





Ex Libris

K.K. Venugopal

SPRING

SUMMER

THE INFANT THE SCHOOLBOY LOVER

ALL THE WORDS A STAGE: ALL THE MEN & WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS: THEY HAVE THEIR ENTRIES & THEIR EXITS & THEIR ENTRANCES

NO ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS

THE SOLDIER

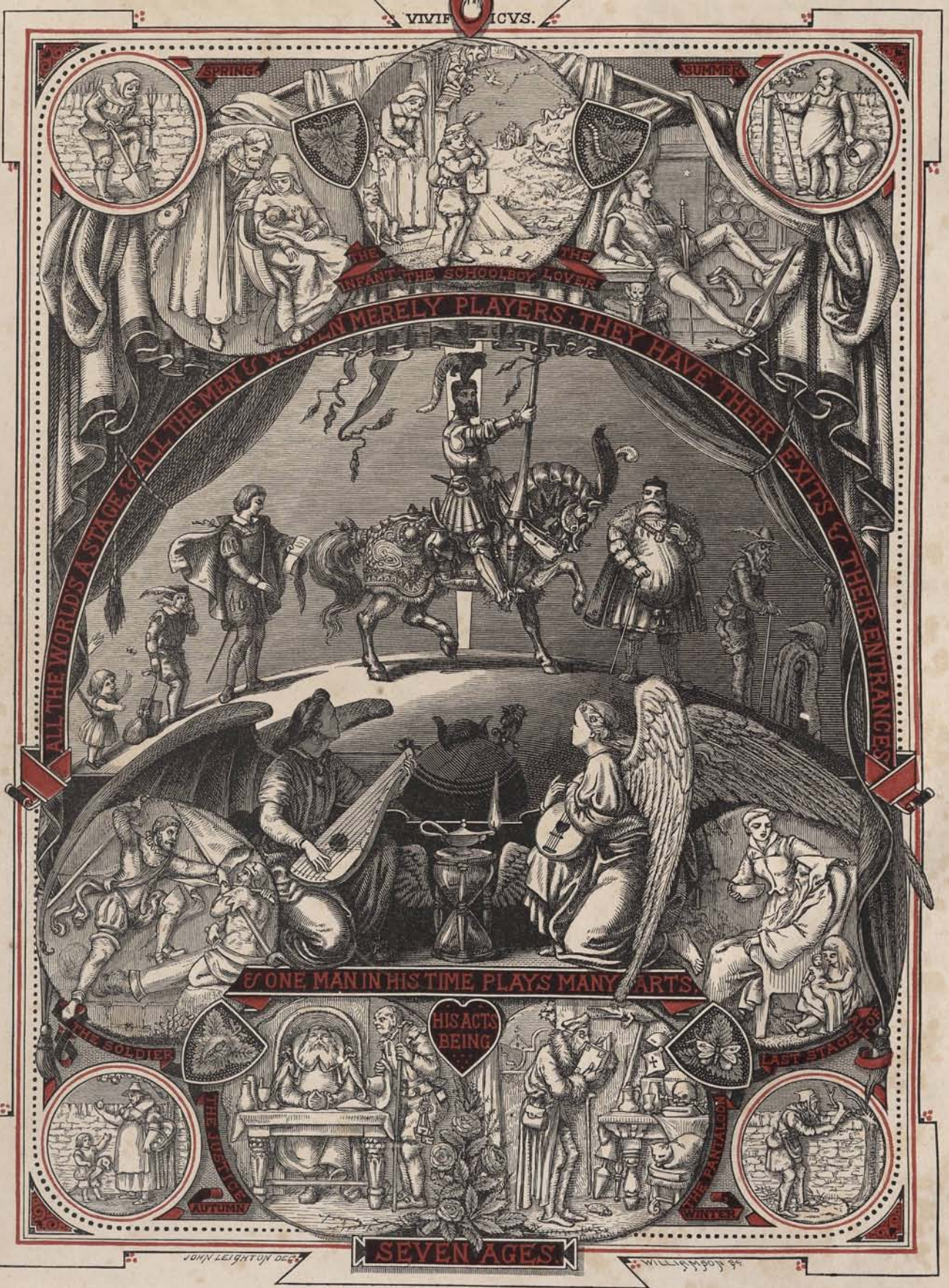
HIS ACTS BEING

LAST STAGES

AUTUMN

WINTER

SEVEN AGES





THE
LIFE OF **M**AN

SYMBOLISED.

The tree of the field
is Man's life.
Deut. xx., xix.





This Booke is not for ebery rude and
unconnyng man to see, but for clerkys
and very gentylmen that understande gentylnes
and scyence. William Cayton.

A · D 1866.



Henry Johnson
from his friend John
Manly
May 81

The
Life of **M**an.

SYMBOLISED

BY THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR

IN A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS

by
John **L**eighton, F.S.A.

HA from Altman
204

AND POURTRAYED

IN THEIR SEASONS AND PHASES,

WITH PASSAGES SELECTED FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

BY **R**ICHARD **P**IGOT.



LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER,
PATERNOSTER ROW,

1866.

FROM GOD LIGHT:

יהי אור מאל הים האור



אור יהי מן הים

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

A · DEO · LVMEN * FIAT LVX.

EK TOY ΘΕΟΥ ΤΟ ΦΩΣ· ΓΕΝΗΘΗΤΟ ΦΩΣ.

George Broy. Rustonjee
From his affection. J. H. M. Rustonjee



To  LORD  HOUGHTON,
(OF FRYSTON HALL)

BARON OF GREAT HOUGHTON IN THE WEST RIDING OF THE COUNTY OF YORK,

M. A., D. C. L., &c., &c.



Lord Houghton

*I Dedicate this volume to you—
a genial Poet, with kindly sympathies—a
man ennobled with a love of Art—feeling sure
that such choice gleanings from the wide fields of
Literature will be welcome grist to your garner.*

To Symbolise our being, and forecast the destiny of Man, has been the ambition of poetry. Here the poets have sung in chorus Man and the Seasons.

Of the Illustrations, I will say but little: the principal ones having, in another form, been so often exhibited at home and abroad, though here for the first time engraved and printed, with excerpt Passages from Ancient and Modern Writers, cited in the typographic characters of their respective periods, and suggestively decorated by marginal devices, &c.

My best thanks are due to Mr. R. PIGOT for the selection accompanying the plates; to my Brother, Mr. H. LEIGHTON, for the ingenious way many of them are executed; and to Mr. W. H. BRADBURY, for the admirable printing of the whole.




As an active promoter of the Philobiblon Society, your love of the beautiful, Typography, Xylography, and Emblematic Art, is well known.

Believe me,

My LORD HOUGHTON,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN LEIGHTON.

THE CONTENTS OF
 THE BOOK  
 OF THE
 CARDINAL  ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FRONTISPIECE.

[Engraved by D. W. WILLIAMSON, Edin.]

A Composition embodying Shakespeare's Seven Ages of the Life of Man.

“ ALL the World's a Stage ;
 And all the men and women merely players ;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one Man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.

At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms ;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a wœful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

And then, the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in its sound.

Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion :
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE centre portion exhibits the world a stage, and is graduated from light to dark, with a glimpse beyond of that world of peace and bliss we all hope to inherit. The actors coming, like shadows, to depart, across the stage, Folly prompting, whilst Good and Evil Genii touch those chords which inspire our passions for the better or worse. The medallion surroundings pourtray the seven ages; the shields the transformations of life: the egg, the worm, the chrysalis, the butterfly. The corner medallions indicate the four seasons.

THE ILLUMINATED TITLE, &c.

THE DEDICATORY PREFACE. ARMS OF LORD HOUGHTON, &c.

THE CONTENTS AND LIST OF CARDINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

I.

THE INFANT AND NURSING.

JANUARY.—The Birth of the Year. The tender offspring is rescued from the snow.—The scion parted from the parent tree. [Engraved by W. T. GREEN.]

*The Child is Born, and Nurtured, Walks, Talks, and Idly Plays;
Experience Buys.*

I—20

II.

THE CHILD AND SCHOOLBOY.

FEBRUARY.—Train up a child in the way he should go.—As the sapling is pruned and bent, so will it grow. [W. T. GREEN.]

*Sees, Learns, and is Led the Way; Loathes Formal Rule, and
Kind Persuasion Shuns.*

21—40

III.

THE STRIPLING AND APPRENTICE.

MARCH.—Mental and physical exercises combine to develop the youthful faculties.—The supple tree bends to the breeze, buds, and strengthens. [G. DALZIEL.]

*Loves Healthful Play and Wanton Sport; Tasks and Games have
their Hours; Books of Imagination wake the Soul.*

41—60

IV.

THE YOUTH AND LOVER.

APRIL.—Love and hope temper and teach the early man,—as the tree develops under sunshine and shower. [H. LEIGHTON.]

*To Youth, Life seemeth but a Summer's Holiday; Love Buds;
Love Blossoms; the Passion Grows; the Lover watches.*

61—80

THE CONTENTS.

V.

THE MAN AND FATHER.

MAY.—The man becomes the father of many children,—as the tree extends its branches and puts forth fruitful buds.

[A. GABER, Dresden.

The Lover Pines and Repines; he Quarrels, and sighs away his days until united; he becomes a Father.

81—100

VI.

THE SOLDIER AND ASPIRANT.

JUNE.—With increased strength come greater trials and duties,—as the tree grows, more stoutly does it resist the elements.

[Prof. BURKNER, Dresden.

He thirsts for Knowledge and the Esteem of others; the Hour finds its Man; the Man his Hour.

101—120

VII.

THE MERCHANT AND CITIZEN.

JULY.—The mind sobers with age. Gravity and prudence mark the man.—The laden tree is less agitated by every gentle breeze.

[H. HARRALL.

Privation teaches the Pleasures of Home; he becomes a Merchant and Citizen.

121—140

VIII.

THE JUSTICE AND SQUIRE.

AUGUST.—The pursuits of an industrious useful life tend to a peaceful rest,—as the fruitful tree reposes whilst yet clothed with verdure.

[W. T. GREEN.

A Civic Dignitary and Justice of the Peace; becomes Pedantic and Dogmatic.

141—160

IX.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND STATESMAN.

SEPTEMBER.—Man is borne onwards. Wisdom and charity are the solace of his declining years.—The tree reposes after filling the garner.

[E. DALZIEL.

The love of Ease, Talk, and Table, tend to Mental Apathy and Bodily Infirmary.

161—180

THE CONTENTS.

X.

THE GRANDSIRE AND VETERAN.

OCTOBER.—Infirmities steal on. Past actions form precedents for his grandchildren.

—As the tree decays, it enriches the soil for a future generation. [H. HARRALL.

*He becomes the Grandfather of many Children; alternately Prosy
and Irritable.*

181—200

XI.

THE CENSOR AND OLD MAN.

NOVEMBER.—The senses grow dim, and strength gradually fails.—The venerable tree, unable longer to support itself, requires aid. [G. DALZIEL.

*Inclined to Parsimony and Hoarding; though Charitable at Heart,
he views the World a used-up thing.*

201—220

XII.

THE PATRIARCH AND THE END.

DECEMBER.—The flame of life departs from the body, the spirit flies,—as the withered trunk is prostrated before the gale. [H. LEIGHTON.

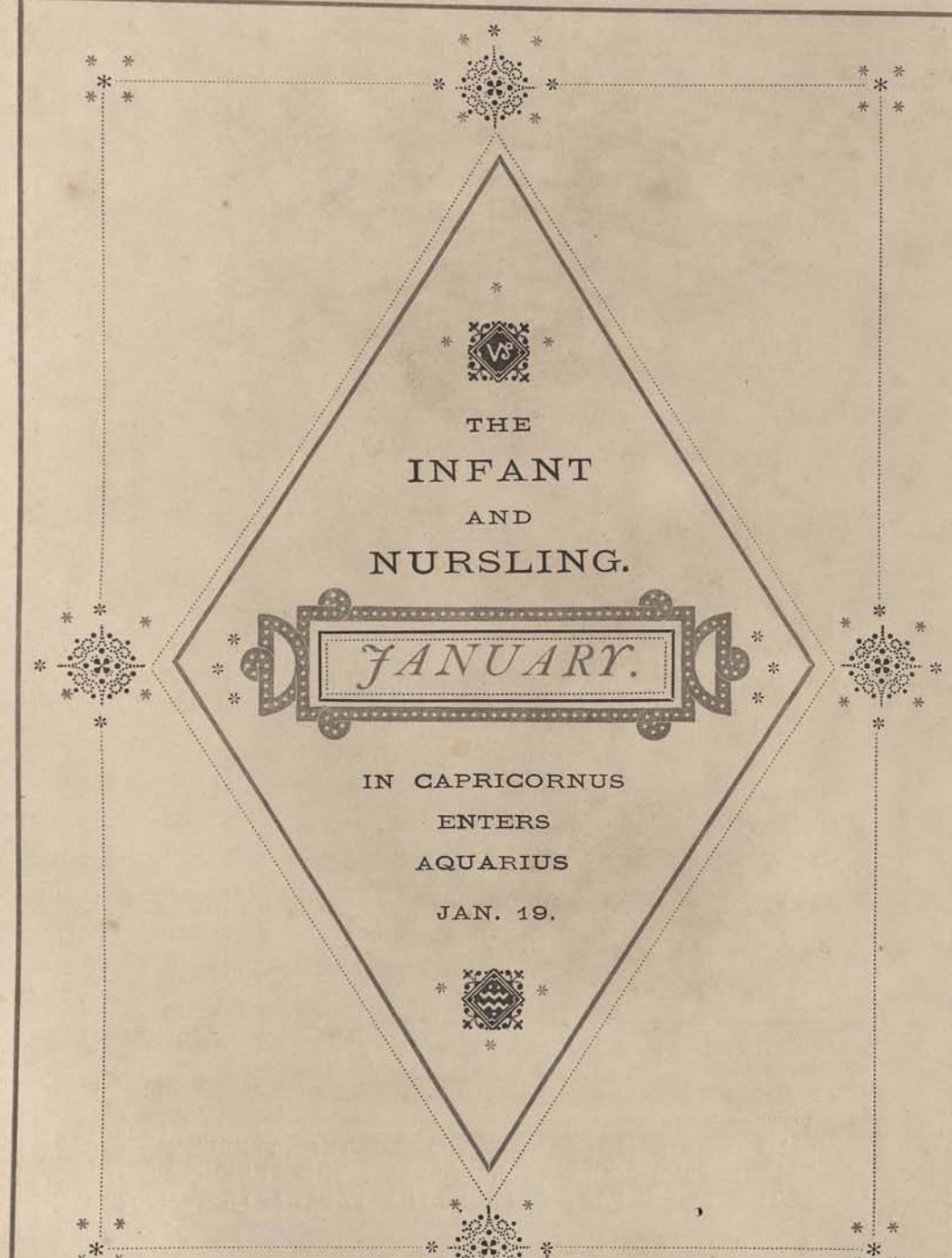
*Faculties dim; Hearing and Sight fail away; Strength fades
out, leaving alone unto Death the body.*

221—238

INDEX OF AUTHORS of excerpt passages illustrative of the Life of Man
and Cycle of the Seasons. 239—240

The smaller designs and devices in the volume are engraved by
LEIGHTON, WILLIAMSON, GREEN, DALZIEL, COOPER, WOODS
PEARSON, JEWITT, and SWAIN.

THE FIRST



THE
INFANT
AND
NURSLING.

JANUARY.

IN CAPRICORNUS
ENTERS
AQUARIUS
JAN. 19.

AGE.



JANUARY

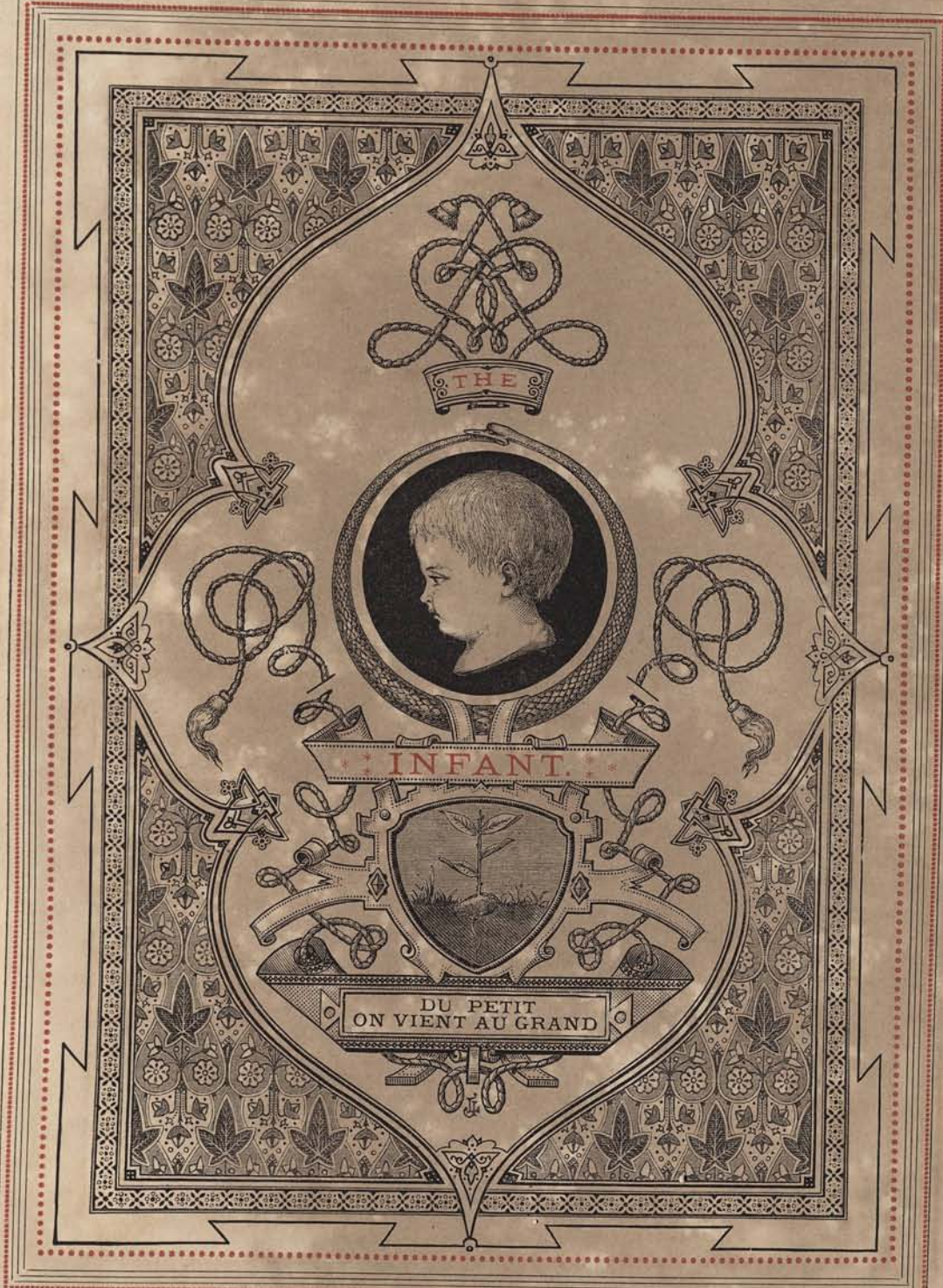
THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR — THE TENDER
OFFSPRING IS RESCUED FROM THE SNOW —
THE SCION PARTED FROM THE PARENT TREE.

JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

IN HIS PURITY

HE IS THE CHRISTIAN'S EXAMPLE,

AND THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.



AND SIMPLICITY.

THE SEED GERMINATES.



The page is framed by a decorative border consisting of multiple lines. The outermost line is a simple double-line border. Inside it is a dotted line border. The next line inward is a solid line with small star-like motifs at the corners and midpoints. The innermost line is a solid line with larger, intricate floral motifs at the corners and midpoints. The text is centered within this innermost frame.

THE
DAWN OF LIFE.

WINTER FINDS OUT WHAT SUMMER LAID UP.

THE INFANT.



THE SNOWDROP.

CHARIE SNOWDROP, VENUROUS HARBINGER OF SPRING, AND PENSIVE MONITOR OF FLERTING YEARS' WORDSWORTH.



A YEAR! A LIFE! What are they? The telling of a tale—the passing of a meteor—a dim speck seen for a moment on Time's horizon dropping into Eternity. THOMASON.



When came old January, wrapped well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet he did quake and quiver like to quell,
 And blow his nayles to warm them if he may;
 For they were numbed with holding all the day
 An hatchett keene with which he felled wood,
 And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
 Upon an huge great earthy pot steane he stood,
 From whose wide mouth there flowed forth
 the Romaine flodd. Spenser.



AND more the warbling waters roll;
 Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
 Black storms involve the lowering sky,
 And gloomy damps oppres the foul.—AKENSIDE.

* * * IF THE GRASS GROWS IN JANIVEER * * *

IT GROWS THE WORSE FOR 'T ALL THE YEAR.

OUR LIFE IS NOTHING BUT A WINTER'S DAY.

From the wombe
To the tombe.
Bishop Hall.

THE INFANT.



