with your own understanding. Who gave any one of us the power of determining for others : when was the right of free choice taken from the world ? Remember how many things have been rejected which are now received as truths ; and those which are now received as truths which shall, in their turn, be despised. Have not truth and falsehood the same appearance in any subject we do not understand ? What, then, but our presumption determines between them ! We easily believe anything which is above our comprehension—or we are proud to pretend it—in order that we may appear to have wisdom. Is not this folly and arrogance ? Who is it that affirms most boldly ? who is it that holds to his opinion most obstinately ? He who has most ignorance, because he has most pride. Every man when he lays hold of an opinion desires to maintain it, but most of all he who is an egotist, for he is not content with betraying his own soul into it, but he tries to impose it on others to believe in it also.

Do not say that truth is established by years, or that a multitude of believers makes a certainty : one human proposition has as much right of authority as any other, if reason does not make any difference.

Of what, then, can man be certain ? Do all the good

## EGOTISM

that you know, and you shall have happiness : happiness  
is more your business here than wisdom !     *Dandemis*

# ELOQUENCE

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary. *La Rochefoucauld*

In oratory, affection must be avoided ; it being better for a man by a native and clear eloquence to express himself than by those words which may smell either of the lamp or the inkhorn. *Herbert*

“ Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death ; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun ; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries. Those of you who love freedom and their country may follow me.”  
*Garibaldi*

# ENERGY

THE LONGER I LIVE, THE MORE DEEPLY I AM CONVINCED THAT THAT WHICH MAKES THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE MAN AND ANOTHER—BETWEEN THE WEAK AND THE POWERFUL, THE GREAT AND THE INSIGNIFICANT—IS ENERGY : INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION : A PURPOSE ONCE FORMED AND THEN DEATH OR VICTORY.

*Buxton*

This secret is the most valuable and far-reaching known to man. It is the key to health, happiness, wealth, power, success. It is the open sesame to Paradise, here and now. This secret will cause no thrill, save in the hearts of those who already know it. Here is the secret : Let Motion equal Emotion.

Must I elucidate ? Very well :

There is only one thing in the world, and that is Energy. This Energy takes a myriad million forms ; and its one peculiarity is that it is always in motion. It has three general manifestations : atmosphere, hydrosphere, lithosphere—or, if you prefer, air, water and rock. From air, water and rock we get fungi and mosses from which spring vegetation. Disintegrating vegetation gives us animal life : and from the animal

## ENERGY

to the vegetable kingdom, and the vegetable to the animal—with the constant interchange of gas, water and solid—gives us Nature's eternal programme.

In Nature there is nothing inanimate. Everything is alive ; everything is going somewhere, or else coming back : nothing is static. Fixity is the one impossible thing. And the fallacy of fixity has been the one fatal error of theology and all philosophies of the past.

Progress consists in getting away from the idea of the static. Nature's one business is to absorb and to dissipate—to attract and repel—to take in and give out. And everything which Nature makes is engaged in the same business. Man takes in carbon and gives off nitrogen. The plant takes in nitrogen and gives off carbon.

All things are in motion : ebb and flow, action and reaction, cause and effect, swirl and whirl. Centripetal and centrifugal forces make our life on the planet Earth possible.

Man is the instrument of Energy ; and if you wish to call this energy God, or the First Principle, or The Unknowable, there will be no quarrel.

Man is the transformer of energy. This energy plays through him. In degree he can control it ; or at least he can control his condition as a transmitter. And the secret of being a good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion.

To be healthy and sane and well and happy, you must do real work with your hands as well as with your head. The cure for grief is motion ; the recipe for strength is action.

To have a body that is free from disease and toxins, you must let motion equal emotion. Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it blows out the fuse ; but love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry and work is divine and beneficent beyond words. Love is an inward emotion which, if stifled, thwarted,



## ENERGY

and turned back upon itself, tends to gloom, melancholy brooding, and death ; but love that is liberated in human efforts attracts love so that a current is created and excess emotion is utilised for the good, not only of the beloved but also of the race.

The love that lasts is a trinity : I love you because you love the things that I love. Static love soon turns to hate ; or, to be more exact, tries to make a love a fixity and it dies. Safety lies in service.

Religion that takes the form of ecstasy, with no outlet in the way of work, is very dangerous ; for emotion without motion tends to madness and despair.

Expression must equal impression. If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out. If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus you double it. You are the steward of any gifts the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life. Do not obstruct the divine current. Use your knowledge and use it quickly, or it will disintegrate and putrefy.

Emotion balanced by motion eliminates dead tissue and preserves sanity. Most sickness comes from failure to make motion balance emotion. Impress and express ; inhale and exhale ; work and play ; study and laugh ; love and labour ; exercise and rest.

Sickness and unhappiness and ignorance all tend to inefficiency. And inefficiency is the only sin.

Realise that you are a Divine Transformer. Make motion equal emotion and you will eliminate fear, and will be efficient to the last. And to live well is to accept life in every phase—even death itself—and find it good.

*Hubbard*

# ENVY

**D**O NOT ATTRIBUTE THE GOOD ACTIONS OF ANOTHER TO BAD CAUSES. YOU DO NOT KNOW HIS HEART, BUT THE WORLD WILL KNOW THAT YOUR OWN IS FULL OF ENVY.

*Dandemis*

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides.

*Pliny*

When men are full of envy, they disparage everything, whether it be good or bad.

*Tacitus*

It is the practice of the multitude to bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at strangers.

*Seneca*

# ERROR

IT IS ONLY AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT TO MAKE A MISTAKE, BUT IT ARGUES AN INFIRMITY OF CHARACTER TO ADHERE TO IT WHEN DISCOVERED. OR, AS THE CHINESE SAY : "THE GLORY IS NOT IN NEVER FALLING, BUT IN RISING EVERY TIME YOU FALL."

*Bovee*

Our understandings are always liable to error ; Nature and certainty are very hard to come at, and the profession of infallibility is mere vanity and pretence.

*Antoninus*

From the errors of others a wise man corrects his own.

*Publilius Syrus*

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and I represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want and the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellowman with Him from whose hand it came.

*Longfellow*

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.

*Gascoigne*

# EVENING

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ; the lowing  
herd wind slowly o'er the lea ; the ploughman home-  
ward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to  
darkness and to me. Now fades the glimmering  
landscape on the sight, and all the air a solemn stillness  
holds, save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
and drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds. *Gray\**

The rich autumnal woods, with their innumerable  
shades and colourings, are like a silent instrument at  
rest : a silent instrument—whereon the wind hath  
long forgot to play. *Houseman\**

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood ; the cornfields,  
bathed in Cynthia's silver light, stood ready for the  
reaper's gathering hand, and all the winds slept  
soundly. Nature seemed in silent contemplation to  
adore its Maker. On lake and vale, on wood and  
mountain high, with pensive wing outspread sat  
heavenly Thought, conversing with itself. *Pollock\**

It is the hour when from the boughs the nightingale's  
high note is heard ; it is the hour when lovers' vows  
seem sweet in every whispered word ; and gentle winds,  
and waters near, make music to the lonely ear. *Byron\**

# EVIL

WHEN WILL TALKERS REFRAIN  
FROM EVIL SPEAKING?  
WHEN LISTENERS REFRAIN  
FROM EVIL HEARING.

*Hare*

There are thousands hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

*Thoreau*

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

*Quintilian*

In a sinless and painless world the moral element would be lacking ; the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than that load of atmosphere which we are always carrying about with us.

We are thus brought to a striking conclusion, the essential soundness of which cannot be gainsaid. In a happy world there must be pain and sorrow, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. The stern necessity of this has been proved to inhere in the innermost constitution of the human soul.

From our present standpoint we may fairly ask, what would have been the worth of that primitive innocence portrayed in the myth of the Garden of Eden, had it ever been realized in the life of men? What would have been the moral value or significance of a race of human beings ignorant of sin, and doing beneficent acts with no more consciousness than a machine? Clearly, for strong and resolute men and women, an Eden would be, at best, a fool's Paradise.

*Fiske*

# EVOLUTION

A FIRE-MIST AND A PLANET—  
A CRYSTAL AND A CELL—A  
JELLYFISH AND A SAURIAN, AND  
CAVES WHERE THE CAVE-MEN  
DWELL. THEN A SENSE OF LAW  
AND BEAUTY, AND A FACE TURNED  
FROM THE CLOD—SOME CALL IT  
EVOLUTION: AND OTHERS CALL  
IT GOD.

*Carruth\**

As man advanced gradually in intellectual power, and was enabled to trace the more remote consequences of his actions ; as he acquired sufficient knowledge to reject baneful customs and superstitions ; as he regarded more and more not only the welfare but the happiness of his fellow-men ; as from habit, following beneficial experience, his sympathies became more tender and more widely diffused, extending to men of all races, and finally to the lower animals, so would the standard of his morality rise higher and higher.

Looking to future generations, there is no cause to fear that the social instincts will grow weaker ; and we may expect that virtuous habits will grow stronger. The struggle between our higher and lower impulses will be less severe, and virtue will be triumphant.

*Darwin*

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,

## EVOLUTION

and the man said, "Am I your debtor?" And the Lord said: "Not yet; but make it as clean as you can, and then I will let you a better." *Tennyson\**

The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of man are advertisements of nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is, by this intrinsic necessity, quitting its whole system of things, its friends, its home, and laws, and faith, as a shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case because it no longer admits of its growth.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe that there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, and we do not believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful; and we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith: "Up, and onward for evermore!"

And yet the compensation of calamity is made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, the loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts.

The death of a dear friend, a wife, a brother, a parent, a lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a house-

## EVOLUTION

hold, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years ; and the man or the woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of walls and the neglect of its gardener, is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

*Emerson*

Nature can only be conceived as existing to a universal and not to a particular end : to a universe of ends, not one—a work to be represented by a circular movement, as intention might be signified by a straight line of definite length. Each effect strengthens every other. There is no revolt in all the kingdoms from the commonweal : no detachment of an individual. When we behold the landscape in a poetic spirit, we do not reckon individuals. Nature knows neither palm nor oak, but only vegetable life.

That no single end may be selected, and judged thereby, appears from this, that if man himself be considered as an end, and it be assumed that the final cause of the world is to make holy or wise and beautiful men, we see that it has not succeeded.

When we have spent our wonder in computing the hospitality with which boon nature turns off new firmaments without end into her wide common, as fast as the madrepores make coral, and then shorten the sight to look into this Court of Louis Quatorze and see the game that is played there,—duke and marshal, abbe and madame,—a gambling-table where each is laying traps for the other, where the end is ever by some lie or fetch to outwit your rival and ruin him with this solemn fop in wig and stars—the king, one can



## EVOLUTION

hardly help asking if this planet is a fair specimen of the so-generous astronomy, and if so, whether the experiment have not failed, and whether it be quite worth while to make more, and glut the innocent space with so poor an article.

To questions of this sort, Nature replies : " I grow." All is nascent, infant. We can point nowhere to anything final : planet, system, constellation, total nature is growing—is becoming something else : is in rapid metamorphosis. Why should not then these messieurs of Versailles strut and plot for tabourets and ribbons for a season, without prejudice to their faculty to run on better errands by and by ? *Emerson*

An individual man is a fruit which it has cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. The history of the genesis or the old mythology repeats itself in the experience of every child. He, too, is a demon or god thrown into a particular chaos where he should strive ever to lead things from disorder into order. Each individual soul is such, in virtue of its being a power to translate the world into some particular language of its own : if not into a picture, a statue or a dance—then, into a trade, an art, a science, a mode of living, a conversation, a character, an influence. *Emerson*

# EXTREMES

In everything the middle course is best : all things in excess bring trouble. *Plautus*

The greatest flood has the soonest ebb ; the sorest tempest the most sudden calm ; the hottest love, the coldest end ; and from the deepest desire oftentimes ensues the deadliest hate. *Socrates*

Perfect reason avoids all extremes. *Molière*

Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy ; avaricious men, of generosity ; and proud men of humility : that is to say, in others—not in themselves. *Colton*

# EYES

Are not your eyes the sentinels that watch for you ?—  
yet, how often are they unable to distinguish truth  
from error ! *Dandemis*

The eye is the inlet to the soul, and it is well to beware  
of him whose visual organs avoid your honest regard.  
*Ballou*

The eye speaks with an eloquence and a truthfulness  
surpassing speech. It is the window out of which  
winged thoughts often fly unwittingly. It is the tiny  
magic mirror on whose crystal surface the moods of  
feeling fitfully play, like the sunlight and shadow on a  
still stream. *Tuckerman*

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming,  
and look brighter when we come. *Byron\**

Guns, swords, batteries, armies and ships of war are  
set in motion by man for the subjugation of an enemy.  
Women bring conquerors to their feet with their eyes !  
*Smith*

If I could write the beauty of your eyes, and in fresh  
numbers number all your graces, the Age to come  
would say : " This poet lies ; such heavenly touches  
ne'er touched earthly faces." *Shakespeare\**

# FACE

Trust not too much to an enchanting face. *Virgil*

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world called beautiful. Through its silver veil the ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude, at first glance, pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognise with a warm heart-thrill.

*Whittier*

Look in the face of the person to whom you are speaking if you wish to know his real sentiments ; for he can command his words more easily than his countenance.

*Chesterfield*

# FAILURE

**A** FAILURE ESTABLISHES ONLY  
THIS : THAT OUR DETER-  
MINATION TO SUCCEED WAS NOT  
STRONG ENOUGH.

*Bovee*

Failures always overtake those who have the power  
to do, without the will to act.

*Ellis*

Failure is more frequently due to want of energy than  
to lack of capital.

*Webster*

Every failure should be a step to success : every detec-  
tion of what is false should direct us toward what is  
true ; and every trial should exhaust some form of  
error.

*Whewell*

# FALSEHOOD

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves. *Webster*

Nothing gives such a blow to friendship as the detecting in another of an untruth. It strikes at the root of confidence ever after. *Hazlitt*

It requires an effort on the part of an habitual liar to speak the truth. *Hazlitt*

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance. *Paley*

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world. *Johnson*

The result of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we do speak the truth. *Raleigh*

He who tells a lie is not sensible to the greatness of the task he undertakes ; for he is forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one. *Pope*

He who has not a good memory, should never take upon him the trade of lying. *Montaigne*

A good memory is needed once we have lied. *Corneille*

Liars are verbal forgers. *Chatfield*

Have courage in truth ; but fear to lie. Learn to

## FALSEHOOD

blush at falsehood ; so that, in speaking the truth, you may have a steady eye.

Let the words of your mouth be the thoughts of your heart ; so will you be far above the meanness of dissimulation.

*Dandemis*

# FAME

Of present fame think little ; and of future, less. The praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewn over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead : the dead are gone either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them. *Colton*

A few words upon a tombstone—and the truth of those not to be depended on. *Bovee*

And Glory long has made the sages smile : 'tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—depending more upon the historian's style than on the name a person leaves behind. *Byron\**

The highest, greatest, surviving time and stone is that which proceeds from the soul of man. Monarchs and Cabinets, generals and admirals, with the pomp of court and circumstance of war, in the lapse of time disappear from sight ; but the pioneers of Truth, though poor and lowly, whose example elevates human nature, can never be forgotten. *Sumner*

What is fame ? The advantage of being known by people of whom you know nothing, and for whom you care as little. *King Stanislaus*

O breath of public praise, short-lived and vain ! oft gained without desert ; as often lost unmerited ; composed but of extremes : thou first beginnest with love enthusiastic, madness of affection ; then, bounding o'er moderation and o'er reason, thou turnest to hate, as causeless and as fierce. *Havard\**

Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear : 'tis



## FAME

fulsome stuff to please thy itching ear. Survey thy  
soul, not what thou dost appear, but what thou art.  
*Persius\**

# FATE

We make our fortunes, and we call them fate.

*Beaconsfield*

A strict belief in fate is the worst of slavery. It imposes upon our necks an everlasting lord and tyrant whom we are to stand in awe of night and day. *Epicurus*

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you. We both have fed as well ; and we can both endure the winter's cold as well as he, for once, upon a raw and gusty day, the troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Cæsar said to me—"Darest thou, Cassius, now leap in with me into this angry flood, and swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, accoutred as I was, I plunged in, and bade him follow : so, indeed, he did. The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it with lusty sinews ; throwing it aside and stemming it with hearts of controversy. But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar cried—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink." I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder the old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber did I the tired Cæsar. And this man is now become a god ; and Cassius is a wretched creature, and must bend his body if Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain, and, when the fit was on him, I did mark how he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ! : his coward lips did from their colour fly ; and that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world, did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan : aye, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans mark him, and write his speeches in their book, alas ! it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius"—as a sick girl.

Ye gods ! it doth amaze me, a man of such a feeble

## FATE

temper should so get the start of the majestic world, and bear the palm alone. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus ; and we petty men walk under his huge legs, and peep about to find ourselves dishonourable graves !

Men at some time are masters of their fates : the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings. *Shakespeare\**

Out of the night that covers me, black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance my head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears looms but the Horror of the Shade, and yet the menace of the years finds, and shall find, me unafraid : it matters not how strait the gate, how charged with punishments the scroll, I am the Master of my fate : I am the Captain of my Soul. *Henley\**

# FAULTS

THE GREATEST OF FAULTS, I  
SHOULD SAY, IS TO BE CON-  
SCIOUS OF NONE IN ONE'S SELF.

*Carlyle*

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points?  
Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.  
No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival. *Hare*

While we are indifferent to our good qualities, we  
keep on deceiving ourselves in regard to our faults,  
until we at last come to look upon them as virtues.

*Heine*

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are dis-  
pleased at finding perfections. *Lavater*

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us to see ourselves as  
others see us ! it wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
and foolish notion. *Burns\**

# FEAR

**T**HERE IS NO DEVIL BUT FEAR :  
NO BODY AND NOTHING CAN  
HARM YOU BUT YOURSELF.

*Hubbard*

Were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of evils that never actually happened to him than from those evils which had really befallen him. *Addison*

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow, leave things of the future to fate : what's the use to anticipate sorrow ?—life's troubles come never too late ! If to hope overmuch be an error, 'tis one that the wise have preferred. And how often have hearts been in terror of evils—that never occurred ! Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow ; short and dark as our life may appear, we may make it still darker by sorrow—still shorter by folly and fear : half our troubles are half our invention, and often from blessings conferred have we shrunk in the wild apprehension of evils—that never occurred ! *Swain\**

Fear always springs from ignorance. *Emerson*

The first duty for a man is still that of subduing Fear. We must get rid of Fear : we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious ; his very thoughts are false ; he thinks, too, as a slave and coward, till he has got Fear under his feet. *Carlyle*

## FEAR

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud ; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart. Nevertheless, do not let hope allure you, nor fear deter you from doing right ; for thus you will be able to meet all events with an even mind.

In all your undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate your endeavours ; and remember, if you despair of success you cannot hope to succeed.

Do not terrify your soul with vain fears, neither let your heart sink because of the phantoms of imagination : fear invites failure ; he that hopes, helps himself. As the ostrich, when pursued, buries its head in the sand, so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

*Dandemis*

He who fears everything, strikes at everything. Why are tyrants cruel, but because they live in terror ? The cur will tear the carcase—though he dare not look it in the face when living ; but the hound that hunts it to death does not mangle it afterwards.

*Dandemis*

If evils come not, then our fears are vain ; and if they do, fear but augments the pain.

*More\**

# FLATTERY

**D**O NOT BESTOW ON ANY MAN  
THE FLATTERY OF UNMEAN-  
ING WORDS. YOU KNOW THAT  
WHEN HE RETURNS THEM TO YOU,  
YOU HEED THEM NOT ; HE KNOWS  
HE LIES TO YOU—AND THAT YOU  
KNOW IT, YET HE KNOWS YOU WILL  
THANK HIM FOR IT. ALWAYS SPEAK  
WITH SINCERITY, FOR THEN YOU  
SHALL HEAR WITH INSTRUCTION.

*Dandemis*

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity  
gives currency.

*La Rochefoucauld*

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as  
flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please  
none ; if you flatter any one or two, you affront the  
rest.

*Swift*

People flatter us because they can depend upon our  
credulity.

*Tacitus*

No flattery, boy ! an honest man can't live by't : it  
is a little sneaking art which knaves use to cajole and  
soften fools withal. If thou hast flattery in thy nature,  
out with't, or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive !

*Otway*

## FLATTERY

First we flatter ourselves ; and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within—a party who is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment. *Steele*

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for his little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections. *Saadi*

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant ; of all tame—a flatterer. *Jonson\**



# FLOWERS

**G**OD MADE THE FLOWERS TO  
BEAUTIFY THE EARTH, AND  
CHEER MAN'S CAREFUL MOOD ;  
AND HE IS HAPPIEST WHO HATH  
POWER TO GATHER WISDOM FROM  
A FLOWER, AND WAKE HIS HEART  
IN EVERY HOUR TO PLEASANT  
GRATITUDE.

*Wordsworth\**

Flowers never emit so strong and sweet a fragrance as before a storm. When a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower. *Richter*

If thou wouldst attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower ; what that does willessly, that do thou willingly. *Schiller*

I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, a host of golden daffodils, beside a lake, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Continuous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the Milky Way, they stretched in never-ending line along the margin of the bay : ten thousand saw I at a glance, tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The waves beside them danced ; but they outdid the sparkling waves in glee : a poet could not be but gay in such a jocund company. I gazed, and gazed, but little thought what wealth the show to me had brought, for oft when on my couch I lie in vacant or in pensive mood, they flash

## FLOWERS

upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude ;  
and then my heart with pleasure fills, and dances  
with the daffodils. *Wordsworth\**

What a pity flowers can utter no sound ! A singing rose,  
a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle—oh,  
what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be !  
*Beecher*

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true ;  
yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you, for ye waft  
me to summers of old, when the earth teemed around  
me with fairy delight, and when daisies and butter-  
cups gladdened my sight like treasures of silver and  
gold. I love you for lulling me back into dreams of the  
blue Highland mountains and echoing streams—and  
of birchen glades breathing their balm, while the  
deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote, and the  
deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note made  
music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune than ye  
speak to my heart, little wildings of June : of old  
ruinous castle ye tell, where I thought it delighted  
your beauties to find when the magic of Nature first  
breathed on my mind, and your blossoms were part  
of her spell.

Even now what affections that violet awakes ! What  
loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes, can the  
wild water-lily restore ! What landscapes I read in the  
primrose's looks, and what pictures of pebbled and  
minnowy brooks in the vetches that tangled the shore !  
Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear  
ere the fever of passion or ague of fear had scathed my  
existence's bloom. Once I welcome you more in life's  
passionless stage, with the visions of youth to revisit  
my age ; and I wish you to grow on my tomb.

*Campbell\**

## FLOWERS

Within the sunlit forest, our roof the bright blue sky,  
where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow, we lift  
our hearts on high : beneath the frown of wicked men  
our Country's strength is bowing ; but, thanks to  
God, they can't prevent the sweet wild flowers from  
blowing. *Elliott\**

# FOLLY

**N**ONE BUT A FOOL IS ALWAYS  
RIGHT.

*Hare*

Folly consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

*Locke*

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool, but it has been said that herein lies the difference : the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself ; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.

*Colton*

To pursue trifles is the lot of humanity ; and whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation, or shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house—whatever object we follow, it will at last conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important ; and this, probably, is all the difference between them.

*Goldsmith*

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

*Pope\**

# FORGIVENESS

To err is human ; to forgive, divine.

*Pope*

You should forgive many things in others ; but nothing in yourself.

*Ausonius*

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

*Emerson*

" I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying : " I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note—torn in two and burned up, so that it can never be shown against the man.

*Beecher*

He who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.

*Lavater*

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself ; for every man has need to be forgiven.

*Herbert*

The fairest action of our human life is scorning to revenge an injury ; for who forgives without a further strife, his adversary's heart to him doth tie ; and, 'tis a finer conquest, truly said, to win the heart than overthrow the head.

*Carew\**

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence ; but there is nothing so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself ; and he who disdains to feel an injury, returns it upon him who offers it.

*Dandemis*

# FORTUNE

**T**HE FORTUNATE MAN IS HE WHO, BORN POOR OR NOBODY, WORKS GRADUALLY UP TO WEALTH AND CONSIDERATION, AND, HAVING GOT THEM, DIES BEFORE HE FINDS THAT THEY WERE NOT WORTH SO MUCH TROUBLE.

*Reade*

Let your happiness depend not upon Fortune and her smiles, so that, when she frowns, you will not be dismayed.

As the water that passes from the mountains on its way to the ocean kisses every field that borders the river, so Fortune visits the sons of men : her motion is incessant ; she does not stay in one place ; she is unstable as the winds ; she kisses you, and you are blessed—but, as you turn to thank her, she has gone to another.

The wise man makes everything the means of advantage ; and with the same countenance he looks upon all the faces of Fortune—he does good, he conquers evil ; and he is unmoved in it all.

*Dandemis*

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings are trifling, and decay ; and those who prize the paltry things, more trifling still are they.

*Goldsmith\**

# FREEDOM

**T**HE ONLY FREEDOM WHICH  
DESERVES THE NAME IS THAT  
OF PURSUING OUR OWN GOOD IN  
OUR OWN WAY, SO LONG AS WE  
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DEPRIVE  
OTHERS OF THEIRS, OR IMPEDE  
THEIR EFFORTS TO OBTAIN IT.

*Mill*

The sea, as well as the air, is a free and common thing to all ; and a particular nation cannot pretend to have the right to the exclusion of all others without violating the rights of nature and public usage.

*Queen Elizabeth*

Is any man free except him who can pass his life as he pleases ?

*Persius*

Freedom is the birthright of man ; it belongs to him by right of his humanity, in so far as this consists with every other person's freedom.

*Kant*

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death !

*Henry*

Many politicians are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The

## FREEDOM

maxim is worthy of the old fool in the story who resolved he would never go into the water till he had learned to swim.

*Macaulay*



# FUTURE

The future is purchased by the present.

*Johnson*

It is vain to be always looking toward the future and never acting toward it.

*Boyes*

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again ; wisely improve the present—it is thine ; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

*Longfellow\**

# GENEROSITY

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing ;  
more, a cunning thing ; but very few a generous  
thing. *Pope*

He who wisely gives away his treasures, gives away  
his plagues ; but he who retains their increase, heaps  
up his own sorrows.

Do not refuse unto the poor that which he needs ;  
and do not deny unto your brother even that which  
you want for yourself : there is more delight in being  
without what you have given away than there is in  
possessing that which you do not know how to use.

*Dandemis*

# GENTILITY

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. *Hazlitt*

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle : men whose aims are generous ; whose truth is constant—and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree ; whose want of meanness makes them simple ; who can look the world in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small ? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are in what they call the “ inner circles,” and have shot into the very centre and bull’s-eye of fashion ; but of gentlemen, how many ?

Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list. *Thackeray*

For your behaviour, let it be free and negligent—not clogged with ceremony or observance ; give no man honour but upon equal terms, for look, how much thou givest any man above that, so much thou takest from thyself : he that will once give the wall shall quickly be thrust into the kennel. Measure not thy carriage by any man’s eye ; thy speech by no man’s ear ; but be resolute and confident in doing and saying. And this is the grace of a right gentleman. *Chapman\**

# GOSSIP

**S**CANDAL IS WHAT ONE-HALF OF  
THE WORLD TAKES PLEASURE  
IN INVENTING, AND THE OTHER  
HALF IN BELIEVING.

*Chatfield*

To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity ;  
to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty.

*Warwick*

Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility. It is a low, frivolous, and, too often, a dirty business in which neighbours are made enemies for life.

*Holland*

All her words were decent, so that the music of her speech had delicacy and truth. She showed prudence in her gestures ; she let wisdom walk before her ; she went hand-in-hand with virtue, so that the tongue of the licentious was dumb in her presence, and the awe of her pureness kept it silent. . . .

Her heart was a mansion of goodness, so that she does not suspect evil in others, and they do not look for it in her. When scandal is busy, and the reputations of others is being tossed from tongue to tongue, her sense of charity closes her ears and the finger of good-nature rests upon her lips . . . . when a woman allows these precepts to sink into her heart, she charms her mind and adds grace to her form, so that her beauty, like a rose, retains its sweetness long after the bloom itself has withered.

*Dandemis*

## GOSSIP

Trust not to each accusing tongue, as most weak persons do ; but still believe that story wrong, that ought not to be true.

*Sheridan\**

# GOVERNMENT

**I**N A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT  
THE POOR CHANGE NOTHING  
BUT THE NAME OF THEIR MASTERS.

*Phaedrus*

A politician thinks in terms of the next election ; a statesman in terms of the next generation. *Clarke*

The proper function of a government is to make it easy for people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil. *Gladstone*

It is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say ; not for what they do ; and judge of them from what they do, not what they say. Hence there is one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice.

*Colton*

The fate of a nation has often depended on the good or bad digestion of a prime minister. *Voltaire*

The greater a man is in power above others, the more he ought to excel them in virtue. None ought to govern who is not better than the governed. *Publilius Syrus*

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong. *O'Connell*

In the government of men, a great deal may be done by severity, more by love, but most of all by clear discernment and impartial justice which pays no respect to persons. *Goethe*

## GOVERNMENT

I could not omit to urge on every man to remember that self-government politically can only be successful if it is accompanied by self-government personally ; that there must be government somewhere ; and that, if indeed the people are to be the sovereigns, they must exercise their sovereignty over themselves individually, as well as over themselves in the aggregate—regulating their own lives, resisting their own temptations, subduing their own passions, and voluntarily imposing upon themselves some measure of that restraint and discipline which, under other systems, is supplied from the armouries of arbitrary power.

*Winthrop*

If there is anything beautiful, if there is anything desirable, if there is anything within the reach of man that is worthy of praise, is it not knowledge ? And yet, who attains unto it ? The statesman proclaims that he has it ; the ruler of the people claims the praise of it ;—but does the subject find that they possess it ?

Evil is not requisite to man, neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated ; yet how many evils are tolerated by the connivance of the laws ? and how many crimes are committed by the decrees of the Council ?

Be wise, you rulers ! acquire knowledge, you who are in command of nations !—for one crime authorised by you is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

*Dandemis*

Teach men to be just, that there may be no need for repentance. Teach men to be honest, and oaths will be unnecessary.

*Dandemis*

Some have said that it is not the business of private men to meddle with government. To say that private men have nothing to do with government is to say that private men have nothing to do with their own happiness or misery ; that people ought not to concern

## GOVERNMENT

themselves whether they be naked or clothed, fed or starved, deceived or instructed, protected or destroyed !