THUS like a Sailor by the tempest hurled
Ashore, the Babe is shipwrecked on the World ;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpless of all that human wants require :
Exposed upon inhospitable Earth,
From the first moment of his hapless Birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
(Too sure presages of his future doom.)
But flocks, and herds, and ev'ry savage beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increased.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
No nurse to reconcile 'em to their food
With broken words : nor Winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year :
Nor for their safety citadels prepare ;
Nor forge the wicked instruments of War :
Unlaboured Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

DRYDEN, *Lucretius*.

AS he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came,
and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand.

Eccles. 6. c., 16. 6.

NATURE's best Picture newly drawn,
which Time and much handling dims
and defaces.

WHOSE Soul's white paper is yet
unscribbled with observations of the
world, wherewith at length it becomes
a blurred Note-book.

WHO yet knows no Evil, nor hath
made means by Sin to be acquainted
with Misery.

ALL the language he speaks is Tears,
and they serve well to express his
necessity.

POOLE'S *Parnassus*.

THE INFANT.

NOUS NAISSONS EN PLEURS.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

SON parent knee, a naked new-born child,
 Weeping thou fat'ft, whilst all around thee smiled ;
 So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
 Calm thou mayst finish, whilst all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.

THE hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd !
 The Child is born by many a pang endear'd ;
 And now the mother's ear has caught his cry,
 Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !
 He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd,
 He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
 Her, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows ;
 How soon by his the glad discovery shows !
 As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
 What answering looks of sympathy and joy !

ROGERS.

THEATRE des ris et des pleurs,
 Lit ! où je nais, et où je meurs,
 Tu nous fais voir comment voisins
 Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

BENSERADE.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die ;
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.

JOHNSON.

THE Childhood shows the Man
 As Morning shows the Day.

MILTON.

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

NOUS VIVONS EN LABEURS.

NOUS MOURRONS EN DOULEURS,

DANS L'ESPOIR DU BONHEUR.

THE NEW YEAR.



QUARIUS rules the frozen skies,
 Deep frowning clouds on clouds arise,
 Fraught with the thunder's roar;
 With fury heaves the raging main,
 When foaming billows lash in vain
 The hoarse resounding shore.

No flowery vale now charms the eye,
 No tuneful warblers of the sky
 Now cheer the lingering hours;
 No genial ray the groves illumine,
 No zephyrs waft their mild perfume
 From sighs o'er vernal flowers.

Though blooming scenes are now no more,
 That aid the raptured soul to soar,
 Poetic thoughts refine;
 Yet still the moralising page,
 To warn an unattentive age,
 These hoary scenes combine.

With this I hail the opening year,
 Address the God, whose works appear
 Through each harmonious round;
 Who rules, serenely rules the storm,
 Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
 Whose thunders rock the ground.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

While thus revolving Seasons roll,
 Obsequious to Thy wise control,
 Obedient to Thy plan,
 With silent eloquence they preach,
 The most important lessons teach,
 To cold, unthinking Man.

HOPE IS A WAKING MAN'S DREAM.

YEARS TEACH MORE THAN BOOKS.

THE INFANT.

ANNO DI NEVE, ANNO DI BENE.

Behold thyself reflected here !
The Spring proclaims thine infant year ;
Gay life, the Summer's bloom ;
Mild Autumn speaks maturer age,
Confirms thee fool, or hails thee sage ;
While Winter shows the tomb.

Or view the image of the soul,
As now the mountain surges roll
In wild tumultuous roar ;
Fit emblems of thy wrathful mind,
To Anger's tyrant sway consigned,
When Reason rules no more.

Unlike its placid form, serene,
When zephyr's breathing o'er the scene
Sheds balmy peace around ;
Bless'd emblem of the conquering soul,
Whose every passion knows control,
While conscious joys abound !

That this may prove my bounteous store,
Ascends my ever constant prayer,
To Thee, all perfect Mind ;
O, aid me in the arduous strife,
Through each perplexing maze of life,
To all thy ways resign'd.

CUNNINGHAM.



OUR life is nothing but a Winter's day ;
Some only break their fast, and so away ;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed ;
The deepest age but sups, and goes to bed :
He's most in debt, that lingers out the day ;
Who dies betime, has less and less to pay.

ANON.

A SNOW YEAR, A RICH YEAR.

A GREEN WINTER MAKES A FAT CHURCHYARD.

*
*
*
*
WINTER IS SUMMER'S HEIR.
*
*
*
*

WHEN JANIVEER CALENDs ARE SUMMERLY GAY.

BAPTISM.



HERE with an Infant, joyful sponsors come,
 Then bear the new-made Christian to his home :
 A few short years and we behold him stand
 To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand :
 A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
 His widow weeping at her husband's bier :—
 Thus as the Months succeed, shall Infants take
 Their names ; thus parents shall the child forsake ;
 Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,
 By love or law compelled their vows to seal.

CRABBE.

WHEN the child is christened, you may have godfathers enough : When a man's need is supplied, or his necessities over, people are ready to offer their services.

SPANISH PROVERB.

DEATH IN THE CRADLE.



SWEET flower ! no sooner blown than blighted—
 Sweet voice ! no sooner heard than lost—
 Young wanderer ! in thy morn benighted—
 Fair barque ! scarce launched ere tempest-tost !
 Oh ! who would wail thy brief career
 With lamentation's selfish tear ?
 Oh ! who would stay thy upward flight
 Unto thy native land of light ?
 Who to this world of sin and pain
 Thy spotless spirit would enchain ?
 * * * * *
 Sweet flower ! transplanted to a clime
 Where never come the blights of Time—
 Sweet voice ! which now shall join the hymn
 Of the undying seraphim.
 Young wanderer ! who hast reached thy rest
 With everlasting glory blest.
 Fair barque ! that wrecked on life's dark sea,
 Hast anchored in eternity.
 To toils so long, so hard, as mine,
 Be such a recompense as thine !

REV. W. B. CLARKE.

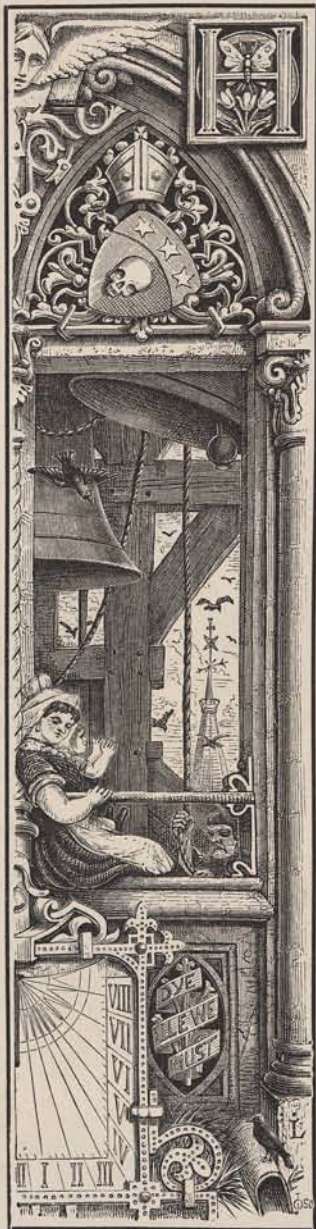
AUSSITOT MEURENT JEUNES BREBIS QUE VIEILLES.

* * * * * LAMBS DIE AS WELL AS OLD SHEEP. * * * * *

THERE'S WINTERLY WEATHER TILL CALENDs OF MAY.

SUR TERRE POINT DE COMPLET BONHEUR.

THE SLEEPING, AND THE DEAD,
ARE BUT AS PICTURES.
SHAKESPEARE.



TO DIE!—TO SLEEP!—
TO SLEEP! PERCHANCE, TO DREAM.
SHAKESPEARE.

WE are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH IN LIFE.

HOW soon doth Man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants whose young breath
Scarce knows the way,
They are like winding-sheets,
Which do consign and fend him unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When Man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year
Till all do melt, and drown his breath

When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

* * * HOPES AND FEAR CHEQUER HUMAN LIFE. * * *

WERE IT NOT FOR HOPE THE HEART WOULD BREAK.

MAN PROPOSES—GOD DISPOSES.

THE INFANT.

NAE MAN CAN MAK HIS AIN HAP.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE FUTURE A SEALED BOOK.



H blindnes to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

POPE.

PRVDENS · FVTVRI · TEMPORIS · EXITVM · CALIGINOSA · NOCTE · PREMIT ·
DEVS · RIDETQVE · SI · MORTALIS · VLTRA · FAS · TREPIDAT.

HORACE.

God, in his wisdom, has shrouded the future in darkest night:
and he smiles when mortals are improperly anxious
to know what is to happen.

WINTER AND ITS SOCIAL COMFORTS.

THOUGH boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day:
And when its short and sullen moon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore;
How bright the faggots in the little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall.

CAMPBELL.

NAE MAN HAS A TACK O' HIS LIFE.

LO QUE SE APRENDE EN LA CUNA SIEMPRE DURA.

WHAT IS LEARNED IN THE CRADLE ALWAYS LASTS.

JANUARY.

JANIVEER FREEZE THE POT BY THE FIRE.



How beautiful thy frosty Morn,
 When brilliants gem each feathery thorn ;
 How fair thy cloudless Noon !
 And through the leafless trees at Night,
 With more than Summer's softened light
 Shines thy resplendent Moon.

BARTON.

TIME, AND SEASON, WORK CHANGE IN ALL.



TIME was, when, harboured by entwining trees,
 In peaceful Summer time, we lingered here ;
 Nor gave one thought of an hibernal breeze,
 But looked on Life as one long smiling Year.

Time is, and Truth has triumphed over Hope,
 And all the myth of Childhood's faith belies ;
 Our vanished dreams have narrowed up the scope
 Of what seemed once our brightest destinies.

Time will be, even as the groaning Earth
 Gives ever back with an increased yield,
 Trained by deep suffering for a future birth,
 We swell the numbers of God's harvest field.

What sounds of woe these peaceful woods disturb !
 What wrath seems bursting from the leaden clouds !
 What blighting of the young and "tender herb !"
 What gloom this scarce-remembered scene enshrouds !

Yet Nature, ever bountiful and kind,
 Failing her struggling children to release,
 While sternly teaching them to be resigned,
 Warms them to strength beneath a snowy fleece.

THOMASON.

GOOD HUSBANDRY IS GOOD DIVINITY.

* WHO OATS IN JANIVEER DOTH SOW, *

OF GOLD AND GROATS WILL HAVE ENOW.

THE INFANT.

BETTER UNTAUGHT

BEST TO BEND WHILE IT IS A TWIG.



THE TWO YEAR OLD.

HOW deeply winning are the ways
 Of Children in their Infant days !
 The eye that scans the speaker through ;
 Th' inquiry if " the tale be true ?"
 The dumb show, where the word oft fails,
 Yet quite as much as speech avails ;
 The pressure of the soft fond cheek,
 That doth such confidence bespeak ;
 How truly we may here behold
 The Infant mind of " two year old !"

In some, whilst still upon the knee,
 The spirit struggles to be free ;
 Mark too the temper's ruffled skein,
 As yet held but by snaffle rein ;
 The energy that speaks command,
 The action done as soon as planned ;
 The " tug of war " in every way
 That may ensure the mastery ;
 And this, perhaps we may be told,
 Is unregenerate " two year old."

O mothers ! watch with trembling joy
 The dawning of your Infant boy ;
 The mind that's formed without a plan,
 Will never make the " perfect man ;"
 Think not that coming years will swell
 The stock which is not grafted well ;
 The sapling which receives no care
 Is little better than a tare :
 Then soon as buds of ill unfold,
 Suppress them in your " two year old."

ANON.

Train up a child in the way he should go ; and when he is old,
 he will not depart from it. Prov. xxii. c., vi. 5.

THAN ILL TAUGHT.

* SMALL BIRDS MUST HAVE MEAT. *

EVERY Infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is, "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." Infants recal us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the house, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.—REV. T. BINNEY.



UR babes shall richest comforts bring
 If tutor'd right, and prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise:
 But form their minds with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs;
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

COTTON.

THE NURSERY.

THE nursery anticipates the school and the church; it sows the first seed, and in that little home the atmosphere of the world first comes into close contact with the child's moral and immortal nature. Looked at in its true light, what is the nursery but just the next age in its bud and blossom? An enlightened regard, therefore, for the highest good of our children should make us deeply concerned for that of our domestics; for in contributing to their knowledge of God, we are helping to purify the moral atmosphere in which our whole household shall live and move, and laying down deeper, by every such effort, the foundations of our domestic happiness, and through this, in our share, promoting the true prosperity and stability of the commonwealth. It has been justly said, "Families are the nurseries both for the state and for the church, the springs which, from their retirements, send forth the tributary streams, which by their confluence make up the majestic flow of national greatness and prosperity."—DR. A. THOMPSON.

Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him
 with the rod, he shall not die. Prov. xiii. c., xiii. v.

AND LONG TONGUES.

CE QUE L'ENFANT OIT AU FOYER,

* * * IL LE REND À LA PORTE. * *

THE INFANT.

FIRST FAULTS ARE THEIRS THAT COMMIT THEM.



'ER wayward Children wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

COLERIDGE.

WHAT EDUCATION COMPRISES.

FIRST, there must proceed a way how to discern the natural inclinations and capacities of children. Secondly, next must ensue the culture and furnishing of the mind. Thirdly, the moulding of behaviour and decent forms. Fourthly, the tempering of affections. Fifthly, the quickening and exciting of observation and practical judgment. Sixthly, and the last in order, but the principal in value, being that which must knit and consolidate all the rest, is the timely infilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.—SIR HENRY WOTTON, *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*.

Haver cura de' putti

Every parent knows not



non è mestier di tutti.

how to bring up a child.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

IT once happened (at the beginning of all these mistakes) that an anxious mother asked Mrs. Barbauld at what age she should begin to teach her child to read? "I should much prefer that a child should not be able to read before five years of age," was the reply. "Why then have you written books for children of three?" "Because, if young mammas will be over busy, they had better teach in a good way than in a bad one." I have known clever precocious children at three years dunces at twelve, and dunces at six particularly clever at sixteen. One of the most popular authoresses of the present day could not read when she was seven. Her mother was rather uncomfortable about it, but said, that as every body did learn to read with opportunity, she supposed her child would do so at last. By eighteen this apparently slow genius paid the heavy but inevitable debts of her father from the profits of her first work, and before thirty had published thirty volumes.

HON. MISS MURRAY'S *Remarks on Education*.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth
him chasteneth him betimes.

Prov. xiii. c., xxiv. v.

THE SECOND THEIRS THAT PERMIT THEM.

CHILDREN PICK UP WORDS AS PIGEONS PEAS,

AND UTTER THEM AGAIN AS GOD SHALL PLEASE.

CHILDREN.



HOW much they suffer from our faults,—
 How much from our mistakes,—
 How often, too, 'misguided zeal'
 An infant's misery makes.
 We over-rule, and over-teach,—
 We curb and we confine,—
 And put the heart to school too soon
 To learn our narrow line.
 No; only taught by love to love,
 Seems Childhood's natural task;—
 Affection, gentleness, and love,
 Are all its brief years ask.

L. E. LONDON.

THE FAULTS OF CHILDREN.

NOR does it do to be always too keen-sighted, or to appear to be so, to little fits of wilfulness. Perhaps there is a struggle in the child's mind between the wish to be good and the temptation to be naughty. Have we never such struggles ourselves? Would not a harsh word terminate the conflict in favour of wrong; while a smile, a look of kindly encouragement, will strengthen the feeble wish to do right? If we have felt temptation ourselves, let us pity and aid the little creatures, even as we are taught that our Saviour, "in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."—MRS. PULLAN.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth, is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is our friend: let the world forsake us, she is still by our side; if we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger, nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.—ANON.

MUST BE PICKING.

WHEN CHILDREN STAND QUIET,

THEY HAVE DONE SOME HARM.

THE INFANT.

CHILDREN AND FOOLS

NO man can tell but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

DEMEANOUR TOWARDS CHILDREN.

BE always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children like you and me as weans, wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and you will practise it every day in your own families. There is a pleasant little story out of an old book:—"A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do that. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all;' then cutting little wands out of the hedges as ponies, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle into their little legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.—DR. BROWN'S *Essay on Health*.

Amignotte ton enfant, et il te donnera maint effroi : joue-toi avec lui, et il te contristera : ne ris point avec lui de peur d'en être marri et de grincer les dents à la fin.

Sirach xxx. i.

CHILDHOOD.

HAPPY those early days, when we
Breathed in our guiltless Infancy!
Who would not love to travel back,
And tread again that long-passed track,
Before the tongue had learned to say
Aught that the Conscience could bewray,
Or the sad knowledge to dispense
A several sin to every sense.

ANON.

HAVE MERRY LIVES.

MAS AGUADA ALEGRIA ES LA QUE LOS HIJOS DAN.

THE MOST MIXED JOY IS THAT WHICH CHILDREN GIVE.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Matt. xliii. c., iii. b.

OH, LITTLE FEET!



Oh, little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load:
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

Oh, little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask:
I, who so much with book and pen,
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

Oh, little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers, and conceals its fires.

Oh, little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their source Divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

LONGFELLOW.

Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me:
and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

Mark ix. c., lxxvii. b.

* * * A LONG LIFE HATH LONG MISERIES. * * *

WISDOM IS NEITHER INHERITANCE NOR LEGACY.

THE INFANT.

THE FEWER HIS YEARS,

CHILDHOOD.



COME to being from the Night
As cometh forth the Morning light ;
The World is beautiful and new,
The Earth is filled with flowers and dew,
Birds loudly sing on wing and spray,
And we more merrily than they.

We gather strength, we run, we leap,
Find joy in every thing—and sleep.
With Mirth and Beauty hand in hand,
We take possession of the land :
Life then is surely not a breath—
What then has Life to do with Death ?

A mother's love, her smiles, her tears,
Are with us in those happy years ;
The seeds of fond affection sown
In Youth, that strong in Age are grown ;
Love, that in part her love repays,
Her solace in declining days ;
Warmth, light, in Age's wintry gloom,
Fair stars, sweet blossoms, to the tomb.

Then Knowledge comes with Manhood's Noon—
With Care and Sorrow—all too soon.
The springs of mystery are unsealed,
Whate'er was hidden is revealed :
A common vision is the Spring ;
The rainbow is a common thing ;
The Morning and the Sunset skies
Are gazed on with familiar eyes ;
The reign of wild delight is o'er ;
And the bright Earth is Heaven no more.

HOWITT.

LA causa porque son amados mas los
postremos hijos, está por razon que de
otros no queda esperanza.

The cause why we love most the
children which are last born, is because
no hope is entertained of others.

THE FEWER HIS TEARS.

NUTRITURA PASSA NATURA.

NATURE PASSES NURTURE.

YE weak admirers of a grape, or rose,
Behold my wild magnificence of snows !
See my keen frost her glassy bosom bare,
Mock the faint Sun, and bind the fluid air !

BECKET.



JANUARY.

AN icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool,
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bick'ring storm.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise. * * * *
* * * * It freezes on
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye, unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent Night :
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn.

THOMSON.

ALAS! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay ;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day !

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd ;
And gathered winds in hoarse accord
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wint'ry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year :
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.

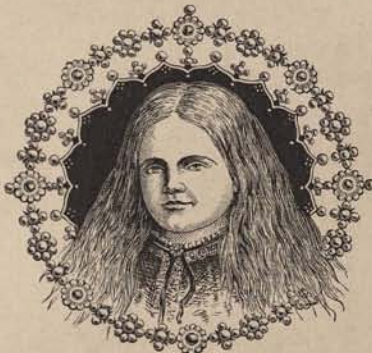
CHILDREN WHEN LITTLE MAKE PARENTS FOOLS,

WHEN GREAT, ANXIOUS.

THE INFANT.

WHAT GOD WILL NO FROST CAN KILL.

UNREST AND CHILDHOOD.



UNREST! Unrest! the passion-panting sea
 Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
 Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
 Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
 And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
 Seasons, like phantoms, sweep the face of earth;
 Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
 We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
 In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
 Knows not the sense of rest; a maniac world
 Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

(*A Child runs past.*)

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
 By the unceasing music of thy being!
 Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
 'Tis ages since He made his youngest star,
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,
 Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
 Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,
 What wilt thou be hereafter?

ALEXANDER SMITH.

OH! enviable early days,
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown!
 How ill exchanged for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes
 Of others, or my own!
 Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish!

ROBT. BURNS.

GOD HATH A GREAT SHARE IN A LITTLE HOUSE.

CHILDREN CRY FOR NUTS AND APPLES,

* OLD MEN FOR GOLD AND SILVER. *

JANUARY.

UT ARGILLA ITA JUVENTUS.

THE cherished fields
Put on their Winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

THOMSON.

ALREADY now the Snowdrop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripened year ;
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower :
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And Winter lingers in its icy veins.

MRS. BARBAULD.



DU PETIT ON VIENT AU GRAND.

FROM LITTLE WE GET TO BIG.

CŒUR D'ENFANT CARTE BLANCHE.

THE
CHILD
AND
SCHOOLBOY.

FEBRUARY.

IN AQUARIUS
ENTERS
PISCES
FEB. 18.



FEBRUARY

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.—AS THE SAPLING IS PRUNED AND BENT, SO WILL IT GROW.

LEARN, LOVELY BOY;

BEAUTY AND YOUTH MISPEW

ARE PAST ADVICE.



BE WITH INSTRUCTION WISE:

THE TREELING GROWS.



THE
MORNING OF LIFE.



ALL THE MONTHS IN THE YEAR,



THE SCHOOLBOY.



THE WILD VINE

ONCE LIKE A VINE I FLOURISHED AND WAS YOUNG. OTWAY.



WHILE childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.—BROOME.



AND then came cold February sitting
In an old Wagon, for he could not ride,
Braune of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plow and harness fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hastening prime did make them burgein
round. Spenser.

* * * * * EACH prospect now
How wild, how shapeless! streams which used to flow
With hasty currents, lazy creep, beneath
Th' incumbent snow. The tall fir's loaded branch
Waves like the ostrich plume: the fleecy shower
Whirl'd in its falling, forms unreal hills,
And faithless levels. GEORGE KEATE.

FEBRUARY MAKES A BRIDGE, AND MARCH BREAKS IT.

THE HEART OF A CHILD IS A WHITE UNWRITTEN PAGE.

THE Period of Childhood is y^e happiest.



When were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.

Mat. xix. c., xiii. xiv. xv. 56.

THE COMFORT OF A CHILD.

CALL not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.—COLERIDGE.

YE who have said that this world has no pleasure,
Gaze on the father who weeps o'er his boy,
Gaze on the mother who smiles on her treasure,
And own that on earth there is fulness of joy.

ANON.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I THINK them the Poetry of the World—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors, with their “natural magic” evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by his gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue.

REV. T. BINNEY.

AS THE AULD COCK CRAWLS THE YOUNG COCK LEARNS.

HE THAT HATH NO CHILDREN KNOWS NOT WHAT IS LOVE.

*
*
* CHILDREN ARE POOR MEN'S RICHES.
*
*

THE SCHOOLBOY

BOYS WOULD BE MEN.

No Age content with its own Estate.



Saw the little boy,
 In thought how oft that he
 Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod,
 A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
 His bones with pains opprest,
 How he would be a rich old man,
 To live and lie at rest:

The rich old man that sees
 His end draw on so sore,
 How he would be a boy again,
 To live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled,
 To see how all these three,
 From boy to man, and man to boy,
 Would chop and change degree.

Whereat I sighed, and said,
 Farewell my wonted joy,
 Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
 To every little boy;

And tell them thus from me,
 Their time most happy is,
 If to their time they reason had,
 To know the truth of this.

Earl of Surrey.

WHILE yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
 Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
 While mountain snows dissolve against the Sun,
 And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
 E'en in this early dawning of the year,
 Produce the plough and yoke the sturdy steer.

VIRGIL.

LOOK TO THE BUDDING, BEFORE IT HAS TIME

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*

PLOUGH OR NOT PLOUGH, YOU MUST PAY YOUR RENT.

A HAPPY HEART MAKES A BLOOMING FACE.

THE verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 Beneath the dazzling deluge: and the bents
 And coarser grass upspearing o'er the rest,
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad
 And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
 The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
 Their wonted fodder, not like hung'ring man,
 Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
 And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.

COWPER.

Precocity of Intellect in Children.

Never dared hope much from those great beginnings of intellect and of memory, which are nevertheless so much admired in children. I know well that they must first come to their strength, and if those things shew themselves earlier, it is not the better for it.—Bishop Hall.

YOU shall never light upon an ill-natured Man who was not an ill-natured Child, and gave several testimonies of his being so, to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.—DR. SOUTH.

BRING thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austeritiy. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations.—LORD BURLEIGH.

THE real Orphan is not he who has lost his Father, but he whose Father gave him no education.—BIBLIOTHÈQUE ORIENTALE.

YOUTH AND WHITE PAPER TAKE ANY IMPRESSION.

* A CHILD MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF HIS MOTHERS BLESSING. *

A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE IS THE INDEX OF A GOOD NATURE.

THE SCHOOLBOY

IF CANDLEMAS DAY BE FAIR AND BRIGHT,

EDUCATION.

'TIS granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years ;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That *Education* gives her, false or true.

ANON.

For if Youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole
Commonwealth will flourish thereafter. Roger Ascham.

BOYS THAT ARE DULL, TO BE BORNE WITH IF DILIGENT.

WHEN, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new.
Many boys are muddy headed till they be clarified with age, and such
afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared,
and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless ; whereas Orient ones
in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth,
acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at
first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten
himself who beats Nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping
in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before
the hour Nature hath appointed.

DR. THOMAS FULLER.

IMPROVEMENT depends far less upon length of tasks and
hours of application than is supposed. Children can take
in but a little each day ; they are like a vase with a
narrow neck ; you may pour little or pour much, but
much will not enter at a time.

MICHELET.

LET no fond sire a boy's ambition trust,
To make him study, let him see he must.

CRABBE.

WINTER WILL HAVE ANOTHER FLIGHT.

IF ON CANDLEMAS DAY IT BE SHOWER AND RAIN,

* WINTER IS GONE, HE WILL NOT COME AGAIN. *

BLAW THE WIND NEVER SO FAST,

APOSTROPHE TO THE EARLY SONG OF THE BLACKBIRD.



Full-ancle-deep in snow, ere break of day,
The herdsman to the frozen sheep-walk steals,
And tenderly removes the lambs away
From bleating ewes, that follow at his heels.

Thrice is thy calling blessed! He said, who spake
In tones that God nor mortal had before,
"I, the Good Shepherd, for my followers' sake
Will give my life, that I may theirs restore."

But soon the murky darkness clears away,
And struggling light leads out the humid dawn;
The scatheful winds, with lessening voice, obey
The wistful summons of the breaking morn.

There's joy in Light!—soon as the faintest gleam
Darts through the tangled length of sterile boughs—
The enamoured blackbird eyes the furtive beam,
And pours, in mellow tones, his early vows.

I love thy harmony—full-toned and bold—
Thou daring scorner of old Winter's rage!
Thy songs the music of the woods uphold;
Thy lonely strains each peaceful thought engage.

I would such thoughts might ever dwell with me,
To teach me patiently my lot to bear;
That for each favour I might grateful be,
And with my neighbour every blessing share.

Again sing out! Tell us that daisies bloom;
That violets are peeping through the grass;
That there are skies of blue above the gloom,
And woodland notes that even thine surpass.

Tell us, however dark our lives appear—
Though sternest sorrows glaze the saddened eye—
That latent Life and Truth are everywhere,
And Faith's rich fountains every want supply.

IT WILL LOWER AT LAST.

* QUAND LE JOUR CROIT, AUSSI FAIT LE FROID. *

WHEN THE DAY LENGTHENS, THE COLD STRENGTHENS.

THE SCHOOLBOY

BACHELORS' WIVES AND MAIDS' CHILDREN

Leaving the cold, unyielding earth below,
The rooks, companioned, on high branches cling,
And lay their solemn faces to the slow
Uncertain waftings of approaching Spring.

THOMASON.

THE WORLD A SCHOOL—THE SCHOOL A WORLD.



WE name the world a school, for day by day
We something learn, till we are called away ;
The school we name a world—for vice and pain,
Fraud and contention, there begin to reign ;
And much, in fact, this lesser world can show

Of grief and crime that in the greater grow.
* * * * In that still-hated school
How the meek suffer, how the haughty rule ;
There soft, ingenuous, gentle minds endure
Ills that ease, time, and friendship fail to cure :
There the best hearts, and those who shrink from sin,
Find some seducing imp to draw them in ;
Who takes infernal pleasure to impart
The strongest poison to the purest heart.

* * * * Yon boy behold :
How hot the vengeance of a heart so cold !
See how he beats whom he had just reviled
And made rebellious—that imploring child :
How fierce his eye, how merciless his blows,
And how his anger on his insult grows.

CRABBE.

CHILDREN RELEASED FROM SCHOOL.

LIKE sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only children can ;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.

Hood.

ARE ALWAYS WELL TAUGHT.

SCHOOLBOYS ARE THE MOST REASONABLE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

* THEY CARE NOT HOW LITTLE THEY HAVE FOR THEIR MONEY. *

THERE IS A CROOK IN EVERY LOT.

THE SCHOOL-USHER.



WHERE I at once empowered to fiew
 My utmost vengeance on my foe,
 To punish with extremest rigour
 I could inflict no penance bigger,
 Than,—using him as Learning's tool,—
 To make him Usher at a School.
 For not to dwell upon the toil
 Of working on a barren soil,
 And labouring with incessant pains
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
 The duties there but ill besit
 The love of letters, arts, or wit.

For once, it hurts me to the soul,
 To brook confinement or controul ;
 Still to be pinioned down to teach
 The Syntax and the Parts of Speech ;
 Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
 The links, and points, and rules of Verse ;
 To deal out authors by retail,
 Like penny pots of Oxford ale ;
 Oh ! 'tis a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar !
 Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth.
 And while a paltry stipend earning,
 He sows the richest seeds of learning,
 And tills their minds with proper care,
 And fees them their due produce bear ;
 No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
 His own lies fallow all the while.
 ' Yet still he 's on the road,' you say,
 ' Of Learning.' Why, perhaps he may ;
 But turns like horses in a mill,
 Not getting on, nor standing still ;
 For little way his learning reaches,
 Who reads no more than what he teaches.

ROBT. LLOYD.

AS SPARKS FLY UPWARDS TO THE SKY,

* * * * *
 TO MISERY.
 * * * * *
 BORN TO
 * * * * *
 WAS BORN
 * * * * *
 SO MAN
 * * * * *

EVERY PATH HATH ITS PUDDLE.

The School Playground.

Lo, there what mix'd conditions run!
 The orphan lad; the widow's son;
 And Fortune's favour'd care—
 The wealthy born, for whom she hath
 Mac-Adamised the future path—
 The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
 For honour some,—and some for scorn;—
 For fair or foul renown!
 Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack!
 Look here's a White, and there's a Black!
 And there's a Creole brown!



Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
 And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
 Their only sons at home;—
 Some tease the future tense, and plan
 The full-grown doings of the man,
 And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! there's one at hoop;
 And four at fives! and five who stoop
 The marble taw to speed!
 And one that curvets in and out,
 Reining his fellow cob about,—
 Would I were in his *steed*!

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
 That boyish harness off, to swop
 With this world's heavy van—
 To toil, to tug. O little fool!
 While thou canst be a horse at school
 To wish to be a man!



* A REFUGE IN ADVERSITY, *

AND A PROVISION IN OLD AGE.

AN ORNAMENT IN PROSPERITY,

FEBRUARY.

L A D S W I L L B E M E N .

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
 To wear a crown—to be a king!
 And sleep on regal down!
 Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
 Far happier is thy head that wears
 That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
 New added joys? Dost think thy sire
 More happy than his son?
 That manhood's mirth? Oh, go thy ways
 To Drury-Lane when —— *plays,*
 And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
 Our tops are spun with coils of care,
 Our *dumps* are no delight!
 The Elgin Marbles are but tame,
 And 'tis at best a sorry game
 To fly the Muse's Kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
 Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
 Like balls with no rebound!
 And often with a faded eye
 We look behind, and send a sigh
 Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
 The most of heaven in thy young lot;
 There's sky-blue in thy cup!
 Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
 Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
 A sorry *breaking up!*

Hood.

EA · PVERIS · DISCENDA · SVNT · QVIBVS · VIRI · SVNT · VSVRI.—PLUTARCH.

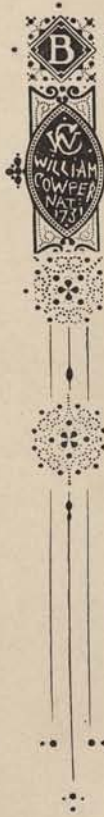
THE Boy who best learns all he can,
 Will best succeed when he's a Man.

PLAY WITH YOUR PLAY-FAIRS.

* * * BIRTH IS MUCH, BUT BREEDING IS MORE * * *

PLAY AT SMALL GAMES RATHER THAN STAND OUT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.



BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise ;
 We love the play-place of our early days :
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carved existing still !
 The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd
 Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd ;
 The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw :
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat.
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,
 That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,
 When first we started into life's long race,
 Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
 We feel it even in Age, and at our latest day.

COWPER.

IT is with Youth as with plants ; from the first fruits they bear we
 learn what may be expected of them in future. DEMOPHILUS.

THROUGH hedge-row leaves in drifted heaps
 Left by the stormy blast
 The little hopeful blossom peeps,
 And tells of Winter past ;
 A few leaves flutter from the woods
 That hung the season through,
 Leaving their place for swelling buds
 To spread their leaves anew.

CLARE.

MORE THAN WE REMEMBER.

WINTER'S THUNDER MAKES SUMMER WONDER.

* THE FULL MOON BRINGS FAIR WEATHER. *

THE JOYS OF YOUTH.



OW very lovely art thou in the Young,
 Oh, Life! ere known to them the wasting pain
 That wrings the nerves with cureless agony!
 Or shame that fires the brain, or the world's wrong
 That crushes like a rock; or guilty hopes
 That ponder others' pain; or o'erwrought toil
 That crouches down in torpor and despair;
 Or stolid crime, that mocks at worlds to come;
 Or the wild hell of triple-fang'd remorse,
 That trembles only with fantastic dread
 It dares not face or question. In the Young,
 Life is a good, and only in the Young,
 Whose organs play with ease; whose warm veins throb
 With tides of simple gladness; whose light breasts
 Lodge happy inmates yet; nor fear Old Time,
 With all his growing pack of hopes deceived,
 And toils unrecompensed, and trust betray'd;—
 Of honour's due refused, Virtue belied,
 And scorn unmerited endured;—of want;—
 Of deep affections rooted in the core
 Of their frail beings, blasted by the breath
 Of sleepless envy; of the fond ties
 Twined round the heart by Nature, virtue, love,
 Severed by death all merciless, or now
 Rending the bosom's tenderest chords withal,
 That heal no more; no, never!



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* * * * *

* * * * * Oh! for a charm
 To bind for ever fast, the am'ranth wreath
 Young life puts on, and lift from Age's brow,
 Bleeding and wrung, th' eternal crown of thorns.
 It may not be: the lot is cast and drawn,
 Nor can be put aside; save by the arm
 That could roll round with ease the flaming sun
 Backward, astonish'd, on his axis firm.

BALL.

THE SCHOOLBOY

LIFE WOULD BE TOO SMOOTH

BOYHOOD.



AY hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Lefs pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:

Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Oh, tell them they are men!

* * * * *

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

Two things are absolutely necessary to young people; Exercise to render them robust, and Discipline to make them good and wise. PLATO.

MODERATE amusements are refreshing to the mind. Games, therefore, should be permitted to youth, as conducive alike to the health of the mind and the body.

QUINTILIAN.

IF IT HAD NO RUBS IN IT.

ON VALENTINE'S DAY, WILL A GOOD GOOSE LAY.

SAINT VALENTINE, SET THY HOPPER BY MINE.

CHILDREN INCREASE THE CARES OF LIFE,

MY SON'S MY SON TILL HE HATH GOT HIM A WIFE;
HE HATH GOT HIM A WIFE;



LITTLE sportive beauty, say,
Must thy childish joys decay?
Every thought, where Life is new,
Is as fresh as morning dew;
Fancy, on its buoyant wing,
Seeks the breast of laughing Spring;
And the young heart takes delight
In each natural sound and sight.
Might thy childhood, almost past,
Blissful age! for ever last,
Mingling with expanding sense,
Spotless truth and innocence;
Like the painted bow above,
Full of promise, peace, and love!
Like a bark upon the sea,—
Such is Childhood's memory,
Leaving on the infant mind
Not a trace of grief behind;
Like a sky of summer blue,
Such is Childhood's onward view,
All as vague, and all as bright,
Beaming with unclouded light.
Thy mind knows not an anxious doubt,
It never heard of Sin;
'Tis heedless of the World without,
Rapt in its World within.
With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes,
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And, I would some spell devise
To keep my favourite still a Child.
I know that soon a riper grace
Will rest upon thy maiden face;
But then, thou wilt not be
The same fair Child to me,
That came on winged feet
My well known steps to greet.
With flaxen hair and bright blue eyes,
A sprightlier fairy never smiled,
And I would fain some spell devise
To keep my fairy still a Child.

LORD PORCHESTER.

BUT MY DAUGHTER'S MY DAUGHTER ALL HER LIFE.
ALL HER LIFE.

BUT MITIGATE THE REMEMBRANCE OF DEATH.

THE FATHER'S DUTY.



THE father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed.

What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labour? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children?

Surely, well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters, a taste for home pleasures, habits of order, regularity, and industry, hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.—WAYLAND'S *Moral Science*.

BOYISH HABITS.



HAVE sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China. Men who will give themselves entirely to business, and *despise* (which is their term) trifles, may be very able in their general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend.—KAYE'S *Life of Sir John Malcolm*.

THE dayspring of Youth still unclouded by sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
 But drear is the twilight of Age, if it borrow
 No warmth from the smile of—Wife, children, and friends.

HON. W. R. SPENCER.

HAPPY IS HE WHO IS HAPPY IN HIS CHILDREN.

*
*
* ROYET LADS MAY MAK SOBER MEN.
*

APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW that the Winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;
 But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
 And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowfy cuckoo, and the humble bee ;
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
 In triumph to the world the Youthful Spring.
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
 Welcome the coming of the longed for May ;
 Now all things smile.

CAREW.

The joyous time now nigheth fast,
 That shall allegge this bitter blast,
 And slake the Winter sorrow.

Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou warnest well ;
 For Winter's wrath begins to quell,
 And pleasant Spring appeareth :
 The grass now 'gins to be refresh'd,
 The swallow peeps out of her nest,
 And cloudy welkin cleareth.

Wil. Seest not thilke same hawthorn stud,
 How bragly it begins to bud,
 And utter his tender head ?
 Flora now calleth forth each flower,
 And bids make ready Maia's bower.

Spenser.

THE operations of Nature and their causes, produce continual changes ; nothing is stationary. Behold the immense extent of the Past and of the Future, in which all things disappear.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHEN THE CLOUDS ARE ON THE HILLS,

* THEY'LL COME DOWN BY THE MILLS. *

THE SCHOOLBOY

GOD WHO MADE THE WORLD SO WISELY,

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four Seasons in the mind of Man :
He has his trusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlleth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

KEATS.

THE VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

THERE is in the revolution of time, a kind of warning Voice which summons us to thought and reflection ; and every Season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of the Spring to the last desolation of Winter, the days of the year are emblematical of the state and of the duties of Man : and whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up to the heavens, and mark the path of the Sun, without feeling either something to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

When the Spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened Nature.

When Summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the Sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration. We see there, as it were, the majesty of the present God ; and wherever we direct our eyes, the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

When Autumn comes, and the annual miracle of Nature is completed, it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before Him whose benevolence never slumbers nor sleeps, and Who, from the throne of glory, yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth.

The season of Winter has also similar instructions. To the thoughtful and the feeling mind it comes not without a blessing upon its wings ; and perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms.—REV. ARCH. ALISON.

AS WISELY GOVERNS IT.

AYEZ EN DIEU TOUTE VOTRE ESPÉRANCE.

* * * PUT THY WHOLE TRUST IN GOD. * * *

CHILDHOOD.

NOW is the May of life. Careering round,
 Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground.
 Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
 When the rich casket shone in bright array,
 "These are *my* Jewels!" Well of such as he,
 When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
 "Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

ROGERS.

PROVIDENCE.

JUST as a Mother, with sweet, pious face,
 Yearns tow'rs her little children from her seat,
 Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
 Takes this upon her knee, that on her feet;
 And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences
 She learns their feelings, and their various will,
 To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
 And whether stern or smiling, loves them still,—
 So Providence! for us, high, infinite,
 Makes our necessities its watchful task;
 Harkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
 And e'en if it denies what seems our right,
 Either denies, because 'twould have us ask,
 Or seems but to deny, or in denying, grants!

FELICIA.

I WOULD desire for a friend, the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.

LACRATELLE.

THIS past: the iron North has spent his rage;
 Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
 The stormy howlings of the wind assuage,
 And warm o'er ether Western breezes play.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

YIELD TO PROVIDENCE.

GOD IS ALWAYS AT LEISURE TO DO GOOD

* * * * * TO THOSE THAT ASK IT. * * * * *

THE SCHOOLBOY

I CONFIDE. AND AM CONTENT.

EARLY SPRING.



FROM the sod no crocus peeps,
And the snow-drop scarce is seen,
And the daffodil yet sleeps
In its shelt'ring sheath of green ;
Yet the naked groves among
Is an homeless music heard,
And a welcoming is sung,
'Till the leafless boughs are stirred
With a spirit and a life
Which is floating all around ;
And the covert glades are rife
With the new awakened sound
Of the birds, whose voices pour
In an interrupted strain,
As they scarcely were secure
That the Spring was come again.
Soon the seasonable flowers
Will a glad assurance bring,
To their fresh and leafy bowers
Of the presence of the Spring ;
And these snatches of delight
Are the prelude of a song
That will daily gather might,
And endure the Summer long.