*Cato*

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will note little nor remember for long what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced : it is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

*Lincoln*

The four types of state, as we know them in Hellas, are : The Spartan, where personal ambition and honour rule, which we call timocracy ; the oligarchical,



## GOVERNMENT

where wealth rules ; the democratic ; and the arbitrary rule of the individual, which we call tyranny. The perfect state degenerates to timocracy when the state's numerical law of generation has not been properly observed, and inferior offspring have entered in consequence into the ruling body. The introduction of private property will cause them to assume towards the commonalty the attitude, not of guardians, but of masters, and to be at odds among themselves. Ambition and party spirit become the characteristic features.

Oligarchy is the next outcome of the introduction of private property ; riches outweigh virtue, love of money the love of honour, and the rich procure for themselves the legal monopoly of political power. Here the state becomes divided against itself—there is one state of the rich and another of the poor—and the poor will be divided into the merely incompetent, and the actively dangerous or predatory.

In the oligarchy the avaricious encourage and foster extravagance in their neighbours. Men, ruined by moneylenders, turn on their moneyed rulers, overthrow them and give every one a share in the government. The result is that the state is not one, nor two, but divers. Folk say what they like, and do what they like, and everybody is a statesman. This is democracy. And last we come to tyranny and the tyrannical man. Democratic licence develops into sheer anarchy : everyone is as good as his master : the predatory population become demagogues ; they squeeze the decent citizens and drive them to adopt oligarchical methods. Then the friend of the people appears : the protector, champion, and hero by a familiar process becomes a military autocrat, who himself battens, as must also his mercenary soldiery, on the citizens ; and our unhappy Demos finds that it has jumped out of the smoke into the fire. *Socrates*

## GOVERNMENT

No man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest ; yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades—that of government.

*Socrates*

The philosopher is he who has in his mind the perfect pattern of justice, beauty, and truth ; his is the knowledge of the eternal ; he contemplates all time, and all existence. I need no longer hesitate to say that we must make our guardians philosophers. Our test must be thorough, for the soul must be trained up by the pursuit of all kinds of knowledge to the capacity for the pursuit of the highest—higher than justice and wisdom—the idea of the good. Our rulers must possess every endowment of mind and body, all cultivated to the highest degree. From the select we must again select, at twenty, those who are most fit for the next ten years' course of education ; and from them, at thirty, we shall choose those who can, with confidence, be taken to face the light : who have been tested and found to be absolutely steadfast, not shaken by having got beyond the conventional view of things. We will give them five or six years of philosophy ; then fifteen years of responsible office in the State ; and at fifty they shall return to philosophy to take up the duties of educating their successors.

*Socrates*

It has been thought a considerable advance toward establishing the principles of freedom to say, that government is a compact between those who govern and those who are governed ; but this cannot be true, because it is putting the effect before the cause ; for, as man must have existed before governments existed, there necessarily was a time when governments did not exist, and consequently there could not have originally existed any governors to form such a compact with.

## GOVERNMENT

The fact, therefore, must be that the individuals themselves, each in his own personal and sovereign right, entered into a compact with each other to produce a government ; and this is the only mode in which governments have any right to arise, and the only principle on which they have a right to exist. *Paine*

WHEN IT SHALL BE SAID IN ANY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD : “ MY POOR ARE HAPPY ; NEITHER IGNORANCE NOR DISTRESS IS TO BE FOUND AMONG THEM ; MY JAILS ARE EMPTY OF PRISONERS, MY STREETS OF BEGGARS ; THE AGED ARE NOT IN WANT ; THE TAXES ARE NOT OPPRESSIVE ; THE RATIONAL WORLD IS MY FRIEND, BECAUSE I AM A FRIEND OF ITS HAPPINESS.”—WHEN THESE THINGS CAN BE SAID, THEN MAY THAT COUNTRY BOAST OF ITS CONSTITUTION AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

*Paine*

# GRATITUDE

He who receives a good turn should never forget it ;  
he who does one should never remember it. *Charron*

Throw no stones into the well whence you have  
drunk. *Talmud*

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to re-  
venge an injury ; for, by so doing, you will have more  
benefits than injuries done to you. *Dandemis*

Acknowledge your obligations with cheerfulness ;  
and look upon your benefactor with love and esteem.  
If it is not in your power to return it, nourish the  
memory of it in your breast with kindness : forget it  
not all the days of your life. *Dandemis*

# GRAVITY

IS A MYSTERIOUS  
CARRIAGE OF THE BODY,  
INVENTED TO COVER THE DEFECTS  
OF THE MIND.

*La Rochefoucauld*

Men of gravity are intellectual stammerers whose thoughts move slowly. *Hazlitt*

There are a sort of men, whose visages do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ; and do a wilful stillness entertain, with purpose to be dressed in an opinion of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ; as who should say : “ I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! ” O, my Antonio, I do know of these, that therefore only are reputed wise, for saying nothing. *Shakespeare\**

# GREATNESS

**H**E ONLY IS GREAT OF HEART  
WHO FLOODS THE WORLD  
WITH A GREAT AFFECTION. HE  
ONLY IS GREAT OF MIND WHO  
STIRS THE WORLD WITH GREAT  
THOUGHTS. HE ONLY IS GREAT  
OF WILL WHO DOES SOMETHING  
TO SHAPE THE WORLD TO A GREAT  
CAREER. AND HE IS GREATEST  
WHO DOES THE MOST OF THESE  
THINGS, AND DOES THEM BEST.

*Hitchcock*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger  
than any material force.

*Emerson*

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with  
invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations  
from without and within, who bears the heaviest  
burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most  
fearless under menace and frowns.

*Channing*

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

*Hazlitt*

The less people speak of their greatness, the more we  
think of it.

*Bacon*

## GREATNESS

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes.  
Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune ;  
but great minds rise above them. *Irving*

He is great who feeds other minds. He is great who  
inspires others to think for themselves. He is great  
who tells you the things you already know, but which  
you did not know you knew until he told you. He is  
great who shocks you, irritates you, affronts you, so  
that you are jostled out of your wonted ways, pulled  
out of your mental ruts, and lifted out of the mire of  
the commonplace. *Hubbard*

# GRIEF

**N**O MAN EVER STATED HIS  
GRIEFS AS LIGHTLY AS HE  
MIGHT.

*Emerson*

Light griefs are plaintive, but great ones are dumb.

*Seneca*

Grief is the agony of an instant : the indulgence of  
grief the blunder of a life.

*Beaconsfield*

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, to give these mourning duties to your father ; but you must know that your father lost a father ; that father lost his ; and the survivor bound in filial obligation, for some term to do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere in obstinate condolment is a course of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief : it shows a will most incorrect to heaven, a heart unfortified, a mind impatient, an understanding simple and unschooled : for what we know must be, and is as common as any the most vulgar thing to sense, why should we, in our peevish opposition, take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven, a fault against the dead, a fault to nature—to reason most absurd—whose common theme is death of fathers, and who still hath cried from the first corse till he that died to-day : “ This must be so.”

*Shakespeare\**



# HABIT

**H**ABITS ARE SOON ASSUMED ;  
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO  
STRIPPING THEM OFF, 'TIS BEING  
PLAYED ALIVE.

*Cowper*

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our most miserable weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go the same way. Habit is our primal fundamental law—habit and imitation : there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. *Carlyle*

It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them ; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable. *Knighton*

If we look back upon the usual course of our feelings, we shall find that we are more influenced by the frequent recurrence of objects than by their weight and importance ; and that habit has more force in forming our characters than our opinions have. The mind naturally takes the tone and complexion from what it habitually contemplates. *Hall*

All habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas. *Dryden\**

# HAPPINESS

**J**USTICE IS THE ONLY WORSHIP.  
LOVE IS THE ONLY PRIEST.  
IGNORANCE IS THE ONLY SLAVERY.  
HAPPINESS IS THE ONLY GOOD.  
THE TIME TO BE HAPPY IS NOW.  
THE PLACE TO BE HAPPY IS HERE.  
THE WAY TO BE HAPPY IS TO MAKE  
OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY.

*Ingersoll*

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens. *Jerrold*

Nature has granted to all to be happy, if we did but know how to use her benefits. *Claudian*

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within ; and they would open if only they could find some sunshine and free air to expand in. Not having enough sunshine is what ails the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is. *Child*

There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants, or augment our means : the result is the same ; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do what happens to be the easiest. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or

## HAPPINESS.

young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well ; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of mankind. *Franklin*

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him as they are now ; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over plough-share or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make men happy. *Ruskin*

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife, nor marrying discord in a noble wife, stranger to civil and religious rage, the good man walked innoxious through his age. No courts he saw, no suits would ever try, nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie. Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art, no language but the language of the heart. By nature honest, by experience wise ; healthy by temperance and exercise ; his life though long, to sickness passed unknown, his death was instant and without a groan. O grant me thus to live, and thus to die ! Who sprung from kings shall know more happiness than I ! *Pope\**

You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man : a contented mind confers it on all. *Horace*

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavouring to think so ourselves. *Confucius*

Hume's doctrine was that the circumstances vary, the

## HAPPINESS

amount of happiness does not ; that the beggar cracking fleas in the sunshine under a hedge, and the duke rolling by in his chariot, the girl equipped for her first ball, and the orator returning triumphant from the debate, all had different means, but the same quality of pleasant excitement. *Emerson*

The rich should not presume in his riches, nor the poor despond in his poverty ; for the providence of God gives happiness to both of them—and the distribution of happiness between them is more equally divided than the fool would believe. *Dandemis*

Do not envy the appearance of happiness in any man, for you do not know his secret griefs. *Dandemis*

The whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus : By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of terrestrial lot ; this, we fancy, belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages—of our deserts, and requires neither thanks nor complaint. Only such overplus as there may be do we account Happiness ; any deficit, we call Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves—and what a fund of self-conceit there is in each of us !—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry : “ See here, what a payment ! Was ever worthy gentleman so used ” ? I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity—of what thou fanciest those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it Happiness to be only shot : fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair halter, it will be a Luxury to die in hemp. *Carlyle*

## HAPPINESS

If solid happiness we prize, within our breast this  
jewel lies ; and they are fools who roam. The world  
has nothing to bestow ; from our own selves our joys  
must flow, and that dear hut—our home. *Cotton\**

# HATRED

**B**ECAUSE YOU DO NOT LIKE A MAN IS NO REASON HE IS YOUR ENEMY: THIS IS A BUSY WORLD, AND NONE OF US HAVE TIME TO SIT DOWN AND HATE ONE ANOTHER. THE ONLY ENEMIES WE HAVE ARE THOSE WE CONJURE FORTH FROM OUR OWN INNER CONSCIOUSNESS. THE IDEA THAT A MAN HAS ENEMIES IS, AFTER ALL, ONLY EGOTISM GONE TO SEED.

*Hubbard*

Hatred is the madness of the heart.

*Byron*

We hate some persons because we do not know them ; and we will not know them because we hate them. *Colton*

Every man may be viewed in two lights : in one he will be troublesome ; in the other, less offensive. Choose to see him in that light which least hurts you—then you will not wish to harm him. *Dandemis*

Be more ready to love than to hate ; so shall you be loved by more than hate you. *Dandemis*

National hatred is something peculiar. You always find it strongest and most violent in the lowest degree of culture. *Goethe*

# HEALTH

**I**N THE PRESENT DAY, AND ESPECIALLY AMONG WOMEN, ONE WOULD ALMOST SUPPOSE THAT HEALTH WAS A STATE OF UNNATURAL EXISTENCE.

*Beaconsfield*

Plain living and high thinking will secure health for most of us. *Avebury*

Health is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be healthy, because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature tries hard to keep us well, because she needs us in her business—and that business is that we shall be useful to other men.

The rewards of life are for Service. We preserve our sanity only as we forget self in Service. To centre on one's-self, and forget one's relationship to society, is to summon misery ; and misery means disease. Misery is an irritant. It affects the heart-beats of circulation first ; then the digestion ; and then the person is ripe for two hundred and nineteen diseases and six hundred and forty-two complications. What we call diseases are principally symptoms of mental conditions. Our bodies are automatic, and thinking about our digestion does not aid us : rather it hinders. If we are worried enough, digestion will stop absolutely.

The moral is obvious : Don't worry.

The recipe for good health is : Forget it ! *Hubbard*

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is, by exercise and abstinence : to live as if he were poor. *Temple*

# HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF THE PAST IS  
BUT A MERE PUPPET-SHOW.  
A LITTLE MAN COMES OUT AND  
BLOWS A LITTLE TRUMPET—AND  
GOES IN AGAIN. YOU LOOK FOR  
SOMETHING NEW ; AND LO ! AN-  
OTHER LITTLE MAN COMES OUT,  
AND BLOWS ANOTHER LITTLE  
TRUMPET—AND GOES IN AGAIN.

*Longfellow*

Sin writes history—Goodness is silent.

*Goethe*

Everywhere foolish rumour babbles not of what was done, but what was misdone or undone ; and History (ever, more or less, the written epitomised synopsis of rumour) knows so little that were not as well unknown. Attila Invasions, Walter-the-Penniless Crusades, Sicilian Vespers, Thirty-Years Wars : mere sin and misery ; not work, but hindrance of work ! During all this time the Earth was yearly green and yellow with her kind harvests ; the hand of the craftsman, the mind of the Thinker rested not. And so, after all, and in spite of it all, we still have this so glorious high-domed blossoming World ; concerning which History may well ask, with wonder, Whence it came ? She knows so little of it, knows so much of what obstructed it, Whereby that paradox, “ Happy the people whose annals are vacant.”

*Carlyle*



## HISTORY

What is History but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels of those engaged in contention for power? *Paley*

# HOME

**A** HUSBAND AS WILLING TO BE PLEASED AT HOME, AND AS ANXIOUS TO PLEASE AS IN HIS NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE ; AND A WIFE AS INTENT ON MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE EVERY DAY TO HER FAMILY AS ON SET DAYS TO HER GUESTS, COULD NOT FAIL TO MAKE THEIR OWN HOME HAPPY.

*Phillips*

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

*Goethe*

The domestic man, who loves no music so well as his kitchen clock, and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of.

*Emerson*

I have always felt that the best security for civilization is the dwelling, and that on properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvements in mankind.

*Beaconsfield*

The nest may be constructed so far as the sticks go, by the male bird ; but only the hen can line it with moss and down !

*Cobbe*

We may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms

## HOME

with paintings and sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations. *Longfellow*

It requires two to make a home. The home is a tryst—a place where we retire and shut the world out. Lovers make a home, just as birds make a nest, and unless a man knows the spell of the divine passion, I can hardly see how he can have a home at all ; for of all blessings no gift equals the gentle, trusting, loving companionship of a good woman. *Hubbard*

Like a thing of the desert, alone in its glee, I make a small home seem an empire to me ; like a bird in the forest whose world is its nest, my home is my all, and the centre of rest. *Clare\**

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. *Payne\**

# HONESTY

**M**AKE YOURSELF AN HONEST  
MAN, AND THEN YOU MAY  
BE SURE THAT THERE IS ONE  
RASCAL LESS IN THE WORLD.

*Carlyle*

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the  
air of a saint.

*Lavater*

Honesty is the best policy ; but he who acts on that  
principle is not an honest man.

*Whately*

What health is to the body, so is honesty to the soul.

*Dandemis*

Teach men to be honest, and oaths will be unnecessary.

*Dandemis*

All are not just because they do no wrong ; but he,  
who will not wrong me when he may, he is the truly  
just. I praise not those who in their petty dealings  
pilfer not, but him, whose conscience spurns at secret  
fraud when he might plunder and defy surprise. His  
be the praise, who, looking down with scorn on the  
false judgment of the partial herd, consults his own  
clear heart, and boldly dares to be—not to be thought—  
an honest man.

*Cumberland\**

Lands mortgaged may return, and more esteemed ;  
but honesty, once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.

*Middleton\**

## HONESTY

What's fame ? A fancied life in others' breath, a thing beyond us, even before our death. All that we feel of it begins and ends in the small circle of our foes or friends. A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod : an honest man's the noblest work of God. *Pope\**

# HOPE

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for a travelling companion. *Haliburton*

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud ; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart. Nevertheless, do not let hope allure you, nor fear deter you from doing that which is right ; for thus you will be able to meet all events with an even mind. In all your undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate your endeavours ; and remember that if you despair of success you cannot hope to succeed. Do not terrify your soul with vain fears ; neither let your heart sink because of the phantoms of imagination : remember that as fear invites failure, so he that hopes helps himself. In all your desires let reason go before you, and do not set your hopes beyond the bounds of probability : so shall success attend all your undertakings, and your heart will not be vexed with disappointments. *Dandemis*

Never give up ! it is wiser and better always to hope than once to despair. Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter, and break the dark spell of tyrannical care : never give up, or the burden may sink you—Providence kindly has mingled the cup ; and in trials and troubles bethink you the watchword of life must be—never give up ! *Tupper\**

# HUMILITY

Great souls are always loyally submissive ; only small mean souls are otherwise. *Carlyle*

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility. *Shakespeare\**

Someone called Sir Richard Steele the "vilest of mankind," and he retorted with proud humility : "It would be a glorious world if I were." *Bovee*

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself now and then finding a prettier shell or a smoother pebble than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me. *Newton*

Deep humility we find the mark of every master-mind ; the highest gifted lowliest bends, and merit meekest condescends, and shuns the fame that fools adore—the puff that bids the feathers soar. *Colton\**

# HUMOUR

**I**MPERSONAL CONTEMPLATION —  
THAT IS THE SECRET OF  
LAUGHTER. THE FIRST MAN WHO  
SAID TO HIMSELF : “ I WILL RETIRE  
FROM THE COMBAT A LITTLE  
WHILE TO YONDER HILL TO  
WATCH THE FRAY,” WAS THE  
FIRST MAN WHO LAUGHED WITH  
HIS BRAIN.

*Hubbard*

The genealogical table of false humour is : falsehood—  
nonsense — frenzy — laughter — false humour. That  
of true humour is : truth — good sense — wit —  
mirth—true humour.

*Addison*

True humour springs not more from the head than  
from the heart ; it is not contempt, its essence is love :  
it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie  
far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity, exalting,  
as it were, into our affections what is below us, while  
sublimity draws down into our affections what is  
above us.

*Carlyle*

Some things are of that nature as to make one's fancy  
chuckle while his heart doth ache.

*Bunyan\**

A man without mirth is like a waggon without springs,  
in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every  
pebble over which it runs.

*Beecher*



## HUMOUR

**Men show their character in nothing more clearly than  
by what they think laughable.**

*Goethe*

# HYPOCRISY

## SAINT ABROAD, AND A DEVIL AT HOME.

*Bunyan*

Trust not him that seems a saint.

*Fuller*

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it that he keeps a very small stock of it within. *Spurgeon*

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.

*La Rochefoucauld*

With devotion's visage and pious action we do sugar o'er the devil himself.

*Shakespeare\**

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul, producing holy witness, is like a villain with a smiling cheek—a goodly apple rotten at the heart. O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath ! *Shakespeare\**

Be consistent with yourself, and you will never be embarrassed : have courage in truth, but fear to lie. Learn to blush at falsehood ; so that, in speaking the truth, you may have a steady eye.

Study what is right, and speak with discretion, that you may speak with prudence and caution.

Let the words of your mouth be the thoughts of your heart ; so will you be far above the meanness of dissimulation. Do not mask your words in a semblance of truth, lest you become like the hypocrite whose business in life is only to deceive. Let the tongue of

## HYPOCRISY

sincerity be rooted in your heart, so that hypocrisy and deceit have no place in your words.

Never try to be more than you are, lest the wise man strip off your disguise and the finger of derision be pointed at you with scorn.

*Dandemis*

# IDEALS

**T**HERE IS NOT A THOUGHT OR  
FEELING, NOT AN ACT OF  
BEAUTY OR NOBILITY WHEREOF  
MAN IS CAPABLE, BUT CAN FIND  
COMPLETE EXPRESSION IN THE  
SIMPLEST, MOST ORDINARY LIFE.

*Maeterlinck*

All men need something to poetize and idealize their life a little—something which they value a little more for its use, and which is a symbol of their emancipation from the mere materialism and drudgery of daily life.

*Parker*

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. No one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser and better. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself.

*Parker*

The quest after ideals is the central reason of life. This pursuit abandoned, life need not run on any longer—the pitcher is broken at the fountain.

The idealists are creating a human world after the pattern shown them in the Mount.

Each art stands as a monument to a host of idealists who, in their own day perhaps, toiled hopelessly and amid the sneers of those who were only the children of dust. Music, now so infinite in extent and sweetness, is such a monument. The first rude harp-strings are broken and lost ; dead the hands that

## IDEALS

smote them ; but the art is here with no enchantment lost. We do not know the names of those singers—like us they were pilgrims. They had to pass into the Beyond, but they left an art which the world loves.

It was so of liberty, temperance, justice, and all the higher forms of human life. . .

Some speak of ideals as being only girls' dreams. On the opposite, high ideals are lifelike portraits seen in advance. Only the greatest minds living in an age of tyranny could see in prophecy the portrait of a free people. Instead of being a romantic dream an ideal is often a long mathematical calculation by an intellect as logical as that of Euclid. Idealism is not the ravings of a maniac, but is the calm geometry of Life.

Ideals try our faith, as though to show us that nothing is too good to be true.

In noble ideals there is something aggressive : not aggressive like an army with gun and spear, but aggressive like the sun which coaxes a June out of a winter.

All great truths are persistent ; and all high ideals will be realized. There is nothing in history, dark as much of it is, to check the belief that man will, at last, be overcome by his highest ideals. *Swing*

Honour to the idealists, whether philosophers or poets. They have improved us by mingling with our daily pursuits great and transcendent conceptions. They have thrown around our life the grandeur of a better, and have drawn us up from contacts with the temporal and the selfish to communion with beauty, and truth, and goodness. *Chapin*

# IDLENESS

**H**E IS NOT ONLY IDLE WHO  
DOES NOTHING, BUT HE IS  
IDLE WHO MIGHT BE BETTER  
EMPLOYED.

*Socrates*

An idle man's brain is the devil's workshop. *Bunyan*

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches ; and, therefore, every man endeavours with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself. *Johnson*

Do not defer till the evening what this morning may accomplish. Idleness is the parent of want and pain ; but the labour of virtue brings pleasure.

Who is he that has acquired wealth ? that has risen to power ? that has clothed himself with honour ? that is spoken of with praise ? Is it not he that hath shut out idleness from his life ! He rises early and exercises his mind with contemplation, and his body with action ; and by so doing he preserves the health of both.

Do not let your days pass away like the shadow of a cloud which leaves behind it no trace for remembrance. Do not let your body become diseased for want of exercise, lest you should wish for action and find that you have no power to move.

When you see with your eyes, and when you hear with your ears, do not sit still with no resolution shaking your head and wishing, lest ruin come upon you like a whirlwind. *Dandemis*

# IGNORANCE

Ignorance is the night of the mind : a night without moon or star.

*Confucius*

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.

*Zimmermann*

The chief difference between a wise man and an ignorant one is, not that the first is acquainted with regions invisible to the second away from common sight and interest, but that he understands the common things which the second only sees.

*King*

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug ; but when it prescribes pills it may do more harm.

*Eliot*

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance.

*Bulwer-Lytton*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

*Pope*

In my humble opinion, the noblest page in the Statute Book of England is that which says no man shall be destitute. I wish to see a parallel page in the Statute Book, which shall say no man shall be ignorant.

*Pakington*

True wisdom is less presuming than folly : the wise man doubts often, and changes his mind ; but the fool is obstinate and does not doubt—he knows all things save his own ignorance !

The wise man knows his own imperfections ; but the fool peeps into the shallow stream of his own mind

## IGNORANCE

and is pleased with the pebbles which he sees at the bottom—he brings them up, and shows them as pearls, and the applause of other fools delights him.

A fool boasts of attainments in things of no worth ; but where there is a shame in his ignorance, he is void of understanding.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly. Nevertheless, it is part of wisdom to bear with fools ; to hear their absurdities with patience,—and to pity their weakness.

*Dandemis*



# ILLNESS

THINK OF THE ILLS FROM  
WHICH YOU ARE EXEMPT !

*Joubert*

The pain of the mind is worse than the pain of the body.  
*Publilius Syrus*

Pain is, of all bodily ills, that which is most felt ; yet you must not let the pain of the body affect the soul. Do you expect that miracles should protect you from pain and sickness ? or do you repine because they visit you ? Do they not come to us all ? It is injustice to expect exemption. Would you say to the Seasons " Pass not on, lest I grow old " ? Is it not better to meet with an open mind that which you cannot avoid ? The body was created to be subservient to the soul ; so, when you afflict the soul for bodily pain, are you not setting the body above the soul ! As a wise man does not afflict himself because a thorn tears his garment, so must you not grieve your soul because that which covers it is injured.  
*Dandem.*

The slightest health is less noticed than the slightest pain.

Do you not know that the thought of affliction wounds deeper than the affliction itself ? If you do not think of your pain when it is upon you you will avoid what hurts you most.  
*Dandem*

There is no mortal whom pain and disease do not reach  
*Cicero*

# IMAGINATION

Imagination is the organ through which the soul within us recognises a soul without us : the spiritual eye by which the mind perceives and converses with the spiritualities of nature under her material forms.

*Hudson*

And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shape and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Such tricks has strong imagination that if he would but apprehend some joy, it comprehends some bringer of that joy.

*Shakespeare\**

Science does not know its debt to imagination. Goethe did not believe that a great naturalist could exist without this faculty.

*Emerson*

Imagination disposes of everything : it creates beauty, justice and happiness—which is everything in this world.

*Pascal*

Access is yet preserved to principles of Truth, which the imaginative Will upholds in seats of wisdom. Nature fails not to provide impulse and utterance : the whispering air sends inspiration from the shadowy heights, and blind recesses of the caverned rocks ; the little rills, the waters numberless, inaudible by daylight, blend their notes with the loud streams ; and oft at the hour when issue forth the first pale stars, is heard, within the circuit of this fabric huge, one voice, unseen—perchance above all power of sight—which fades upon the ear, diminishing by distance till it seems to expire, yet from the abyss is caught again, and yet again recovered.

*Wordsworth\**

# IMMORTALITY

**S**TILL SEEMS IT STRANGE THAT  
THOU SHOULDST LIVE FOR  
EVER? IS IT LESS STRANGE THAT  
THOU SHOULDST LIVE AT ALL?  
THIS IS A MIRACLE ; AND THAT, NO  
MORE.

*Young\**

'Tis true ; 'tis certain ; man, though dead, retains  
part of himself—the immortal mind remains. *Homer\**

If there was no future life, our souls would not thirst  
for it. *Richter*

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a  
certain presage, as it were, of a future existence ; and  
this takes its deepest root in the most exalted souls.  
*Cicero*

It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well !—else  
whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this  
longing after immortality? or whence this secret  
dread, and inward horror of falling into nought?  
Why shrinks the soul back on herself, and startles at  
destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us :  
'tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter, and  
intimates eternity to man. The stars shall fade away,  
the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink  
in years ; but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth  
unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter,  
and the crash of worlds. *Addison\**

## IMMORTALITY

It is not in an arbitrary "decree of God," but in the nature of man, that a veil shuts down on the facts of to-morrow ; for the soul will not have us read any other cipher than that of Cause and Effect. *Emerson*

Life ! I know not what thou art, but know that thou and I must part ; and when, or how, or where we met I own to me is a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together—through pleasant and through cloudy weather ; 'tis hard to part when friends are dear—perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—then steal away, give little warning, choose thine own time ; say not " Good Night,"—but in some brighter clime bid me " Good Morning ! " *Barbauld\**

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully, and cheerfully as we can. *van Dyke*

To believe in immortality is one thing ; but it is first needful to believe in Life. *Stevenson*

When at eve, at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope—a native land of love ; and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal. *de Stael*

Divine wisdom, intending to detain us some time on earth, has done well to cover with a veil the prospect of life to come ; for if our sight could clearly distinguish the opposite bank, who would remain on this tempestuous coast ? *de Stael*

I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications. The three states of the caterpillar, the larva, and butterfly

## IMMORTALITY

have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination ; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly, than that a being whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom. The caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, whom we do not perceive, whom we cannot imagine. We know very little ; but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man.

*Davy*

We say that destruction is the order of nature, and some say that man must not hope to escape the universal law. Now we deceive ourselves in this use of words: there is, in reality, no destruction in the material world. True, the tree is resolved into its elements, but those elements survive ; and, still more, they survive to fulfil the same end which they before accomplished. Not a power of nature is lost. The particles of the decayed tree are only left at liberty to form new, perhaps more beautiful and useful, combinations ; they

## IMMORTALITY

may shoot up into more luxuriant foliage, or enter into the structure of the highest animals. But were mind to perish, there would be absolute, irretrievable destruction ; for mind, in its nature, is something individual, an uncompounded essence, which cannot be broken into parts : I am myself, and I can become no other being. My history, my experience, cannot become my neighbour's. My consciousness, my memory, my interest in my past life, my affections, cannot be transferred. If, in any instance, I have withstood temptation, and through such resistance have acquired power over myself and a claim to the approbation of my fellow-beings, this resistance, this power, this claim, are my own : I cannot make them another's.

In the extinction of a thinking, moral being, there would be an absolute destruction. This event would not be as the setting of the sun, which is a transfer of light to new regions ; but a quenching of the light. It would be a ruin, such as Nature nowhere exhibits : a ruin of what is infinitely more precious than the outward universe, and is not, therefore, to be inferred from any of the changes of the material world.

*Channing*

The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. *Hugo*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting : the Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, hath elsewhere had its setting, and cometh from afar : not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, Who is our home : Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing Boy, but he beholds the light, and whence

## IMMORTALITY

it flows, he sees it in his joy. At length the Man perceives it die away, and fade into the light of common day.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie thy Soul's immensity ; thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind, that, deaf and silent, readest the eternal deep, haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest ! on whom these truths do rest which we are toiling all our lives to find, in darkness lost—the darkness of the grave ; Thou, over whom thy Immortality broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave, a Presence which is not to be put by ; thou little Child, yet glorious in the might of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height, why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke the years to bring the inevitable yoke, thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ? Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight, and custom lie upon thee like a weight, heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers is something that doth live, that Nature yet remembers what was so fugitive ! The thought of our past years in me doth breed perpetual benediction : not indeed for that which is most worthy to be blessed, delight and liberty, the simple creed of childhood, whether busy or at rest with new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise ; but for those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things, fallings from us, vanishings, blank misgivings of a Creature moving about in worlds not realised, high instincts before which our mortal nature did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised : but for those first affections, those shadowy recollections, which, be they what they may, are yet the fountain-light of all our day, are yet a master-light of all our seeing ; uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

## IMMORTALITY

our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal Silence : truths that awake to perish never—which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour, nor Man nor Boy, nor all that is at enmity with joy, can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather though inland far we be, our Souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither, can in a moment travel thither, and see the Children sport upon the shore, and hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. What though the radiance which was once so bright be now for ever taken from my sight ; though nothing can bring back the hour of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower, we will grieve not, rather find strength in what remains behind ; in the primal sympathy which having been must ever be ; in the soothing thoughts which spring out of human suffering ; in the faith that looks through death ; in years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves, forbode not any severing of our loves ! yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ; I only have relinquished one delight—to live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the brooks which down their channels fret, even more than when I tripped lightly as they ; the innocent brightness of a new-born day is lovely yet ; the clouds that gather round the setting sun do take a sober colouring from an eye that hath kept watch o'er man's immortality ; another race hath been, and other palms are won. Thanks to the human heart by which we live, thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears, to me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*Wordsworth\**

Oh, man ! if thou would'st learn the love of higher things, exalt thy Spirit o'er the thoughts of earth. Away to the deep forest, and converse with thine



## IMMORTALITY

own soul in silence and in awe ; and in the solemn stillness thou may'st glean assurance of thine immortality.