R. C. TRENCH.



MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluffing from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted, the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;
And where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste.

THOMSON.

LE BON TEMPS VIENDRA.

NEITHER HEAT NOR COLD

ABIDE ALWAYS IN THE SKY.

OH! NATURE, HOW WE WORSHIP THEE.

WELCOME, pale Primrose! starting up between
 Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
 The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
 'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
 How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
 How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
 Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
 And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
 The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
 Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
 While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
 To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
 O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
 The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

CLARE.




NATURE HAS GRANTED TO ALL TO BE HAPPY,

IF WE DID BUT KNOW TO USE HER BENEFITS.

HOWEVER UNWILLINGLY.

THE THIRD



THE
STRIPLING
AND
APPRENTICE.

MARCH.

IN PISCES
ENTERS
ARIES
MAR. 20.

AGE.



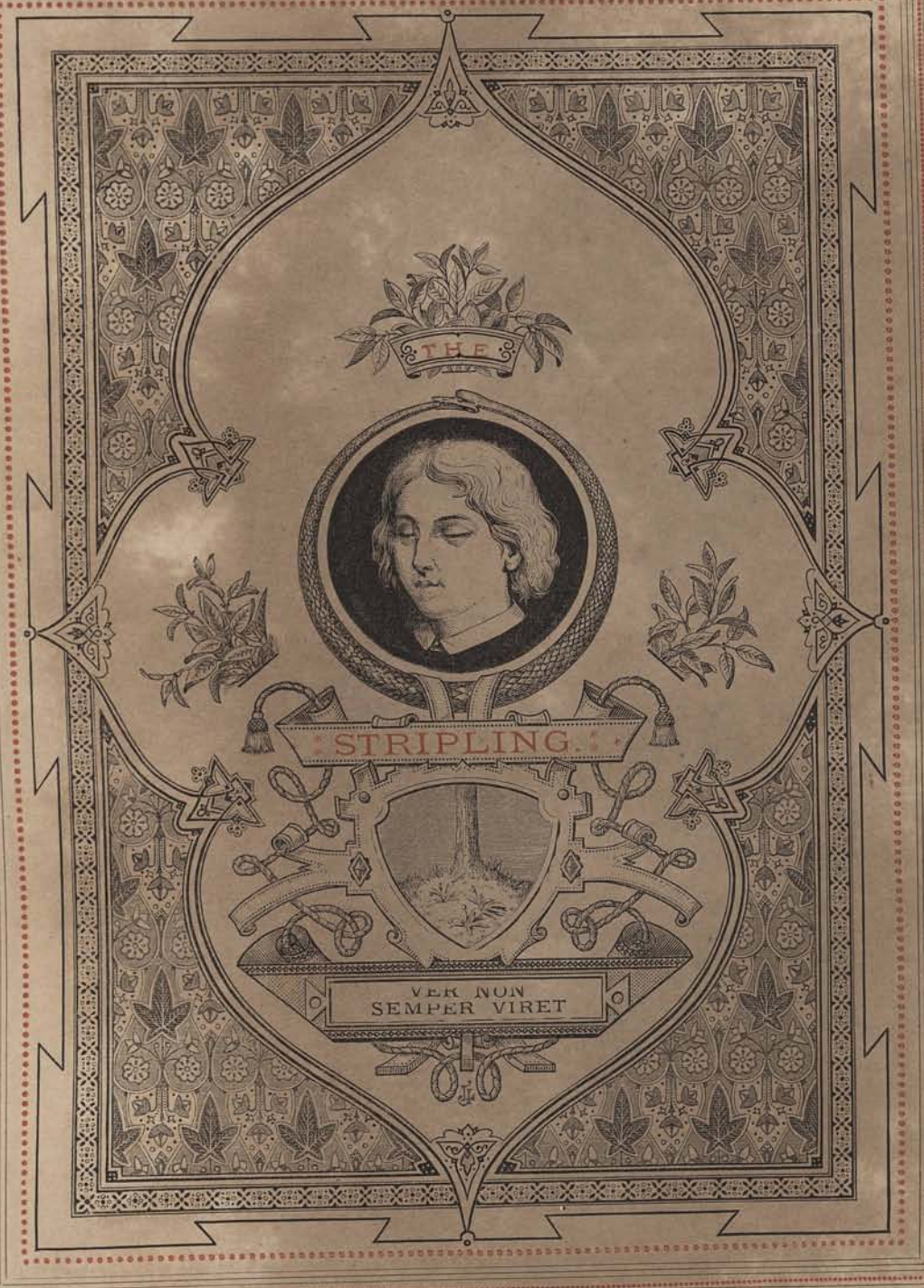
MARCH

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXERCISES COMBINE TO DEVELOPE THE YOUTHFUL FACULTIES.—THE SUPPLE TREE BENDS TO THE BREEZE, BUDS, AND STRENGTHENS.

THE BLOOM OF GAUDY YEARS.

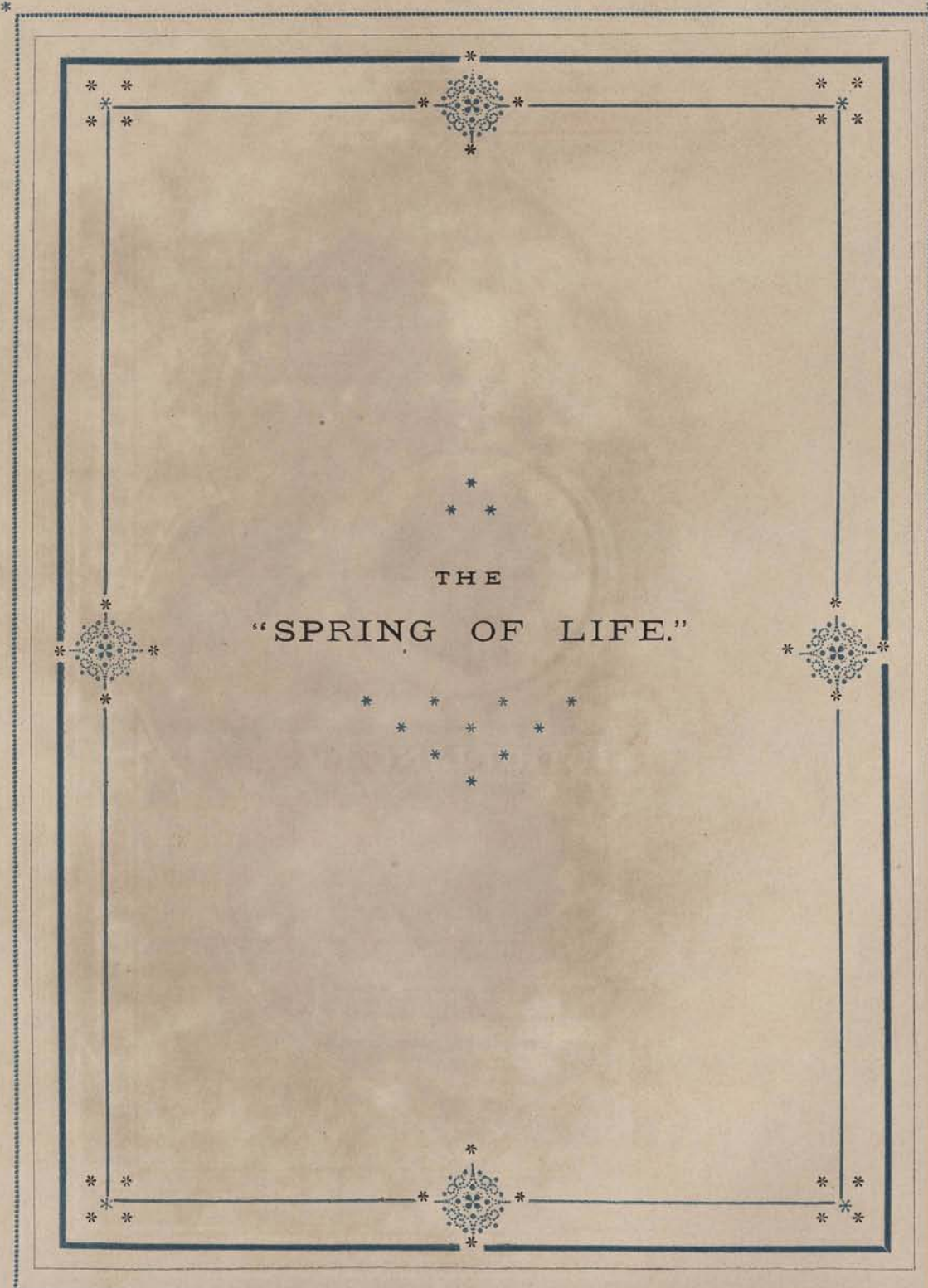
HAD STRUNG HIS LIMBS,

AND KNOTTED INTO STRENGTH.




BEFORE THE TENDER NERVES

THE SAPLING THRIVES.



THE
"SPRING OF LIFE."



MARCH.

MARCH, MANY WEATHERS.

THE STRIPLING.



THE VINE IN TRAIN

IT GREW, AND BECAME A SPREADING VINE. EZEKIEL, XVII. C., 6 V.



RIEF feldom joined with blooming Youth is seen ;
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been ?
Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.



When [sternly bent,
sturdy **March** with brows full
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which o'er Hellespontus swam,
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ye same,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And filld her womb with fruitful hope of
nourishment. Spenser.



* * * * *
WHEN first the Sun
Peeps through the horns of the Celestial Ram
That from his golden saddle Helle threw,
And drowned her in the sea that bears her name,
Making the Days and Nights of equal length.

POOLE'S Parnassus.

THE ROUGHER MARCH THE FAIRER MAY.

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MARCH WINDS AND MAY SUN
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MAKE LINEN WHITE AND MAIDENS DUN.

LIFE IS SHORT, YET SWEET.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.



HERE is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night, tired, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen years as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.

KINGSLEY.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF YOUTH.

IF those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the Spring, and Youth,—the former from the year, the latter from human life.

BALZAC.

THE SLEEP OF YOUTH.

OH! let Youth cherish that happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, "when neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews.—BULWER LYTTON.

A CHEERFUL sweetness in his looks he has,
 And innocence unartful in his face;
 A modest blush he wears, not formed by art,
 Free from deceit his eye, and full as free his heart.

CONGREVE.

THE Spring of Life, the bloom of gaudy years,
 Before the tender nerves had strung his limbs,
 And knotted into strength.

SHAKSPEARE.

LIFELESS, FAULTLESS.

THE FIGURE IS IN THE STONE, AND THE SCULPTOR ONLY FINDS IT.

* * * BE PATIENT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE PATIENT CHILDREN. * * *

THE STRIPLING.

HE THAT HATH ONE HOG MAKES HIM FAT,

OLD MEN MISCALCULATE YOUTH.

THOSE old men, those plodding grave stale pedants,
Forget the course of youth; their crooked prudence,
To baseness verging still, forgets to take
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,
That through the cobweb system bursting, lays
Their wisdom waste.

THOMSON.

YOUNG people merit that we should evince a certain degree of veneration towards them. Do we know what they may become? and whether they may not be hereafter much more worthy than ourselves.

CONFUCIUS.

IT is by works and not by age that men should be estimated. He who in youth has a good heart and amiable manners, is preferable to an old man who has not those merits.

ARISTOTLE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

CONSIDER a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

ADDISON.

BOYS APT TO WANTON CRUELTY IN SPORT.

L'ESTRANGE, in his Fables, tells us, that a number of frolicksome boys were one day watching frogs at the side of a pond, and that, as any of them put their heads above the water, the boys pelted them down again with stones. One of the frogs, appealing to the humanity of the boys, made this forcible observation: "Children, you do not consider that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

AND HE THAT HATH BUT ONE SON MAKES HIM A FOOL.

* ANIMI CULTUS QUASI QUIDAM HUMANITATIS CIBUS.

CULTIVATION IS AS NECESSARY TO THE MIND AS THE BODY.

MERCY TO HIM THAT SHOWS IT.



WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who *needlessly* sets foot upon a worm.
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 The sum is this: if man's convenience, health,
 Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
 As free to live and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
 Ye, therefore, who love Mercy, teach your sons
 To love it too! The Springtime of our years
 Is soon dishonoured and defiled, in most,
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
 If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
 Than Cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
 Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
 And righteous limitation of its act,
 By which Heaven moves in pard'ning guilty man:
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,
 Shall seek it,—and not find it in his turn.

COWPER.

MANHOOD is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth.

Boys should be led to their duties by mildness and persuasion;
 they must not be driven thereto without giving
 them some relaxation.—PLUTARCH.

THE EVIL DOER MUST EXPECT EVIL IN RETURN.

OCCUPATION DISSIPATES ALL THE VICIS OF IDLENESS.

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THE STRIPLING.

DE SCAVOIR, VIENT AVOIR.

The faculties of every Youth not suited to every Occupation.

The perverse judgement of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers: and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the rick of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children on that thing whereunto Nature hath ordained them most apt and fit.

Roger Ascham.

Konst og Lære giben Brod og Oere.

Art and Knowledge bring Bread and Honour.

EVERY NATURE IS NOT A FIT STOCK TO GRAFT A SCHOLAR ON.

THE Spaniard that wrote *The Trial of Wits* undertakes to show what complexion is fit for every profession. I will not disable any for proving a scholar, nor yet dissemble that I have seen many happily forced upon that course, to which by nature they seemed much indisposed. Sometimes the possibility of preferment prevailing with the credulous, expectation of less expense with the covetous, opinion of ease with the fond, and assurance of remoteness with the unkind parents, have moved them without discretion to engage their children in adventures of learning, by whose return they have received but small contentment: but they who are deceived in their first designs deserve less to be condemned as such who, after sufficient trial, persist in their wilfulness are noway to be pitied. I have known some who have been acquainted—by the complaints of governors, clamours of creditors, and confessions of their sons—with what might be expected from them, yet have held them in with strong hand, till they have desperately quit, or disgracefully forfeited, the places where they lived. Deprived of which, they might hope to avoid some misery, if their friends who were so careful to bestow them in a college when they were young, would be so good as to provide a room for them in some hospital when they are old.—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

EN APPRENANT, ON DEVIENT MAÎTRE.

* MARCH GRASS IS SORRY FOOD.

*

AND DOTH THE CATTLE LITTLE GOOD.

MARCH.

MARCH COMES IN LIKE A LION,

He that obserbeth the wind shall not sow; and
he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

Eccles. xi. c., 16. b.

MARCH.



THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies:
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.
Ah! passing few are those who speak,
Wild, stormy Month, in praise of thee!
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome Month to me.

For thou to Northern lands again
The glad and glorious Sun dost bring:
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.
Thou bring'st the Hope of those calm skies
And that soft hue of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on Earth that lies
Seems of a brighter land than ours.

BRYANT.

ALAS! there is no chord of human life
Whose natural tone breathes not of woe! There seems,
Even in boyhood, when the world is rife
With buds and birds, with flowers and sunny beams,
Along our being's course, wherein it streams,
Some haunting fever of decay—some shade
From whose destructive taint no aid redeems.

CHARLES SWAIN.

HEAVEN but tries our virtue by afflictions,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

DR. BROWN.

AND GOES OUT LIKE A LAMB.

*
*
*
THE ROOKS HAVE PICKED UP ALL THE DIRT.
*
*
*

A PECK OF MARCH DUST IS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

THE STRIPLING.

THE DAY IS SHORT, AND THE WORK IS MUCH.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.



HOW gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.



How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting shew.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

ANNE, COUNTESS
OF WINCHELSEA.

THE charms of Youth at once are seen and past,
And Nature says, "They are too fair to last."

So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid;
Be gay; too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

SIR WM. JONES.

So long as you live, seek to acquire knowledge; it must not be
presumed that reason comes with old age.—*SOLON.*

THE GRAVE IS THE GENERAL MEETING PLACE.

THE LANGER WE LIVE WE SEE THE MAE FERLIES.

* THE LAST DROP MAKES THE CUP RUN OVER. *

La Jeunesse est une ivresse continuelle ;
 c'est la fièvre de la santé, c'est la folie de la
 raison. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE AGE OF REASON.

WE must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow ; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion ; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen, some at one and twenty, some never ; but all men late enough ; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaches towards the gate of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God ; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly : so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty : but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinence, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal : but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gout and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and worn-out body. So that if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed : and he is not to be called a man without a wife and adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

WHEN you are doubtful as to whether an act be good or
 bad, beware of doing it. ZOROASTER.

THE MIND IS THE MAN.

*
*
KNOWLEDGE IN YOUTH IS WISDOM IN AGE.
*
*

REASON GOVERNS THE WISE MAN, AND CUDGELS THE FOOL.

SO MANY FROSTS IN MARCH, SO MANY IN MAY.

HEALTH,
HEAVEN'S CHOICEST GIFT.



H! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given;
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health:—in proof of this,
Behold the wretch who flings his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind,
The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth
The temperate evening falls serene and kind;
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See how the young lambs frisk along the meads,
As Spring comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with joy, their joy all joy exceeds;
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure breeds?

THOMPSON.



INSTRUCTION is the best provision for the journey of
life wherewith to attain to old age.

ARISTOTLE.

MAKING PROVISION FOR YOUNG MEN.

MAKING a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable, and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertions. The young should never hear any language but this:

“You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.”—LORD MELBOURNE.

It is better for a Young Man to blush than to turn pale.—CATO.

BIRDS HATCHED IN MARCH ARE ALWAYS BEST.

* * *
ESTIMA LA SALUD.
* * *
NO SE
* * *

HASTA EL TIEMPO QUE SE PIERDE.

THE STRIPLING.

GOOD MANNERS WILL PROCURE RESPECT.

TEMPER.

AS a material of human happiness or misery, temper is infinitely more important, because so much oftener brought into use, than high-mindedness; opportunity for a generous action may occur perhaps once in a year, while temper is actively at work for good or evil during every hour of our existence. The best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiae of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of men's natures; but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent, possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the *weak*, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

RESPECT.

SHOW respect towards all in whose society you may find yourself. To be indifferent to what others may think of us, is not only arrogance, but a forgetfulness of all modesty. CICERO.

POLITENESS.

THERE is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it. Politeness, that cement of friendship and soother of enmities, is nowhere so much required and so frequently outraged as in family circles: in near and dear connections it is continually abandoned, and the result is, that all the illusions of life are destroyed, and with them much of its happiness.

FINE BREEDING.

THERE is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts—fine breeding.—BULWER LYTTON.

ORDER.

ORDER is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beam to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is Order to all things.—SOUTHEY.

ANGER AND HASTE HINDER GOOD COUNSEL.

COMMAND YOUR TEMPER, LEST IT COMMAND YOU.

A HOBER-DE-HOY, HALF A MAN AND HALF A BOY.

THE OLDEST MAN THAT EVER LIVED, DIED AT LAST.

TIME A TRAITOR.

TIME is a traitor full of wiles;
Suspect his gifts, mistrust his smiles.

In early youth none seems so kind,
With brightest thoughts he cheers the mind,
Brings health, and strength, and beauty's grace,
To build the form and deck the face;
Each rosy hour his gifts improve,
And all is hope, and joy, and love.
Wait but a little space, and lo!
This seeming friend becomes a foe;
For hope and joy bring gloom and pain,
Each boon he gave he takes again.
The locks which dark and clust'ring lay,
His malice thins, and turns to gray.
No more the blushing roses know
The face where once they loved to glow.
The hand of Time, which paints the hue
O'er Beauty's cheek, destroys it too.
As the stern spoiler onward steals,
E'en manly strength his rancour feels,
And one by one our blessings fall,
Like faded leaves at Winter's call.
If thus with bland and trait'rous art
Time gladdens but to wound the heart,—
To-day a friend, a foe to-morrow,—
Be ours to guard against his wiles,
Distrust him most when most he smiles;
And gain those friends whose love shall last
When earth is left, and time is past.

REV. J. JOYCE.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while
evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt
say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccles. xii. c., i. b.

GOOD COMPANY AND CONVERSATION

ARE THE VERY SINEWS OF VIRTUE.

YOUNG MEN MAY DIE, OLD MEN MUST.

THE STRIPLING.

IN YOUTH IT IS PROPER TO BE ATTENTIVE TO OUR PERSONS,

WINTER, still ling'ring on the verge of Spring,
Retires reluctant, and from time to time
Looks back, while, at his keen and chilling breath,
Fair Flora sickens.

SIXTEEN.



FULL sixteen Summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace ;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

DODSLEY.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

IT is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill-looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.—MRS. JAMESON.

Les jeunes personnes sont d'ordinaire plus médisantes par vanité que par malice.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

YOUTH AND AGE HAVE BOTH THEIR HAPPINESS.

YOUTH beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth, and instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollections of hopes. Thus happiness ever resides in the imagination. COLERIDGE.

I LIKE to see in a youth some of the good qualities of old age ; and
some of the good qualities of youth in an old man.—CICERO.

IN ORDER TO PLEASE ;—AND IN OLD AGE NOT TO DISPLEASE.

WE SHED TEARS FOR THE DEAD! WE SHOULD RATHER WEEP

* * * * * OVER THE FLOWER OF YOUTH THAT WITHERS. * * *

L'OTIO È PADRE DI TUTTI I VICI.