*Dixon\**

I feel, upon this giddy margin of two worlds, that there is nothing beautiful in this the passioned soul has clasped but shall partake its everlasting essence ; not a scent of rain-drenched flower, nor fleece of evening cloud which blended with a thought that rose to heaven shall ever die ; but, linked with joy that drew colour and shape from this fair world, shall shed familiar sweetness through the glorious frame after a thousand ages.

*Talfourd\**

# INDEPENDENCE

IT IS EASY IN THE WORLD TO LIVE AFTER THE WORLD'S OPINIONS ; IT IS EASY IN SOLITUDE TO LIVE AFTER OUR OWN ; BUT THE GREAT MAN IS HE WHO, IN THE MIDST OF THE CROWD, KEEPS WITH PERFECT SWEETNESS THE INDEPENDENCE OF SOLITUDE.

*Emerson*

Richer than doing nothing for a bauble ; prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *Shakespeare\**

I honour any man who in the conscientious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone. The world, with ignorant and intolerant judgment may condemn ; the countenance of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold ; but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenance of relatives, or the hearts of friends. *Sumner*

Out of the night that covers me, black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul. In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud ; under the bludgeonings of chance my head is bloody, but unbowed. It matters not how strait the gate, how charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate : I am the Captain of my soul. *Henley\**

# INFLUENCE

Influence is exerted by every human being from the hour of birth to that of death. *Chapin*

The humblest individual exerts some influence, either good or evil, upon others. *Beecher*

I am a part of all that I have met. *Tennyson\**

The best way in which one human being can properly attempt to influence another is to encourage him to think for himself, instead of endeavouring to instil ready-made opinions into his head. *Stephen*

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection : there is no sequestered spot in the universe to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters ! Whose ? our own, or others ? Both,—and in that momentous fact lie the perils and responsibility of our existence. *Burritt*

# INTOLERANCE

**A**S NO ROADS ARE SO ROUGH  
AS THOSE THAT HAVE JUST  
BEEN MENDED, SO NO SINNERS  
ARE SO INTOLERANT AS THOSE  
THAT HAVE JUST TURNED SAINTS.

*Colton*

Many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to blacken their neighbour's reputation on week-days.

*Beecher*

Do not set your judgement above that of all the earth, neither condemn as falsehood that which does not happen to agree with your own understanding.

Remember how many things have been rejected which are now received as truths ; and those which are now received as truths which shall, in their turn, be despised.

Have not truth and falsehood the same appearance in any subject we do not understand ? What, then, but our presumption determines between them ! We easily believe anything that is above our comprehension—or we are proud to pretend it, in order that we may appear to have wisdom. Is not this folly and arrogance !

Do not say that truth is established by years ; or that in a multitude of believers there is any certainty. One human proposition has as much right of authority as any other, if reason does not make any difference.

*Dandemis*

# IRRESOLUTION

IRRESOLUTION IS A WORSE  
VICE THAN RASHNESS. HE  
THAT SHOOTS BEST MAY SOME-  
TIMES MISS THE MARK ; BUT HE  
THAT SHOOTS NOT AT ALL CAN  
NEVER HIT IT.

*Feltham*

It is no time to swap horses when you are crossing the  
stream.

*Lincoln*

When you see with your eyes, and when you hear with  
your ears, do not sit still with no resolution shaking  
your head and wishing, lest ruin come upon you like a  
whirlwind.

Be resolute, and direct an even and an uninterrupted  
course ; so shall your foot be upon the earth, and your  
head above the clouds. Though obstacles appear  
in your path, do not deign to look down upon them,  
but proceed with resolution, guided by right, and  
mountains shall sink beneath your tread ; storms may  
roar against your shoulders, but they will not shake  
you ; thunder will burst over your head in vain—the  
lightning will serve but to show the glory of your soul.

*Dandemis*

He would not, with a peremptory tone, assert the  
nose upon his face his own ; with hesitation admir-  
ably slow, he humbly hopes—presumes it may be so.

*Cowper\**

## IRRESOLUTION

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ; alike reserved to blame or to commend—a timorous foe, and a suspicious friend.

*Pope\**

# JEWS

Talk what you will of the Jews—that they are cursed—they thrive wherever they come ; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money ; none of them beg ; they keep together ; and, as for being hated, why, Christians hate one another as much as they hate the Jews. *Selden*

The Jews, although scattered over the face of the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants ; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present time are they not, to a great extent, the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on the one hand, the bond between the different states, by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess ; and, on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing and fostering ideas of change and revolution among various peoples. In the Jewish Nation stirs the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe.

*von Haxthausen*

As a rule, I have noticed that Jews treat their wives, children, and aged parents with a deal more tenderness and consideration than we Hittites. I have had a good deal to do with the Chosen, but I have never yet heard one of them refer to his father as “ the Old Gent ” ; and I have noticed, very often, in Jewish families that the grandfather and grandmother were the loving equals of the children and the pride and pets of the household.

A full-grown Jew might put up a good company-bluff, but a child is no hypocrite ; and, mark you this, the child gets its cue for manners and behaviour from the

## JEWS

parents. Jewish children respect their parents and grandparents.

A Jew may hang on to a dollar when dealing with the Enemy, but he does not dole out pittances to his wife, alternately humour and cuff his children, nor request, by his manner, that elderly people who are not up-to-date shall get off the earth. *Hubbard*

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, in the Rialto you have rated me about my moneys, and my usances : still have I borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of our tribe. You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish gaberdine—and all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help. Go to then ; you come to me and you say : “ Shylock, we would have moneys.” You say so ; you, that did void your rheum upon my beard, and foot me as you spurn a strange cur over your threshold. Moneys is your suit ! What should I say to you ? Should I not say : “ Hath a dog money ? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” Or, shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key, with bated breath, and whispering humbleness, say this : “ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ; you spurned me such a day ; another time you called me—dog ; and for these courtesies I’ll lend you thus much moneys.”

*Shakespeare\**

He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half-a-million ; laughed at my losses ; mocked at my gains ; scorned my nation : thwarted my bargains ; cooled my friends ; heated mine enemies—and what’s his reason ? I am a Jew.

Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the



## JEWS

same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?—revenge; if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example?—why, revenge!

*Shakespeare\**

# JUDGEMENT

**H**AVE WE NOT ALWAYS FOUND  
IN OUR PAST EXPERIENCE  
THAT, ON THE WHOLE, OUR KIND  
INTERPRETATIONS WERE TRUER  
THAN OUR HARSH ONES ?

*Faber*

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark ; hear both  
sides, and all will be clear. *Haliburton*

Every one complains of the badness of his memory,  
but nobody of his judgement. *La Rochefoucauld*

The most generous and merciful in judgement upon the  
faults of others, are usually the most free from faults  
themselves. *Aughey*

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. *Shakespeare\**

As the torrent that rushes down the mountain destroys  
all that is borne away by it, so does common opinion  
overwhelm reason in him who accepts it without first  
asking : " What is the foundation ? "

See that what you receive as Truth is not merely the  
shadow of it ; for what you acknowledge as convincing  
is often but plausible.

Do not say that the event proves the wisdom of the  
action ; remember that man is not above the reach of  
accidents.

Do not condemn the judgement of another because  
it differs from your own ; for, may you not both be  
in error ? *Dandemis*

## JUDGEMENT

It is because men are prone to be partial towards those they love, unjust to those they hate, servile to those above them, and either harsh or over-indulgent to those below them in station, poverty or distress, that it is difficult to find any one capable of forming a sound judgement with respect to the qualities of others.

*Confucius*

# JUSTICE

Though justice be thy plea, consider this, that in the course of justice none of us should see salvation.

*Shakespeare\**

Evil is not requisite to man ; yet, how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws ! Do not say that justice cannot be executed without wrong ; for, surely your own words will condemn you !

Teach men to be just, that there may be no need for repentance. Teach men to be honest, and oaths will be unnecessary.

*Dandemis*

# KINDNESS

The drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame  
than shedding seas of blood. *Byron\**

Angry looks can do no good, and blows are dealt in  
blindness. Words are better understood if spoken but  
in kindness. *Burbidge\**

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above  
ourselves. *Child*

A religion of kindness and useful effort is nearly a perfect religion. We used to think it was a man's belief concerning a dogma that would fix his place in eternity. This was because we believed that God was a grumpy, grouchy old gentleman—touchy and dictatorial. A really good man would not damn you, even if you didn't like him ; but a bad man would.

As our ideas of God changed, we ourselves changed for the better. Or, as we thought better of ourselves, we thought better of God.

It will be character that will locate our place in another world, if there is one, just as it is our character that fixes our place here. We are weaving character every day, and the way to weave the best character is to be kind and to be useful. Think right, act right ; for it is what we think and do that makes us what we are.

*Hubbard*

# KISS

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made for  
kissing, lady, not for such contempt !     *Shakespeare\**

I dare not ask a kiss, I dare not beg a smile ; lest  
having that, or this, I might grow proud the while.  
No, no, the utmost share of my desire shall be, only to  
kiss that air that lately kissed thee.     *Herrick\**

The fountains mingle with the river, and the rivers  
with the ocean ; the winds of heaven mix for ever with  
a sweet emotion : nothing in the world is single—all  
things, by a law divine, in one spirit meet and mingle.  
Why not I with thine ? See, the mountains kiss high  
heaven, and the waves clasp one another ; no sister-  
flower would be forgiven if it disdained its brother ;  
and the sunlight clasps the earth, and the moonbeams  
kiss the sea ;—what is all this sweet work worth, if thou  
kiss not me ?     *Shelley\**

# KNOWLEDGE

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge. *Beaconsfield*

Knowledge partakes of Infinity ; it widens with our capacities : the higher we mount in it, the vaster and more magnificent are the prospects it stretches out before us. *Hare*

There are many consolations in the mind of man which no common life can ever afford, and many enjoyments which it has not to give ! It is not the mere cry of moralists, and the flourish of rhetoricians ; but it is noble to seek the Truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart—that knowledge is better than riches ; and it is deeply and sacredly true !

To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past ; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen ; to speak of heat, and light, and winds ; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath ; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that are locked up in a speck of earth ; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world ; to grow up with the great reasoners and go with them to the First Cause of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting. It is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline ; to pass sleepless nights for it ; to give up for it laborious days ; to spurn for it present pleasures ; to endure for it afflicting poverty ; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt as

## KNOWLEDGE

the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and at all times.

*Smith (Sidney)*

There is nothing so charming as the knowledge of literature which enables us to discover the infinity of things, the immensity of Nature, the heavens, the earth, and the seas. It is this that has rescued the soul from obscurity. To see all things above and below, first and last, and between both is that which furnishes us wherewith to live well and happily, and guides us to pass our lives without displeasure and without offence.

*Cicero*

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being too proud to ask questions where I was ignorant."

*Johnson*

In reading authors, when you find bright passages that strike your mind, and which, perhaps, you may have reason to think on at another season, be not contented with the sight but take them down in black and white. Such a respect is wisely shown, as makes another's sense one's own.

*Byron\**

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: first, our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.

*Locke*

He who learns and makes no use of his knowledge is a beast of burden. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of faggots?

*Saadi*

Those who are capable of humility, of justice, of love, of aspiration, stand already on a platform that com-



## KNOWLEDGE

mands the sciences and arts, speech and poetry, action and grace : for whoso dwells in this moral beatitude already anticipates those special powers which men prize so highly ; and the heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind finds itself related to all Its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledges and powers.

*Emerson*

Where there is no vision, the people perish. The scholars are the priests of that thought which establishes the foundations of the earth. No matter what is their special work or profession, they stand for the spiritual interest of the world ; and it is a common calamity if they neglect their post.

We hear something too much of the results of machinery, commerce, and the useful arts. We are a puny and fickle folk : avarice, hesitation, and following, are our diseases.

Whilst the multitude of men degrade each other, and give currency to desponding doctrines, the scholar must be the bringer of hope, and must reinforce man against himself.

*Emerson*

Those only who know little can be said to know anything ; the greater the knowledge, the greater the doubt.

*Goethe*

Knowledge is boundless—human capacity is limited.

*Chamfort*

The wise man doubts often, and changes his mind ; but the fool is obstinate and does not doubt—he knows all things except his own ignorance !

Do not become puffed-up, neither boast of superior understanding ; for the clearest human knowledge is but little better than blindness. The wise man knows his own imperfections ; but the fool peeps into the

## KNOWLEDGE

shallow stream of his own mind and is pleased with the pebbles which he sees at the bottom—he brings them up, and shows them as pearls ; and the applause of other fools delights him. *Dandemis*

Do not set your judgement above that of all the earth ; neither condemn as falsehood that which does not happen to agree with your own understanding. Remember how many things have been rejected which are now received as truths ; and those which are now received as truths which shall, in their turn, be despised. Have not truth and falsehood the same appearance in any subject we do not understand ? What, then, but our presumption determines between them !

Do not say that truth is established by years ; or that in a multitude of believers there is any certainty : one human proposition has as much right of authority as any other, if reason does not make any difference. We easily believe anything that is above our comprehension—or, we are proud to pretend it—in order that we may appear to have wisdom. *Dandemis*

The most difficult thing in life is knowledge of yourself. *Thales*

Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge ; some, the love of fame ; some, the pleasure of dispute ; some, the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge : but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man. *Bacon*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ; wisdom is humble that he knows no more. *Cowper\**

## KNOWLEDGE

He that knoweth not that which he ought to know, is a brute beast among men ; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts ; and he that knoweth all that may be known, is a god amongst men.

*Pythagoras*

The learning and knowledge that we have is, at the most, but a little compared with that of which we are ignorant.

*Plato*

# LAW

IT IS A SECRET WORTH KNOWING  
THAT LAWYERS RARELY GO  
TO LAW !

*Crowell*

Laws are not made for the good.

*Socrates*

When the State is most corrupt, then laws are most multiplied.

*Tacitus*

When men are pure, laws are useless ; when men are corrupt, laws are broken.

*Beaconsfield*

To go to law, is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost, to warm others and singe themselves to cinders ; and, because they cannot agree to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves that others may be decorated with their feathers.

*Feltham*

Seventy per cent. of the members of all our law-making bodies are lawyers. Very naturally, lawyers in making laws favour laws that make lawyers a necessity. If this were not so, lawyers would not be human.

Law is one thing and justice is another. All good lawyers and judges now admit this.

*Hubbard*

Alas ! how many causes that can plead well for themselves in the courts of Westminster, and yet, in the general court of the universe and free soul of man, have no word to utter !

*Carlyle*

## LAW

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies,  
but let wasps and hornets break through. *Swift*

Evil is not requisite to man, neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated ; yet how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws ! Do not say that justice cannot be executed without wrong ; for surely your own words will condemn you !

Teach men to be just, that there may be no need for repentance. Teach men to be honest, and oaths will be unnecessary. *Dandemis*

# LIFE

EVERLASTING LIFE WILL BE YOURS IF YOU DESERVE IT—YOUR PRESENT BELIEF OR DISBELIEF DOES NOT AFFECT THE ISSUE. BUT MAKE SURE OF THIS : IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE A GREAT SOUL IN HEAVEN, YOU HAVE GOT TO BEGIN BY BEING A GREAT SOUL HERE.

*Hubbard*

Our life is simply what our thoughts make it.

*Marcus Aurelius*

Making men live in three worlds at once—past, present and future—has been the chief harm organised religion has done. To drag your past behind you and look forward to sweet rest in Heaven, is to spread the present very thin.

The man who lives in the present, forgetful of the past and indifferent to the future, is the man of wisdom. The best preparation for to-morrow's work is to do your work as well as you can to-day. The best preparation for a life to come, is to live now and here. Live right up to your highest and best. If you have made mistakes in the past, reparation lies not in regrets, but in thankfulness that you now know better. It is true that we are punished by our sins—not for them ; it is true also that we are blessed and benefited by our

## LIFE

sins. Having tasted the bitterness of error, we can avoid it. If we have withheld the kind word and the look of sympathy in the past, we can to-day give doubly, and thus, in degree, redeem the past. And we best redeem the past by forgetting it and losing ourselves in useful work here and now.

It is a great privilege to live. Thank God ! there is one indisputable fact : We are here ! *Hubbard*

A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love ; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority ; facing the future bravely with a little more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of Light and Life. *Hubbard*

Life is constantly weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust. *Lowell*

Life is what we are alive to. It is not length, but breadth. To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making, and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, is to be all but dead. *Babcock*

What shadows we are ; and what shadows we pursue !  
*Burke*

LET US ENDEAVOUR SO TO LIVE  
THAT WHEN WE COME TO DIE  
EVEN THE UNDERTAKER WILL BE  
SORRY.

*Twain*

## LIFE

This span of life was lent for lofty duties, not for selfishness ; not to be wiled away for aimless dreams, but to improve ourselves, and to serve mankind. *de Vere*

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough ; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough ; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long. *Zimmermann*

To live is not merely to breathe ; it is to act : to make use of our organs, senses, faculties—of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence. *Rousseau*

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star 'twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge. How little do we know that which we are ! How less what we may be ! The eternal surge of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar our bubbles : as the old burst, new emerge, lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves of empires heave but like some passing wave. *Byron\**

Life is sweet, brother. There's night and day, brother : both sweet things. Sun, moon, and stars, brother : all sweet things. There's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother ! *Borrow*

Learn to esteem life as you ought ; then you will be near to the pinnacle of wisdom. Do not think with the fool that nothing is more valuable, nor believe with the pretended-wise that it is to be despised : life is not for itself, but for the good it may be of to others. Gold cannot buy it for you, neither can a mine of diamonds purchase back the moments you have lost of it ; therefore, employ all your moments in the exercise of virtue.

Do not think it would have been best not to have



## LIFE

been born ; or, if born, that it would have been best to have died early ; neither ask your Creator : " Where had been the evil had I not existed ? " Remember that evil is but lack of good, and that good is within your power. So, if your question to your Creator is a just one, does it not, of itself, condemn you !

A good death is better than an evil life ; but while your life is worth more to others than your death, it is your duty to preserve it.

Do not complain with the fool of the shortness of your time ; for you should remember that with your days your cares are shortened.

Take from the period of your life the useless parts of it, and what remains ? Take off the time of your infancy ; your sleep ; your thoughtless hours ; your days of sickness—and even in the fullness of years, how few have been your hours of usefulness !

He who gave you life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so. To what end would longer life serve you ? Is it that you may have the opportunity of more vice ? or is that you wish to have the opportunity of doing more good ? As to the good, will not He who limits your span be satisfied with the fruits of it ! If it is that you wish to improve your wisdom and virtue, have you employed the little time that you have ? If not, why complain that more is not given you ?

Man, who dares to enslave the World when he knows that he can enjoy his tyranny but for a moment, what would he not aim at were he given all things before he has learned how to use the few that he has !

*Dandemis*

Whether a life is noble or ignoble depends, not on the calling which is adopted, but on the spirit in which it is followed. The humblest life may be noble, while that

## LIFE

of the most powerful monarch or the greatest genius may be contemptible. It is not so much the hours that tell, as the way we use them : life must be measured by the thought and action rather than by time.

*Avebury*

Like us the lightning fires love to have scope and play.  
The stream, like us, desires an unimpeded way.  
Nature, with equal mind, sees all her sons at play—  
sees man control the wind, the wind sweep man away.  
Is it so small a thing to have enjoyed the sun, to have  
lived light in the spring, to have loved, to have thought,  
to have done !

*Arnold\**

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.

*Bailey\**

Who am I ; what is this Me ? A Voice, a Motion, an  
Appearance ;—some embodied, visualized Idea in the  
Eternal Mind ?

Alas, poor Cogitator, this takes us but little way. Sure  
enough, I am ; and lately was not : but Whence ?  
How ? Whereto ?

The answer lies around, written in all colours and  
motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in  
thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Na-  
ture : but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom  
that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate  
meaning ? We sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria  
and Dream-grotto ; boundless—for the faintest star,  
the remotest century lies not even nearer the verge  
thereof : sounds and many-coloured visions flit around  
our sense ; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work  
both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not ; except in  
rare half-waking moments, suspect not.

## LIFE

Creation, says one, lies before us like a glorious rainbow ; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us.

Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances ; and sleep deepest when fancying ourselves most awake ! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem ; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown ? What are all your National Wars, and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers ? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life ; wherein the most indeed undoubtedly wander as if they knew right hand from left. They only are wise who know that they know nothing.

*Carlyle*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting : the soul that rises with us, our life's star, hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar : not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home.

*Wordsworth\**

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, " Life is but an empty dream ! " for the soul is dead that slumbers, and things are not what they seem. Life is real ! Life is earnest ! And the grave is not its goal ; " Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest " was not spoken of the soul. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow is our destined end or way ; but to act, that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day. 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 ! Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime, and, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time ; footprints, that perhaps another, sailing o'er life's

## LIFE

solemn main—a forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
seeing, shall take heart again. *Longfellow\**

Life ! I know not what thou art, but know that thou and I must part ; and when, or how, or where we met I own to me's a secret yet. But this I know, when thou art fled, where'er they lay these limbs, this head, no clod so valueless shall be as all that then remains of me. O whither, whither dost thou fly ? Where bend unseen thy trackless course ? And in this strange divorce, ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ! To the vast ocean of empyreal flame from whence thy essence came dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed from matter's base encumbering weed ? Or dost thou, hid from sight, wait, like some spell-bound knight, through blank oblivious years the appointed hour to break thy trance and reassume thy power ? Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ? O say, what art thou, when no more thou art me ?

Life ! We have been long together, through pleasant and through cloudy weather ; 'tis hard to part when friends are dear ; perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;—Then steal away, give little warning—choose thine own time ; say not “ Good Night,” but in some brighter clime bid me “ Good Morning ! ”. *Barbauld\**

Out of the dusk a shadow, then a spark ; out of the cloud a silence, then, a lark ; out of the heart a rapture, then a pain ; out of the dead, cold ashes,—Life again. *Tabb\**

Life is a quarry, out of which we have to mould and chisel and complete a character. *Goethe*

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ; to forgive wrongs darker than death or night ; to defy Power, which seems omnipotent ; to love, and bear ; to hope

## LIFE

till<sup>7</sup> Hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates ; neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ; this, like thy glory, Titan, is to be good, great and joyous, beautiful and free : this is alone Life, Joy Empire, and Victory. *Shelley\**

Life is a dream, and death an awakening. *Beaumelle*

GOD WILL NOT LOOK YOU  
OVER FOR MEDALS, DEGREES OR  
DIPLOMAS—BUT FOR SCARS !

*Hubbard*

# LOVE

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS IN  
LIFE IS THE CONVICTION  
THAT WE ARE LOVED, LOVED FOR  
OURSELVES—SAY RATHER, LOVED  
IN SPITE OF OURSELVES.

*Hugo*

Heaven's harmony is universal love.

*Cowper\**

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good  
health is short-lived.

*Erasmus*

A man would have no pleasures in discovering all  
the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself,  
unless he had a partner to whom he might com-  
municate his joys.

*Cicero*

Love is not to be bought—'tis of the soul the noblest  
element, the spirit-bond that links the angel with  
humanity. As well mightest thou attempt to purchase  
heaven, to vend the stars, make traffic of the skies,  
or measure out what is immeasurable, as count each  
feeling in the pulse of love !

*Swain\**

The most precious possession that ever comes to a  
man in this world is a woman's heart.

*Holland*

He is in love with an ideal, a creature of his own  
imagination, a child of air, an echo of his heart ; and,  
like a lily on a river floating, she floats upon the river  
of his thoughts.

*Longfellow\**

## LOVE

The first sound in the song of love scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound. Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings of that mysterious instrument, the soul, and play the prelude of our fate. *Longfellow\**

To renounce your individuality, to see with another's eyes, to hear with another's ears, to be two and yet but one, to so melt and mingle that you no longer know you are you or another, to constantly absorb and constantly radiate, to reduce earth, sea and sky and all that in them is to a single being, to give yourself to that being so wholly that nothing whatever is withheld, to be prepared at any moment for sacrifice, to double your personality in bestowing it : that is love.  
*Gautier*

Love ! what a volume in a word ! an ocean in a tear ! a seventh heaven in a glance ! a whirlwind in a sigh ! the lightning in a touch—a millennium in a moment ! What concentrated joy, or woe, in blessed or blighted love !  
*Tupper\**

Love comes unseen—we only see it go. *Dobson*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart : 'tis woman's whole existence !  
*Byron\**

Why did she love him ? Curious fool ! be still ; is human love the growth of human will ! *Byron\**

Farewell, Lorenzo, whom my soul doth love. If you ever marry, may you meet a good wife,—so good, that you may not suspect her, nor may she be worthy of your suspicion ;—and if you hear, hereafter, that I am dead, inquire but my last words, and you shall know that to the last I loved you. And when you walk forth with your second choice, into the pleasant

## LOVE

fields, and by chance talk of me, imagine that you see me, thin and pale, strewing your path with flowers.

*Davenport\**

They lie who tell us love can die ; with life all other passions fly—all others are but vanity. In heaven ambition cannot dwell, nor avarice in the vaults of hell ; earthly, these passions of the earth, they perish where they had their birth ; but love is indestructible. Love's holy flame for ever burneth ; from heaven it came, to heaven returneth. Too oft on earth a troubled guest, at times deceived, at times oppressed ; it here is tried and purified, then hath in heaven its perfect rest : it soweth here with toil and care, but the harvest-time of love is there.

*Southey\**

The fountains mingle with the river, and the rivers with the ocean ; the winds of heaven mix for ever with a sweet emotion : nothing in the world is single—all things, by a law divine, in one spirit meet and mingle. Why not I with thine ? See, the mountains kiss high heaven, and the waves clasp one another ; no sister-flower would be forgiven if it disdained its brother ; and the sunlight clasps the earth, and the moonbeams kiss the sea ;—what is all this sweet work worth, if thou kiss not me ?

*Shelley\**

Thousands of channels there are through which the beauty of our soul may sail even unto our thoughts. Above all there is the wonderful, central channel of love. For is it not in love that are found the purest elements of beauty that we can offer to the soul ? Some there are who do thus in beauty love each other. And to love thus means that, little by little, the sense of ugliness is lost ; that one's eyes are closed to all the littleness of life, to all but the freshness and virginity of the very humblest of souls.



## LOVE

Loving thus, we can no longer have anything to conceal, for that the ever-present soul transforms all things into beauty. It is to behold evil in so far only as it purifies indulgence, and teaches us no longer to confound the sinner with the sin.

Loving thus do we raise on high within ourselves all those about us who have attained an eminence where failure has become impossible: heights whence a paltry action has so far to fall that, touching earth, it is compelled to yield up its diamond soil. It is to transform, though all unconsciously, the feeblest intention that hovers about us into illimitable movement. It is to summon all that is beautiful in earth, heaven or soul, to the banquet of love. It means that the least gesture will call forth the presence of the soul with all its treasure. It means that the beauty that turns into love is undistinguishable from the love that turns into beauty. It means to be able no longer to tell where the ray of a star leaves off and the kiss of an ordinary thought begins. It means that each day will reveal to us a new beauty in that mysterious angel, and that we shall walk together in a goodness that shall ever become more and more living, loftier and loftier.

*Maeterlinck*

'Tis not the lily brow I prize, nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes—enough of lilies and of roses! A thousand-fold more dear to me the look that gentle love discloses—that look which love alone can see.

*Coleridge\**

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed, in war, he mounts the warrior's steed; in halls, in gay attire is seen, in hamlets, dances on the green. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and man below, and saints above; for love is heaven, and heaven is love!

*Scott\**

## LOVE !

In lovers' quarrels, the one that loves most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault. *Scott*

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. *Tennyson\**

Love is the light and sunshine of life. We cannot fully enjoy ourselves, or anything else, unless some one we love enjoys it with us. *Avebury*

But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new ; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art ; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments ; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory ; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone ; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent, for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts than any old friends can give him ; for the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not like other images written in water, but, as Plutarch said, ' enamelled in fire ' and make the study of midnight. ' Thou art not gone being gone, where'er thou art ; thou leavest in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.' *Emerson*

All mankind love a lover. *Emerson*

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. *Emerson*

## LOVE

When we speak truly, is not he only unhappy who is not in love?—his fancied freedom and self-rule, is it not so much death? He who is in love is wise, and is becoming wiser: he sees newly every time he looks at the object beloved, drawing from it with his eyes and his mind those virtues which it possesses. Therefore, if the object be not itself a living and expanding soul, he presently exhausts it.

*Emerson*

Let our affection flow out to our fellows, it would operate in a day the greatest of all revolutions.

I am to see to it that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep in where it cannot go, will accomplish this by imperceptible methods,—being its own lever, fulcrum, and power,—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom,—a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly,—by its constant and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust of it? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. One day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine!

*Emerson*

## LOVE

It is not beauty I demand, a crystal brow—the moon's despair, nor the snow's daughter, a white hand, nor mermaid's pride of yellow hair. Tell me not of your starry eyes, your lips that seem on roses fed, your breasts where Cupid trembling lies, nor sleeps for kissing of his bed, a bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours, a breath that softer music speaks than summer winds a-wooing flowers. Give me, instead of beauty's bust, a tender heart, a loyal mind which with temptation I could trust, yet never linked with error find. *Darley\**

He that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires ; or from star-like eyes doth seek fuel to maintain his fires : as old Time makes these decay, so his flames must waste away. But a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts, and calm desires, hearts with equal love combined, kindle never-dying fires : where these are not, I despise lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes. *Carew\**

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly like the west, for there the bonnie lassie lives, the lassie I love best : there wild woods grow, and rivers row, and mony a hill between ; but day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean. I see her in the dewy flowers, I see her sweet and fair : I hear her in the tunefu' birds, I hear her charm the air : there's not a bonny flower that springs by fountain, shaw, or green—there's not a bonny bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean. *Burns\**

There is a love—it lasts a while, a one day's flower—no more ; opes in the sunshine of a smile, and shuts when storms come o'er. There is a love—it ever lasts, a shrub that's always green ; it blossoms in the stormy blasts, and decks the wintry scene !

A shape, an eye, a well-turned foot may give the

## LOVE

first its birth : this flowerlet has but little root, and asks but little earth. No scanty soil must true love find, its vigour to control ; it roots itself upon the mind, and strikes into the soul. *Neale\**

I think of thee, with still delight, when, gazing on thy portrait here, I give it, with creative might, a life and soul—thy smile grows clear, the eyes look meaningly and bright ; again I have thee in my sight—my heart beats high—I feel thee near.

I think of thee where'er I gaze—the traces of thy hand I view ; I mark thy calm domestic ways ; in garden and in household too I see the tokens of thy skill, and every thing around betrays thy spirit hovering o'er me still.

I think of thee in meadows green, and on the mountain's summit too, along the brook of silver sheen, 'mid all we have together seen : in every place where we have been, thy lovely vision comes between mine eyes and every thing they view !

I think of thee when in the west the sun sinks down, and day's eye closes, when darkness has our valleys dressed, and all the earth in shade reposes ; then when my head lies down to rest thy image o'er my pillow beams—I see thee all night in my dreams ! *Newffer\**

We crave the companionship of those who understand. One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad. We reach the divine through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we double it, and come in touch with the Universal. The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, as when we are filled with love for some one else. *Hubbard*

I think I know what love is for, although I'm not quite sure. I think that love is given us so that we can see a soul. And this soul we see is the highest conception of

## LOVE

excellence and truth we can bring forth : this soul is our reflected self. And from seeing what one soul is, we imagine what all souls may be—and thus we reach God, who is the Universal Soul. *Hubbard*

When modesty and virtue enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven. The whiteness of her bosom transcends the lily, and her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses. The innocence of her eye is as of an angel ; and simplicity and truth dwell in her heart ; her kisses are sweeter than honey ; and the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Do not shun the tenderness of love ; for if its flame is pure it will ennoble your heart, and will soften it to receive the fairest impressions. *Dandemis*

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow, as seek to quench the fire of love with words. *Shakespeare\**

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly that ever love did make thee run into, thou hast not loved ; or, if thou hast not sat as I do now, wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, thou hast not loved ; or if thou hast not broke from company abruptly, as my passion now makes me, thou hast not loved. *Shakespeare\**

Love looks not with eyes, but with the mind. *Shakespeare\**

By love subsists all lasting grandeur ; that gone, we are as dust. *Wordsworth\**

As for the phenomena of Love permeating all the living creation, they express the mortal nature seeking to

## LOVE

become deathless by the one possible process of generation.

Sexual love is the expression of this craving for immortality in the physical organism ; and the work of all creative art is its intellectual issue.

In whatsoever field this desire of immortality by propagation moves us, we must be attracted by the beautiful, and by beauty of soul more divinely than by beauty of form.

He who would love rightly must from the beginning seek to hold intercourse with beautiful forms, and love one wherein he would generate intellectual beauty. Thus he would be led up to the contemplation of universal beauty, which is eternal, without beginning, at all times, utterly, and to all. This is that to which they attain who advance by these steps from the contemplation of beauty in particulars to the revelation of the supreme beauty. Such a one is at last in contact not with shadows but with the ultimate reality, and if immortality be at all given to human beings, he is thereby become immortal.

*Socrates*

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND  
EYES, AND THE DAY BUT ONE, YET  
THE LIGHT OF A BRIGHT WORLD  
DIES WITH THE DYING SUN. THE  
MIND HAS A THOUSAND EYES, AND  
THE HEART BUT ONE, YET THE  
LIGHT OF A WHOLE LIFE DIES WHEN  
IT 'LOVE IS DONE.

*Bourdillon\**

# LUCK

**S**HALLOW MEN BELIEVE IN LUCK;  
STRONG MEN IN CAUSE AND  
EFFECT.

*Emerson*

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. *Garfield*

Good and bad luck is but a synonym, in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment.

*Chatfield*

There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan the poverty of a wretched old age—luck has always run against them, they say.

One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river—idling away his time a-fishing when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck with his temper. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, steadily followed his trade as steadily as he followed the bottle. Another, who was honest and constant in his work, erred by his perpetual misjudgements—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains.

I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a



## LUCK

grocery store late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know that he has bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

*Addison*

# MAN

**H**IS LIFE WAS GENTLE, AND THE  
ELEMENTS SO MIXED IN HIM  
THAT NATURE MIGHT STAND UP  
AND SAY TO ALL THE WORLD :  
“THIS WAS A MAN !”

*Shakespeare\**

Man is a piece of the universe made alive. *Emerson*

Man is greater than a world—than systems of worlds :  
there is more mystery in the union of soul with the  
physical than in the creation of a universe. *Giles*

It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the mass  
are the tools of circumstance—thistle-down on the  
breeze, straw on the river ; but only in proportion as  
they are things, not men and women. Man was meant  
not to be a slave, but the master, of circumstance ; and  
in proportion as he recovers his humanity, in every  
sense of that great obsolete word,—in proportion as he  
gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice,  
affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God  
above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances,  
and wield them at his will. *Kingsley*

O, but man, proud man ! dressed in a little brief  
authority ; most ignorant of what he's most assured :  
his glassy essence, like an angry ape, plays such fantastic  
tricks before high heaven, as make the angels weep.  
*Shakespeare\**

What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ;

## MAN

how infinite in faculties ; in form and moving, how express and admirable ! In action, how like an angel ; in apprehension, how like a god : the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ?  
*Shakespeare\**

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how complicate, how wonderful, is man ! Distinguished link in being's endless chain ! Midway from Nothing to the Deity !  
*Shakespeare\**

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt ! Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine ! Dim miniature of greatness absolute ! An heir of glory—a frail child of dust ! Helpless immortal—insect infinite ! A worm ! —a god !  
*Young\**

It is dangerous to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either ; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.

*Pascal*

A man is an animal that writes.

*Homer*

Weak in strength and knowledge as you are ; and humble as you ought to be—yet you are able to contemplate Omnipotence displayed before your eyes by examining your own body.

You are wonderfully made ; and, of all creatures, you only stand erect.

There has been added to your body something which you cannot see, and this something speaks to you in a way that is different from your senses. The body remains after this unseen part has fled, so it is no part

## MAN

of the body. It is immaterial ; therefore eternal. It is free to act ; therefore accountable for its actions.

Know Yourself, therefore, as the pride of Earth's creatures. You are the link uniting Divinity and Matter. There is a part of God Himself in you ; therefore, remember your own dignity and the command and superiority you have been given over all other creatures.

Be faithful to the Divine spark which is You ; and rejoice before your Creator with thanksgiving and praise.

*Dandemis*

I know my body's of so frail a kind, as force without, fevers within, can kill ; I know the heavenly nature of my mind, but 'tis corrupted both in wit and will. I know my soul hath power to know all things, yet is she blind and ignorant in all ; I know I'm one of nature's little kings, yet to the least and vilest things am thrall. I know my life's a pain, and but a span ; I know my sense is mocked in everything ; and, to conclude, I know myself a man—which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

*Davies\**

Man is a tool-using animal. Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half square-foot, insecurely enough ; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds ! Three quintals are a crushing load for him ; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use tools, can devise tools : with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him ; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste ; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without tools—without tools he is nothing ; with tools he is all.

*Carlyle*

## MAN

Are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings, and a cunning infinite concordance and unity ; you smite one string, and all strings will begin sounding,—in soft sphere-melody, or in deafening screech of madness !

*Carlyle*

Every man is a missionary now and for ever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society ; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world. But a blank he cannot be : there are no moral blanks ; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that speedily illuminates.

*Chalmers*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ; the proper study of mankind is man. Placed on this isthmus of a middle state, a being darkly wise and rudely great ; with too much knowledge for the sceptic side, with too much greatness for the stoic's pride ; he hangs between, in doubt to act or rest ; in doubt to deem himself a god or beast ; in doubt his mind or body to prefer. Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ; alike in ignorance, his reason such, whether he thinks too little or too much : chaos of passion—passions all confused ; still by himself abused or disabused ; created half to rise, and half to fall ; great lord of all things—yet a prey to all ; sole judge of truth,—in endless error hurled : the glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

*Pope\**

The man whom I consider as deserving of the name is one whose thoughts and actions are for others, not for himself alone ; whose lofty aim, adopted on just principles, is ne'er abandoned, while earth or heaven afford

## MAN

the means of its accomplishment. He is one who seeks not by any specious road to raise an indirect advantage, or takes a wrong path to gain a real good purpose : such were the man for whom a woman's heart should beat with constant truth while he exists, and break when he expires ! *Blanchard\**

A great man is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride ; and scorns either to trample on a worm, or sneak to an emperor. *Collier*

The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the darkest place or in the amen corner, nor the cornfield, but by his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask, and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, cur or king, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him : whether it crowns him, or pelts him with bad eggs. I care not what his reputation or religion may be : if his babies dread his home-coming and his wife swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and howls "Hallelujah !" until he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front door to meet him, and love's sunshine illuminates the face of his wife every time she hears his footfall, you can take it for granted he is pure, for his home is a heaven—and the humbug never gets near as near as that to the great White Throne of God. He may be a rank atheist and a red-flag anarchist ; he may buy votes in blocks of five, and bet on the elections ; he may deal cards from the bottom of the pack, and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular-saw, and still be an infinitely better man than the cowardly little humbug who is all suavity in society but who makes home a hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his wife and children an ill-nature

## MAN

he would like to inflict on his fellowmen, but dare not. I can forgive much in that fellow-mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep ; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife ; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

*Brann*

I heard a thousand blended notes while in a grove I sat reclined, in that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind. To her fair works did Nature link the human soul that through me ran ; and much it grieved my heart to think what man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower, the periwinkle trailed its wreaths ; and 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes. The birds around me hopped and played—their thoughts I cannot measure ; but the least motion that they made, it seemed a thrill of pleasure. The budding twigs spread out their fan to catch the breezy air ; and I must think, do all I can, that there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent—if such be Nature's holy plan, have I not reason to lament what man has made of man ?

*Wordsworth\**

Alas ! what differs more than man from man ! And whence that difference ? Whence but from himself ! The primal duties shine aloft like stars : the generous inclination, the just rule, kind wishes, good actions, and pure thoughts ; no mystery is here ! Here is no boon for high, yet not for low ; for proudly graced, yet not for meek of heart : the smoke ascends to heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth as from the haughtiest palace ! He whose Soul ponders this true equality may walk the fields of Earth with gratitude and hope !

*Wordsworth\**

## MAN

A MAN'S WORTH SHOULD ONLY  
BE RECKONED BY WHAT HE IS IN  
HIMSELF, NOT BY WHAT HE HAS.

*Beecher*



# MARRIAGE

OF ALL THE ACTIONS OF A  
MAN'S LIFE, HIS MARRIAGE  
LEAST CONCERNS OTHER PEOPLE ;  
YET, OF ALL HIS ACTIONS, IT IS  
THE MOST MEDDLED WITH BY  
OTHER PEOPLE.

*Selden*

Take the daughter of a good mother. *Fuller*

They who marry where they do not love will love  
where they do not marry. *Fuller*

Mothers who force their daughters into an interested marriage are worse than the Ammonites who sacrificed their children to Moloch : the latter did undergo a speedy death, but the former suffer years of torture, too frequently leading to the same result. *Rochester*

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is monarch. *Taylor*

A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. *Taylor*

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
when two, that are linked in one heavenly tie, with

## MARRIAGE

heart never changing, and brow never cold, love on through all ills, and love on till they die. One hour of a passion so sacred is worth whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ; and oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is this—it is this ! *Moore\**

There are six requisites in every happy marriage. The first is Faith, and the remaining five are Confidence.

*Hubbard*

Men who marry for gratification, or the matter of buttons or socks, must expect to cope with and deal in a certain amount of quibble, subterfuge, and deep-dyed prevarication. And these things stain the fabric of souls, and leave their mark upon futurity. *Hubbard*

The essence of marriage is companionship, and the woman you face across the coffee-urn every morning for ninety-nine years must both be able to appreciate your jokes and to sympathise with your aspirations. If this is not so the man will stray, actually, or else chase the ghosts of dead hopes through the graveyard of his dreams.

Brilliant men are but ordinary men, who at intervals are capable of brilliant performances. Not only are they ordinary most of the time, but often at times they are dull, perverse, prejudiced and absurd.

Your ordinary man who does the brilliant things would be ordinary all the time were it not for the fact that he is inspired by a woman.

Great thoughts and great deeds are the children of married minds ; and when you find a great man playing a big part on life's stage you will find in sight or just around the corner, a great woman. Read history !

A man alone is only half a man ; it takes the two to make the whole. Ideas are born of parents.

## MARRIAGE

Now life never did, nor can, consist in doing brilliant things all day long. Before breakfast most men are rogues. And even brilliant men are brilliant only two hours a day. These brilliant moments are exceptional. Life is life to everybody. We must eat, breathe, sleep, exercise, bathe, dress and lace our shoes. We must be decent to folks, agreeable to friends, talk when we should and be silent when we ought.

To be companionable—fit to live under the same roof with good people—consists neither in being pretty nor clever. It all hinges on the ability to serve. No man can love a woman long if she does not help him to carry the burden of life. He will support her for a few weeks, or possibly years, then if she doesn't show a disposition and ability to support him, her stock drops below par.

Men and women must go forward hand in hand—single file is savagery. A brilliant man is dependent on a woman, and the greater he is the more he needs her. The brilliant man wants a wife who is his chum, a companion to whom he can tell the things that he knows, or guesses, or hopes, one with whom he can be stupid and foolish—one with whom he can act out his nature. If she is stupid all the time, he will have to be brilliant all the time, and this will kill them both. To grin and bear it is a gradual dissolution; to bear it and not grin is death.

We are all just children in the Kindergarten of God, and we want play-fellows.

If a woman is pretty I would say it is no disadvantage provided she is able to forget it. But plainness of feature does not prohibit charm of manner, sincerity, honesty and the ability to be a good housekeeper and a noble mother.

A man wants a wife who is intellectually on his wire—one who, when he rings up, responds. This is Paradise!

*Hubbard*

## MARRIAGE

AS UNTO THE BOW THE CORD IS,  
SO UNTO THE MAN IS WOMAN ;  
THOUGH SHE BENDS HIM SHE OBEYS  
HIM ; THOUGH SHE DRAWS HIM  
YET SHE FOLLOWS : USELESS EACH  
WITHOUT THE OTHER.

*Longfellow\**

When a woman allows these precepts to sink into her heart, she charms her mind, and adds grace to her form ; so that her beauty, like a rose, retains its sweetness long after the bloom itself has withered.

She remembers that woman was created to be man's companion, and not the slave of his passions.

She assists man through his life, and soothes him with that tenderness which is the divine possession only of a woman.

She has sweetness and innocence in her mind ; and modesty is a crown of glory on her head.

She clothes herself with neatness ; and seeks to be doing something useful rather than to be employed in frivolous pursuits.

All her words are decent, so that the music of her speech has delicacy and truth.

She shows prudence in her gestures ; she lets wisdom walk before her ; she goes hand-in-hand with virtue, so that the tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence, and the awe of her pureness keeps it silent.

Thus the radiance of her soul shines forth, so that she is as the Evening Star in the heavens.

With the man of her dreams her life is a companionship of Love ; and her reward is peace and happiness.

Her eyes shine softness and love ; but she carries the sceptre of discretion on her brow.

## MARRIAGE

Her heart is a mansion of goodness : she does not suspect evil in others, and they do not look for it in her.

When scandal is busy and the reputations of others is being tossed from tongue to tongue, her sense of charity closes her ears, and the finger of good-nature rests upon her lips.

She presides in her home, and there is peace.

She rises in the morning and her hours are occupied usefully ; so that her home is one of elegance, frugality and comfort.

She informs the minds of her children with wisdom ; and they fashion their manners from the example of her own goodness. Her words are the laws of their youth ; and whatever she appoints is done, because her kindness lends speed to their actions.

In prosperity she is not puffed-up. And in adversity her patience heals the wounds of fortune.

She alleviates the troubles of her husband by good counsel, and she sweetens his misfortunes with her endearments.

Happy is the man who has made her his wife ; and happy are the children who call her Mother : she is what a woman should be ; and, by so being, she ever remains young in the fountain of her husband's love.

*Dandemis*

As a man, take to yourself a wife, and obey the ordinance of God : so shall you become a good member of society.

On your choice depends the happiness of your wife, your own, and that of your future children ; so use care and discretion.

If much of her time is given to dress and ornaments ; if she is enamoured with her own good looks ; if she is delighted with empty praise of herself ; if she talks with a loud voice ; if her feet are seldom in her father's

## MARRIAGE

house ; or, if her eyes rove with undue boldness towards the faces of other men, then, even though her beauty be ravishing, turn your eyes from her charms. Do not allow your soul to become ensnared by the allurements of passion.

But, if you find sensibility of heart with a softness of manner, and an accomplished mind with a form that appeals to you, then she is worthy to be your friend ; your companion through life ; the wife of your dreams, and the mother of your children.

Cherish her as a gift sent from heaven ; and let the kindness of your behaviour endear you to her heart. Make her the mistress of your home ; and treat her with respect, that all who know her may respect her also.

Do not oppose her wishes without just cause : she is the partner of your cares, so make her the companion of your pleasures.

Reprove her faults with gentleness ; and encourage her to point out your own, that you also may profit. Do not exact obedience from her with rigour : her nature is gentle, so be gentle also.

Trust her with your secrets and you will not be deceived, for her counsels will be sincere.

Be faithful to her : she is your temple, and the mother of your children.

When pain and sickness assail her, let your tenderness soothe her ; for one look of pity from you will alleviate her grief, will mitigate her pain, and will be more helpful than ten doctors.

Remember the delicacy of her sex, and the tenderness of her frame.

Be not severe to her weaknesses ; but remember your own imperfections.

Honour her ; and she will lead you to the gates of Heaven.

*Dandemis*

## MARRIAGE

The woman's cause is man's : they rise or sink together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.

For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse : could we make her as the man, sweet Love were slain : his dearest bond is this, not like to like, but like in difference. Yet in the long years liker must they grow ; the man be more of woman, she of man ; he gain in sweetness and in moral height, nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ; she mental breadth, nor fail in childward care, nor lose the child-like in the larger mind ; till at the last she set herself to man, like perfect music unto noble words.

*Tennyson\**

Yea, the poor wretch on bed of straw that lies, if she find favour in her husband's eyes, enjoys a happiness unknown to one, rich in all else, but poor in love alone. A loving wife is ever hard to find, as is a man that to his wife is kind.

*Buddha\**

MARRY BY ALL MEANS. IF YOU  
GET A GOOD WIFE YOU WILL  
BECOME VERY HAPPY ; IF YOU GET  
A BAD ONE YOU WILL BECOME A  
PHILOSOPHER—AND THAT IS GOOD  
FOR EVERY MAN !

*Socrates*

# MATERIALISM

The world is too much with us ; late and 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 boon ! This 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 wreathed  
horn.

*Wordsworth\**



# MERCY

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods? Draw near them then in being merciful : mercy is nobility's true badge. *Shakespeare\**

The quality of mercy is not strained : it droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed : it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes : 'tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown : his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute of awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ; but mercy is above this sceptred sway—it is enthroned in the hearts of kings—it is an attribute to God himself ; and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice. *Shakespeare\**

Great minds erect their never-failing trophies on the firm base of mercy ; but to triumph over a suppliant, by proud fortune captivated, argues a bastard conquest. *Massinger\**

The hero lifts his sword against the enemy who resists ; but no sooner does he submit, than he is satisfied. It is not an honour to trample on the object that fears ; it is not a virtue to insult an enemy who is beneath you ; so, subdue the insolent, then spare the humble, and you are at the summit of victory. Every man may be viewed in two lights : in one he will be troublesome ; in the other, less offensive. Choose to see him in that light which least hurts you ; then you will not wish to harm him. *Dandemis*

# MIND

**I** MUST DIE. BUT MUST I THEN  
DIE SORROWING? I MUST BE  
PUT IN CHAINS. MUST I THEN  
ALSO LAMENT? I MUST GO INTO  
EXILE. CAN I BE PREVENTED FROM  
GOING WITH CHEERFULNESS AND  
CONTENTMENT? YOU SAY : “ BUT  
I WILL PUT YOU IN PRISON.” MAN,  
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU  
MAY PUT MY BODY IN PRISON,  
BUT MY MIND NOT EVEN ZEUS  
HIMSELF CAN OVERPOWER !

*Epictetus*

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honour appeareth in the meanest habit. What, is the jay more precious than the lark, because his feathers are more beautiful ? Or is the adder better than the eel, because his painted skin contents the eye ? O, no, good Kate ! neither art thou the worse for this poor furniture and mean array.

*Shakespeare\**

The mind has no horizon ; it looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind in all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.

*Shakespeare\**

## MIND

The great business of a man is to improve his mind :  
all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power  
to compass or not, are only amusements. *Pliny*

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a  
heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. *Milton\**

# MISFORTUNE

**W**HEN YOU FEEL UNEASINESS,  
AND BEWAIL MISFORTUNES,  
YOU SHOULD EXAMINE THE ROOTS  
FROM WHICH THEY SPRING—EVEN  
DOWN TO YOUR OWN FOLLY,  
YOUR OWN PRIDE, OR YOUR OWN  
DISTEMPERED FANCY. DO NOT  
MURMUR, THEREFORE, BUT COR-  
RECT YOURSELF.

*Dandemis*

Happy the man who can endure the highest and the lowest fortune. He who has endured such vicissitudes with equanimity has deprived misfortune of its power.

*Seneca*

Oftentimes calamity turns to our advantage ; and great ruins make way for greater glories.

*Seneca*

If all men would bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own troubles home again, rather than to take a proportion out of the common stock.

*Solon*

In struggling with misfortune lies the proof of virtue.

*Shakespeare\**

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed ; men help thee most that think thou hast no need ; but if the

## MISFORTUNE

world once thy misfortunes know, thou soon shalt lose  
a friend and find a foe. *Randolph\**

Our worst misfortunes are those that never happen :  
our miseries lie in anticipation. *Balzac*

Why should man's heart give up joy when the causes of joy have not been removed from him ! Why be miserable for the sake of misery ! Ask men if their sadness makes things the better, and they themselves will confess to you that it is folly ; they will go even further and praise him who bears his ills with patience, and who makes headway against misfortune with courage. Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow heals misfortune ; for sorrow is a poison under the colour of a remedy : while it pretends to draw the arrow from the breast, it plunges it into the heart.

It is not in our nature to meet the arrows of ill-fortune unhurt—nor does reason require it of us ; but it is our duty to bear misfortune like men. The greatest misfortune is not to be reckoned from the number of tears shed for it : the greatest griefs are above those testimonies, as are the greatest joys beyond utterance.

*Dandemis*

As the water that passes from the mountains on its way to the ocean kisses every field that borders the rivers, so Fortune visits the sons of men : her motion is incessant ; she does not stay in one place ; she is unstable as the winds ; she kisses you, and you are blessed—but, as you turn to thank her, she has gone to another !

The wise man makes everything the means of advantage ; and with the same countenance he looks upon all the faces of Fortune : he does good ; he conquers evil—and he is unmoved in it all. *Dandemis*

# MODERATION

Who loves the golden mean is safe from the poverty of a tenement, and is free from the envy of a palace.

*Horace*

It is best to rise from life as from a banquet—neither thirsty nor drunken.

*Aristotle*

Everything that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an unstable foundation.

*Seneca*

Be moderate in your enjoyment and it will remain in your possession ; let joy be founded on reason, and then sorrow will be a stranger to you. The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, and they terminate in languishment and dejection ; and the object you burn for nauseates with satiety, and no sooner is it possessed than its presence is wearisome. Join esteem in your admiration ; unite friendship with your love ; be moderate in all things—so shall you find in the end that contentment surpasses raptures : that tranquillity is worth more than ecstasy.

*Dandemis*

# MORALITY

IF WE ARE TOLD THAT A MAN IS RELIGIOUS WE STILL ASK WHAT ARE HIS MORALS. BUT IF WE HEAR AT FIRST THAT HE HAS HONEST MORALS, AND IS A MAN OF NATURAL JUSTICE AND GOOD TEMPER, WE SELDOM THINK OF THE OTHER QUESTION, WHETHER HE BE RELIGIOUS AND DEVOUT.

*Shaftesbury*

There are many religions, but there is only one morality.

*Ruskin*

When everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth scatheless : it is by holding fast to those grand, simple landmarks of morality—those things which are certain still. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks.

*Robertson*

## MORALITY

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

*Froude*



# MOUNTAINS

In such communion, while yet a child, had I perceived the presence and the power of greatness. Early had I learned to reverence the volume that displays the mystery—the life which cannot die ; but in the mountains did I feel my faith. All things, responsive to the writing, there breathed immortality ; revolving life, and greatness still revolving—infinite ! There littleness was not : the least of things seemed infinite. Low desires, low thoughts had there no place : yet was my heart lowly, for I was meek in gratitude.

*Wordsworth\**

I glance an upward look on two huge peaks, that from some other vale peer into this. Many are the notes which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth from rocks ; and well these lofty brethren bear their part in the wild concert—chiefly when the storm rides high. Then all the upper air they fill with roaring sound that ceases not to flow, like smoke, along the level of the blast in mighty current ; theirs, too, is the song of stream and headlong flood ; and, methinks, I have heard them echo back the thunder's greeting.

What a joy to roam an equal among mightiest energies ; and haply, sometimes, with articulate voice amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard by him that utters it, exclaim aloud, " Rage on, ye elements ! "

Nor have Nature's laws left them ungifted with a power to yield music of a finer tone—a harmony, though it be the hand of silence, though there be no voice. The clouds, the mists, the shadows, light of golden suns, motions of moonlight all come hither—touch, and have an answer—thither come and shape a language not unwelcome to sick hearts.

There the sun himself rests between those two heights ; and on the top of either pinnacle in night's blue vault

## MOUNTAINS

sparkle the stars : glory beyond all glory ever seen,  
sinking far and self-withdrawn into a boundless deep—  
far sinking into splendour without end !

Clouds, mists, rocks and sapphire sky confused : co-  
mingled, mutually inflamed, molten together—each  
lost in each, a marvellous array vast in size, in abund-  
ance glorified ; in vision, forms uncouth of mightiest  
power for admiration and mysterious awe.

*Wordsworth\**

Above me are the Alps—the palaces of Nature, whose  
vast walls have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
and throned Eternity in icy halls of cold sublimity ;  
where forms and falls the avalanche—the thunderbolt  
of snow !

All that expands the spirit, yet appals, gather round  
these summits, as to show how Earth may pierce to  
Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

*Byron\**

# MUSIC

THE MAN THAT HATH NO  
MUSIC IN HIMSELF, NOR IS  
NOT MOVED WITH CONCORD  
OF SWEET SOUNDS, IS FIT FOR  
TREASON, STRATAGEMS, AND  
SPOILS; THE MOTIONS OF HIS  
SPIRIT ARE DULL AS NIGHT, AND  
HIS AFFECTIONS DARK AS EREBUS :  
LET NO SUCH MAN BE TRUSTED.

*Shakespeare\**

From harmony, from heavenly harmony, this universal frame began : when Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay, and could not heave her head, the tuneful voice was heard from high, Arise, ye more than dead ! Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry in order to their stations leap, and Music's power obey. From harmony, from heavenly harmony this universal frame began ; from harmony to harmony through all the compass of the notes it ran, the diapason closing full in Man.

As from the power of sacred lays the spheres began to move, and sung the great Creator's praise to all the blest above ; so when the last and dreadful hour this crumbling pageant shall devour, the trumpet shall be heard on high, the dead shall live, the living die, and Music shall untune the sky.

*Dryden\**

Sweetest melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet.

*Wordsworth\**

## MUSIC

Music moves us, and we know not why ; we feel the tears, but cannot trace their source. Is it the language of some other state, born of its memory ? For what can wake the soul's strong instinct of another world, like music ?  
*London*

Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.

*Napoleon*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ! Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony. . . .

Such harmony is in immortal souls ; but, whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
*Shakespeare\**

If music be the food of love, play on. *Shakespeare\**

There is music in all things, if men had ears. *Byron\**

Music is the universal language of mankind.

*Longfellow\**

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us ? It is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that !  
*Carlyle*

Music is the fourth great material want of our natures—first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music.

*Bovee*

If I had my life to live over again, I would have made

## MUSIC

a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week ; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active by use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature. *Darwin*

MUSIC IS A THING OF THE SOUL  
—A ROSE-LIPPED SHELL THAT  
MURMURS OF THE ETERNAL SEA :  
A STRANGE BIRD SINGING THE  
SONGS OF ANOTHER SHORE.

*Holland*

# NATURE

**A**FTER SO MANY AGES OF EXPERIENCE, WHAT DO WE KNOW OF NATURE, OR OF OURSELVES? NOT ONE STEP HAS MAN TAKEN TOWARD THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF HIS OWN DESTINY. IN ONE CONDEMNATION OF FOLLY STAND THE WHOLE UNIVERSE OF MEN.

*Emerson*

If thou are worn and hard beset with sorrows that thou wouldst forget ; if thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, go to the woods and hills !

*Longfellow\**

Nature paints not in oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven with sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds and flying vapours.

*Longfellow\**

Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple that she dropped at the feet of Newton was but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars.

*Whipple*

There is religion in everything around us—a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of Nature,

## NATURE

which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart ; it comes quietly, and without excitement ; it **has** no terror, no gloom in its approaches ; it does not rouse up the passions ; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man ; it is fresh from the hands of its Author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit which pervades and quickens it ; it is written on the arched sky ; it looks out from every star ; it is on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind ; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates, before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage ; it is spread out like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean ; it is the poetry of Nature ; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation ; it is that which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality, and which opens to us a world of spiritual beauty and holiness. *Ruskin*

The hand of Nature on peculiar minds imprints a different bias, and to each decrees its province in the common toil.