AT last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him : then no more
 Th' expansivè atmosphere is cramped with cold,
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy and white, o'er all furrounding heaven.

THOMSON.

CARPE DIEM.



HE lapse of Time and rivers is the same ;
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay :
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart ;
 Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd !
 But Time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind !

COWPER.

YOUTH is not rich in Time ; it may be poor ;
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
 No moment but in purchase of its worth ;
 And what it's worth ask death-beds ; they can tell.
 Part with it as with Life, reluctant ; big
 With holy hope of nobler Time to come ;
 Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

YOUNG.

IMPROVE Time in time, while the Time doth last,
 For all Time is no time, when the Time is past.

IDLENESS IS THE MOTHER OF ALL VICE.

IDLENESS TRAVELS VERY LEISURELY,

AND POVERTY SOON OVERTAKES HER.

BE CHARITABLE
IN YOUR JUDGMENT OF OTHERS.

NO part of the government of temper deserves attention more than to keep our minds pure from uncharitable prejudices, and open to candour and humanity in judging of others. The worst consequences, both to ourselves and to society, follow from the opposite spirit. BLAIR.

Wisdom gained by experience,
more costly and perilous than by Learning.



Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. We hazardeth sore that wareth wise by experience. An unhappy ship-master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrupts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would probe wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wiser by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom, and some happiness: and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no. Roger Ascham.

BE discreet in your speech, but still more so in your actions; words are evanescent, but acts will endure for ever. PLATO.

LA Jeunesse change ses goûts par l'ardeur du sang, et la vieillesse conserve les siens par l'accoutumance. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

KUNST HÄLT BEI EINEM FEST, WENN ALLES IHN VERLÄSST.

*
*
ART HOLDS FAST WHEN ALL ELSE IS LOST.
*
*

MARCH.

A MAN AT SIXTEEN WILL BE A CHILD AT SIXTY.

JUVENILE . VITIVM . REGERE . NON . POSSE . IMPETVM. SENECA.

It is the fault of Youth that it cannot govern its own impetuosity.



OWN the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
 Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky,
 Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course.
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
 Where Virtue takes her stand : but if too far
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
 Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

If Virtue could be seen she would be loved ; If Truth could be heard she would be obeyed.

NOLI TANGERE.

THE branch is stooping to thine hand, and pleasant to behold,
 Yet gather not, although its fruit be streak'd with hues of gold.
 The cup is lifting to thy lip, and fragrant is the wine,
 Yet dash the untasted goblet down, though lusciously it shine.

For bitter ashes lurk conceal'd beneath that golden skin,
 And, though the coat be smooth, there lies but rottenness within :
 The wings of pleasure fan the bowl, and bid it overflow,
 But drugg'd with poison are its lees, and death is found below.

REV. E. SMEDLEY.

THE Drunkenness of Youth is stronger than the drunkenness of wine.

ARABIC PROVERB.

Youth.

Youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
 Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penance,
 And stoop gallant age, the host of grievance.

Spenser.

HE IS IDLE THAT MIGHT BE BETTER EMPLOYED.

LE MÉCHANT EST COMME LE CHARBON.

S'IL NE VOUS BRÛLE, IL VOUS NOIRCIT.

THE STRIPLING.

TO A MISERLY FATHER A SPENDTHRIFT SON.

UN Empereur Allemand disoit, qu'un jeune homme demeuroit fol, sept ans de fuite, et si entre d'eux il faisoit quelque trait de sagesse, qu'il lui faut recommencer le Septénaire de folie.

MICHEL DE LA MONTAIGNE.

The hazard of Dissolute Fashions in Youth.

It is a notable tale that old Sir Roger Charnloe, sometime Chief Justice, would tell of himself. When he was Ancient in Inn of Court, certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain mis-orders; and one of the lustiest said: "Sir, we be young gentlemen; and wise men before us have probed all fashions, and yet those have done full well." This they said because it was well known Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth. But he answered them very wisely. "Endered," saith he, "in youth I was as ye are now; and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And, therefore, follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever ye think to come to this place, or to these years, that I am come unto; lest ye meet either with poverty or Tyburn in the way."—Roger Ascham.

ALAS! how poor a Trifle all,
Is that which here we Pleasure call!
Since what our very souls has cost,
Is hardly got, and quickly lost:
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

It looks indeed, at distance, fair;
But soon as we approach,
Like fruit of Sodom 'twill impair,
And perish at a touch.
In being, than in fancy, less;—
And we expect more, than possess.

What art thou, then, thou winged Air,
More weak and swift than Fame!
Whose next successor is Despair,
And its attendant, Shame?
Th' experienced Prince sure Reason had,
Who said of Pleasure,—“It is mad.”

ORINDA (*Mrs. Katherine Phillips*).

A YOUNG MAN IDLE IS AN OLD MAN NEEDY.

* LA MALA COMPAGNIA È QUELLA *


CHE MENA GLI UOMINI ALLA FORCA.

OUR Virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ;
and our Crimes would despair if not redeemed by our nature.

PRIDE

MAY be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking ; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in Pride.—SELDEN.

THE AGE OF DISCRETION.


OW let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit ; he is run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually ; to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of ; for this is all the discretion that most men shew in the first stage of their manhood. They can discern good from evil ; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life ; he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

MEANS may be found for the correction of Folly, but none for the straightening of cross-grained wits.

THEOPHRASTUS.

THE SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF IGNORANCE.

HE truest characters of Ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance :
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

BUTLER.

A PAIR OF FOOL'S SHOES, IF NOT MORE.

* ASSURANCE IS THE FOOL'S MASK. *

UT SEMENTEM FECERIS, ITA ET METES.

THE STRIPLING.

DIRIGIT UNUS.

THE YEAR.



PERCEIV'ST thou not the process of the Year :
How the *Four Seasons* in four Forms appear,
Resembling Human Life in ev'ry shape they wear ?

Spring first, like *Infancy*, puts forth her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed ;
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led :
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes.
Then laughs the *Childish* Year with flow'rets crowned,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around ;
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, and tender yet the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the *Year* began,
The *Summer* grows adult, and ripens into *Man*.
This season, as with *Man*, is most replete
With kindly moisture and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
Swayed more by Reason than the Passions' rage ;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with grey.
Last, *Winter* creeps along with stealthy pace ;
Grave is his look, and furrowed is his face.
His head, if not of hair dishonoured quite,
Thinly bespread with locks of snowy white.

DRYDEN, *Ovid*.

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL WITHIN US.



HE web of our life is a mingled yarn, good
and ill together. SHAKESPEARE.

LEARN to live well, that thou mayst die so too :
To live and die, is all we have to do.

DENHAM.

LIFE is the gift of God, Death is the due of Nature ; as we receive the
one as a benefit, so we must abide the other of necessity. LYLY.

ONE DIRECTS.

MARCH.

LIFE IS SHORT, AND OUR INCONSTANCY



THE Insect World, now sunbeams higher climb,
Oft dream of Spring, and wake before their time.
Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,
And venture short flights where the snowdrop brings
Its silver bell, and winter aconite
Its butter-cup-like flowers, that shut at night,
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,
Like tender maidens muffled from the cold;
They sip, and find their honey-dreams are vain,
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.
The butterflies, by eager hopes undone,
As children glad come out to greet the sun;
Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower
Are lost,—nor see to-morrow's April flower.



CLARE.



THE INTEMPERANCE OF YOUTH INDUCES DECREPITUDE

MORE FREQUENTLY THAN THE RAVAGES OF YEARS.

SHORTENS IT STILL MORE.

THE FOURTH

THE
YOUTH
AND
LOVER.

APRIL.

IN ARIES
ENTERS
TAURUS
APR. 19.



AGE.



APRIL

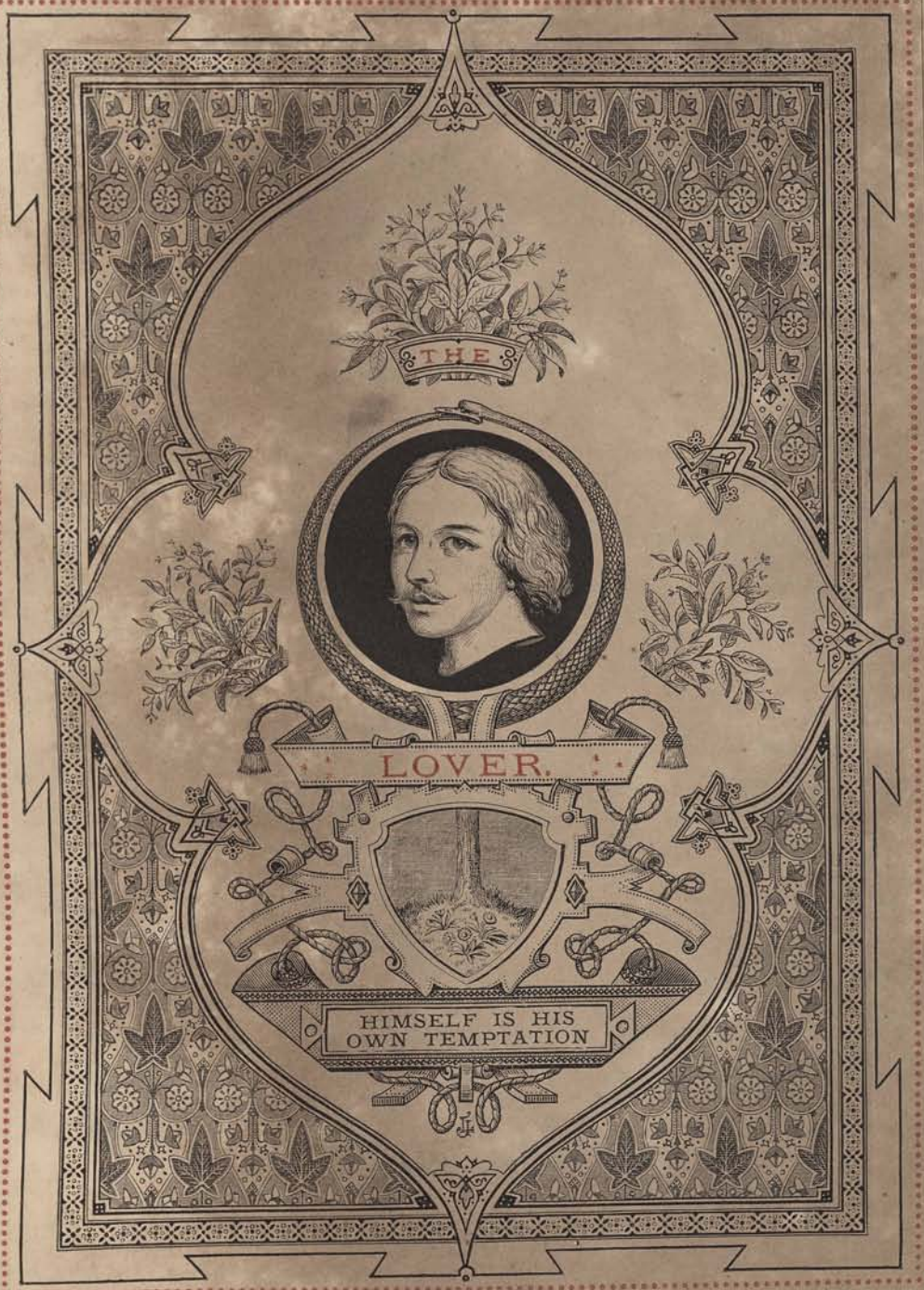
LOVE AND HOPE TEMPER AND TEACH
THE EARLY MAN,—AS THE TREE DE-
VELOPES UNDER SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

JOHN LEIGHTON. F.S.A.

IN VAIN FROM FATE WE FLY.

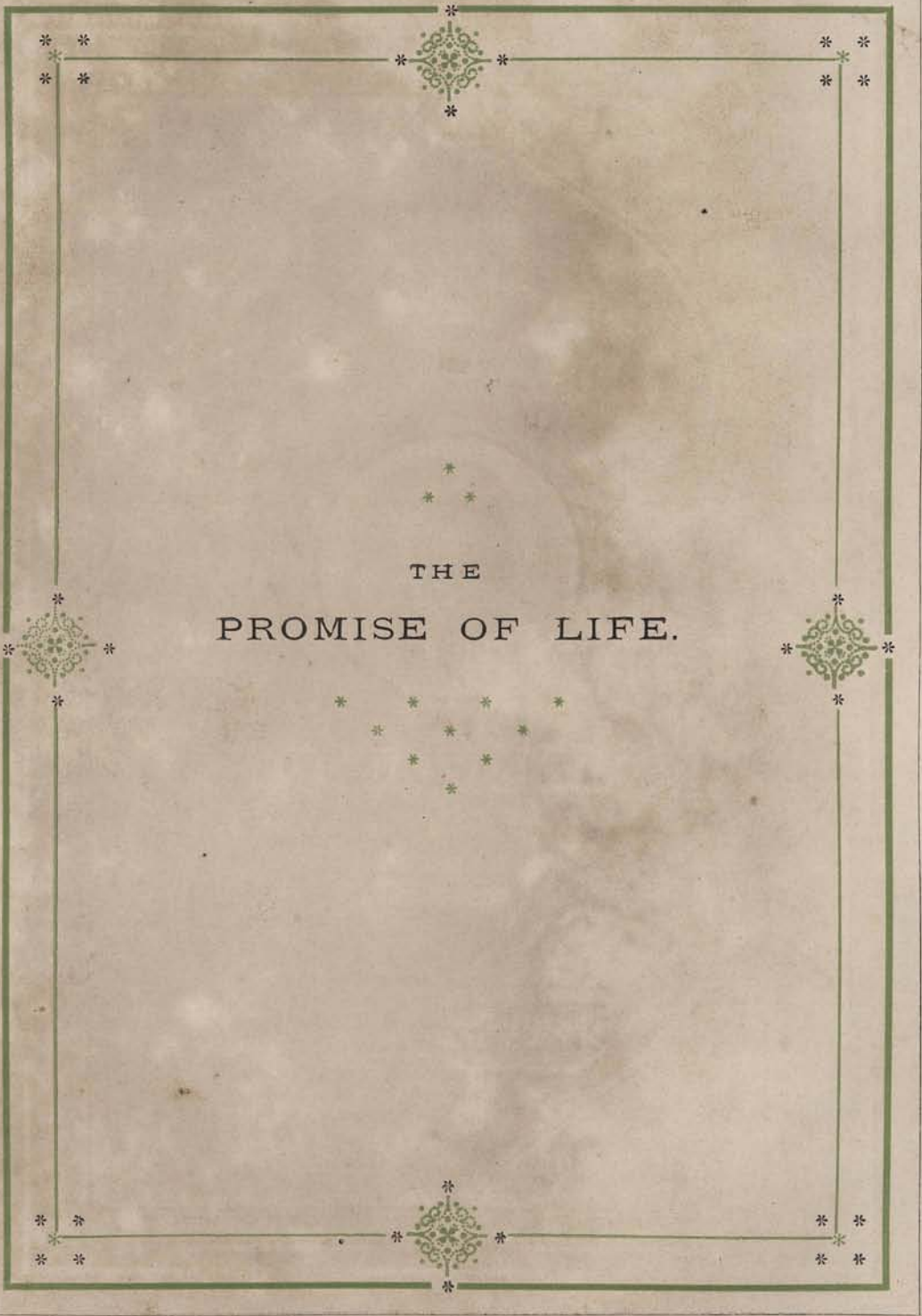
SO 'TIS AS MUCH DECREED ABOVE,

THAT FIRST OR LAST, WE ALL MUST LOVE.

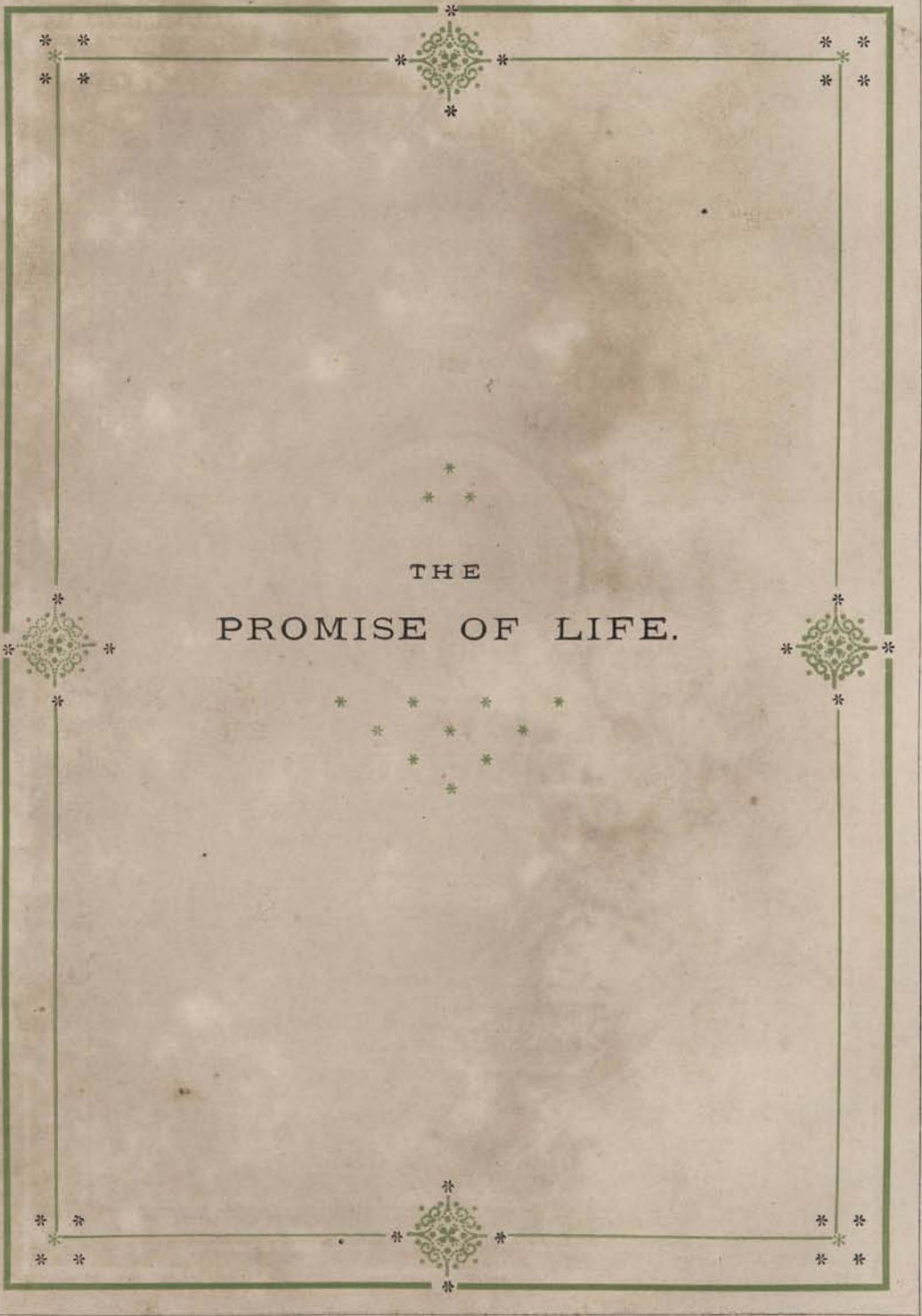


FOR FIRST OR LAST, AS ALL MUST DIE.

THE YOUNG TREE BUDS.



THE
PROMISE OF LIFE.



APRIL BORROWS THREE DAYS FROM MARCH.



THE LOVER.



ROSE BUDS

THE ROSE IS THE SIGN OF JOY AND LOVE. YOUNG BLUSHING LOVE IN ITS EARLIEST DAWN. PERCIVAL.

the dawn of Manhood on his face appears,
And blooming beauty graced his youthful years.
BLACKMORE.



Next came fresh April full of lustyhed,—
And wanton as a kid whose horne
new buds :
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick fluds :
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth ; and wet he
seem'd in sight
With wades, through which he waded for
his lobes delight.
Spenser.

WHEN temperate breath
Gives to the gladden'd fields a fruitful birth ;
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put such glow of youth in everything
That heavy Saturn laughs and leaps with him.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE BARN WILL FILL.

WHEN sturdy March's storms are overblown,
And April's gentle showers are slidden down
To clofe the wind-chapt earth.

QUARLES.

TER Winter's long inclement sway
At length the lufly Spring prevails ;
And, fwift to meet the fmiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rofy hours,
And, damasking the earth with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn :
With fhadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A fudden youth the groves enjoy ;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

ELIJAH FENTON.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.



THERE is no gift more utterly valueless when its first charm has passed over and faded from the imagination, than mere personal beauty ; when there is no intellect, no heart, no sweetness of temper, no cheering gaiety of spirit, no genius, talent, nor precious moral worth to enclose and preserve it from wearying the sense, and palling the affection.

THE Flowers anew returning Seasons bring,
But Beauty faded has no second Spring.

PHILLIPS.

HONESTY coupled to Beauty is to have honey a sauce to fugar.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Evanescence of Beauty.

Il n'y a si belle face,
Que le temps tôt n'efface :
Bien fol est qui se fie en sa belle jeunesse,
Qui sitôt se dérobe et sitôt nous délaisse.

Ronsard.

'TIS GOOD FOR HAY AND CORN.

BEAUTY IS BUT A TRANSIENT BLOSSOM.

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THE LOVER.

AN APRIL FLOOD, CARRIES AWAY

LA PRIMAVERA.

TORNASTI, O Primavera!
 E l'erbe verdi, e i fiori,
 E i giovanili amori
 Tornarono con te.

ROLLI.

NOW the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
 With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,
 She woos the tardy Spring;
 Till April starts and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tend'rest green.

GRAY.

April Weather.

The very earth, the steamy air
 Is all with fragrance rife;
 And grace and beauty everywhere
 Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
 Those earth-rejoicing drops!
 A momentary deluge pours,
 Then thins, decreases, stops;
 And ere the dimples on the stream
 Have circled out of sight,
 Lo! from the west, a parting gleam
 Breaks forth of amber light.
 But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
 Comes down the glittering rain;
 The farewell of a passing cloud,
 The fringes of her train.

Chaucer.



* APRIL CLING, GOOD FOR NOTHING. * * *

IN APRIL, DOVE'S FLOOD IS WORTH A KING'S GOOD.

THE FROG AND HER BROOD.

BEAUTY WITHOUT VIRTUE IS A CURSE.

THE uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY AND YOUTH ARE FRAIL.



BEAUTY and Youth are frail : their charms will soon decay,
Their lustre fades as rolling years increase,
And Age still triumphs o'er the ruined face.
This truth, the fair but short-lived lily shows,
And prickles, that survive the faded rose.
Learn, lovely Boy ; be with instruction wise ;
Beauty and Youth mispent are past advice :
Then cultivate the mind with wit and fame :
Those lasting charms survive the fun'ral flame.

DRYDEN.

THE SENTIMENT OF GOOD, AND OF EVIL, INSTINCTIVE.



OD hath discovered our duties to us by a kind of natural instinct, by which I mean a secret impression upon the minds of men, whereby they are naturally carried to approve some things as good and fit, and to dislike other things, as having a native evil and deformity in them. And this I call a natural instinct, because it does not seem to proceed so much from the exercise of our reason, as from a natural propension and inclination, like those instincts which are in brute creatures, of natural affection and care toward their young ones. And that these inclinations are precedent to all reason and discourse about them, evidently appears by this, that they do put forth themselves every whit as vigorously in young persons as in those of riper reason ; in the rude and ignorant sort of people, as those who are more polished and refined. For we see plainly that the young and ignorant have as strong impressions of piety and devotion, as true a sense of gratitude, and justice, and pity, as the wiser and more knowing part of mankind. A plain indication that the reason of mankind is preceded by a kind of natural instinct and anticipation concerning the good or evil, the comeliness or deformity of these things. And though this do not equally extend to all the instances of our duty, yet as to the great lines and essential parts of it, mankind hardly need to consult any other oracle than the mere propensions and inclinations of their nature ; as, whether we ought to reverence the Divine nature, to be grateful to those who have conferred benefits upon us, to speak the truth, to be faithful to our promise, to restore that which is committed to us in trust, to pity and relieve those that are in misery, and in all things to do to others as we would have them do to us.—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

GOOD DEEDS REMAIN. ALL THINGS ELSE PERISH.

WISE MEN ARE INSTRUCTED BY REASON.

* IGNORANT MEN BY EXPERIENCE. *

THE LOVER.

LIFE IS HALF SPENT BEFORE

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.



SELF-FLATTERED, inexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
All in some darling enterprise embarked :
But where is he can fathom its event ?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize !
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
They strike ; and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright :
O'er them and o'er their names the billows close ;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed ;
It floats a moment and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born—
Darlings of Providence ! fond Fate's elect !—
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted ! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain ;
Free from misfortune, not from Nature free,
They still are men, and when is Man secure ?
As fatal Time, as Storm ; the rush of years
Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow :
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high !
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

YOUNG.

LIFE THAT IS TOO SHORT FOR THE HAPPY.

* IS TOO LONG FOR THE MISERABLE. *

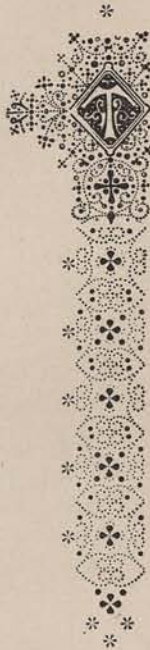
WE KNOW WHAT IT IS.

BETTER LATE RIPE, AND BEAR,

FAIR is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
 Oh smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

BEATTIE.

SPRING FLOWERS.



HE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
 And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
 So the soft, star-like primrose, drenched in dew,
 The earliest of Spring-time's fragrant birth.
 To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply:
 Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
 Can steal o'er Man's proud heart and win his choice
 From earth to heaven with mightier witchery
 Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
 Bloom on, then, in your shade, contented bloom,
 Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
 Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive,
 They know, who one day for their altered doom
 Shall thank you, taught by you t' abase themselves and live.

K.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove,
 Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.

GRAVES.

WHEN first the Spring dissolves the mountain snow,
 And western winds upon the waters blow;
 When with his golden horn bright Taurus opes
 The cheerful year.
 Venus' blythe month.

POOLE'S *Parnassus*.

THAN EARLY BLOSSOM, AND BLAST.

* NOW NATURE ON HER NAKED BREAST, *

DELIGHTS TO CATCH THE GALES OF LIFE.

THE LOVER.

LOVE OF LADS, AND FIRE OF CHATS.

LOVE.



WHO can hide fire? If't be uncovered, light;
If covered, smoke betrays it to the fight:
Love is that fire, which still some sign affords;
If hid, they are sighs; if open, they are words.

WILLM. CARTWRIGHT.

Oh! what without our Youth
Would Love be? What would Youth be without Love?
Youth lends it joy and sweetness, passion, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But languishing with years it grows uncouth:
One of few things experience don't improve.

BYRON.



TELL thee, Love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a Spring of virtues where he shines:
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties both of Art and Nature,
Are given in vain to men; so, without Love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues bred in men lie buried;
For Love informs them as the sun doth colours.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

IT lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by Fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice
What we behold is censured by our eyes:
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

MARLOWE.

IS SOON IN, AND SOON OUT.

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RARE AS TRUE LOVE MAY BE,
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IT IS LESS RARE THAN TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

ILL SOWERS MAKE ILL HARVEST.

THE PASSIONS.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams ;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ;
 So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

OH! how the Passions, insolent and strong,
 Bear our weak minds their rapid course along ;
 Make us the madness of their will obey ;
 Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey !

CRABBE.

DANGER LURKS BENEATH.

S UR un mince cristal l'hiver conduit leurs Le précipice est sous la glace ; [pas ; Telle est de nos plaisirs la légère surface : Glissez, mortels ; n'appuyez pas.	O 'ER crackling ice, and depths profound, With nimble glide the skaters play ; O'er treacherous Pleasure's flowery ground Thus lightly skim, and haste away.
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BENSERADE.

JOHNSON.

No person who has once yielded up the government of his mind, and given loose rein to his desires and passions, can tell how far they may carry him.

REASON.

REASON was given to curb our headstrong will,
 And yet but shows a weak physician's skill ;
 Gives nothing while the raging fit does last,
 But stays to cure it when the worst is past :
 Reason's a staff for Age when Nature's gone ;
 But Youth is strong enough to walk alone !

DRYDEN.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes ; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Eccles. ch. xi. v. ix.

IN A CALM SEA EVERY MAN IS A PILOT.

THERE IS A CONSTANT GENERATION OF PASSIONS IN THE HUMAN HEART;

* * * THE EXTINCTION OF ONE ALWAYS MAKES ROOM FOR ANOTHER. * * *

THE LOVER.

LOVE SEES NO FAULTS.

AMOUR PAR TOUT,
Par amour tout.



Tout par amour,
Par tout amour.

LOVE IN WOMEN.

Poor love is loft in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

JOHN CROWNE.

PLUS on juge, moins on aime.

The more we judge the less we love.

BALZAC.

OH! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily,
If thou remembrest not the flightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into.



THE lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.

SHAKESPEARE.



AIR was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had suffered before her.

LONGFELLOW.

VIRGIN PURITY.

THE morning pearls
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Lefs chafely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kissed them into heat.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

VIRTUE.

OH, pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to Virtue: let not danger,
Nor the encumb'ring world, make faint your purpose:
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps;
Bring you to blifs, and crown your end with peace.

ROWE.

WHILE Shame keeps its watch, Virtue is not wholly extinguished
from the heart.

BURKE.

L'ESPRIT EST TOUJOURS LA DUPE DU CŒUR.

LOST
ONCE
SHAME
INGENUOUS

*
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REGAINED.
IS
NEVER
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ON N'AURAIT GUÈRE DE PLAISIR,

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake ! awake !

SHAKESPEARE.

PLEASURES are ever in our hands and eyes ;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise,
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike,
On different senses different objects strike :
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

POPE.

STAY, stay, the present instant !
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wing !
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp ! but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

LONGFELLOW.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced, I talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain :
Oh ! then, in those light hours of glee,
I thought the world was made for me.

But, when the hour of trial came,
And sickness shook my feeble frame,
And Folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
Oh ! then, I thought how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.

PRINCESS AMELIA,

(Youngest and favourite daughter of George III.)

SI ON NE SE FLATTOIT PAS.

IL EST PLUS AISÉ D'ÊTRE SAGE POUR LES AUTRES,

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THE LOVER.

BEAUTY AND YOUTH ARE FRAIL.

As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by Love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly ; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

SHAKESPEARE.

SWEET roſe, fair flower, untimely plucked, ſoon faded,
Plucked in the bud, and faded in the Spring !
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely ſhaded ;
Fair creature killed too ſoon by Death's ſharp ſting !
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through winds, before the fall ſhould be,
I weep for thee.

IBID.

THE pureſt treaſure mortal times affords
Is—ſpotleſs reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

IBID.

OTIA · SI · TOLLAS, · PERIERE · CUPIDINIS · ARCUS.—OVID.

Remove but the temptations of leiſure, and the bow of Cupid ſhall loſe its power.

IDLENESS gives force to our paſſions, they produce but little effect
on the mind which is abſorbed in buſineſs and induſtry.

LIFE.

SHORT bounds of life are ſet to mortal man ;
'Tis Virtue's work alone to ſtretch the narrow ſpan.

DRYDEN, *Virgil.*

MAN is a Glaſs, Life is the Water,
That 's weakly walled about :
Sin brings in Death, Death breaks the Glaſs,
So runs the Water out.

MOST OF OUR EVILS COME FROM OUR VICIES.

REPUTATION SERVES TO VIRTUE AS LIGHT DOES TO A PICTURE.

* FOLLY IS THE PRODUCT OF ALL COUNTRIES AND AGES. *

THE OWL IS NOT THE WISER FOR LIVING RETIREDLY.



O fast—to study—and to see no woman ;—
 Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;
 And abstinence engenders maladies :
 And where that you have vowed to study, lords,
 In that each of you hath forsworn his book :
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
 For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of study's excellence,
 Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries ;
 As motion, and long-during action, tires
 The finewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
 And study too, the causer of your vow :
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.

SHAKESPEARE.

DELICIOUS days of whim and soul,
 When, mingling lore and laugh together,
 We leaned the book on Pleasure's bowl,
 And turned the leaf with Folly's feather !

MOORE.

TOLLE · JOCOS—NON · EST · JOCUS · ESSE · MALIGNUM.—SENECA.

JEST WITH CAUTION.

TAKE heed of jesting ; many have been ruined by it. It is hard to
 jest, and not sometimes jeer too ; which oftentimes sinks
 deeper than was intended or expected.—FULLER.

Giòco di mano, giòco di villàno.

Jeu de mains, jeu villain.

'TIS BETTER TO BE HAPPY THAN WISE.

* A JEST DRIVEN TOO FAR BRINGS HOME HATE. *

THE LOVER.

BAD CUSTOMS ARE BETTER BROKEN THAN KEPT UP.

SMALL habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

HANNAH MORE.

COMMENCEMENT OF A VICIOUS COURSE.

AT first setting out upon a vicious course men are a little nice and delicate, like young travellers, who at first are offended at every speck of dirt that lights upon them; but after they have been accustomed to it, and travelled a good while in foul ways, it ceaseth to be troublesome to them to be dashed and bespattered. When we bend a thing at first, it will endeavour to restore itself; but it may be held bent so long till it will continue so of itself and grow crooked; and then it may require more force and violence to reduce it to its former straightness than we used to make it crooked at first.—ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

Temperance and Government of the Passions.

OF all God's works which doth this world adorn,
There is none more fair and excellent
Than is man's body, both for power and form,
Whilst it is kept in sober government:
But none than it more foul and indecent,
Distempred through misrules and passions base,
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose its dignity and native grace.

Spenser.

TEMPORA · ET · LOCA · SEMPER · ALIQUID · CONTAGII · ASPERGUNT.—CICERO.

HIS hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports—
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration.

SHAKESPEARE.

They shall receive the reward of unrighteousness (who) count it a pleasure
to riot in the day-time, sporting themselves with their own deceivings.

ii Peter, ch. ii., v. xiii.

NO VICE BUT HATH ITS PATRON.

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* OF IDLENESS COMES NO GOODNESS.
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DISEASES ARE THE TAXES ON ILL PLEASURES.

LIFE DUTIES.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under equal obligation of fixing on employment which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.—ADDISON.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE.

LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them. SOUTHEY.

*Chi de vinti anni non è, de trenta non sa, de quaranta non ha;
mai non sarà, non saprà, non haverà.*

ILL betide the nation among whom the young men have already attained to the vices of old age, and in which the old men still retain the follies of youth.—D'HERBELOT, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

UNTIMELY END OF AN EARLY LIFE OF DISSIPATION.

BUT off even in the blossoms of his sins,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but gone to his account
With all his imperfections on his head.

SHAKESPEARE.

LA plupart des hommes employent la première partie
de leur vie à rendre l'autre misérable.

THE LOVER.

WHEN PRIDE COMETH, THEN COMETH SHAME;

THE Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time ;
 The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
 White Lilies hang their heads and soon decay ;
 And whiter Snow in minutes melts away :
 Such, and so with'ring, is our blooming Youth.

DRYD. *Theoc.*



NAY be not proud of those fair eyes,
 Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies ;
 Be ye not proud of that rich hair,
 Which wantons in the love-sick air ;
 Nor be ye proud because ye see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free.
 For when that jewel which you wear
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone,
 Your world of beauty will be gone.

ANON.

THE morning rose, that untouched stands,
 Armed with her briars, how sweetly smells !
 But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
 Her sweets no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.
 Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile,
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,
 To see thy love for more than one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Ayton.

SEASON divine, the first-born of the year—
 Past is thy father, Winter, to his rest ;
 Resplendent thou, in Nature's beauteous year,
 Inheritest the land thou makest blest.
 Now let sweet song the blissful tidings sing—
 God once more smileth on the new-born Spring.

FR. AUGS. LEWIS.

BUT WITH THE LOWLY IS WISDOM.

LA COQUETTERIE EST LE FOND DE L'HUMEUR DES FEMMES.

LOVE'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IS THE CURE OF COQUETRY.

THE LOVER.

LIFE IS A SHUTTLE.

HUMAN LIFE.

PLINY has compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree with its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its movements; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge; in this mature state it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost, and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin, its thunderings and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the tranquil, deep, cool, unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. And above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to and lost in the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.—SIR H. DAVY.

TO FALLING BLOSSOMS.



AIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do you fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

HERRICK.

THE WORLD IS A NET, THE MORE WE STIR IN IT,

* * * THE MORE WE GET ENTANGLED. * * *

WE CARRY OUR GREATEST ENEMIES WITHIN US.

APRIL.

IN THE MONTH OF APRIL.

To

THE CUCKOO.



AIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy way,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fleest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

JOHN LOGAN.

HE FIRST OPENS HIS BILL.

IN APRIL, THE CUCKOO CAN SING HIS SONG BY NOTE;

* * * IN JUNE, OF TUNE HE CANNOT SING A NOTE. * * *

THE LOVER.

AS IS THE WORKMAN,

“SING THE GOD OF SEASONS AS THEY ROLL.”



THESE as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forests smile;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade unperceived so softening into shade;
And all so forming a harmonious whole;
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

THOMSON.



Nam Auctor non est, qui omnium quæ sunt Auctor est, quia in
quantum sunt, in tantum bona sunt.

St. Austin.

SUCH ARE HIS WORKS.

ALL THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GOOD.

HE HATH MADE ALL THINGS TO THEIR USES.

APRIL.

REGULATE THY OWN PASSIONS.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;

* * * * *

Now Lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The Merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The Mavis wild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In Love and Freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.

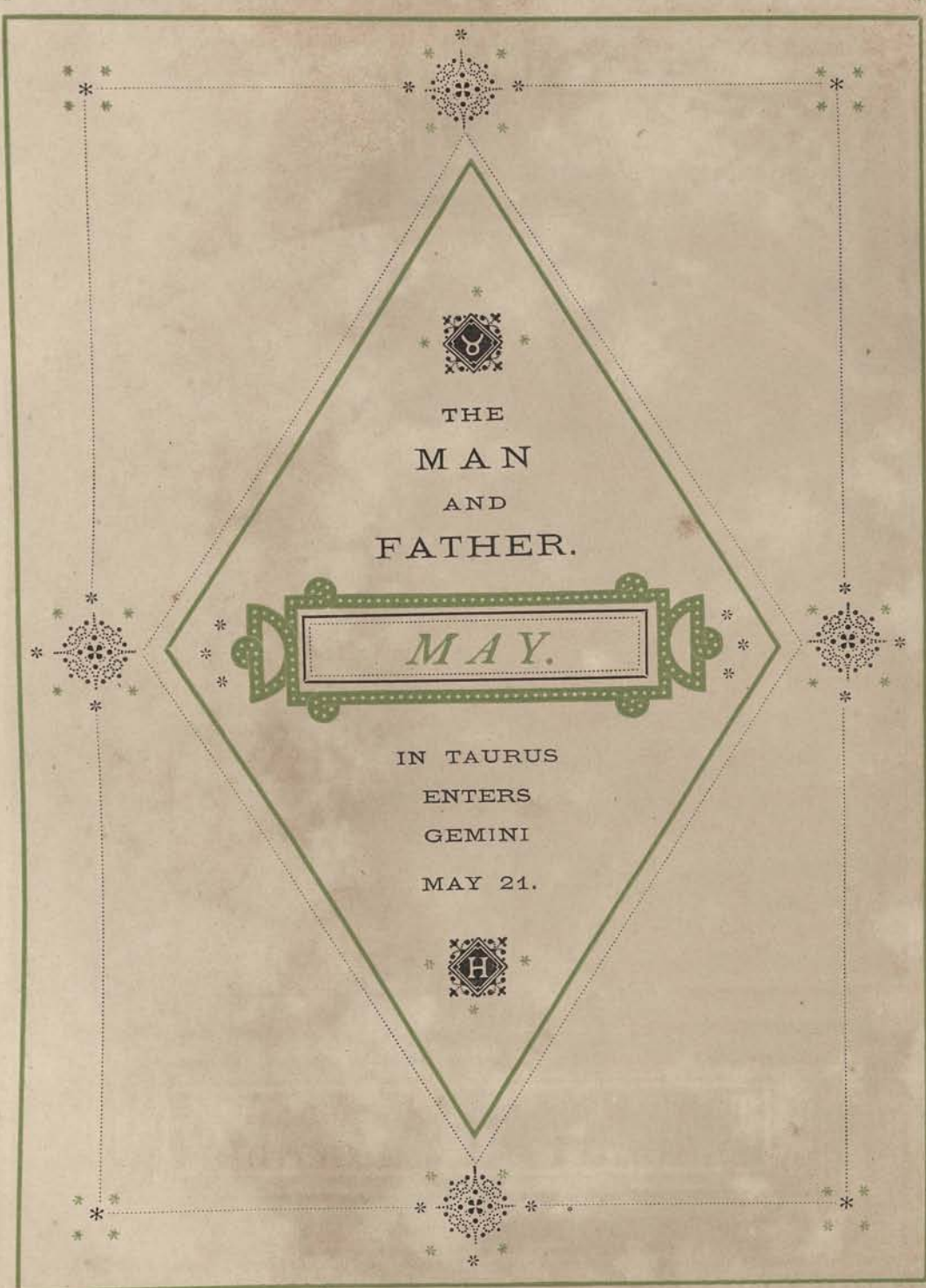
ROBERT BURNS.




READ, TRY, JUDGE, AND SPEAK

AS YOU FIND, SAYS OLD SUFFOLK.

AND BEAR WITH THOSE OF OTHERS.



THE
M A N
AND
F A T H E R .



MAY.

IN TAURUS
ENTERS
GEMINI
MAY 21.