Some with finer mould She wrought and tempered with a purer flame. To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds the world's harmonious volume, there to read the transcript of Himself. On every part they trace the bright impressions of His hand ; in earth, or air, the meadow's purple stores, the moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form blooming with rosy smiles, they see portrayed that uncreated Beauty which delights the Mind Supreme. They also feel Her charms, enamoured : they partake of eternal joy. *Akenside\**

## NATURE

There is a gentler element, and man may breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters till the heart is pure. And this is human happiness ! Its secret and its evidence are writ in the broad book of Nature. 'Tis to have attentive and believing faculties ; to go abroad rejoicing in the joy of beautiful and well-created things ; to love the voice of waters, and the sheen of silver fountains leaping to the sea ; to thrill with the rich melody of birds living their life of music ; to be glad in the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm ; to see a beauty in the stirring leaf and find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree ; to see, and hear, and breathe the evidence of God's deep wisdom in the natural world ! *Willis\**

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ; there is a rapture on the lonely shore ; there is society where none intrudes, by the deep sea, and music of its roar. I love not man the less, but Nature more. *Byron\**

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art—but Nature's works, far lovelier. *Cowper\**

Sweep away the illusion of Time ; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover. Oh, could I transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder ! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God ; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, reveals Him to the wise, and hides Him from the foolish. *Carlyle*



## NATURE

System of Nature ! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion ; and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square miles.

The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a planet, is partly known to us : but who knows what deeper courses these depend on ; what infinitely larger Cycle our little Epicycle revolves on ? To the minnow every pebble and cranny, and quality and accident, of its little native creek may have become familiar : but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade-winds, and monsoons, and moon's eclipses ; by all which even the condition of its little creek is regulated ? Such a minnow is Man ; his creek this planet Earth ; his ocean the immeasurable All ; his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious Course of Providence through æons and æons.

*Carlyle*

Nature is an Æolian harp, a musical instrument whose tones re-echo the higher strings within us.

*Novalis*

A deep mysterious sympathy doth bind the human heart to Nature's beauties all ; we know not, guess not, of its force or kind, but what it is we know, when ill doth fall upon us—when our hearts are seared and riven, we seek the forest lands for peace and heaven.

*Nicol\**

From Nature and her overflowing soul I had received so much that all my thoughts were steeped in feeling ; I was only then contented when, with bliss ineffable, I felt the sentiment of Being spread o'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ; o'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought and human knowledge, to the human eye invisible, yet liveth to the heart. Great the joy I felt when communing in this sort through

## NATURE

earth and heaven towards the Uncreated, with a countenance of adoration, with an eye of love. . . .

I looked for Universal things ; perused the common countenance of earth and sky : earth nowhere unembellished by some trace of that first Paradise ; and sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed by the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven. I called on both to teach me what they might ; or, turning the mind in upon herself, pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts and spread them with a wider creeping ; felt incumbencies more awful, visitings of the Upholder of the tranquil Soul that tolerates the dignities of Time, and, from the centre of Eternity all finite motions overruling, lives in glory immutable.

To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower—even the loose stones that cover the highway, I gave a moral life : I saw them feel, or linked them with some feeling : the great mass lay bedded in a quickening Soul, and all that I beheld respired with inward meaning. The bodily eye was searching out the lines of difference as they lie hid in all external forms, near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf, to the broad ocean and the azure heavens spangled with kindred multitudes of stars, could find no surface where its power might sleep. . . . The power which Nature thus to bodily sense exhibits, is the express resemblance of that glorious faculty that higher minds bear with them as their own. This is the very soul in which they deal with the whole compass of the Universe : they, from their native selves, can send abroad kindred mutations ; for themselves create a like existence ; and, whene'er it dawns created for them, catch it, or are caught by its inevitable mastery, like angels stopped upon the wing by sound of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres. Them the enduring and the transient both serve to

## NATURE

exalt ; they build up greatest things from least suggestions ; in a world of life they live by sensible impressions not enthralled, but by their quickening impulse made more prompt to hold fit converse with the Spiritual World, and with the generations of mankind spread over time, past, present, and to come, age after age, until Time shall be no more.

Such Minds are truly from the Deity, for they are Powers ; and hence the highest bliss that flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness of whom they are, habitually infused through every image and through every thought, and all affections by communion raised from earth to Heaven, from human to Divine. Hence endless occupation for the Soul, hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life, emotions which best foresight need not fear : most worthy then of trust when most intense. Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ may with fit reverence be applied—we feel that Peace which passeth understanding, that repose in moral judgments which from this pure source must come or will by man be sought in vain. . . .

Enquire of ancient wisdom ; go, demand of mighty Nature if 'twas ever meant that we should pry far off yet be unraised ! If, indeed, there be an all-pervading Spirit, upon Whom our dark foundations rest, could He design that this magnificence of power—the Earth we tread, the sky that we behold by day, and all the pomp which night reveals ; that these, and that superior mystery—our vital frame and the Soul within it, should exist only to be examined, pondered, searched, probed, vexed and criticised ? Accuse me not of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am, if, having walked with Nature, I now affirm of Nature and of Truth, whom I have served, that Their Divinity revolts, offended at the ways of men who prize the Soul no more than as a mirror that

## NATURE

reflects to proud self-love her own intelligence—that one poor finite object in the abyss of Infinite Being twinkling restlessly ! . . .

To every form and Being is assigned an Active Principle—howe’er removed from sense and observation. It subsists in all things and in all natures: in the stars of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds, in flower and tree, in every pebbly stone that paves the brooks, the stationary rocks, the moving waters, and the invisible air.

Whate’er exists hath properties that spread beyond itself, communicating good, a simple blessing, or with evil mixed ; spirit that knows no insulated spot, no chasm, no solitude ; from link to link it circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.

This is the freedom of the Universe, unfolded still the more, more visible the more we know ; and yet is revered least, and least respected in the human mind, its most apparent home ! . . .

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her ; ’tis Her privilege through all the years of this our life, to lead from joy to joy ; for She can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life shall e’er prevail against us or disturb our cheerful faith, that all which we behold is full of blessings. . . .

I have learned to look on Nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes the still sad music of humanity, nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power to chasten and subdue. Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows and the woods, and mountains ; and of all that we behold from this green earth ; of all the mighty world of eye, and ear—both what they half-create, and what perceive ; well

## NATURE

pleased to recognise in Nature and the language of the sense the anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul of all my moral being. . . .

*Wordsworth\**

All those who love Nature she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world—not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind.

*Avebury*

The noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his Creator. To him whom the science of Nature delights, every object brings a proof of his God ; and everything that proves this gives cause for adoration.

Cast your eyes towards the cloud. Do you not find the heavens full of wonders ? Look down at the Earth. Does not the worm proclaim to you : “ Could less than Omnipotence have formed me ? ” The planets follow their courses ; the sun remains in his place ; the comet wanders through space and returns to his destined road again. What but an Infinite Wisdom could have appointed them their laws ? Can the meanest fly create itself ?—could you have fashioned it ?

You who see the whole as admirable as its parts cannot better employ your eye in tracing out your Creator’s greatness in them ; or your mind than in examining the wonders of Creation.

What is the study of words compared with this ? Wherein is Knowledge, but in the study of Nature ?

*Dandemis*

The happiest man is he who learns from Nature the lesson of worship.

*Emerson*

## NATURE

In private places, amid sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle : Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does She follow his steps with the rose and the violet. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture.

A virtuous man is in unison with Her works ; and in common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—the persons, the opinions, and the day, and Nature became ancillary to the Man.

*Emerson*

ACCUSE NOT NATURE, SHE HATH  
DONE HER PART ; DO THOU BUT  
THINE !

*Milton\**

# NIGHT

A lone owl's hoot—the waterfall's faint drip—or insect stir among the emerald leaves—or infant wind rifling the pearly tips of sleeping flowers, alone disturb the stillness of the scene.

Spirit of all ! as up yon star-hung deep of air, the eye and heart mount together, man's immortality within him speaks that Thou art all around ! Thy beauty walks in airy music o'er the midnight heavens, Thy glory garmenteth the slumbering world. *Montgomery\**

How beautiful is night ! A dewy freshness fills the silent air ; no mist obscures, no cloud, nor speck, nor stain breaks the serene of heaven ; in full-orbed glory yonder moon rolls through the dark blue depths.

*Southey\**

The contemplation of night should lead to elevating rather than to depressing ideas. Who can fix his mind on transitory and earthly things in the presence of those glittering myriads of worlds ; and who can dread death or solitude in the midst of this brilliant, animated universe, composed of countless suns and worlds, all full of light, of life and motion ?

*Richter*

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.

*Longfellow\**

I love night more than day—she is so lovely ; but I love night the most because she brings my love to me in dreams which scarcely lie.

*Bailey\**

Oh ! sweet and beautiful is night when the silver moon is high, and countless stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky, while the balmy breath of the

## NIGHT

summer breeze comes whispering down the glen, and one fond voice alone is heard—oh ! night is lovely then !  
*Barham\**

The stars are forth ; the moon above the tops of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful ! I linger yet with Nature, for the night hath been to me a more familiar face than that of man ; and, in her starry shade of dim and solitary loveliness, I learned the language of another world.

I do remember me, that in my youth, when I was wandering, upon such a night I stood within the Coliseum's wall midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ; the trees which grew along the broken arches waved dark in the blue moonlight, and the stars shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar a watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and more near, from out the Cæsar's palace, came the owl's long cry. . . .

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon all this, and cast a wide and tender light, which softened down the hoar austerity of rugged desolation, and filled up, as it were, anew, the gaps of centuries, leaving that beautiful which still was so, and making that which was not, till the place became religion, and the heart ran over with silent worship of the great of old !

*Byron\**

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night, and storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength, as is the light of a dark eye in woman !

Far along, from peak to peak, the rattling crags among, leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud, but every mountain now hath found a tongue, and Jura answers through her misty shroud, back to the mighty Alps who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night !—Most glorious night ! thou



## NIGHT

wert not sent for slumber ! Let me be a sharer in thy  
fierce delight : a portion of the tempest, and of thee !

*Byron\**

I would walk alone under the quiet stars, and at that  
time have felt whate'er there is in power of sound to  
breathe an elevated mood, by form or image unpro-  
fane ; and I would stand, if the night blackened  
with a coming storm, beneath some rock, listening to  
notes that are the ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
or make their dim abode in distant winds.

*Wordsworth\**

# OATHS

Oaths are but words, and words but wind. *Butler*

What use of oaths if men regard no God ? *Waller\**

Teach men to be honest, and oaths will be unnecessary.  
*Dandemis*

I say unto you, swear not at all ; neither by heaven ; nor by the earth ; neither by Jerusalem. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay : for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.  
*Jesus Christ*

# OBEDIENCE

Let them obey who know not how to rule. *Shakespeare\**

My son Hannibal will be a great general, because of all my soldiers he best knows how to obey. *Hamilcar*

Be it remembered that we command Nature, as it were, by obeying Nature's laws ; so the woman who would control her husband does so through obedience.  
*Haliburton*

At the time of marriage the idea of his wife obeying him is the farthest from the mind of the average man, and the lawyer-like request to strike out a certain word, of which he had never thought, savours so much of a cold matter of the head, that for the instant all the tenderness in his heart is chilled.

Now, very, very seldom does a man want his wife to slavishly obey him, but in the heart of even the most stupid of men is a singular repugnance against having his wishes disregarded by his family.

Often a woman's cleverness and shrewdness and secrecy are her undoing—no good substitute has yet been found for simplicity and truth. In love affairs, centuries of serfdom have bred in the minds of women a sharpness and a smartness in love affairs that very few men possess. If a woman is big enough she will keep this shrewdness entirely out of sight, and then she may lead her liege and he will never be aware of it. But if she is yet a little bigger she will not be a party to an alliance where there is not absolute trust, reverence and perfect faith. In which case, can you imagine her prompting the clergyman as to what he shall say, or what omit? To accept the rites of the Church, and then stickle at this or that implies that somebody is in doubt, and is getting ready for an

## OBEDIENCE

emergency. The woman who stipulates is lost—she is preparing for trouble : and has not a wise man said that we get anything for which we prepare ?

The woman who thinks that a clergyman “marries them ” is possessed of the mind of a microbe. She believes that if the preacher uses the word “obey,” she will have to do it ; and if he does not use the word, she need not. She is so soulless that she does not know that the spirit which actuates the couple, and not the words of the priest, controls the destiny of the man and woman.

No woman is worthy to be a wife who, on her marriage day, is not absolutely lost in an atmosphere of love and perfect trust ; and the supreme sacredness of the relation is the only thing which, at the time, should possess her soul. Is she a bawd that she should bargain ?

Women should not “obey ” men any more than men should “obey ” women ; but at the last, the desire of a man and a woman who are mentally and spiritually mated is to obey each other.

Obey ? God help me ! Yes, if I loved a woman, my whole heart's desire would be to obey her slightest wish. To bargain and stipulate in love is to lose. The price of a perfect love is an absolute surrender. Perfect faith implies perfect love ; and perfect love casteth out fear. It is the fear of imposition, and the lurking intent to rule on her own part, that causes the woman to haggle over a word—it is an absence of love, a limitation, an incapacity. To win, we must give all.

*Hubbard*

# OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll ! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ; man marks the earth with his ruin—his control stops with the shore.

*Byron\**

O thou vast ocean ! ever-sounding sea ! thou symbol of a drear immensity ! Thou thing that windest round the solid world like a huge animal, which, downward hurled from the black clouds, lies weltering and alone, lashing and writhing till its strength be gone. Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep. . . .

Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element ! and fearful in thy spleeny humours bent, and lovely in repose ; thy summer form is beautiful, and when thy silver waves make music in earth's dark and winding caves, I love to wander on thy pebbled beach, marking the sunlight at the evening hour, and hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—Eternity—Eternity, and Power.

*Procter\**

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ; the holy time is quiet as a nun breathless with adoration ; the broad sun is sinking down in its tranquillity ; the gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea. . . .

Listen ! the mighty Being is awake, and doth with his eternal motion make a sound like thunder—ever-lastingly.

*Wordsworth\**

# OPINION

**D**O NOT CONDEMN THE JUDG-  
MENT OF ANOTHER BECAUSE  
IT DIFFERS FROM YOUR OWN.  
MAY YOU NOT BOTH BE IN ERROR ?

*Dandemis*

If a man would register all his opinions upon love,  
politics, religion, and learning, what a bundle of in-  
consistencies and contradictions would appear at last !  
*Swift*

The greatest part of mankind have no other reason  
for their opinions than that they are in fashion.  
*Johnson*

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves  
more than they love truth.  
*Joubert*

The only sin which we never forgive in each other is  
difference of opinion.  
*Emerson*

Orthodoxy on one side of the Pyrenees may be heresy  
on the other.  
*Pascal*

Do not set your judgment above that of all the earth,  
neither condemn as falsehood that which does not  
happen to agree with your own understanding.  
Remember how many things have been rejected which  
are now received as truths ; and those which are now  
received as truths which shall, in their turn, be rejected.  
Have not truth and falsehood the same appearance

## OPINION

in any subject we do not understand ? What, then, but our presumption determines between them ! We easily believe anything—or we are proud to pretend it—in order that we may appear to have wisdom. Is not this folly and arrogance ?

Do not say that truth is established by years ; or that in a multitude of believers there is any certainty. One human proposition has as much right of authority as any other, if reason does not make any difference.

*Dandemis*

# OPPORTUNITY

A WISE MAN MAKES MORE  
OPPORTUNITIES THAN HE  
FINDS.

*Bacon*

Opportunities are not to be neglected : they rarely  
visit us twice. *Voltaire*

The opportunity of doing mischief is found a hundred  
times a day : that of doing good once a year. *Voltaire*

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered,  
shall never find it more. *Shakespeare\**

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at  
the flood, leads on to fortune ; omitted, all the voyage  
of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries :  
we must take the current when it serves, or lose our  
ventures. *Shakespeare\**

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by  
striking. *Cromwell*



# OSTENTATION

An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person. *Addison*

Do not clothe yourself in rich attire in order to court observation, lest you become puffed up in your own imagination. Nothing blinds the eye, or hides the heart of a man from himself, like vanity. Remember that it is when you do not see yourself that others see you most plainly. Do not say, "To what end my gorgeous raiment; to what purpose are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them, or if the world knows it not?" Better would it be if you gave your vestures to the naked, and your food to the hungry; for thus you would be praised, and thus you would deserve it. . . .

Do not treat inferiors with insolence, lest your own superiors look down upon your pride and folly with laughter. As a plain garment best adorns a beautiful woman, so is modest behaviour the greatest ornament of wisdom. . . .

When you do anything worthy of praise, do not let your joy be to proclaim it; for men do not say: "Behold! he has done it"; what they do say is: "See how proud he is of it!"

*Dandemis*

Do not esteem a man for his titles, nor condemn the stranger because he lacks them: you cannot judge the camel by his bridle. *Dandemis*

Show is not substance; realities govern wise men!  
*Penn*

# PASSION

All passion exaggerates : it is passion only because it does exaggerate. *Chamfort*

Passions do not die out : they burn out. *de Lenclos*

Govern your passions, or they will govern you. *Horace*

Give me the man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts. *Shakespeare\**

Passions are likened best to floods and streams : the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ; so, when affection yields discourse, it seems the bottom is but shallow whence it comes. *Raleigh\**

# PEACE

I AM A MAN OF PEACE. GOD  
KNOWS HOW I LOVE PEACE ;  
BUT I HOPE I SHALL NEVER BE  
SUCH A COWARD AS TO MISTAKE  
OPPRESSION FOR PEACE.

*Kossuth*

Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.  
*Milton\**

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride. If these were banished, we should enjoy perpetual peace. *Petrarch*

We love peace ; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets. *Ferrol*

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or argument ; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. *Ruskin*

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.  
*Emerson*

For I have dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, saw the vision of the world, and all the

## PEACE

wonder that would be ; saw the heavens fill with commerce—argosies of magic sails—pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales ; heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew from the Nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm, with the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm ; till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled in the Parliament of Man—the Federation of the World.

*Tennyson\**

# PERSEVERANCE

**I**F YOU BELIEVE A THING IM-  
POSSIBLE, YOUR DESPONDENCY  
WILL MAKE IT SO ; BUT IF YOU  
PERSEVERE, YOU WILL OVERCOME  
EVERY DIFFICULTY.

*Dandemis*

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable ; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

*Chesterfield*

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something ; the strongest, by dispensing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock ; but the hasty torrent rushes over it with tremendous uproar, and leaves no mark upon it.

*Carlyle*

Every noble work is at first impossible.

*Carlyle*

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance ; it is by this that the quarry becomes the pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed with their disproportion ; yet those

## PERSEVERANCE

petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

*Johnson*

# PHILOSOPHY

Whence ? whither ? why ? how ?—these questions cover all philosophy. *Joubert*

The philosopher is he to whom the highest has descended, and the lowest has mounted up ; who is the equal and kindly brother of all. *Carlyle*

When philosophy has gone as far as she is able, she arrives at Almightyness, and in that labyrinth is lost ; where, not knowing the way, she goes on by guess and cannot tell whether she is right or wrong ; and, like a petty river, is swallowed up in the boundless ocean of Omnipotency. *Feltham*

Philosophy alone makes the mind invincible, and places us out of the reach of fortune, so that all her arrows fall short of us. *Seneca*

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough, a flask of wine, a book of verse, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness—and wilderness is Paradise enow ! The worldly hope men set their hearts upon turns ashes—or it prospers ; and anon, like snow upon the desert's dusty face lighting a little hour or two, is gone. Think, in this battered caravanserai—whose doorways are alternate night and day—how Sultan after Sultan with his pomp abode his hour or two, and went his way. I sometimes think that never blows so red the rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ; that every hyacinth the garden wears, dropped in its lap from some once lovely head. And this delightful herb, whose tender green fledges the river's lip on which we lean—ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows from what once lovely lip it springs unseen ! Lo ! some we loved, the loveliest and best that Time and Fate of all Their

## PHILOSOPHY

vintage pressed, have drunk their cup a round or two before, and one by one crept silently to rest.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument about it and about : but evermore came out by the same door as in I went. With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow, and with my own hand laboured it to grow ; and this was all the harvest that I reaped—" I came like water, and like wind I go." Into this universe, and why, not knowing; nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing ! And out of it, as wind along the waste, I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing. Up from earth's centre through the Seventh Gate I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate, and many knots unravelled by the road ; but not the knot of human Death and Fate. There was a door to which I found no key : there was a veil past which I could not see : some little talk awhile of Me and Thee there seemed—and then no more of Thee and Me ! Alas, that Spring should vanish with the rose ! That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close ! The nightingale that in the branches sang, ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

Ah Love ! could thou and I with Fate conspire to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, would we not shatter it to bits—and then re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

*Omar Khayyam\**



# PLEASURE

PUT ONLY THIS RESTRICTION  
ON YOUR PLEASURES : BE  
CAUTIOUS THAT THEY HURT NO  
CREATURE THAT HAS LIFE.

*Zimmermann*

Enjoy your present pleasures so as not to injure those  
that are to follow.

*Seneca*

The bow cannot stand always bent, nor can human  
nature subsist without some lawful recreation.

*Cervantes*

Do not let your recreations be expensive, lest the pain  
in purchasing them exceed the pleasure of their  
enjoyment. . . .

Be moderate in your enjoyment, and it will remain in  
your possession ; let joy be founded on reason, and  
then sorrow will be a stranger to you.

*Dandemis*

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination,  
make a just computation between the duration of the  
pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to  
follow it.

*Epictetus*

People should be guarded against unlawful pleasures  
by furnishing them the means of innocent ones. In  
every community there must be pleasures ; and if  
innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to  
criminal. Man was meant to enjoy as well as to labour,  
and the state of society should be adapted to this  
principle of human nature.

*Channing*

## PLEASURE

Recreation barred, what doth ensue but moody and dull melancholy—kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ; and at their heels, a huge infectious troop of pale distemperatures and foes to life. *Shakespeare\**

Business is a game, and we are all in it. It requires a terrific, unending energy to succeed. But the men who do big things are those who occasionally get away from the mass and find rest and recreation where the winds blow and the soothing waters flow ; where the odour of the pines is perpetual, and where Nature supplies everything in the way of health and healing that tired bodies demand. *Hubbard*

# POETRY

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ; and, as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them into shapes, and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.

*Shakespeare\**

A poet is the translator of the silent language of Nature to the world.

*Griswold*

Poetry is the music of thought, conveyed to us in the music of language.

*Chatfield*

Music : how much lies in that ! A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing ; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely the melody that lies hidden in it ; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious ; naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us ? It is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that !

All deep things are song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, song ; as if all the rest were but wrappings and hull ! The primal element of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies : it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature ; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music.

Poetry, therefore, we will call musical thought. The poet is he who thinks in that manner. At bottom it turns still on power of intellect : it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. See deep

## POETRY

enough, and you see musically ; the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

*Carlyle*

We have more poets than judges and interpreters of poetry. It is easier to write an indifferent poem than to understand a good one. There is, indeed, a certain low and moderate sort of poetry, that a man may well enough judge by certain rules of art ; but the true, supreme, and divine poesy is equally above all rules and reason. And whoever discerns the beauty of it with the most assured and most steady sight sees no more than the quick reflection of a flash of lightning.

*Montaigne*

When descends on the Atlantic the gigantic storm-wind of the equinox, landward in his wrath he scourges the toiling surges, laden with seaweed from the rocks : from Bermuda's reefs ; from the edges of sunken ledges in some far-off bright Azore ; from Bahama, and the dashing silver-flashing surges of San Salvador. Ever drifting, drifting, drifting on the shifting currents of the restless main ; till in sheltered coves, and reaches of sandy beaches, all have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion strike the ocean of the poet's soul, ere long from each cave and rocky fastness, in its vastness, floats some fragment of a song : from the far-off isles enchanted, Heaven has planted with the golden fruit of Truth ; from the flashing surf, whose vision gleams Elysian in the tropic clime of Youth. Ever drifting, drifting, drifting on the shifting currents of the restless heart ; till at length in books recorded, they, like hoarded household words, no more depart.

*Longfellow\**

# POLITENESS

The only true source of politeness is consideration : that vigilant moral sense which never loses sight of the rights, the claims, and the sensibilities of others. This is the one quality, over all others, necessary to make a gentleman. *Simms*

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself. *Chesterfield*

It is a part of good breeding that a man should be polite even to himself. *Richter*

# POVERTY

O GOD ! THAT BREAD SHOULD  
BE SO DEAR, AND FLESH AND  
BLOOD SO CHEAP !

*Hood\**

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor. *Landon*

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income. *Bruyère*

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man : the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting. *Jameson*

He is not poor who has the use of necessary things.  
*Horace*

We should not so much esteem our poverty as a misfortune, were it not that the world treats it so much as a crime.  
*Bovee*

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.  
*Johnson*

In a change of government the poor change nothing but the name of their masters.  
*Phaedrus*

It is all very fine to talk about tramps and morality. Six hours of police surveillance (such as I have had), or one brutal rejection from an inn door, change your views upon the subject like a course of lectures. As

## POVERTY

long as you keep in the upper regions, with all the world bowing to you as you go, social arrangements have a very handsome air ; but once get under the wheels, and you wish society were at the devil. I will give most respectable men a fortnight of such a life, and then I will offer them two pence for what remains of their morality. *Stevenson*

Morality and religion are but words to him who fishes in gutters for the means of sustaining life, and crouches behind barrels in the street for shelter from the cutting blasts of a winter night. *Greeley*

# POWER

THE MAN WHO FEARS NOTHING  
IS AS POWERFUL AS HE WHO  
IS FEARED BY EVERYBODY.

*Schiller*

The less power a man has, the more he likes to use it.

*Petit-Senn*

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power. *Colton*

There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than the tendency of power to loudness and wantonness instead of quietness and reverence.

*Martineau*



# PRAISE

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for so doing ; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools. *Steele*

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise. *Broadhurst*

The refusal of praise is usually the wish to be praised twice. *La Rochefoucauld*

# PRAYERS

I PRAY THEE, O GOD, THAT I MAY  
BE BEAUTIFUL WITHIN.

*Socrates*

O Powers that be, make me sufficient to my own occasions.

Teach me to know and observe the rules of the game. Give me to mind my own business at all times, and to lose no good opportunity of holding my tongue.

Let me never lack proper pride or due sense of humour. Preserve, oh, preserve me from ever growing stodgy and unimaginative.

Help me not to cry for the moon, or over spilled milk ; to manage my physical constitution and my practical affairs discreetly ; never to dramatize my spiritual discomfort.

Grant me neither to proffer nor to welcome cheap praise ; to distinguish sharply between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other.

Deliver me from emotional excess, and from atrophy of the emotions.

When it is appointed me to suffer, let me, so far as humanly be possible, take example from the well-bred beasts, and go away quietly to bear my sufferings by myself.

Let me not dwell in the outer whirlwind of things and events ; guide me, rather, to central calm and grant that I may abide therein. Give me, nevertheless, to be always a good comrade, and to view the passing show with an eye constantly growing keener, with charity broadening and deepening day by day.

## PRAYERS

Help me to win, if win I may—and this, O Powers, especially—if I may not win always, make me at least a good loser.

Vouchsafe me not to estrange the other Me at my elbow ; suffer not my primal light to wane ; and grant that I may carry my cup, brimming, yet unspilled, to the last. *Hubbard*

The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, or even good, but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and goodwill.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say “ I do not know,” if it be so, and to meet all men on an absolute equality, to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves ; and if I can uplift and inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation : that is to say, I desire to be radiant—to radiate Life ! *Hubbard*

O, Unseen Power that rules and controls the destinies of the children of earth, teach me the symphony of life so that my nature may be in tune with Thine.

Reveal to me the joy of being loving, self-sacrificing and charitable.

Teach me to know and play life's game with courage, fortitude and confidence.

Endow me with wisdom to guard my tongue and my temper, and to learn with patience the art of ruling

## PRAYERS

my own life for its highest good, with due regard for the privacy, rights and limitations of other lives.

Help me to strive for the highest legitimate reward of merit, ambition, and opportunity in my activities, and to be ever ready to extend a kindly helping hand to those who need encouragement and succour in the struggle.

Enable me to give a smile instead of a frown, a cheerful and kindly word instead of harshness and bitterness.

Make me sympathetic in sorrow, realizing that there are hidden woes in every life no matter how exalted or lowly.

If in life's battle I am wounded or tottering, pour into my wounds the balm of hope, and imbue me with courage undaunted to arise and continue the strife.

Keep me humble in every relation of life, not unduly egotistical, nor liable to the serious sin of self-depreciation.

In success keep me meek ; and in sorrow, may my soul be uplifted by the thought that if there were no shadow there would be no sunshine, and that everything in life must have its antithesis.

Grant that I may be a true loyal friend, and a genial companion with the broad honest charity born of an intimate knowledge of my own shortcomings.

If I win, crown me with the laurels fitting to be worn by a victor ; and if I fail, may it be with my face to the foe, fighting manfully.

*Robinson*

God, we don't like to complain—we know that the mine is no lark—but, there's the pools from the rain : but, there's the cold and the dark. God, you don't know what it is—you, in your well-lighted sky, watching the meteors whizz ; warm, with the sun always by. God, if you had but the moon stuck in your cap for a lamp, even you'd tire of it soon, down in the dark and

## PRAYERS

the damp. Nothing but blackness above, and nothing that moves but the cars—God, if you wish for our love, fling us a handful of stars ! *Untermeyer\**

God of common sense, I give Thee thanks for the heavy blows of pain that drive me back from perilous ways into harmony with the laws of my being ; for stinging whips of hunger and cold that urge to bitter strivings and glorious achievement ; for steepness and roughness of the way and staunch virtues gained by climbing over jagged rocks of hardship and stumbling through dark and pathless sloughs of discouragement ; for the acid blight of failure that has burned out of me all thought of easy victory and has toughened my sinews for fiercer battles and greater triumphs ; for mistakes I have made, and the priceless lessons I have learned from them ; for disillusion and disappointment that have cleared my vision and spurred my desire ; for strong appetites and passions and the power they give when under pressure and control ; for my imperfections that give me a keen delight in striving toward perfection.

God of common-good and human-brotherhood, I give Thee thanks for the weaknesses and failings of my neighbours and the joy of lending a helping hand ; for my own shortcomings, sorrows and loneliness that give me a deeper sympathy for others ; for ingratitude and misunderstanding and the gladness of service without other reward than self-expression. *Newcomb*

Let me do my work each day ; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God

## PRAYERS

to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.

Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself.

Let me not follow the clamour of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am ; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope.

Though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet ; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

*Ehrmann*

Eternal and Infinite, Whom man, in the limitations of his comprehension is only able to visualize as the Universal Ideal, help all of us to a clearer and fuller knowledge of Thee and of ourselves.

May we never fail to recognize Thy hand among the daisies of the field ; Thy voice in the nightingale of the moon-lit woods ; Thy majesty in the towering mountains clothed in silent, eternal snows ; Thy tenderness in the pink and blue-green tints of the sunset beyond,—and when daylight gives way to the deep blue of night, may we ever continue to sense Thy presence encompassing the innumerable mighty suns far out in the depths of Space. May all realize that they, too, are parts of the whole of Creation ; and although it is not, as yet, revealed what man shall be, keep alive within us all the urge towards perfection, whether in our work or in our homes, which comes

## PRAYERS

of the knowledge that as Thy infinite Spirit permeates everything, so does it embrace each one of us.

Dispel the illusions which hem us in so that mankind may more speedily grow to that understanding which manifests as unselfish service to others : the realization that only in giving can we receive.

Encourage all those who can be of service to their fellow men, in however humble a way, not to hide their light in inactivity, but to shine forth as the stars in the darkest night as a guide to some other soul who may be in need of a bearing in navigating through life's stormy sea.

Reveal to each one of us as many of those Higher Truths in all their beauty as we are capable of comprehending, that we may use them to help, guide or sustain any who are in doubt, misconception or distress.

Through the fearlessness and strength which comes of the knowledge that the physical is but the temporary instrument of our Eternal Selves, speed all men to rise above the narrowness of self and the pettiness of selfishness, so that all may draw closer together, regardless of nationality or race : that eventually all nations on Earth may link themselves together into one great, harmonious concourse, basing the everyday duties of life on higher levels of idealistic perfection.

*Gilbert*

# PRESENT

LET ANY MAN EXAMINE HIS THOUGHTS, AND HE WILL FIND THEM EVER OCCUPIED WITH THE PAST OR WITH THE FUTURE. WE SCARCELY THINK AT ALL OF THE PRESENT ; OR, IF WE DO, IT IS ONLY TO BORROW THE LIGHT WHICH IT GIVES FOR REGULATING THE FUTURE. THE PRESENT IS NEVER OUR OBJECT ; THE PAST AND PRESENT WE USE AS MEANS ; THE FUTURE ONLY IS OUR END. THUS, WE NEVER LIVE, WE ONLY HOPE TO LIVE.

*Pascal*

Days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to you ; therefore, enjoy the present without regretting the loss of what is past, or depending too much on that which is not yet here. This instant is yours ; the next still belongs to futurity, and you do not know what it may bring forth.

*Dandemis*

Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity ; know that yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be



## PRESENT

assured : to-day only is thine ; which, if thou procrastinate, thou lovest ; which, lost, is lost for ever.  
One to-day is worth two to-morrows. *Quarles*

Time that is past thou never canst recall ; of time to come thou art not sure at all ; the present, only, is within thy power, so therefore now improve thy present hour. *Byron\**

Look not mournfully into the past : it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present : it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart. *Longfellow\**

Man postpones or remembers ; he does not live in the present, but with riveted eye laments the past ; or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tip-toe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he lives with nature in the present, above time. *Emerson*

# PRETENSION

**A**S A GENERAL RULE, PEOPLE WHO FLAGRANTLY PRETEND TO ANYTHING ARE THE REVERSE OF THAT WHICH THEY PRETEND TO. A MAN WHO SETS UP FOR A SAINT IS SURE TO BE A SINNER ; AND A MAN WHO BOASTS THAT HE IS A SINNER IS SURE TO HAVE SOME FEEBLE, MAUDLIN, SNIVELLING BIT OF SAINTSHIP ABOUT HIM WHICH IS ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM A HUMBUG.

*Bulwer-Lytton*

Never try to appear more than you are, neither hold cunning thoughts in your heart, lest the wise man strip off your disguise and the finger of derision be pointed at you with scorn.

*Dandemis*

An open foe may prove a curse, but a pretended friend is worse.

*Gay*

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.

*Lavater*

# PRIDE

**B**UT MAN, PROUD MAN,  
DRESSED IN A LITTLE BRIEF  
AUTHORITY, MOST IGNORANT OF  
WHAT HE'S MOST ASSURED, HIS  
GLASSY ESSENCE—LIKE AN ANGRY  
APE — PLAYS SUCH FANTASTIC  
TRICKS BEFORE HIGH HEAVEN  
AS MAKE THE ANGELS WEEP.

*Shakespeare\**

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit  
before a fall. *Solomon*

The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great. *Voltaire*

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells  
and boils over like a porridge-pot. *Butler*

A proud man gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore, he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment. He strives to look bigger than himself as well as others; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer.

## PRIDE

A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage and foam, and yield a roaring noise, whereas a deep, silent stream glides quietly on. So a vainglorious, insolent, proud man swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his bounds ; and when he sinks to his normal level, leaves mud and dirt behind him. *Butler*

When pride begins, love ceases.

*Lavater*

As the tulip, that is gaudy but without smell, so is the man without merit who sets himself on high.

Do not say : “ To what end my gorgeous raiment ; to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them, or if the world knows it not ? ” Better would it be if you gave your vestures to the naked, and your food to the hungry ; for thus you would be praised, and thus you would deserve it.

When you do anything worthy of praise, do not let your joy be to proclaim it ; for men do not say : “ Behold ! he has done it ” ; what they do say is : “ See how proud he is of it ! ”

*Dandemis*

Who is there who does not either judge too highly of himself, or thinks too meanly of others ? Our Creator, Himself, does not even escape our presumption. Man, who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly Sovereign, does not hesitate to arraign the dispensations of his God. He listens to the sentence of the Magistrate with silence, yet dares to plead with the Eternal : he attempts to soothe Him with entreaties ; to flatter Him with promises ; to agree with Him upon conditions—he even murmurs at Him if his requests are not granted !

Why is he not punished for his impiety ? This is not yet his day of retribution !

*Dandemis*

# PROGRESS

**H**UMAN PROGRESS IS FROM  
WITHIN OUTWARDS.

*Froude*

It is for us to discharge the high duties that devolve on us, and carry our race onward. *Garrison*

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. *Ruskin*

The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow. *Carlyle*

Before co-operation comes in any line, there is always competition pushed to a point that threatens destruction and promises chaos ; then, to avert ruin, men devise a better way, a plan that conserves and economises, and behold it is found in co-operation. Civilization is not a thing separate and apart, any more than art is : art is the beautiful way of doing things ; civilization is the expeditious way of doing things.

As mankind multiplies in number, the problem of supplying people with what they need is the important question of Earth. And mankind has ever held out offers of reward in fame and money—both being forms of power—to whomsoever would supply it better things.

The man who studies mankind, and ascertains what men really want, and then supplies them this, whether it be an Idea or a Thing, is the man who is crowned with honour and clothed with riches.

But what people need and what they want may be very

## PROGRESS

different. To undertake to supply people a thing you think they need but which they do not want, is to have your head elevated on a pike, and your bones buried in a Potter's Field.

Wait, and the world will yet want the thing it needs : your bones may then become Sacred Relics.

This change in desire on the part of mankind is the result of a growth of intellect. This growth is Progress. Progress is Evolution ; Evolution is Progress.

*Hubbard*

# PROMISES

**H**E WHO IS MOST SLOW IN  
MAKING A PROMISE IS  
USUALLY THE MOST FAITHFUL IN  
THE PERFORMANCE OF IT.

*Rousseau*

Great men, till they have gained their ends, are  
giants in their promises, but these obtained, weak  
pigmies in their performance.

*Shakespeare\**

His promises were, as he then was, mighty ; but his  
performance, as he now is, nothing.

*Shakespeare\**

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say  
more than it means to perform.

*Burns*

Magnificent promises are always to be suspected.

*Parker*

# PROSPERITY

**P**ROSPERITY, ALAS ! IS OFTEN  
BUT ANOTHER NAME FOR  
PRIDE.

*Sigourney\**

Prosperity too often has the effect on a Christian that a calm at sea has on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.

*Horne*

To bear adversity cheerfully is difficult ; but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom. Good and ill are the tests by which you are able to know the degree of your constancy ; and there is nothing else that can so well tell you the powers of your own soul.

*Dandemis*

Whilst you are prosperous you can number many friends ; but when the storm comes you are left alone.

*Ovid*



# PRUDENCE

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought, and those to be shunned. *Cicero*

Live according to your proper station in life ; yet do not spend to the utmost of what you can afford, that your prudence may be a comfort to you in your old age. Do not use to-day what to-morrow may need ; neither leave anything to chance which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Learn wisdom from the experience of others, and from their failings you will be able to correct your own faults. *Dandemis*

In everything the middle course is best. *Plautus*

# QUARRELS

TWO THINGS, WELL CONSIDERED, WOULD PREVENT MANY QUARRELS : FIRST, TO HAVE IT WELL ASCERTAINED WHETHER WE ARE NOT DISPUTING ABOUT TERMS RATHER THAN THINGS ; AND SECONDLY, TO EXAMINE WHETHER THAT ON WHICH WE DIFFER IS WORTH CONTENDING ABOUT.

*Colton*

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.

*La Rochefoucauld*

Persons unmask their most evil qualities when they quarrel.

*Herbert*

Every man may be viewed in two lights : in one he will be troublesome ; in the other, less offensive. Choose to see him in that light which least hurts you : then you will not wish to harm him.

*Dandemis*

# RAIN

It is not raining rain for me, it's raining daffodils ;  
in every dimpled drop I see wild flowers on the hills.  
The clouds of grey engulf the day and overwhelm  
the town ; but it's not raining rain to me, it's raining  
roses down. It is not raining rain to me, but fields of  
clover bloom, where any buccaneering bee can find a  
bed and room.

A health unto the happy, a fig for him who frets !  
It is not raining rain to me, it's raining violets !

*Loveman\**

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ; behind the  
clouds the sun is shining. Thy fate is the common fate  
of all, into each life some rain must fall : some days  
must be dark and dreary.

*Longfellow\**

# REASON

**H**E WHO WILL NOT REASON IS  
A BIGOT ; HE WHO CANNOT,  
IS A FOOL ; AND HE WHO DARES  
NOT, IS A SLAVE.

*Byron\**

What is man, if his chief good and market of his time,  
be but to sleep and feed ? A beast—no more ! Sure  
He that made us with such large discourse, looking  
before and after, gave us not that capability and God-  
like reason, to rust in us unused. *Shakespeare\**

Man is not the prince of creatures but in reason ;  
fail that, he is worse than horse, or dog, or beast of  
wilderness. *Field\**

If you had the ear of a stag, or the eye of an eagle,  
or were your smell equal to that of the hound, yet,  
without Reason, what would they avail you ?  
*Dandemis*

Do not say that truth is established by years ; or that  
in a multitude of believers there is any certainty.  
One human proposition has as much right of authority  
as any other, if reason does not make any difference. . . .  
The end of the search is the acquisition of Truth ;  
and the soul's means of discovering it are by reason  
and experience. Perception of yourself. Is that not  
plain enough before your face ? Then what more is  
there that you need to know ? *Dandemis*

# REFORMS

Reform is a good replete with paradox : it is a cathartic which our political quacks, like our medical, recommend to others, but will not take themselves.

*Colton*

I think I'll start a crusade for the reformation of reformers. I am fully persuaded that our besetting sin, as a people, is neither intemperance nor grafting, but plain pretence. We are not frank and honest with ourselves nor with each other.

My suggestion is that for a whole year we let the heathen rest, and resign all public work in the Purity League. Then let each man and woman set a guard over his own spirit and try to be "greater than he who taketh a city." In other words : just do our work, and practise the old, plain, simple virtues of gentleness, charity and honesty—doing unto others as we would be done by.

By this method we should not have to talk so much, and so could think and rest, and dream, and love. I'm sure it would be better for our nerves—and possibly just as well for the heathen and drunkard.

Stop this violent running to and fro, and be simple and honest—only for a year ! And then possibly at the end of that time we could sit in the presence of each other without being uncomfortable.

Let us try being gentle in our judgments—just kind—and see if we can't reform more wrongs in ourselves instead of going after folk who have made mistakes.

Let us be kind—something the world has never really tried.

*Hubbard*

What is man born for but to be a Reformer, a re-Maker of what man has made ; a renouncer of lies ; a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature

## REFORMS

which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life ?

Let him renounce everything which is not true to him, and put all his practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason. If there are any inconveniences, and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life.

The power, which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in man which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment. Is it not the highest duty that man should be honoured in us ?

We have no faith. We rely on the power of the dollar ; we are deaf to a sentiment. We think we may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society ; and no class is more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men. Now if I talk with a sincere wise man, with my friend, with a poet, with a conscientious youth who is still under the dominion of his own wild thoughts, and not yet harnessed in the team of society to drag with us all in the ruts of custom, I see at once how paltry is all this generation of unbelievers, and what a house of cards their institutions are, and I see what one brave man, with one great thought executed might effect. I see that the reason of the distrust of the practical man in all theory, is his inability to perceive the means whereby we work. Look, he says, at the tools with which this world of yours is to be built. As we cannot make a planet, with atmosphere, rivers, and forests, by means of the best carpenters'

## REFORMS

or engineers' tools, with chemists' laboratories and smiths' forges to boot, so neither can we ever construct that heavenly society you prate of, out of foolish, sick, selfish men and women, such as we know them to be. But the believer not only beholds his heaven to be possible, but already to begin to exist—not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transformed and raised above themselves by the power of principles. To principles something else is possible that transcends all the power of expedients.

*Emerson*

# RELIGION

WE MAY AS WELL TOLERATE  
ALL RELIGIONS SINCE GOD  
HIMSELF TOLERATES ALL.

*Fenelon*

Every religion is good that teaches men to be good.  
*Paine*

Shall we to blind Chance ascribe a scene so wonderful, so fair, so good ? Shall we no further search then sense will lead, to find the glorious Cause which so delights the eye and ear, and scatters everywhere ambrosial perfumes ? Is there not a hand which operates unseen, and regulates the vast machine we tread on ? What if we see Him not ? No more can we behold the busy soul which animates ourselves. Man to himself is all a miracle. I cannot see the latent cause, yet such I know there is, which gives the body motion, nor can I tell by what strange impulse the ready limb performs the purposes of will. How then shalt thou and I, who cannot span ourselves in this our narrow vessel comprehend the being of a God ?

*Hurdis\**

It may indeed be phantasy when I essay to draw from all created things deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings ; and trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie lessons of love and earnest piety.

So let it be ; and if the wide world rings in mock of this belief, to me it brings nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity. So will I build my altar in the fields, and the blue sky my fretted dome shall be, and the sweet



## RELIGION

fragrance that the wild flower yields shall be the incense  
I will yield to Thee. Thee, only God ! and Thou  
shalt not despise even me, the priest of this poor  
sacrifice. *Coleridge\**

Let us accept different forms of religion among men,  
as we accept different languages wherein there is still  
but one human nature expressed. Every genius has  
most power in his own language, and every heart in its  
own religion. *Richter*

Men will wrangle for religion ; write for it ; fight for  
it ; die for it—anything but live for it. *Colton*

I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him  
now as ever we shall be : I do not believe He started  
this world a-going and went away and left it to run  
itself.

I believe in the sacredness of the human body—this  
transient dwelling-place of a living soul, and so I deem  
it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his  
or her body beautiful through right thinking and right  
living.

I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love  
of woman for man, is holy ; and that this love in its  
highest promptings is as much an emanation of the  
Divine Spirit as man's love for God.

I believe that men are inspired to-day as much as ever  
men were.

I believe that we are living in Eternity now as much  
as ever we shall.

I believe that the best way to prepare for a Future Life  
is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work  
you can do best, doing it as well as you can.

I believe we should remember the week-day, to keep it  
holy.

## RELIGION

I believe that sin is misdirected energy.

I believe that there is no devil but Fear.

I believe that no one can harm you but yourself.

I believe in my own divinity—and yours.

I believe that we are all sons of God, and that it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

I believe the only way we can reach the Kingdom of Heaven is to have the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts.

I believe in every man minding his own business, because I believe in freedom—social, economic, domestic, political, mental, spiritual.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts, because it is what we think and do that makes us what we are.

I believe in the paradox of success through failure ; that death is a manifestation of Life ; and that the Universe was planned for good. *Hubbard*

REMEMBER THAT RELIGION PAYS  
HONOUR TO YOUR CREATOR : LET  
IT NOT BE COLOURED WITH  
MELANCHOLY.

*Dandemis*

To what excesses do men rush for the sake of religion, of whose truth they are so little persuaded, and to whose precepts they pay so little regard ! *Bruyère*

## RELIGION

If thou be among people make for thyself love the beginning and end of the heart.

*Egyptian instruction, circa 3500 B.C.*

He sought for others the good he desired for himself.

*Egyptian Book of the Dead, circa 1600 B.C.*

The true rule of business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.

*Hindu instruction, circa 1500 B.C.*

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

*Law of Moses, circa 1500 B.C.*

Do not that to thy neighbour which thou would take ill from him.

*Grecian instruction, circa 1100 B.C.*

Do as you would be done by.

*Zoroaster (Persia), circa 600 B.C.*

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbour to do to you, do not that to him.

*Hebrew instruction, circa 500 B.C.*

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others.

*Confucius (China), circa 500 B.C.*

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.

*Buddhist instruction, circa 500 B.C.*

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.

*Roman Law, circa 150 B.C.*

All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them ; for this is the law and the prophets.

*Jesus Christ*

## RELIGION

THE BEST WAY OF WORSHIPPING  
GOD IS IN ALLAYING THE DISTRESS  
OF THE TIMES AND IN IMPROVING  
THE CONDITIONS OF MANKIND.

*Abulfazl*

# REPUTATION

THE BEST WAY TO GAIN A  
GOOD REPUTATION IS TO  
ENDEAVOUR TO BE WHAT YOU  
DESIRE TO APPEAR.

*Socrates*

The purest treasure mortal times afford, is spotless reputation ; that away, men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

*Shakespeare\**

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls. Who steals my purse, steals trash ; but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare\**

A man's reputation is not in his own keeping, but lies at the mercy of the profligacy of others.

*Hazlitt*

# REVENGE

**H**EAT NOT A FURNACE FOR  
YOUR FOE SO HOT THAT  
IT DO SINGE YOURSELF.

*Shakespeare\**

The best kind of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.

*Antoninus*

Disdain the man who attempts to wrong you, for you not only preserve your own peace, but you inflict on him all the punishment of revenge without your stooping to employ it against him. Poorness of spirit actuates revenge ; whereas greatness of soul despises the offence.

Why seek revenge ? With what purpose would you pursue it ? Do you think you will pain your adversary with it ? Do you not know that revenge gnaws the heart of him who is afflicted with it : that the revengeful feel its greatest torment !

Revenge is painful in the intent and dangerous in the execution : seldom does that axe fall where he who lifted it up intended. While the revengeful seeks to hurt his enemy he often brings about his own destruction : while he aims at one of the eyes of his adversary, he often puts out both of his own. If he does not attain his end, he laments it ; if he succeeds, he repents of it.

When you meditate revenge, you confess that you feel the wrong ; when you complain, you acknowledge yourself hurt by it. Would you add this pride to the triumph of your enemy ?

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence ;

## REVENGE

but there is nothing so honourable as to pardon it. Noble behaviour in yourself will make a man ashamed to be your enemy ; and the greatness of your soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting you.

*Dandemis*

No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.

*Home*

# SADNESS

**SOME PEOPLE HABITUALLY WEAR SADNESS LIKE A GARMENT AND THINK IT A BECOMING GRACE. GOD LOVES A CHEERFUL WORSHIPPER.**

*Chapin*

Sadness is an enemy of the race ; she poisons the sweets of life, therefore, drive her from your heart. She raises the loss of a straw to the destruction of a fortune, and while she vexes the soul with trifles she robs the attention to the things of consequence.

Do not let sadness cover herself with a face of piety : do not let her deceive you with a show of wisdom. Remember that religion pays honour to your Creator, so let it not be coloured with melancholy.

Why should man's heart give up joy, when the causes of joy have not been removed from him ? Why be miserable for the sake of misery ? Ask men if their sadness makes things better, and they themselves will confess to you that it is folly ; they will even go further and praise him who bears his ills with patience, and who makes headway against misfortune with courage. Do not suppose that sorrow heals misfortune, for sorrow is a poison under the colour of a remedy : while it pretends to draw the arrow from the breast it plunges it into the heart.

It is not in our nature to meet the arrows of ill-fortune unhurt—nor does reason require it of us ; but it is our duty to bear misfortune like men.

The greatest misfortune is not to be reckoned from the number of tears shed for it : the greatest griefs



## SADNESS

are above these testimonies, as are the greatest joys  
beyond utterance. *Dandemis*

# SATIRE

A little wit and a great deal of ill-nature will furnish a man for satire. *Tillotson*

Satire is wit larded with malice. *Shakespeare\**

Satirical writers and speakers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. *Sharpe*

# SELF-CONTROL

**O**VER TIME THOU HAST NO  
POWER ; TO REDEEM A  
WORLD SUNK IN DISHONESTY HAS  
NOT BEEN GIVEN THEE. SOLELY  
OVER ONE MAN IN THE WORLD  
THOU HAST A SOVEREIGN AND  
ABSOLUTE POWER : HIM REDEEM ;  
HIM MAKE HONEST !

*Carlyle*

You have been given the power of free-will—a power that is divine—and by it you are able to do good and also to do harm. Be careful that you direct your line of freedom along the paths of virtue.

Because of your freedom, the soul is rash ; therefore, guard it. Because of freedom, it is irregular ; therefore, restrain it. As a sword in the hand of a madman, so likewise is the soul of him that lacks discretion.

*Dandemis*

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

*Milton\**

No man is free who cannot command himself.

*Pythagoras*

# SELF-DECEPTION

Nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self ; for what we wish, that we readily believe. *Demosthenes*

To be deceived by our enemies or betrayed by our friends is insupportable ; yet by ourselves we are often content to be so treated. *La Rochefoucauld*

# SELF-EXAMINATION

**D**O YOU WANT TO KNOW  
PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN  
IN THE WORLD AGAINST WHOM  
YOU HAVE MOST REASON TO  
GUARD YOURSELF? YOUR  
LOOKING-GLASS WILL GIVE YOU  
A VERY FAIR IMAGE OF HIS FACE

*Whately*

Know thyself ; this is the great object. *Seneca*

Go to your bosom ; knock there, and ask your heart  
what it doth know. *Shakespeare\**

He who knows himself, knows others. *Colton*

To fail to win the approval of one's other self is defeat,  
and there is none other. *Hubbard*

It is dangerous for a man too suddenly, or too easily,  
to believe in himself. Therefore let us examine, watch,  
observe, and inspect our own hearts, for we, ourselves,  
are our greatest flatterers.

We should every night call ourselves to account :  
What infirmity have I mastered to-day ? What  
passion opposed ? What temptation resisted ? What  
virtue acquired ? Our vices will abate of themselves  
if they be brought every day to the shrift.

It is my custom every night, so soon as the light is  
out, to run over the words and actions of the past

## SELF-EXAMINATION

day ; and I let nothing escape me, for why should I fear the sight of my errors when I can admonish and forgive myself? I was a little too hot in such a dispute ; my opinion might well have been withheld, for it gave offence, and did no good ; the thing was true, but all truths are not to be spoken at all times ; I would I had held my tongue, for there is no contending either with fools or with our superiors. I have done ill, but it shall be so no more.

If every man would so look into himself, it would be better for us all.

*Seneca*

Let not soft slumber close my eyes, ere I have recollected thrice, the train of actions through the day. Where have my feet marked out their way? What have I learned where'er I've been; from all I've heard ; from all I've seen? What know I more that's worth the knowing? What have I done that's worth the doing? What have I sought that I should shun? What duties have I left undone? Or into what new follies run?

*Pythagoras\**

The end of the search is the acquisition of Truth ; and the soul's means of discovering it are by Reason and Experience.

Perception of yourself. Is not that plain enough before your face? Then what more is there that you need to know !

*Dandemis*

# SELFISHNESS

But och ! mankind are unco' weak, and little to be  
trusted ; if self the wavering balance shake, it's rarely  
right adjusted. *Burns\**

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will  
forgive in others, and no one is without in himself.  
*Beecher*

The fawning courtier and the surly squire usually mean  
the same thing—each his own interest. *Berkeley*

# SELF-PRAISE

WHEN YOU DO ANYTHING  
WORTHY OF PRAISE, DO  
NOT LET YOUR JOY BE TO PRO-  
CLAIM IT ; FOR MEN DO NOT SAY :  
“BEHOLD ! HE HAS DONE IT” ;  
WHAT THEY DO SAY IS : “SEE HOW  
PROUD HE IS OF IT !”

*Dandemis*

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are  
likely to lie.

*Zimmermann*

A man's praises are very musical and charming  
accents in the mouth of another, but very flat and  
untunable in his own.

*Xenophon*

It is singular how impatient men are with over-praise  
of others, and how patient of over-praise of themselves.

*Lowell*



# SELF-RELIANCE

**M**EN ARE BORN TO SUCCEED,  
NOT TO FAIL.

*Thoreau*

It is seldom that we find out how great are our resources until we are thrown upon them. *Bovee*

Another terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency ; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them. Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict something you have stated in this or that public place ? Suppose you should contradict yourself ; what then ? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, but to bring the past for judgement into the thousand-eyed present. Speak what you think Now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.—“ Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.” Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood ? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. . . . Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. . . .

It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. Insist on yourself ; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation ;

## SELF-RELIANCE

but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half-possession. That which each can do best none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.

*Emerson*

# SELF-RESPECT

Reverence yourself.

*Pythagoras*

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself? *Sidney*

Know yourself, therefore, as the pride of Earth's creatures. You are the link uniting Divinity and Matter. There is a part of God Himself in you ; therefore, remember your own dignity. Be faithful to the Divine spark which is You ; and rejoice before your Creator with thanksgiving and reverence.

*Dandemis*

# SEXES

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the superiority of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not ; each completes the other ; they are in nothing alike ; and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give. *Ruskin*

The woman's cause is man's : they rise or sink together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free. For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse : could we make her as the man, sweet Love were slain : his dearest bond is this, not like to like, but like in difference. Yet in the long years liker must they grow ; the man be more of woman, she of man ; he gain in sweetness and in moral height, nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ; she mental breadth, nor fail in childward care, nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ; till at the last she set herself to man, like perfect music unto noble words. *Tennyson\**

The glory of sex pervades and suffuses all Nature. It is sex that gives the bird its song, the peacock his gorgeous plumage, the lion his mane, the buffalo his strength. Aye, it is sex that causes the flowers to draw from the dull earth those delicate perfumes that delight the sense of smell ; it is sex, and sex alone, that secures to them the dazzling galaxy of shapes and colours that reflect the Infinite. And thus, while we see that the sex principle is the animating factor for good in the animal and vegetable kingdom, so man, for the most part, deliberately flings away God's most precious gift. And he is made to answer for his folly with his spiritual life ; for man, wise as he is, and pluming himself on his ability to

## SEXES

defeat his fellows, can not with impunity play his tricky games with God. . . .

The distinctively modern custom of marital bungling is the doom of chivalry and the death of passion. It wears all tender sentiment to a napless warp, and no wonder is it that the novelist, unless he has a seared and bitter heart, hesitates to follow the couple beyond the church door. After marriage men no longer win their wives ; they own them. And woman, living in the blighted atmosphere of a continuous personal contact that knows no respite, drifts off into apathetic, dull indifference : the wife becomes an animal ; the husband a brute. The lively grace, the tender solicitude, the glowing animation, the alert intellect, the sympathetic heart, the aspiring spirit—where are these now ? They are gone, gone like time gone—dead as the orange-buds that erstwhile opened to catch the strains of the Wedding March—dead. . . .

To me the love of man for woman is as sacred a thing as Christ's love for the Church, and all its attributes are as divine as any of the fantastic hazards of the mind. Indeed, we would know nothing of love did we not see it manifest in man, and the only reason we believe in the love of God is because we find love on earth. The thought of the love of God can not be grasped in the slightest degree, even as a working hypothesis, by a man who does not know human love. . . .

Love is vital, love is creative : love is creation. It is love that shapes the clay into forms divinely fair ; love carves all statues, writes all poems, paints all the canvases that glorify the walls where colour revels, sings all the songs that enchant our ears. Without love the world would only echo cries of pain, the sun would only shine to show us grief, each rustle of the wind among the leaves would be a sigh, and all the flowers fit only to garland graves. No man can

## SEXES

tell exactly what the twittering of the bluebirds means, nor can he logically interpret the chirping of the chickadees, nor can he explain the significance of the song the robin sings to his lost mate from the top of a tall poplar tree when the sun goes down. But these things are very beautiful, and even when you think of them, perhaps when you are alone at the twilight-hour, unbidden tears may start. . . .

And now behold that while love is the mainspring of all animate Nature, and without it the earth would be shrouded in hopeless night ; and while under its benign influence the human lover is transformed and for him for the first time the splendours of the earth are manifest and the wonders of the stars revealed—finding good in everything—possessing a key to the mysteries of the Universe that before he wist not of, Man here halts and hesitates. He does not go on. Society thrusts him back and our so-called Enlightened Age grins at him and in hoarse guttural tones says that he is a fool—and he, being one, believes it. *Hubbard*

# SILENCE

**I** REGRET OFTEN THAT I HAVE  
SPOKEN ; NEVER THAT I HAVE  
BEEN SILENT.

*Publilius Syrus*

Be silent, or say something better than silence.

*Pythagoras*

Be silent, where reason is not regarded, and truth is  
distasteful.

*Fuller*

Fellows who have no tongues are often all ears and eyes.

*Haliburton*

Silence is a true friend who never betrays. *Confucius*

By silence, I hear other men's imperfections and conceal  
my own.

*Zeno*

Euripides was wont to say that silence was an answer  
to a wise man ; but we seem to have greater occasion  
for it in our dealing with fools and unreasonable  
persons.

*Plutarch*

And the poor wretch moved me more by his silence,  
than a thousand outcries could have effected. *Byron\**

# SIMPLICITY

Give me a look, give me a face, that makes simplicity a grace ; robes loosely flowing, hair as free ; such sweet neglect more taketh me, than all the adulteries of art that strike mine eyes but not my heart. *Jonson\**

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity. *Longfellow*

You talk to me in parables : you may have known that I'm no wordy man ; fine speeches are the instruments of knaves, or fools that use them, when they want good sense ; but honesty needs no disguise nor ornament : be plain. *Otway\**



# SIN

IT IS NOT ALONE WHAT WE  
DO, BUT ALSO WHAT WE DO  
NOT DO, FOR WHICH WE ARE  
ACCOUNTABLE.

*Molière*

I hope I fear nothing but the doing a wrong thing.

*Sterne*

Sin writes histories ; goodness is silent.

*Goethe*

Men are not punished for their sins, but by them. Expression is necessary to life. The spirit grows through the exercise of its faculties, just as a muscle grows strong through use. Life is expression, and repression is stagnation—death. Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man allows his life to run riot, and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore those qualities not used atrophy and die : sensuality, gluttony and a life of licence repress the life of the spirit, and the soul never blossoms ; and this is what it is to lose one's soul.

*Hubbard*

Sin is misdirected energy.

*Hubbard*

Other men's sins are before our eyes ; our own are behind our backs.

*Seneca*

It is men who are deceivers, not the Devil. The first  
and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself. All sin is  
easy after that.

*Bailey\**

# SINCERITY

Sincerity is an openness of heart ; it is found in a very few people, and that which we commonly see is not it, but a subtle dissimulation, to gain the confidence of others.  
*La Rochefoucauld*

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away ; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that in that truth, whatever it may be, he is sincere.  
*Lowell*

You know I say just what I think, and nothing more nor less ; and, when I pray my heart is in my prayer. I cannot say one thing and mean another ; if I cannot pray, I will not make believe.  
*Longfellow\**

Let the words of your mouth be the thoughts of your heart ; so will you be far above the meanness of dissimulation. Do not mask your words in a semblance of truth, lest you become like the hypocrite whose business in life is only to deceive. Let the tongue of sincerity be rooted in your heart, so that hypocrisy and deceit have no place in your words.  
*Dandemis*

# SKY

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity. *Ruskin*

If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of ? One says, it has been wet ; and another, it has been windy ; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday ? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain ? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves ? *Ruskin*

The eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful, the light of the declining or the breaking day with the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon. *Ruskin*

# SLEEP

O peaceful Sleep ! with what subtle meaning did the Greek call thee the lesser mystery, at the feast whereof the greater mystery is death. *Longfellow\**

O magic sleep ! that broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind till it is hushed and smooth ! Great key to golden palaces, strange minstrelsy, fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves, echoing grottoes full of tumbling waves and moonlight. *Keats\**

Sleep hath its own world ; a boundary between the things misnamed death and existence. *Byron\**

# SMILE

A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy : the smile that accepts the lover ere the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby.

*Haliburton*

A beautiful smile is to the female's countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape ; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one.

*Lavater*

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

*Kingsley*

# SOCIETY

WE MOVE TOO MUCH IN  
PLATOONS ; WE MARCH TOO  
MUCH BY SECTIONS ; WE DO NOT  
LIVE IN OUR VITAL INDIVIDUALITY  
ENOUGH ; WE ARE SLAVES TO  
FASHION, IN MIND AND IN HEART.

*Chapin*

Society is founded on hero-worship.

*Carlyle*

The present position which we, the educated and well-to-do classes, occupy, is that of the Old Man of the Sea riding on the poor man's back ; only, unlike the Old Man of the Sea, we are very sorry for the poor man, very sorry ; and we will do almost anything for the poor man's relief. We will not only supply him with food sufficient to keep him on his legs, but we will teach and instruct him and point out to him the beauties of the landscape ; we will discourse sweet music to him, and give him abundance of good advice. Yes, we will do almost anything for the poor man, anything but get off his back.

*Tolstoy*

Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs. . . .

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual

## SOCIETY

changes ; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific ; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast, between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under ! But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike a savage with an axe, and in a day or two the flesh will unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch : the same blow will send the white man to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe ; the equinox he knows as little ; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory ; his libraries overload his wit ; the insurance office increases the number of accidents ; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber ; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy ; by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigour of wild virtue : for every Stoic was a Stoic ; but in Christendom where is the Christian ?

*Emerson*

Society is a long series of uprising ridges, which from the first to the last offer no valley of repose. Wherever

## SOCIETY

you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a farthing Sisyphus pushing his little stone up some Liliputian mole-hill. This is our world.

*Bulwer-Lytton*

That some should be richer than others is natural, and is necessary, and could only be prevented by gross violations of right. Leave men to the free use of their powers, and some will accumulate more than their neighbours. But to be prosperous is not to be superior, and prosperity should form no barrier between men. Wealth ought not to secure to the prosperous the slightest consideration. The only distinctions which should be recognized are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth. A man, in proportion as he has these claims, should be honoured and welcomed everywhere. I see not why such a man, however coarsely if neatly dressed, should not be a respected guest in the most splendid mansions, and at the most brilliant meetings.

What an insult to humanity is the deference to dress and upholstery : as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles, could produce something nobler than a man !

Every good man should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward : the material above the spiritual ; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory illusions and distinctions ; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn, and mutual ill-will—none of which are necessary to social order.

*Channing*

The question is, in what manner do we accept this



## SOCIETY

world, which is a perfect gift of joy? Have we been able to receive it in our heart where we keep enshrined things that are of deathless value to us?

We are frantically busy making use of the forces of the universe to gain more and more power; we scramble for its riches and it becomes for us a field of fierce competition. But were we born for this, to extend our proprietary rights over this world and make of it a marketable commodity? When our whole mind is bent only upon making use of this world in that manner it loses for us its true value: we make it cheap by our sordid desires.

In the lands where cannibalism is prevalent man looks upon man as his food. In such a country civilization can never thrive, for there man loses his higher value and is made common indeed. But there are other kinds of cannibalism, perhaps not so gross, but no less heinous, for which we need not travel far. In countries higher in the scale of civilization we find man sometimes looked on as a mere body, and he is bought and sold in the market by the price of his flesh only. He is made into a machine, and is traded upon by the man of money to acquire for him more money. Thus greed results in cheapening man to his lowest value. It is self-deception on a large scale. Our desires blind us to the Truth that there is in man, and this is the greatest wrong done by ourselves to our own soul. It deadens our consciousness, and is but a gradual method of spiritual suicide.

Of course, man is useful to man, because his body is a marvellous machine and his mind an organ of wonderful efficiency. But he is a spirit as well, and this spirit is truly known only by love. When we define a man by his market value we know him but imperfectly. With this limited knowledge of him it becomes easy for us to be unjust to him and to entertain feelings of triumphant self-congratulation when, on

## SOCIETY

account of some cruel advantage on our side, we can get out of him much more than we have paid for. But when we know him as a spirit, we know him as our own, and we at once feel that cruelty to him is cruelty to ourselves : to make him small is stealing from our own humanity, and in seeking to make use of him solely for personal profit we merely gain in money what we pay for in soul.

Civilization must be judged and prized not by the amount of power it has developed, but by how much it has evolved, and given expression to, by its laws and institutions, the love of humanity.

The first question and the last which it has to answer is, whether and how far it recognizes man more as a spirit than as a machine ?

Whenever some ancient civilization fell into decay and died it was owing to causes which produced callousness of heart and led to the cheapening of man's worth ; when either the State or some powerful group of men began to look upon the people as a mere instrument of their power ; when, by compelling weaker races to slavery and trying to keep them down by every means, man struck at the foundation of his own greatness.

Civilization can never sustain itself upon cannibalism in any form.

*Tagore*

We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty ; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in a reasonable condition of life ; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure

## SOCIETY

for front seats in the social amphitheatre ; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death.

*Smiles*

THE END OF THE HUMAN RACE  
WILL BE THAT IT WILL EVENTU-  
ALLY DIE OF CIVILIZATION.

*Emerson*

# SOLITUDE

WE MUST ACKNOWLEDGE  
THAT SOLITUDE IS A FINE  
THING ; BUT IT IS A PLEASURE TO  
HAVE SOMEONE TO WHOM WE  
CAN SAY THAT SOLITUDE IS A FINE  
THING.

*Balzac*

And not a breath crept through the air, and yet the  
forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer. *Byron\**

All was so still, so soft in earth and air, you scarce  
would start to meet a spirit there ; secure that nought  
of evil could delight to walk in such a scene on such a  
night ! It was a moment only for the good. *Byron\**

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell, to slowly  
trace the forest's shady scene, where things that own  
not man's dominion dwell, and mortal foot hath ne'er  
or rarely been ; to climb the trackless mountain, all  
unseen with the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ; this is  
not solitude, 'tis but to hold converse with Nature's  
charms, and see her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
to hear, to see, to feel, and to possess, and roam along  
the world's tired denizen, with none who bless us,  
none whom we can bless ; minions of splendour  
shrinking from distress ! None that with kindred  
consciousness endued, if we were not, would seem to

## SOLITUDE

smile the less ; of all that flattered, followed, sought,  
and sued : this is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !  
*Byron\**

One can be instructed in society ; but one is inspired  
only in solitude. *Goethe*

O solitude ! if I must with thee dwell, let it not be  
among the jumbled heap of murky buildings : climb  
with me the steep—Nature's observatory—whence  
the dell, in flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell  
may seem a span ; let me thy vigils keep 'mongst  
boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap startles  
the wild bee from the foxglove bell. But though I'll  
gladly trace these scenes with thee, yet the sweet  
converse of an innocent mind, whose words are images  
of thoughts refined, is my soul's pleasure ; and it  
sure must be almost the highest bliss of human-kind,  
when to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee. *Keats\**

The great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd,  
keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of  
solitude. *Emerson*

Oh, but I love the hills ; love loneliness, allwhere of  
desert shore, or wold scant-lifted. Where there is  
nothing else, there is always God. *Bailey\**

# SORROW

**F**ORESIGHT IS WISE, BUT FORE-  
SORROW IS FOOLISH : CASTLES  
IN THE AIR ARE AT ANY RATE  
BETTER THAN DUNGEONS IN THE  
AIR.

*Avebury*

Let us wisely weigh our sorrow with our comfort.  
*Shakespeare\**

'Tis better to be lowly born, and range with humble  
livers in content, than to be perked up in a glistening  
grief, and wear a golden sorrow. *Shakespeare\**

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which  
the world knows not ; and oftentimes we call a man  
cold when he is only sad. *Longfellow*

Time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow, but reason  
relieves the wise. *Epictetus*

Sorrows are like thunder-clouds—in the distance they  
look black, over our heads hardly grey. *Richter*

Sorrow is that state of the mind in which our desires  
are fixed upon the past without looking forward to the  
future. *Johnson*

Sorrow is rust of the soul. Activity will brighten it.  
*Johnson*

As the soundest health is less noticed than the slightest

## SORROW

pain, so the highest joy touches us less deeply than the smallest sorrow. Do you not know that the thought of affliction wounds deeper than the affliction itself? He who weeps before he needs, weeps more than he needs. *Dandemis*

Sorrow is a poison under the colour of a remedy : while it pretends to draw the arrow from the breast, it plunges it into the heart. *Dandemis*

# SOUL

WERE I SO TALL TO REACH  
THE POLE, OR GRASP THE  
OCEAN IN MY SPAN, I MUST BE  
MEASURED BY MY SOUL—FOR  
THAT'S THE STANDARD OF THE  
MAN.

*Watts\**

The soul is a much better thing than all the others which you possess. Can you then show me in what way you have taken care of it? For it is not likely that you, who are so wise a man, inconsiderately and carelessly allow the most valuable thing that you possess to be neglected and to perish ! *Epictetus*

There is a god within us, and we have intercourse with heaven. That spirit comes from abodes on high. *Ovid*

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine ; and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal. *Cicero*

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul. *Cicero*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ; the soul that rises with us—our life's star, hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar ; not in entire



## SOUL

forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home.  
*Wordsworth\**

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us. *Addison\**

The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point ; the stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ; but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds ! *Addison\**

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity ; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. *Addison*

Thought ; understanding ; reason ; will ; do not call these your soul. They are the actions of the soul, but not the soul itself.

Do not think that you can hide from your soul in the crowd ; or that you can bury it in forgetfulness, for your soul is You, yourself. *Dandemis*

There has been added to your body Something which you cannot see, and this Something speaks to you in a way that is different from your senses.

The body remains after this unseen part has fled, so it is no part of the body. It is immaterial, therefore eternal. It is free to act, therefore accountable for its actions.

Know Yourself, therefore, as the pride of Earth's creatures. You are the link uniting Divinity and

## SOUL

matter. There is a part of God Himself in you ; therefore, remember your own dignity. Be faithful to the Divine spark which is You. *Dandemis*

We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divinē. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame shall ever reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you ; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave ; but that they circulate through the Universe : before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in, they penetrate the ocean and land, space and time, form and essence, and hold the key to universal nature. I draw from this, faith, courage, and hope. All things are known to the soul. It is not to be surprised by any communication. Nothing can be greater than it. Let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn : they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power. *Emerson*

# SPEECH

**I**F YOU DO NOT WISH A MAN TO DO A THING YOU HAD BETTER GET HIM TO TALK ABOUT IT; FOR THE MORE MEN TALK, THE MORE LIKELY THEY ARE TO DO NOTHING ELSE.

*Carlyle*

It is not good to speak evil of all whom you know to be bad ; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove to be good. To speak evil upon knowledge shows a want of charity ; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many ; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know of evil in others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion ; to speak evil of others, and not to know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks ill of others upon suspicion.

*Warwick*

As a vessel is known by the sound whether it be cracked or not ; so men are proved by their speech. *Demosthenes*

In oratory, affectation must be avoided—it is better for a man by a native and clear eloquence to express himself than by words which smell of the lamp or inkhorn.

*Herbert*

Oratory is the power to talk people out of their natural opinions.

*Chatfield*

## SPEECH

We seldom repent talking too little ; but very often of talking too much. *Bruyère*

All have the gift of speech, but few are possessed of wisdom. *Cato*

In general, those who have nothing to say spend the longest time in saying it. *Lowell*

His talk was like a stream which runs with rapid change from rock to roses ; it slipped from politics to puns ; it passed from Mahomet to Moses ; beginning with the laws that keep the planets in their radiant courses, and ending with some precept deep for dressing eels or shoeing horses. *Praed\**

It is well to cultivate a mild, gentle and sympathetic voice, and the only way to secure it is to be mild, gentle and sympathetic. The voice is the index of the soul. Children do not pay much attention to your words—they judge of your intent by your voice. We judge each other more by voice than by language, for the voice colours speech, and if your voice does not corroborate your words, doubt will follow. We are won or repelled by the voice.

The best way to cultivate the voice is not to think about it. Actions become regal only when they are unconscious ; and the voice that convinces is used by its owner unconsciously. Fix your mind on the thought, and the voice will follow. If the voice is allowed to come naturally, easily and gently, it will take on every tint and emotion of the mind. The voice is the sounding-board of the soul. God made it right. If your soul is filled with truth, your voice will vibrate with love, echo with sympathy, and fill your hearers with a desire to do, to be, and to become.

*Hubbard*

## SPEECH

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking ! and how often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive !

In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady ! In the home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband !

*Lamb*

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.

*Shakespeare\**

The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice, an arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

*Byron\**

The language of the heart—the language which comes from the heart and goes to the heart—is always simple, always graceful, and always full of power.

*Bovee*

# SPRING

The year's at the Spring, and day's at the morn ;  
morning's at seven ; the hill-side's dew-pearled ;  
the lark's on the wing ; the snail's on the thorn ;  
God's in His heaven—all's right with the world !

*Browning, R.\**

It is not the variegated colours, the cheerful sounds,  
and the warm breezes which enliven us so much in  
Spring, as it is the quiet prophetic spirit of endless  
hope, a presentiment of many happy days, the antici-  
pation of higher everlasting blossoms and fruits, and  
the secret sympathy with the world that is developing  
itself.

*Opitz*

A bursting into greenness, a waking as from sleep, a  
twitter and a warble that make the pulses leap ; a  
sense of renovation, of freshness and of health, a  
casting off of sordid fear, a carelessness of wealth.  
A watching, as in childhood, for the flowers that one  
by one open their golden petals to woo the fitful sun ;  
a gush, a flash, a gurgle, a wish to shout and sing, as  
filled with hope and gladness we hail the vernal  
Spring.

*Adams\**

If Spring came but once in a century, instead of once  
a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake,  
and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there  
would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous  
change !

*Longfellow*

I come, I come ! ye have called me long. I come  
o'er the mountains with light and song ! Ye may  
trace my step o'er the wakening earth, by the winds  
that tell of the violet's birth, by the primrose stars in  
the shadowy grass, by the green leaves opening as I

## STARS

the leaves along the limpid streams of Eden ? Is your course measured for ye ? or do ye sweep on in your unbounded revelry through an aerial universe of endless expansion—at which my soul aches to think—intoxicated with eternity ? *Byron\**

The sky spreads like an ocean hung on high, bespangled with those isles of light so wildly, so spiritually bright. Whoever gazed upon them shining, and turned to earth without repining, nor wished for wings to flee away and mix with their eternal ray ? *Byron\**

# STORM

We often see, against some storm, a silence in the heavens : the rack stand still, the bold wind speechless, and the orb below is hushed as death. *Shakespeare\**

Ghosts ride in the tempest to-night—their songs are of other worlds. *Ossian\**

A boding silence reigns, dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound that from the mountain, previous to the storm, rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood, and shakes the forest leaf without a breath. *Thomson\**

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven, the tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes, and rolls its burden on the wind, the lightnings flash a larger curve, and more the noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts, and opens wider ; shuts and opens still expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. Follows the loosened aggravated roar, enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal, convulsing heaven and earth. *Thomson\**

What a joy to roam an equal among mightiest energies ; and haply sometimes with articulate voice, amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard by him that utters it, exclaim aloud, " Rage on, ye elements ! " *Wordsworth\**

Hark, hark ! Deep sounds, and deeper still, are howling from the mountain's bosom : there's not a breath of wind upon the hill, yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom : Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load. *Byron\**



## STORM

Far along, from peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud, but  
every mountain now hath found a tongue, and Jura  
answers through her misty shroud back to the joyous  
Alps, who call to her aloud ! And this is in the night.  
Most glorious night, thou wert not sent for slumber !  
Let me be a sharer in thy fierce delight—a portion of  
the tempest, and of thee ! How the lit lake shines—a  
phosphoric sea, and the big rain comes dancing down  
to earth. And now again 'tis black. And now, the  
glee of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
as if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth !

*Byron\**

# STRENGTH

O 'TIS EXCELLENT TO HAVE A  
GIANT'S STRENGTH ; BUT IT  
IS TYRANNOUS TO USE IT LIKE  
A GIANT.

*Shakespeare\**

What is strength, without a double share of wisdom ?  
Vast, unwieldy, burdensome ; proudly secure, yet  
liable to fall by weakest subtleties ; not made to rule,  
but to subserve where wisdom bears command.

*Milton\**

Hercules himself must yield to odds ; and many  
strokes, though with a little axe, hew down and fell the  
hardest-timbered oak.

*Shakespeare\**

# SUCCESS

THE MEN WHO TRY TO DO  
SOMETHING AND FAIL ARE  
INFINITELY BETTER THAN THOSE  
WHO TRY TO DO NOTHING AND  
SUCCEED.

*Jones*

'Tis not in mortals to command success ; but we'll do  
more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. *Addison\**

I confess, says a thoughtful writer, that increasing years  
bring with them an increasing respect for men who do  
not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used.  
Ill success sometimes arises from a conscience too  
sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too  
romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far  
as to say, with a living poet, that the world knows  
nothing of its greatest men ; but there are forms of  
greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and  
make no sign" ; there are martyrs that miss the palm,  
but not the stake ; heroes without the laurel, and  
conquerors without the triumph. *Sala*

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.  
*Sheridan*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control : these three  
alone lead life to sovereign power. *Tennyson\**

To give ourselves a reasonable prospect of success, we

366

## SUCCESS

must realize what we hope to achieve ; and then make the most of our opportunities.

*Avebury*

In all your undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate your endeavours ; and remember that if you despair of success you cannot hope to succeed.

Do not terrify your soul with vain fears ; neither let your heart sink because of the phantoms of imagination. Remember that as fear invites failure, so he that hopes helps himself.

If you believe a thing impossible, your despondency will make it so ; but, if you persevere, you will overcome all difficulties.

In all your desires, let reason go before you, and do not set your hopes beyond the bounds of probability ; so shall success attend all your undertakings, and your heart will not be vexed with disappointments.

*Dandemis*

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

*Kingsley*

# SUNSET

After a day of cloud and wind and rain sometimes the setting sun breaks out again, and, touching all the darksome woods with light, smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing, then like a ruby from the horizon's ring, drops down into the night. *Longfellow\**

It was the cooling hour, just as the rounded red sun sinks down behind the azure hill, which then seems as if the whole earth is bounded, circling all nature, hushed, and dim, and still, with the far mountain-crescent half surrounded on one side, and the deep sea calm and chill upon the other, and the rosy sky with one star sparkling through it like an eye. *Byron\**

Methought little space 'tween those hills intervened, but nearer, more lofty, more shaggy they seemed. The clouds o'er their summits they calmly did rest, and hung on the ether's invisible breast ; then the vapours of earth they seemed purer, more bright. Oh ! could they be clouds ? 'Twas the necklace of Night. *Ruskin\**

Touched by a light that hath no name, a glory never sung, aloft on sky and mountain wall are God's great pictures hung. How changed the summits vast and old ! No longer granite-browed, they melt in rosy mist ; the rock is softer than the cloud ; the valley holds its breath ; no leaf of all its elms is twirled : the silence of eternity seems falling on the world.

*Whittier\**

# THOUGHT

AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS  
HEART, SO IS HE.

*Solomon*

Speech is external thought, and thought internal speech.

*Rivarol*

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine.

*Cicero*

All that we are is the result of what we have thought.

*Buddha*

The real conquerors of the world are not the generals but the thinkers ; not Genghis Khan and Akbar, Rameses, or Alexander, but Confucius and Buddha, Aristotle, Plato and Christ.

*Avebury*

A thought did never yet die ; thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it, and created it from the whole past—so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future.

*Carlyle*

Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in heaven !

*Young\**

Thought alone, and its quick elements—will, passion, reason, imagination—cannot die. What has thought to do with time or space or circumstance ?

*Shelley\**

The soul is tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts.

*Antoninus*

## THOUGHT

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

The ancestor of every action is a thought. *Emerson*

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet !  
*Emerson*

All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectively he must think clearly ; to act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is the principal element of the soul's life, and should be regarded by every man as the principal end of his being.  
*Channing*

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which men are—and ought to be—accountable, if not to Thee, to those they influence.  
*Bailey\**

# TIME

IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE HOURS  
THAT TELL, AS THE WAY WE USE  
THEM. LIFE MUST BE MEASURED  
RATHER BY DEPTH THAN BY  
LENGTH: BY THOUGHT AND  
ACTION, RATHER THAN BY TIME.

*Avebury*

Time destroys the groundless conceits of man, but confirms that which is founded on nature and reality.

*Cicero*

What is time?—the shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries? These are but arbitrary and outward signs,—the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this, then tell me what is time?

*Longfellow*

The summits of the Alps. The very heart of the mountains. Overhead a bright, mute, pale-green sky. A hard, cruel frost; firm sparkling snow; from beneath the snow project grim blocks of ice-bound, wind-worn cliffs. Two huge giant mountains rise aloft, one on each side of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finasteraarhorn.

Says the Jungfrau to his neighbour: "What news hast thou to tell? Thou canst see better. What is going on there below?"

Several thousand years pass by like one minute, and



## TIME

the Finasteraarnhorn rumbles in reply : " Dense clouds veil the earth—Wait ! "

More thousands of years elapse, as it were one minute.

" Well, what now ? " inquires the Jungfrau.

The Finasteraarnhorn rumbles in reply : " Now I can see. Down yonder, below, everything is still the same : party-coloured, tiny. The waters gleam blue ; the forests are black ; heaps of stone piled up shine grey. Around them small beetles are still bustling,—thou knowest, those two-legged beetles who have as yet been unable to defile either thou or me."

" Men ? "

" Yes, men."

Thousands of years pass, as it were one minute.

" Well, and what now ? " asks the Jungfrau.

" I seem to see fewer of the little beetles," thunders the Finasteraarnhorn. " Things have become clearer down below ; the waters have contracted ; the forests have grown thinner."

More thousands of years pass, as it were one minute.

" What dost thou see ? " says the Jungfrau.

" Things seem to have grown clearer around us, close at hand," replies the Finasteraarnhorn ; " but yonder, far away, in the valleys there is still a spot where something is moving."

" And now ? " inquires the Jungfrau, after more thousands of years, which are as one minute.

" Now it is well," replies the Finasteraarnhorn ; " it is clean everywhere, quite white, wherever I look. Everywhere is our snow, level snow and ice. Everything is congealed. It is well now, and calm."

" Good," says the Jungfrau.—" But thou and I have chattered enough, old fellow. It is time to sleep."

" It is time ! "

The huge mountains slumber ; the green, clear heaven slumbers over the earth which has grown dumb for ever.

*Turgenev*

# TITLES

I CAN MAKE A LORD, BUT ONLY  
GOD ALMIGHTY CAN MAKE A  
GENTLEMAN.

*King James I*

How poor are all hereditary honours—those poor possessions from another's deeds—unless our own just virtues form our title.

*Shirley*

Everything made by man may be destroyed by man. There are no ineffaceable characters except those engraved by nature—and she makes neither princes, nor rich men, nor lords.

*Rousseau*

Do not esteem a man for his titles, nor condemn the stranger because he lacks them : you cannot judge the camel by his bridle. . . .

When you envy the man who possesses honours ; when his titles and greatness raise your indignation, seek to know how he obtained them. . . .

The favours of princes may be bought by vice ; rank and title may be purchased for money,—but these are not true honours. Crimes cannot exalt a man to glory ; neither can gold make men noble. . . .

There is no such thing as nobility except that of the soul ; nor is there any honour except that of virtue.

*Dandemis*

It is not the receiving of honour that delights a noble mind : the pride and honour is in deserving it ! Is it not better that men should say : “ Why is there not a statue to this man ? ” than that they should ask : “ Why has he one ? ”

*Dandemis*

## TITLES

Nobility is not only in dignity and ancient lineage, great revenues, lands or possessions, but in wisdom, knowledge and virtue, which, in man, is very nobility, and this nobility bringeth man to dignity. Honour ought to be given to virtue, and not to riches.

*Anacharsis*

Noble blood is an accident of fortune ; noble actions characterize the great.

*Goldoni*

Nature's noblemen are everywhere—in town and out of town, gloved and rough-handed, rich and poor. Prejudice against a lord, because he is a lord, is losing the chance of finding a good fellow, as much as prejudice against a ploughman because he is a ploughman.

*Willis*

True nobility scorns to trample upon a worm, or to sneak to an emperor.

*Saadi*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be good. Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

*Tennyson\**

Of all varieties of fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Title, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.

*Burton*

# TRANQUILLITY

Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, sea-shores, and mountains ; and thou art too wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is within thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity ; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then, give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself ; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental.

Retire into this little territory of thy own, and above all do not extract or strain thyself, but be free, and look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. But among the things to which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two : one is, that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable, but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within ; the other is, that all these things which thou seest change immediately and will no longer be—and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The universe is transformation ; life is opinion.

*Marcus Aurelius*

# TREES

All the tree-tops lay asleep, like green waves on the sea.

*Shelley\**

It seems to me that the trees draw from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathe forth peace and tranquillity. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves that embower this island (Britain) are most of them full of story : they seem haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms or the toils of state.

*Irving*

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned to hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, and spread the roof above them—ere he framed the lofty vault, to gather and roll back the sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood, amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down, and offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication.

*Bryant\**

In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign. In the woods we return to reason and faith.

*Emerson*

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome ; and when I am stretched beneath the pines when the evening star so holy shines, I laugh at the lore and pride of man, at the sophist's schools, and the learned clan : for what are they all in their high conceit, when Man with God in the woods may meet ?

*Emerson\**

## TREES

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines uplift  
their fretted summits tipped with cones ; the arch  
beneath them is not built with stones,—not Art but  
Nature traced these lovely lines, and carved the  
graceful arabesque of vines. No organ but the wind  
here sighs and moans, no sepulchre conceals a martyr's  
bones, no marble bishop on his tomb reclines.  
Enter ! the pavement carpeted with leaves, gives  
back a softened echo to thy tread. Listen ! the choir  
is singing ; all the birds in leafy galleries beneath the  
eaves are singing. Listen ! ere the sound be fled,  
and learn that there may be worship without words.

*Longfellow\**

# TRUTH

TRUTH IS BUT ONE. YOUR DOUBTS ARE OF YOUR OWN RAISING. HE WHO MADE VIRTUES WHAT THEY ARE, PLANTED ALSO IN YOU A KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR PRE-EMINENCE ; THEREFORE, ASK YOUR SOUL, AND IF YOU ACT AS THAT DICTATES TO YOU, THE END SHALL BE ALWAYS RIGHT.

*Dandemis*

The language of truth is simple.

*Euripides*

Truth is always straightforward.

*Sophocles*

See that what you receive as truth is not merely the shadow of it ; for what you acknowledge as convincing is often but plausible.

Do not condemn the judgement of another because it differs from your own : may you not both be in error ? . . . Remember how many things have been rejected which are now received as truths ; and those which are now received as truths which shall, in their turn, be despised.

Have not truth and falsehood the same appearance in any subject we do not understand ? We easily believe anything that is above our comprehension—or, we are proud to pretend it, in order that we may appear to have wisdom. Is not this folly and arrogance !

## TRUTH

Do not say that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is any certainty. One human proposition has as much right of authority as any other, if reason does not make any difference. . . . Have courage in truth ; but fear to lie. Learn to blush at falsehood, so that in speaking the truth you may have a steady eye. *Dandemis*

He who has once deviated from the truth will usually commit perjury with as little scruple as he would tell a lie. *Cicero*

The first of all gospels is this : a lie cannot endure for ever. *Carlyle*

Genius, Poet : do we know what these words mean ? An inspired soul once more vouchsafed us, direct from Nature's own great fire-heart, to see the truth, and speak it, and do it ; Nature's own voice heard once more athwart the dreary boundless element of hear-saying and canting, of twaddle and poltroonery in which the bewildered Earth, nigh perishing, has lost its way. Hear once more, ye bewildered benighted mortals ; listen once again to a voice from the inner Light-sea—Nature's and Truth's own heart ; know the fact of your existence, what it is, and put away the cant of it which is not ; and knowing, do ! *Carlyle*

Truth is too simple for us ; and we do not like those who unmask our illusions. *Emerson*

The highest compact two people can make is that there shall be Truth between them for evermore. *Emerson*

I have found out the art of deceiving diplomatists : I speak the truth, and I am certain they will not believe me ! *Cavour*



## TRUTH

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves. They will not advance their minds to the standard, so they lower the standard to their minds.

*Colton*

# USEFULNESS

Take from the period of your life the useless parts of it, and what remains? Take off the time of your infancy; your sleep; your thoughtless hours; your days of sickness, and even in the fullness of years how few have been your hours of usefulness!

He who gave you life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so. To what end would longer life serve you? Is it that you may have the opportunity of more vice; or is it that you wish to have the opportunity of doing more good? As to the good, will not He who limits your span be satisfied with the fruits of it! If it is that you wish to improve your wisdom and virtue, have you employed the little time that you have? If not, do not complain that more is not given you.

*Dandemis*

Knowest thou not, that thou canst not move a step on this earth without finding some duty to be done, and that every man is useful to his kind by the very fact of his existence?

*Carlyle*

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something!

*Chalmers*

# VANITY

**A KNOWLEDGE OF THYSELF  
WILL PRESERVE THEE  
FROM VANITY.**

*Cervantes*

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding. *Pope*

Inconstancy is powerful in the heart of man ; intemperance sways it whither it will ; despair engrosses much of it,—but vanity is beyond them all.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters, what is he but a bubble of this weakness ? The public is unstable and ungrateful ; so why should a man of wisdom endanger himself for fools ! *Dandemis*

Nothing blinds the eye, or hides the heart of a man from himself, like vanity. Remember that it is when you do not see yourself that others see you most plainly. *Dandemis*

We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us better than we think ourselves.

We have always pretensions to fame which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage ; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation.

*Johnson*

# VIRTUE

THE VIRTUE OF A MAN OUGHT  
TO BE MEASURED NOT BY HIS  
EXTRAORDINARY EXERTIONS, BUT  
BY HIS EVERY-DAY CONDUCT.

*Pascal*

Virtue is the beauty of the soul. *Socrates*

It is not enough merely to possess virtue, as if it were  
an art ; it must be practised. *Cicero*

The measure of any man's virtue is what he would do  
if he had neither the laws nor public opinion, nor even  
his own prejudices, to control him. *Hazlitt*

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere  
innocence, or abstaining from doing harm ; but as  
the exertion of our faculties in doing good. *Butler*

I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody  
were to know it ; as I would be clean for my own sake,  
though nobody were to see me. *Shaftesbury*

Bees will not work except in darkness ; thought will  
not work except in silence : neither will virtue work  
except in secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what  
thy right hand doeth ! *Carlyle*

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees ; it  
sufficeth me if I know their virtues. *Sidney*

## VIRTUE

Be virtuous while you are young ; and in your age  
you will be honoured. *Dandemis*

It is said that grey hairs are revered, and in length of  
days there is honour ; yet, without virtue, age plants  
more wrinkles in the soul than on the forehead.

*Dandemis*

# WANTS

WE ARE RUINED NOT BY  
WHAT WE REALLY WANT,  
BUT BY WHAT WE THINK WE DO.  
HE THAT BUYS WHAT HE DOES  
NOT WANT WILL SOON WANT  
WHAT HE CANNOT BUY.

*Colton*

If we from wealth to poverty descend, want gives to  
know the flatterer from the friend. *Dryden\**

Man's rich with little, were his judgement true ;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few : those few  
wants answered bring sincere delights ; but fools  
create themselves new appetites. *Young\**

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins ; and no sooner  
are we supplied with everything that Nature can  
demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial  
appetites. *Johnson*

Choose rather to want less, than to have more.  
*d Kempis*

How few our real wants : how vast our imaginary  
ones ! *Lavater*

# WAR

NOTHING EXCEPT A BATTLE  
LOST CAN BE HALF SO  
MELANCHOLY AS A BATTLE WON.

*Wellington*

Is death more cruel from the private dagger, than in the field from murdering swords of thousands? or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?

*Cibber\**

Oh, the bellowing thunders! The shudders, the shocks! when thousands 'gainst thousands come clashing like rocks. When the rain is all scarlet; the clouds are half fire; and men's sinews are snapped like the threads of a lyre! When each litter's a hearse, and each bullet's a knell; when each breath is a curse, and each bosom a hell!

*Procter\**

This day hath made much work for tears in many a mother.

*Shakespeare\**

The law is silent during war.

*Cicero*

One to destroy, is murder by the law, and gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe; to murder thousands makes a specious name—war's glorious art—and gives immortal fame.

*Young\**

War mends but few, and spoils multitudes.

*Taylor*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror, were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts

## WAR

given to redeem the human mind from error, there were no need for arsenals or forts : the warrior's name would be a name abhorred ! and every nation that should lift again its hand against a brother, on its forehead would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

*Longfellow\**

One murder made a villain ; millions, a hero. Princes were privileged to kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

*Porteus\**

Theirs not to make reply, theirs not to reason why.  
Theirs but to do and die !

*Tennyson\**

Let the gulled fool the toil of war pursue, where bleed the many to enrich the few.

*Shenstone\**

The idea of honour is associated with war. Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war ? It is to destroy human life ; it is to batter down and burn cities ; to turn fruitful fields into deserts ; to scourge nations with famine ; to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honourable deeds ?

We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn and cheer human life ; and if these arts be honourable, where is the glory of multiplying tortures and death ?

*Channing*

War is honourable in those who do their native rights maintain ; in those whose swords an iron barrier are between the lawless spoiler and the weak ; but is, in those who draw the offensive blade for added power or gain, sordid and despicable as meanest office of the worldly churl.

*Baillie\**



## WAR

War is the sink of all injustice.

*Fielding*

If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors.

*Montesquieu*

The feast of vultures, and the waste of life.

*Byron\**

Oh, world ! Oh, men ! what are ye, and our best designs, that we must work by crime to punish crime ? and slay, as if death had but this one gate, when a few years would make the sword superfluous !

*Byron\**

War is delightful to those who have had no experience of it.

*Erasmus*

The sight of a battlefield after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war.

*Napoleon*

Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.

*Wellington*

We kind o' thought Christ were agin war an' pillage.

*Lowell*

But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at. Nations would do well to extort their truncheons from the puny hands of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil—because men suffer it—their toy, the world.

*Cowper\**

Anything you prepare for, you get. Nations that prepare for war will find an excuse for fighting. There was no such thing as civilization until individuals ceased carrying arms, and agreed to refer their differences to

## WAR

the courts. The good sense of the world to-day says that nations should mediate and arbitrate ; the War Lord spirit is an anachronism ; and no matter what it was once, it is, to-day, a detestable thing. War preparedness leads to war.

The coast-line between Canada and the United States, from the St. Lawrence River to Lake Superior, is about two thousand miles. In the year 1812 there were forty-six forts on the United States side, and about the same number frowned at us from Canada. At Fort Niagara alone there were at one time six thousand troops. Altogether we had on the Great Lakes over a hundred craft devoted to the art of fighting—this, in the interest of peace.

In one little battle we had with our British cousins on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, a rash youth of twenty-seven, captured six British ships and killed three hundred men. A little before this the British had destroyed ten ships for us and killed two hundred Americans.

After the war of 1812 was ended and peace was declared, both sides got busy, very busy, strengthening the forts and building warships. Not that war was imminent, but the statesmen of the time said that there was nothing like "preparedness." In Canada things were much the same, and there were threats that Perry's exploit would soon be reversed.

Suddenly, but very quietly, two men in Washington got together and made an agreement. One man was acting Secretary of State, Richard Rush of Philadelphia ; the other was Charles Bagot, Minister to the United States from England. Rush was of Quaker parentage, and naturally was opposed to the business of war. Bagot had seen enough of fighting to know that it was neither glorious nor amusing.

Rush wrote out the memorandum of agreement on one side of a single sheet of paper and it is dated April 28th, 1817. Here is a copy :

## WAR

" 1. The Naval forces henceforth to be maintained upon the Great Lakes shall be confined to the following vessels on each side :

" 2. On Lake Ontario one vessel, not to exceed one hundred tons burden, carrying not more than twenty men and one eighteen-pound cannon.

" 3. On the Upper Lakes two vessels of the same burden, and armed in a like way.

" 4. On Lake Champlain one vessel of like size and armament.

" 5. All other armed vessels to be at once dismantled, and no other vessel of war shall be built or armed along the Saint Lawrence River or on the Great Lakes."

The foregoing agreement has been religiously kept ; and so far as we know, it will continue for all time. Both parties are satisfied, and in fact so naturally has it been accepted that very few people know of its existence.

Here is an example that our friends in Europe might well ponder over. If those forts on the frontier had been maintained, and had the ships of war continued to sail up and down, it would have been a positive miracle if there had not been fighting. Probably they would have forced us into another war with England before this : we have had several disputes with Canada when it would have been very easy to open hostilities if the tools had been handy. Men who carry pistols find reasons for using them ; and the nations that have big armies will find excuse for testing their efficiency. If two countries can make an arrangement limiting the extent of armament, and this arrangement holds for a hundred years as it has done, cannot nine countries do the same ? Then all that is needed is a few soldiers to do police duty.

Nations cannot afford to be savages, any more than individuals.

*Hubbard*

## WAR

WAR IS THE PARENT OF ARMIES ;  
FROM THESE PROCEED DEBTS AND  
TAXES. ARMIES, AND DEBTS, AND  
TAXES, ARE THE RECOGNIZED IN-  
STRUMENTS FOR KEEPING THE  
MANY UNDER THE DOMINION OF  
THE FEW.

*Madison*

# WEALTH

**H**E IS RICH WHOSE INCOME IS  
MORE THAN HIS EXPENSES ;  
AND HE IS POOR WHOSE EXPENSES  
EXCEED HIS INCOME.

*Bruyère*

Nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches as to conceive how others can be in want. *Swift*

Wealth, after all, is only a relative thing, since he that has little and wants less is richer than he that has much but wants more. *Colton*

I take him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented. *Howe*

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune—or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in meekness of thy conversation ; condescend to know men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great. *Sterne*

Riches do not exhilarate us so much with their possession as they torment us with their loss. *Gregory*

Learn that it is not abundance that makes riches, but economy and the application of what you have . . . The man to whom God gives riches should be careful to employ them in the right way. You should look upon your wealth with pleasure, for it gives you the means to do good.

## WEALTH

You should protect the poor and the injured ; and fight against the mighty when they oppress the weak. Do not let the benevolence of your mind be checked by your fortune ; so shall you rejoice in your riches, and your joy will be blameless.

Do not heap up wealth in abundance to rejoice in its possession alone, lest woe comes unto you. Do not grind the faces of the poor : consider the sweat of their brows. Do not thrive on oppression, lest the ruin of your brother disturb your heart. Do not harden your heart with love of wealth, lest grief and distress soften it again.

*Dandemis*

An immoderate desire for riches is poison to the soul : it contaminates and destroys everything that is good in it ; and it is no sooner rooted there than all virtue, all honesty, and all natural affection is driven out.

Riches are servants to the wise, but to the soul of the fool they are tyrants.

*Dandemis*

If a rich man is proud of his wealth, he should not be praised until it is known how he employs it.

*Socrates*

As the touchstone tries gold, so gold tries men.

*Child*

The heart contracts as the pocket expands.

*Bovee*

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.

*Franklin*

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune ; and when you have made it, it requires ten times as much cleverness to keep it.

*Rothschild*

'Tis gold which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up

## WEALTH

their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold which makes the true man killed and saves the thief ; nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : what can it not do, and undo ?  
*Shakespeare\**

O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce 'twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler of Hymen's bed ! thou valiant Mars ! thou ever-young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer, whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god, that solderest close impossibilities, and makest them kiss ! that speakest with every tongue, to every purpose ! O, thou touch of hearts ! think, thy slave Man rebels, and by thy virtue set them into confounding odds, that beasts may have the world in empire !  
*Shakespeare\**

RICHES SHOULD BE ADMITTED  
INTO OUR HOUSES, BUT NOT  
INTO OUR HEARTS ; WE MAY TAKE  
THEM INTO OUR POSSESSION, BUT  
NOT INTO OUR AFFECTIONS.

*Charron*

# WIND

Welcome, wild North-easter ! Shame it is to see odes to every zephyr ; ne'er a verse to thee. Welcome, black North-easter ! o'er the German foam ; o'er the Danish moorlands, from thy frozen home.

Let the luscious South wind breathe in lovers' sighs, while the lazy gallants bask in ladies' eyes. What does he but soften heart alike and pen ? 'tis the hard grey weather breeds hard English men. What's the soft South-wester ? 'tis the ladies' breeze, bringing home their true-loves out of all the seas.

But the black North-easter through the snowstorm hurled, drives our English hearts of oak seaward round the world. Come, as came our fathers, heralded by thee, conquering from the eastward : lords by land and sea. Come ; and strong within us stir the Vikings' blood ; bracing brain and sinew ; blow, thou wind of God !  
*Kingsley\**

Do you fear the force of the wind, the slash of the rain ? Go, face them and fight them : be savage again. Go hungry and cold like the wolf ; go wade like the crane : the palms of your hands will thicken, the skin of your cheek will tan—you'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy, but you'll walk like a man !  
*Garland*



# WISDOM

**S**OCRATES WAS PRONOUNCED BY THE ORACLE OF DELPHI TO BE THE WISEST MAN IN GREECE ; TO WHICH HE REPLIED THAT THERE COULD BE NOTHING IN HIM TO VERIFY IT EXCEPT POSSIBLY THIS : THAT HE WAS NOT WISE AND KNEW IT, AND OTHERS WERE ALSO NOT WISE BUT KNEW IT NOT.

*Bacon*

The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false ; the second, to know that which is true.

*Lactantius*

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing. *Socrates*

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

*Wordsworth\**

Learn wisdom from the experience of others ; and from their failings you will be able to correct your own faults. . . .

The first step towards being wise is to know that you are ignorant ; and if you wish to be esteemed in the judgement of others, cast off the folly of trying to appear wise. As a plain garment best adorns a beautiful woman, so is modest behaviour the greatest ornament of wisdom.

## WISDOM

True wisdom is less presuming than folly : the wise man doubts often, and changes his mind ; but the fool is obstinate and does not doubt—he knows all things except his own ignorance !

The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly. Nevertheless, it is part of wisdom to bear with fools ; to hear their absurdities with patience—and to pity their weakness. Do not become puffed-up, neither boast of superior understanding ; for the clearest human knowledge is but little better than blindness.

The wise man knows his own imperfections. But the fool peeps into the shallow stream of his own mind and is pleased with the pebbles which he sees at the bottom ; he brings them up, and shows them as pearls, and the applause of other fools delights him. *Dandemis*

He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living. *Carlyle*

The wise man is but a clever infant, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical book, the lexicon of which lies in Eternity. *Carlyle*

# WOMAN

AS FOR THE WOMEN, THOUGH  
WE SCORN AND FLOUT  
THEM, WE MAY LIVE WITH, BUT  
CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THEM.

*Dryden\**

Oh, woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee to  
temper man ; we had been brutes without you !

*Otway\**

Without woman's hopes, without her fears, without  
the home that plighted love endears, without the smiles  
from plighted beauty won, oh ! what were man ?—  
a world without a sun.

*Campbell\**

The world was sad, the Garden was a wild ; and Man,  
the hermit, sighed till Woman smiled.

*Campbell\**

The perfect wife is much more serviceable in life than  
petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago  
queens. She who makes her husband and her children  
happy is a much greater character than the ladies  
described in romance whose whole occupation is to  
murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their  
eyes.

*Goldsmith*

A handsome woman is a jewel ; but a good woman is a  
treasure.

*Saadi*

A creature not too bright or good for human nature's  
daily food ; for transient sorrows, simple wiles, praise,

## WOMAN

blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles : a Being breathing thoughtful breath, a traveller between life and death ; the reason firm, the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength and skill ; a perfect Woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command ; and yet a Spirit still and bright with something of angelic light.  
*Wordsworth\**

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ; She is a woman, therefore may be won.  
*Shakespeare\**

Kindness in woman, not her beauteous looks, shall win my love.  
*Shakespeare\**

The man who bears an honourable mind will scorn to treat a woman lawlessly.  
*Shakespeare\**

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid. *Rousseau*

And whispering, " I will ne'er consent,"—consented.  
*Byron\**

# WORK

CAST FORTH THY ACT, THY  
WORD, INTO THE EVER-  
LIVING, EVER-WORKING UNIVERSE :  
IT IS A SEED-GRAIN THAT CANNOT  
DIE ; UNNOTICED TO-DAY, IT WILL  
BE FOUND FLOURISHING AS A  
BANYAN GROVE—PERHAPS, ALAS, AS  
A HEMLOCK FOREST—AFTER A  
THOUSAND YEARS.

*Carlyle*

It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou ? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labour-field ; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honourable than that of war ; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honours ? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity ? It is treason to Nature, it is impiety to Heaven, it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the mind, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

*Dewey*

It is not work that kills men ; it is worry. Work is healthy, and you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear ; but worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys machinery, it is the friction.

*Beecher*

# WORRY

**G**OD ALWAYS GIVES US  
STRENGTH TO BEAR OUR  
TROUBLES DAY BY DAY ; BUT HE  
NEVER CALCULATED ON OUR  
PILING THE TROUBLES PAST, AND  
THOSE TO COME, ON TOP OF  
THOSE OF TO-DAY.

*Hubbard*

## X-Y-Z

The foregoing, I think you must agree, has been good reading ; and if you are concerned with reading only as relaxation or recreation you have had good measure. But in all probability you are a constructive reader ; and in this case you may be interested to examine a way in which these views of some of the World's great Thinkers can be turned to your own advantage.

There is but little difference between you and me, for we are the same beneath the surface : your hopes are likewise mine ; my questionings, I know, are yours ; and the sunset colours, the flowers, and the melodies of the birds speak to me as I know they speak to you—to that mysterious inner self. A smile, a sense of beauty, a love of right as opposed to wrong, and all the other things in life that really count are basic in you as they are in me. I know, therefore, that I see life as you see it : not so much a problem of living, but one of making a living under conditions which seem to leave but little room for an idealistic outlook on life.

At root there is nothing wrong with the World, as a world ; and there is nothing wrong with Life except that Man, himself, has produced artificial conditions that have complicated matters so thoroughly that he now finds it difficult to sort them out in his at present chaotic state of mind.

Life seems to be just one big problem ; doesn't it ? But has it ever occurred to you that every problem contains, within itself, the factors of its own solution ? or, put in another way : any schoolboy knows (or should know) that once he sorts out the threads which form the tangle of a mathematical problem, the solution then resolves itself into mere simple arithmetic. We were taught to do this at school as a means of solving those much-hated "problem sums" ; but our

education seems to have been strangely silent as to applying the same unfailing procedure in solving the problems of the daily life for which we were then preparing ! If daily life is a problem, and human beings and their activities constitute what we call daily life, then surely the factors involved are merely you and I plus our actions. Let us, therefore, briefly examine these factors : it is important that we should do so, as it will make these last few pages—and, incidentally, the real purpose of this book—more easy to apprehend and apply.

In spite of the marvellous control man has already achieved in the world, we must not lose sight of the fact that, as yet, we are little more than in touch with even the fringe of knowledge. Physical Science, in pursuing its researches into the Laws and Forces behind the multiplicity of Universes, has at last pursued itself beyond its own boundaries, and is now turning to a metaphysical explanation even of itself : it has gone so far, already, as to hazard that the Universe itself and everything in it is the manifestation of what—to use its own definition—appears to be “ the Mind-stuff of an Infinite Intelligence.” This conclusion may be new to Science ; but it is by no means new to Thinkers.

You and I are unit parts of the one great all-embracing Nature. If, instead of the word Nature, you prefer to use the word God, Creation, Infinite, we shall not disagree. The broad aim of Nature is evolution—constant growth of the sum total to higher levels of perfection which, so far as our at present limited comprehension carries us, is expressed by the highest attributes of beauty, truth, unselfishness, and everything else which we know inwardly should be strived for. Every unit of Life-Force in Nature is a potential god-in-the-making ; each at the moment at the exact stage to which it has evolved under its own free-will from some lower form. In the realm of the human being



## X-Y-Z

**Life-Force** has reached the degree of individualization and conscious self-expression.

The essential You is a unit of indestructible Life-Force—Spirit, Consciousness, Will, or Character if you prefer—which, for the purpose of the present stage of evolution needs something to act against it as a resistance and through which self-expression can be demonstrated. The essential You, however, will continue to exist ten, or twenty thousand years hence ; it will still be the same You somewhere in the Universe, but more highly evolved.

The physical Body is the temporary instrument of matter to which You are anchored, as it were, for a time through which you give self-expression under the resistance of material considerations.

The Mind is the activity of You, the Life-Force or Spirit—it is not the Spirit itself.

The Brain is part of the physical body only, and acts as a kind of elaborate automatic switchboard. It interprets Mind into physical-sense perceptions ; and also conveys the commands of the Mind (conscious and subconscious) by means of a marvellous system of nerve controls to the muscles of the body whereby its mechanical movements are effected. The Brain does not create Thought—it merely interprets Thought into physical-sense perception.

Thought is conscious Life-Force expressing itself extra-physically. It manifests as Mind overlapping both the spiritual and material spheres of perception.

Action is the interpretation of Thought in terms of mechanical motion in the realm of physical matter.

Summarized, therefore, a Thought is You expressing Yourself in the realm of real Existence ; an Action is You expressing Yourself in the realm of physical matter. The former is permanent, and is what builds up and develops your Eternal Self ; the latter is a temporary physical expression.

## X-Y-Z

Everything around us, every object and every circumstance, is the result of action of some kind. There cannot be any such thing as action without there having been a preceding thought : there is no such thing as chance-action anywhere. It follows, therefore, that Thought is Cause, and Action is Effect.

Now this Law of Cause and Effect is one of the greatest of all Universal Laws, and its operation can be observed in everything : it covers everything from the major events in the multiplicity of universes down to the minute details and circumstances of the individual's daily life. Once get this simple, universal Law firmly fixed in your consciousness and you hold a thorough command of life : Thought is Cause ; Action is Effect.

Our every-day conditions are principally determined directly by actions, and actions are the outcome of thought. We are constantly thinking : we can change our thoughts, but we cannot stop thinking—that is the one thing we cannot do, for the activity of the Spirit expressed as Mind is ceaseless. We are, therefore, constantly creating our own material conditions because every thought is automatically registered within the Real You, and whatever is within the Real Self sooner or later inevitably finds expression or embodiment in the without whether we are aware of it or not, or whether we desire it or not. That is another phase of the same Law of Cause and Effect, which although not always immediately apparent nevertheless can be traced in operation by going back over past events systematically.

We may as well face facts as they are, not as we think them to be. We spend far too much time bemoaning our so-called ill luck. Things go wrong ; and we blame everything and everybody except ourselves. Yet, in the great majority of cases, were we to dig into it, any particular undesired-for condition can be definitely

## X-Y-Z

traced back to some contra-idealistic thought of our own. Just to illustrate this point, as it is well-worth bearing in mind, I recall an instance, not long ago, of a man who was arguing against there being a Law of Cause and Effect in this direction. Let us call him A. He said that B had just swindled him in business ; and as he had never had a wrong thought towards B, where was the Law of Cause and Effect in that ? I found that A had met B through C, and the relationship between A and C appeared to be in order. He has met C through D ; and here again A and D were in order. But, A admitted, he had met D through E, and he had cultivated E's acquaintance with the object of pulling off a shady piece of business against E. Obviously, therefore, if A had not had a contra-idealistic thought against E he would not have cultivated his acquaintance and would never have met B. A, of course, withdrew his argument against there being a Law of Cause and Effect !

Our daily lives are mainly engaged in purely material considerations, and we are so hemmed in by them that not only do we not develop our real inherent powers which could give us complete command of life in all its aspects, but we ignore the fact that we possess such powers even potentially and that there are basic laws underlying everything.

Nature cares not whether you acquire material riches or not ; but Nature does care—and cares very much—about your growth and development as a unit of Life-Force. If, in gaining material success, you have deteriorated in human sympathies, in your sense of perfection or uprightness, or have smothered your higher Self you will be a failure at this stage of evolution in the eyes of Nature regardless of your success in the material sense ; and you will have to go through it again, and again if necessary, until the Real You is dominant—until you can differentiate between the substance

and the shadow—before You can rise to a higher level.

In the Eternal Realm of Existence the only currency that passes for value is You yourself stripped of material possessions, honours and privileges : You ; your Character ; your real inner qualities ; your inmost thoughts and aspirations ; and unless you can look back on this day-at-school which we call a Life, and know in your own heart that your views are truer, higher, nobler, and more beautiful than at the beginning of it, you will have made no progress.

Of course, it is not meant that we should neglect our material needs : both our spiritual and physical selves must be looked after. We ought to adopt a sensible mid-course and not allow one to absorb the whole of our attention to the exclusion of the other : they should be developed and applied one to the other.

As the physical is the instrument of the spiritual Self, and as Mind Power indicates the vital consciousness of the Life-Force, or Real Self, obviously the development of Mind Power indicates greater control of the physical in all its activities.

Mind Power rightly developed and applied to proper ends can produce anything, create anything, or change anything whatever in the life or circumstances of any one. A sweeping statement, you say ? But it is true. There are no bounds whatever to human possibility : our only limitation is ourselves—our own degree of development ; and that degree is determined by the law that we only exercise those powers and qualities which we recognize—those that we do not believe in, or are not conscious of, remain unexpressed and dormant.

By developing Mind Power we are working with Nature towards Nature's purpose, and Nature will help us on. We can become whatever we aspire to

become ; but the growth and development must come from the Within—it is never forced from the without. The principle underlying the development of Mind Power is really quite simple in itself, but in conjunction with material resistance it is quite difficult enough for us in our present kindergarten state of control of Nature's Forces. It is this : Hold to the Ideal of Perfection in terms of Real Existence, and express it in terms of physical existence. And this applies to everything—seven days a week !

The ideal of Perfection can be held quite easily if we get into the habit of taking an ideal point of view about everything : there is good in everybody if we take the trouble to find it ; and there is a better side, a nobler side, a more beautiful side to everybody and everything if we encourage it to display itself to us. If we constantly strive to seek out only the better side in everything, it will rapidly bring the better side of ourselves to the surface and that, in turn, will inevitably induce better conditions, from all angles, in our own affairs. You know as well as I do—if you have had much experience in the world—that, in the end “as we sow, so do we reap” even in every-day matters of business in spite of the fact that we spend half our time trying to bluff ourselves that it is not so.

Set as high a standard as you can conceive to everything, and then endeavour to lead whatever you feel falls short of this standard up to it, not by criticism or preaching, but by quietly setting the pace by your own example and action.

It does not matter to what sphere of activity you apply this, it must produce its own results in accordance with Nature's laws. The great Law of Cause and Effect operates everywhere : put into operation your own idealism, and you will draw to yourself harmonious superior influences which will produce corresponding

## X-Y-Z

effects in your own life. Every effort you put forth will produce some effect—that is inevitable.

Crowd out inferior viewpoints by superior ones ; bad thoughts by good ones ; destructive thoughts by constructive ones ; ugly thoughts by beautiful ones ; and stifle all distressing, negative, critical and discordant states of mind with the knowledge that, potentially, you have the power within you to effect anything. Fear and doubt are bogeys, and nothing more. If you fear and doubt your own powers, you fear and doubt yourself ; and if you fear and doubt yourself, how can you expect to achieve anything ?

Never be daunted by a failure or a mistake in anything you attempt ; instead, have another go at it and be determined to do better. Why be disturbed if you tried to do the “right thing,” yet failed ? You, the real You is invincible if Its Natural powers are developed and used aright, but until we are considerably further advanced than we are at this stage we shall continue to make some failures and mistakes—that is only to be expected. Were we able to command Ourselves and Our Powers completely we would already have evolved beyond the human stage. Keep this aspect well in the forefront of your consciousness, for it will help you to take a more kindly and tolerant view of other people’s shortcomings : it will definitely help you because more than half our discordant and destructive moods are caused through viewing other people destructively—and you know what a hash we usually make of domestic, social or business matters when we attempt anything in those frames of mind. Do you see the Law of Cause and Effect at work here ? The only real failure is the failure to persist. If you want an example of persistent pursuit of the ideal of perfection, study the evolutionary process at work throughout Nature’s domains : every form of Life is

## X-Y-Z

constantly striving to perfect itself—to rise to something higher. You, as a Life-Force unit have already persisted and have held on very tenaciously to have reached the human stage. Are you going to let go now?

All our experiences, pleasant and unpleasant, are necessary to our progress. Although this is not always apparent at first sight, it is true, nevertheless.

Divide your Mental Life between matters that are essential to your spiritual being, and those that are necessary to your material welfare: live with the ideal, but do not neglect the practical application of it.

Condemn nothing that is natural. Everything in this material world is here for our good—and is good when used properly and in its right place: the evil lies only in abuse, or misapplication.

Aim at truth, beauty and unselfishness in everything that you contemplate; get a stage nearer to the Great Ideal of Perfection in Yourself, and then express Yourself in your material surroundings—and if you did not know it before, know now that You can!

I admit, idealistic thinking is somewhat difficult at times; but, after all, if you regard material life in its real significance—as a means of resistance by means of which the Real Self acquires strength and development: a muscular exerciser, as it were—this difficulty disappears. Even so, I do not think there is any one of us sufficiently strong as yet that we can do without something which can stimulate idealistic thought, particularly if in such a form that we can turn to it for reference in those inevitable temporary periods of disaster, doubt and depression. And even when everything is running smoothly, a constructive viewpoint, or light from some different angle on a particular subject may save us taking a destructive and unprofitable step later.

## X-Y-Z

This volume, which I have named "Wisdom of the Ages," should be valuable not only in building up the frame-work of a sound individual theoretical philosophy, but a practical and profitable one as well for whosoever cares to use it. We are accustomed to looking at things perhaps from too narrow an angle in most cases ; therefore, these concepts of those who may justly be numbered among the world's Great Thinkers can, at the very least, give us a useful check on our own outlooks.

At the same time, it must not be overlooked that other people's thoughts are only useful to others in so far as they stimulate an individual's own idealistic outlook. If you wish to develop Mind Power and be a Force rather than thistledown in the world, you must cultivate your own powers of thought : in other words, you must become your own actively idealistic Self, not a mere dormant imitator.

Achieve this and you will know what it is to be a conscious Life-Force instead of a piece of mere driftwood buffeted by the waves of circumstance.

I do know that in my late 'teens and early twenties when I first tackled life seriously, if I had had at hand then what this book contains now, I would have made far fewer blunders, would have saved much valuable time, and would have made far greater progress in every sense.

I believe that this book contains all the factors which constitute the problem of daily life. It sorts the factors out, as it were, and the solution is merely their own simple application.

To me, there is no longer any "problem" in life : no longer do I run around like a squirrel in a cage wondering what it is all about. That, of itself, means happiness. And what a paradise this Earth would be



## X-Y-Z

if everybody were really happy !—for that seems to be the universal quest.

It all rests with the individual—every one of us, for you cannot enforce another to be happy : we each have to create for ourselves our own heavens or hells. No ; get on with life idealistically yourself, and you will be happy ; and others will soon notice the results in yourself, and will seek the formula. Do not fail to pass it on to them, for you will be putting a little more constructive effort into the world : it will repay you well, because in the things that really count, you cannot draw out of life more than you put into it.

When a further edition of this book becomes necessary I shall know that somewhere in the World there are many who have appreciated it and have brought it to the notice of others whom they know : that somewhere there is an ever-increasing number of us—unknown to one another, perhaps—going quietly along “ plucking thistles and planting flowers where they think a flower will grow.”

MARK GILBERT.





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