MAY

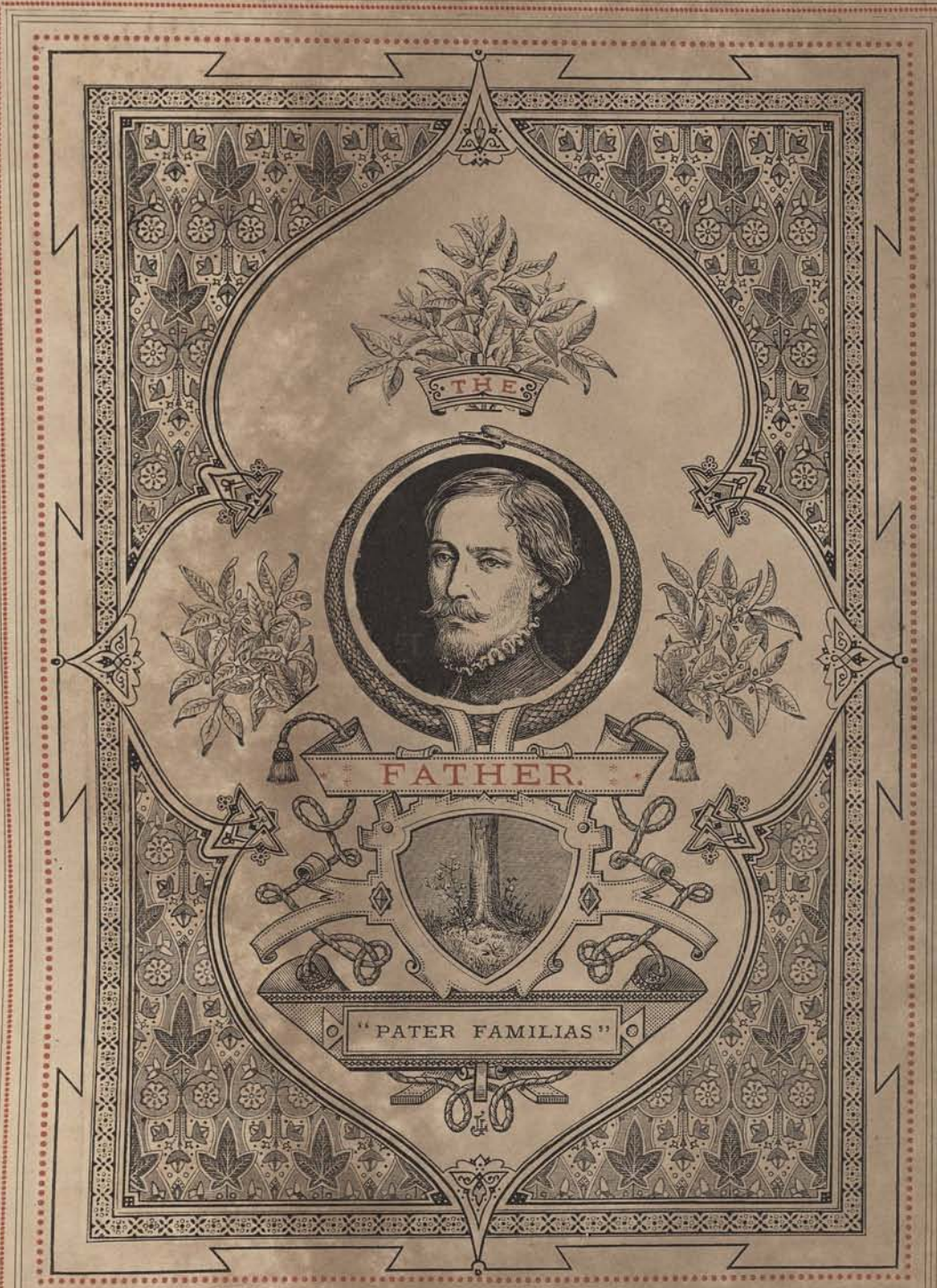
THE MAN BECOMES THE FATHER OF MANY CHILDREN,—AS THE TREE EXTENDS ITS BRANCHES AND PUTS FORTH FRUITFUL BUDS.

JOHN LEIGHTON, F.R.S.

A FATHER! THAT IMPLIES

CHEERFUL TO GIVE, WILLING HIMSELF TO WANT

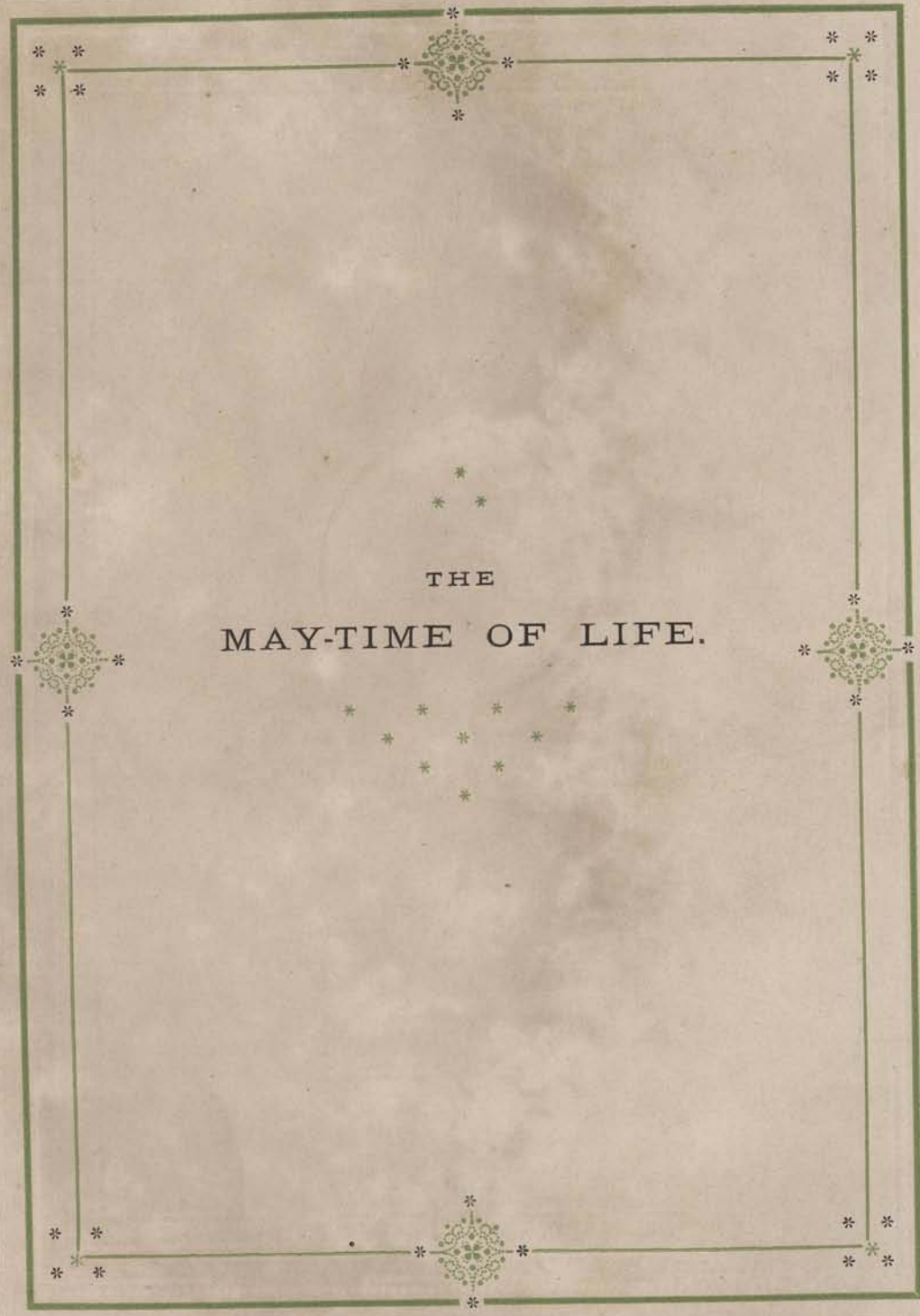
WHAT CHILDREN'S NEEDS REQUIRE.



PRESIDING CARE,

THE BLOSSOM BUDS APPEAR.

THE
MAY-TIME OF LIFE.



THE FATHER.



ROSE BLOSSOMS.

IT HAS A SCENT AS THOUGH LOVE, FOR ITS DOWER,
HAD ON IT ALL HIS ODOROUS ARROWS
TOGET.

AM World unknown! how charming is thy view;
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new:
Ah!—World experienced! what of thee is told?
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old!—CRABBE.



WHEN * * * [on ground,
came faire **May**, the fayrest mayd
Deckt all with dainties of her season's
pryde, [around,
And throwing flowres out of her lap
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her lyke to their soberaine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her
they spide, [beene,
And leapt and dancet as they had ravisht
And Cupid selse about her fluttred all in
greene. Spenser.

FOR thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year.
For thee the *Graces* lead the dancing *Hours*,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the fev'rish sun
The fultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.—DRYDEN.

NEVER DID GOOD.

* * * A COLD MAY AND A WINDY. * * *

MAKES A FULL BARN AND A FIND-YE.

QUI EST MALADE AU MOIS DE MAI,

NOW the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from his green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May! thou dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing!

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray;
In Nature's greenest livery drest,
Descend on Earth's expectant breast,
To Earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!

While all the goodly things that be,
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday;
And *Love*, the *Life* of living things—
Love waves his torch, and claps his wings
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!

HEBER.

TOUT L'AN DEMEURE SAIN ET GAI.

* WHOEVER IS ILL IN THE MONTH OF MAY, *

* FOR THE REST O' TH' YEAR IS HEALTHY AND GAY. *

THE FATHER.

A RAY OF HEAVENLY LIGHT GILDETH ALL FORMS.

'Tis Nature's revel ; all her works rejoice !
 Gay laughs the landscape ; all that lives is gay ;
 Light bound the flocks ; the birds exalt their voice,
 And all things shout, and blefs delightful May.

F AWCETT.



H! this World is a glorious World !
 Still so fresh, and so young, and so gay ;
 Though ages have swept like the winds o'er its face,
 They have passed o'er it harmless away !
 Still blooming and youthful as when first 'twas made,
 Ever new, ever green to the sight ;
 Still smiling alike to the aged and young,
 As though fresh from the Giver of Light !



WISELY, my son, while yet thy days are long,
 And this fair change of Seasons passes slow,
 Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
 All that they teach of Virtue, of pure thoughts
 And kind affections, reverence for thy God
 And for thy brethren ; so when thou shalt come
 Into the barren years, thou may'st not bring
 A mind unfurnished and a withered heart.

BRYANT.

LIFE A SOLEMN REALITY.

THINK of "living!" Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons
 of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own ; *it is*
all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, even as he has done,
 and does, "like a star, unhasting, yet unresting."—CARLYLE.

*
 * **M**AN is his own star, and the soul that can
 * Render an honest and a perfect man,
 * Commands all light—all influence—all fate ;
 Nothing to him falls early or too late.
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

HEAVEN SELLS ALL PLEASURE ; EFFORT IS THE PRICE.

THEY ARE THY WITNESSES, WHO SPEAK THY POWER

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SOME KNOWLEDGE OF EVIL
NECESSARY TO THE CONSTITUENCY OF VIRTUE.

IT was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of Good and Evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is, of knowing good by evil. As, therefore, the state of man now is—what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, *he* is the true warfaring Christian.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered Virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never falls out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather: *that which purifies us is trial*, and trial is by what is contrary.

That Virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that Vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank Virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the Cave of Mammon and the Bower of Earthly Bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of Sin and Falsity, than by reading all manner of tracts, and hearing all manner.—MILTON.

SPRING MORNING.

MARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking, Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is—my lady sweet, arise!
Arise! arise!

THE EARLY LARK, THE MESSENGER OF DAY.

THE FATHER.

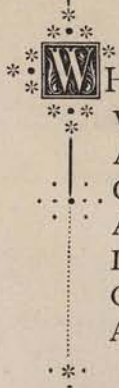
AMOR' A COR GENTIL

THE EARTH IS FULL OF LOVE.



THE Earth is full of Love, albeit the storms
 Of Passion mar its influence benign,
 And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
 That to the sun its heaving breast expands
 Is born of love. And every song of bird
 That floats, mellifluent, on the balmy air,
 Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love;
 Its starry eyes run o'er with tenderness,
 And soften every heart that meets their gaze,
 As downward looking on this wayward world
 They light it back to God. But neither stars,
 Nor flowers, nor song of birds, nor earth, nor heaven,
 So tell the wonders of that glorious name
 As they shall be revealed, when comes the hour
 Of Nature's consummation; hoped for long;
 When, passed the checquered vestibule of Time,
 The creature in immortal Youth shall bloom,
 And good, unmixed with ill, for ever reign.

RAGG.



WHO never loved, ne'er suffered: he feels nothing
 Who nothing feels but for *himself* alone;
 And when we feel for others, reason reels
 O'erloaded from her path, and Man runs mad.
 As Love alone can exquisitely bless,
 Love alone feels the marvellous of pain—
 Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
 And wakes the nerves where agonies are born.

YOUNG.

It maketh God, man, and man, God; things temporal, eternal,
 mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son;
 vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

Bonavent. Stim. Amoris, cap. liiii.

THE Passion more easily reprehended than suppressed. II

RATTO S'APPRENDE.

WHERE THERE IS MUCH LOVE

THERE IS MUCH MISTAKE.

NUBERE · SI · QUÀ · VOLES, · QUAMVIS · PROPERABITIS · AMBO,
DIFFER ; · HABENT · PARVÆ · COMMODA · MAGNA · MORCÆ.
OVID.

LET lovers now, who burn with equal fires,
Put off awhile t'accomplish their desires :
A short delay will better omens give,
And you will more, and lasting joys receive.

MASSEY.



DISPOSED to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay ;
There's great advantage in a small delay :—

* * * * *

If poor, delay, for future want prepares,
And eases humble life of half its cares ;
If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind,
T'endure the ills that e'en the happiest find :
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,
And show the value of the vanquish'd heart ;
The humours, passions, merits, failings prove,
And gently raise the veil that's worn by Love ;

* * * * *

Yet not too long in cold debate remain ;
Till Age refrain not—but if old, refrain.

CRABBE.

HAH ! how this Spring of Love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all her beauty to the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKESPEARE.

AH me ! for aught that I could ever read,
Or ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth ;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgranted in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it.

IBID.

* WHO MARRIES IN HASTE *

* REPENTS AT LEISURE. *

THE FATHER.

UN CŒUR OISIF, D'AMOUR CAPTIF.

APPRENEZ À ATTÉNDRE.

IL ne faut que savoir attendre, dans cette vie : fous la neige il y a
de la verdure, et derrière le plus épais nuage le ciel est bleu.



DEATH'S equalising arm
Levels not surer than Love's stronger charm,
That bids all inequalities begone,
That laughs at rank, and mocks comparison.

* * * * *

There is not young or old, if Love decrees,
He levels orders, he confounds degrees ;
There is not fair, or dark, or short, or tall,
Or grave or sprightly—Love reduces all ;
He makes unite the pensive and the gay,
Gives something here, takes something there away.
From each abundant good, a portion takes,
And for each want, a compensation makes ;
Then tell me not of years—Love, power divine,
Takes as he wills, from hers, and gives to mine.

CRABBE.

LUVES AS WARM AMONG COTTERS

* * * * * AS COURTIER. * * * * *

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
Oh no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending fickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE are born into the World, and there is something within us which, from the
instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness.—SHELLEY.

LOVE ME LITTLE, AND LOVE ME LONG.

KINDRED SOULS.

THOSE who are of kindred souls rarely wed together, far more rarely than those who are akin by blood.



THE bard has sung : God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate to meet,
Its wandering half, when ripe to own the whole ;
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness, these hurt, impede ;
And leagued with time, space, circumstance and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Wearied, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
'Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream :

So may a soul o'er Life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffer, recoil, then thirsty and despairing
Of that it would, descend, and sip the nearest draught.

MARIA *del Occidente.*

UNHAPPY LOVE.

" Is't a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty ?
Or is't the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false optics as unfold
No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine ?
What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine
In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what's parallel
Unto our honoured births ; the envied fate
Of princes oft these burdens find from state,
When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
A negative, make a free happy choice."
And here she sighed.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

WHERE LOVE'S WELL TIMED.

'TIS NOT A FAULT TO LOVE.

THE FATHER.

PARTING IS WORSE THAN DEATH; 'TIS DEATH OF LOVE.

THEY parted, ne'er to meet again ;
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from pining :
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.

COLERIDGE.

DECEPTION.

OF all the agonies in life, that which is the most
poignant and harrowing — that which for the time annihilates
reason and leaves our whole being one mangled heart—is the conviction
that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of Love.—BULWER LYTTON.

TO follow for a season,
To flatter, feign, pursue,
To love with little reason,
And leave as lightly too.
To stab with sharp unkindness,
With cold neglect to kill,
To wound with selfish blindness
A heart no wrongs can chill.
'Tis thus men love.

ANON.



LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I dièd true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth :
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

BEAUMONT AND
FLETCHER.

THÉMISTOCLES being asked, “Whether a man should rather bestow his
daughter upon a poor man that was honest, or upon a man that had more
wealth but less integrity :” made reply ; “I had rather bestow her upon
a man that wants money, than upon money that wants a man.”

L' Printemps les roses produit,
L'Été plus chaud, murit les fruits,
Des Saisons, divers est l'empire :
Aux Amours la jeunesse duit,
Autre age, autre chose désirer.
Phil. des Portes.


EVERY THING IN ITS SEASON.

AT FIRST THEY DRAW US IN WITH FLATT'RING LOOKS.

*
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*
AND THEN THEY LEAVE US.
*
*
*

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

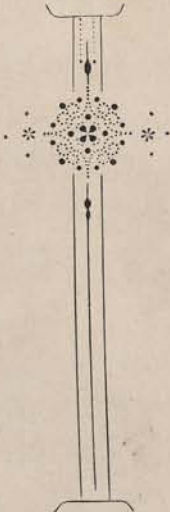



 ONCE on a time, when sunny May
 Was kissing up the April showers,
 I saw fair Childhood hard at play
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers :
 Happy,—he knew not whence or how,—
 And smiling,—who could choose but love him ?
 For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
 Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.



Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
 That valley's green repose invaded ;
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
 But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
 That Childhood watched his paper kite,
 And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye
 Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute ;
 But Childhood's glance of purity
 Had such a holy spell within it,
 That the dark demon to the air
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
 And hid his envy and despair,
 Self-tortured, in his own dominion.



Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
 Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
 And proffered him a fearful cup
 Full to the brim of bitter water :
 Poor Childhood bade her tell her name ;
 And when the beldame muttered—"Sorrow,"
 He said,—“Don't interrupt my game ;
 I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow.”

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
 And wooed him with the softest numbers
 That ever scattered wealth and fame
 Upon a youthful poet's slumbers ;

IS WORTH A LOAD OF HAY ;

BUT A SWARM IN JULY

IS NOT WORTH A FLY.

THE FATHER.

THE MAN DREAMS BUT WHAT THE BOY BELIEVED.


Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And "Oh," he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever.
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Oh! Manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered Heaven!

PRAED.

FORTUNE.

ORTUNE, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

FAIRFAX.

POVERTY.

PPRINT this in thy thought, that whatever virtue thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised: besides, poverty is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit. Thou shalt neither help thyself or others, thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends; every one will fear thy company.—ANON.

SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESSED.

FORTUNE SOMETIMES FAVOURS THOSE

WHOM SHE AFTERWARDS DESTROYS.

MANKIND ONE DAY SERENE AND FREE APPEAR;

EVERY man is a volume, if you only know how to read him.
CHANNING.

MAN HATH TWO NATURES.

WO lives the meanest of us live ;
One which the world beholds, and one
Whose hidden history none may give
But he who lives it : he alone
Its wondrous ecstasies can know,
Its ever changing streams of thought,
Its deep unutterable woe,
Its visions bright and heaven fraught.

He o'er its secret sins may groan,
And blush to hear the common praise
Of actions which, if rightly known,
Could only loudest censure raise.
He o'er its noblest may rejoice,
Though none the virtues can behold :
For acts that win the common voice
Demand th' emblazonment of gold.

And so with full potential power
For darkest sins or purest deeds,
We pass through life, and win a dower
Of mingled praise and blame, that needs
A juster Judge the scales to hold
Than e'er on earth weighs cause and deed ;
Ourselves and God alone behold
The motives which to actions lead.

And thus we gather fame and shame,
Alike unearned—alike untrue ;
Receiving praise where men should blame,
And blame, where praise is rightly due.

ANON.

Wise judges we are of each other !

RICHELIEU.

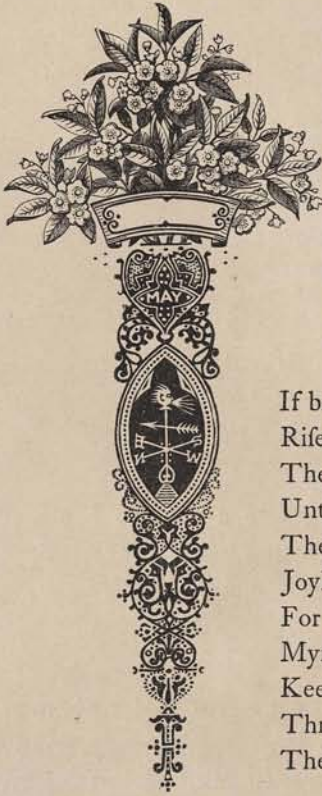
* RATING THEIR BLISS BY OTHERS' FALSE ESTEEM, *

* WHAT PAINS THEY TAKE TO BE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM. *

THE NEXT THEY'RE CLOUDY, SULLEN, AND SEVERE.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

THE BLIGHTS OF MAY.



FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
 In full luxuriance. * * * * *
 And the birds sing, conceal'd.

* * * * *

If brush'd from Ruffian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew; or, dry blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown spring through all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies sweep
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat
 Through buds and bark into the blacken'd core
 Their eager way.

THOMSON.

WHOM TO TRUST.

TRUST him little who praises all; her less who cen-
 sures all; and those least who are indifferent to all.

SHUN that man who never laughs, who dislikes music, or the glad
 face of a child.

LAVATER.

SOME men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter,
 as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh, but only sniff, and titter, and snigger from the
 throat outwards, or, at best, produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were
 laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh
 is only fit for treasons, stratagems, or spoils; and his whole life is already a
 treason and a stratagem. A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous
 heart; for without kindness there can be no true joy.—CARLYLE.

A SMILE THAT SHOWS A LOATHNESS TO BE KIND.

THE FATHER.

THE WEAKEST FRAILTY OF A FEEBLE MIND.

REVENGE OF INJURIES.



AGREE WITH THINE ADVERSARY QUICKLY,

WHILES THOU ART IN THE WAY WITH HIM.

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 firmer conquest truly said,
 To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth it must be nobly done ;
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour won.
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
 And who would wrestle with a worthlets foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
 Because they cannot yield it proves them poor :
 Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but sold
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain doth this fame allow,
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
 To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
 To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong ;
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
 To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

FORGIVE AS YOU HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN.

F him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive.
 It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty
 eternity is suspended ; and to him that refuses to practise it, the Throne of Mercy
 is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain. JOHNSON.

HE that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.
 LORD HERBERT.

SWEET MERCY IS NOBILITY'S TRUE BADGE.

THE NOBLEST REVENGE OF INJURIES

SO prone to error is our mortal frame,
 Time could not step without a trace of horror,
 If wary Nature on the human heart,
 Amid its wild variety of passions,
 Had not impressed a soft and yielding sense,
 That when offences give resentment birth,
 The kindly dews of penitence may raise
 The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

GLOVER.

MISFORTUNE stands with her bow ever bent
 Over the World, and he who wounds another,
 Directs the Goddess, by that part he wounds,
 Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

YOUNG.

CHARITY.

WE are born to do benefits.—SHAKESPEARE.



PAIREST and foremost of the train that wait
 On Man's most dignified and happiest state,
 Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
 Chief grace below, and all-in-all above.

COWPER.

TIME to me this truth has taught
 ('Tis a treasure worth revealing),
 More offend by want of thought
 Than by any want of feeling.

CHARLES SWAIN.

GOOD-NATURE.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in conversation than Wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of Vice, and makes our folly and impertinence supportable.—ADDISON.

TO the redeeming honour of mankind, there are certain elevated sentiments, certain noble and admirable actions, which we owe less to the strength of our mind, than to the impulsive inborn kindness of our disposition—in other words, to our good-nature.

IS FORGIVENESS.

GOOD - NATURE IS THE PROPER SOIL

* UPON WHICH VIRTUE GROWS. *

THE FATHER.

GLORIOUS IS THE FRUIT OF GOOD LABOUR.

No life pleasing to God that is not useful to man.—DR. HAWKESWORTH.

HONOUR TO LABOUR.

TWO men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with an earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. These two in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow wherever it listeth.—CARLYLE.

THE EARNINGS ACQUIRED BY LABOUR AND MERIT



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan,
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.—LONGFELLOW.



ARE SWEETER THAN GIFTS, OR INHERITED FORTUNE.

A MAN OF PLEASURE IS A MAN OF PAIN.

THE UTILITY OF DIFFICULTIES.

IF any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable he would remain quite stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunity after opportunity to the end of his days. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labour; and it is the struggle against a difficulty that brings faculties into play. — THOMAS WALKER.

THE mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—STEELE.

THE mind of man must have whereon to work,
Or it will rust—we see it in the Turk.

CRABBE.



HIS Passions, like the watery stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of a chafing storm,
To frown, and roar, and shake his feeble form.

COWPER.

S'OCCUPER, c'est sçavoir jouir;
L'oisiveté pèse et tourmente
L'ame est un feu qu'il faut nourrir,
Et qui s'éteint s'il ne s'augmente.

ANON.

MAN only from himself can suffer wrong;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
Hence wanting ballast, and too full of fail,
He lies exposed to ev'ry rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
And, to the last, the flying port pursues;
Yet to the last the port he does not gain,
And dying, finds too late he lived in vain.

PHILLIPS.

THE FLESH IS MASTER, WHEN THE MIND IS IDLE.

*
*
*
*
EMPLOYMENT IS TRUE ENJOYMENT.
*
*
*

IF GOOD WE FLANT NOT, VICE WILL FILL THE PLACE.

THE FATHER.

TO US INVISIBLE, OR DIMLY SEEN

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

THROUGH the fresh garnished trees there comes a sigh
Of Summer, mourning for the dying Spring,
As if a truant angel, passing by,
Had waved each leaflet with his trembling wing.

The gorgeous sun, with heavenly glories wrought,
Each sheltered nook with new-found light equips;
And every bright and moted breath is fraught
With fragrance stolen from the rose's lips.

THOMASON.

THOU speak'st, and it is day;
Obedient to Thy nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at Thy call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

MALLET.

Quanta hæc formarum varietas in rebus conditis, quid nisi quidam sunt
radii deitatis? Demonstrantes quidem quod vere sit in quo sunt;
non tamen quid sit, prorsus deficientes. St. Bernard.

“Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?”

PROUD, little Man, opinions' slave,
Error's fond child, too duteous to be free,
Say, from the cradle to the grave,
Is not the earth thou tread'st too grand for thee?
This globe that turns thee on her agile wheel,
Moves by deep springs, which thou canst never feel;
Her day and night, her centre and her sun,
Untraced by thee, their annual courses run.
A busy fly, thou sharest the march divine,
And flattering fancy calls the motion thine:
Untaught how soon some hanging grave may burst,
And join thy flimsy substance with the dust.

CRABBE.

IN THESE THY LOWEST WORKS;

YET THESE DECLARE THY GOODNESS

BEYOND THOUGHT, AND POWER DIVINE.

MAY.

THEN COMES THY GLORY IN THE SUMMER MONTHS,

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove ;
 Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
 Anemones that spangled every grove,
 The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
 No more shall violets linger in the dell,
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
 Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
 Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,
 Are the fond visions of thy early day ;
 Till tyrant Passion and corrosive Care
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !
 Another May new buds and flowers shall bring,
 Ah ! why has Happiness no second Spring ?

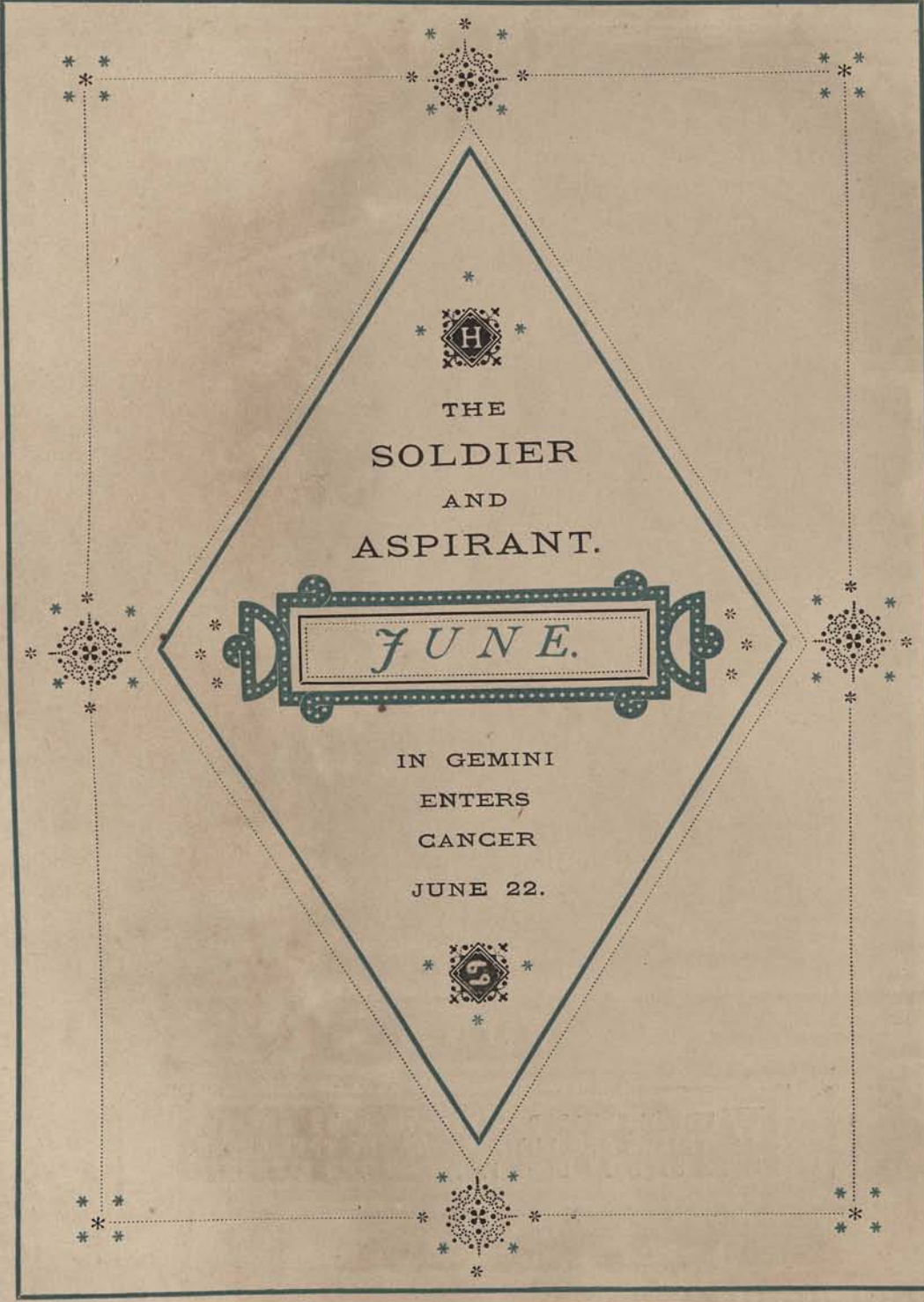
CHARLOTTE SMITH.


IF MAN WERE COMPLETELY HAPPY, THERE WOULD BE

* * * NO DEVELOPMENT OF HIS MORAL CHARACTER. * * *



WITH LIGHT AND HEAT REFULGENT.




THE
SOLDIER
AND
ASPIRANT.

JUNE.

IN GEMINI
ENTERS
CANCER
JUNE 22.





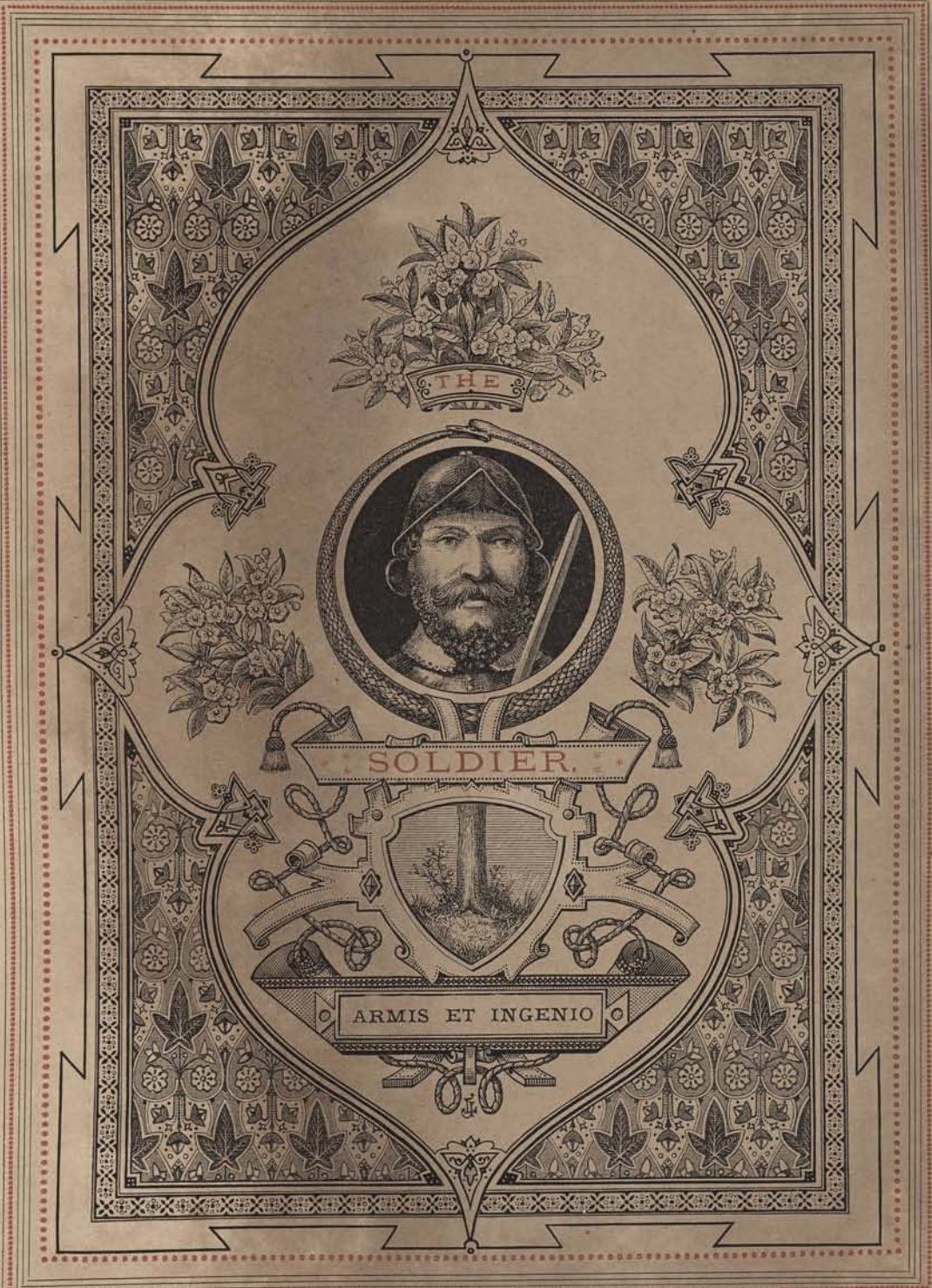
JUNE

WITH INCREASED STRENGTH COME GREATER TRIALS AND DUTIES,—AS THE TREE GROWS, MORE STOUTLY DOES IT RESIST THE ELEMENTS.

JOHN LEIGHTON, E.S.A.

* * THE BRAVE MAN SEEKS NOT POPULAR APPLAUSE, * *

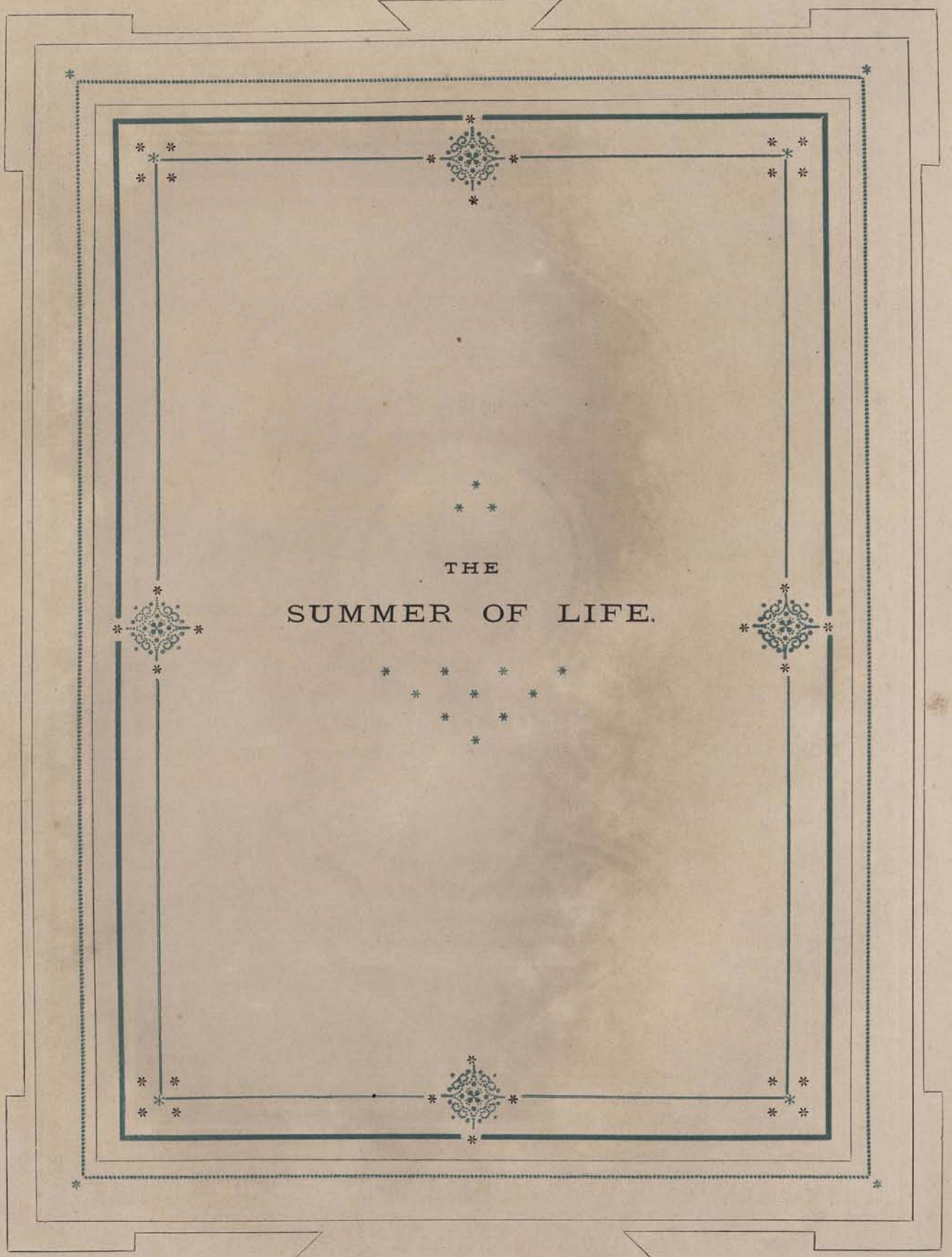
UNSHAM'D, THOUGH FOILD, HE DOES THE BEST HE CAN.



FORCE IS OF BRUTES, BUT HONOUR IS OF MAN.

* * NOR, OVERPOWER'D WITH ARMS DESERTS HIS CAUSE; * *

THE TREE IN FULL BLOOM.



THE
SUMMER OF LIFE.

THE SOLDIER.

HE THIRSTS FOR KNOWLEDGE
& THE ESTEEM OF OTHERS



THE HOUR
FINDS
ITS MAN.



THE MAN
HIS HOUR



THE LAUREL

AND TIME FROM THAT ETERNAL TREE
SHALL WEAVE A WREATH TO HONOR THEE.
CIARE.



THERE was an antient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Rofs over,
And swore, the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.

BUTLER.



AND after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in greene leaves, as he a player were ;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-grons mote right well ap-
Upon a crab he rode, that him did beare [peare.
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace.
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face ;
Like that ungracious crew which faines de-
murest grace. * * * Spenser. *

IN belted gold the Bees with "merry march"
Through flowery towns go founding on their way ;
They pass the red-streaked woodbine's sun-stain'd arch,
And onward glide through streets of sheeted May,
Nor till they reach the summer roses stay. MILLER.

CALM WEATHER IN JUNE

SETS THE CORN IN TUNE.

THE LONGEST DAY AND THE SHORTEST NIGHT.

THE TREES ARE CLOTHED WITH LEAVES,

THE BLOSSOMS BLOW, THE BIRDS ON BUSHES SING,



THIS sweet time the glory of the Spring,
 Young verdurous June's delightful opening,
 When leaves are loveliest, and young fruits and flowers
 Fear not the frosts of May's uncertain hours ;
 Rich, rife, luxuriant, yet with tenderest hues,
 Waves the full foliage ; and with morning dews,
 And showers that gush down from the radiant skies,
 To bring below the air of Paradise,
 Awakening freshest fragrance as they pass ;
 There is a peerless greenness on the grass,
 Yet somewhat darkened with the loftier swell,
 And purple tinge of spike and panicle ;
 Where vivid is the gleam of distant corn,
 And long and merry are the songs of morn ;
 'Tis wise to let the touch of Nature thrill
 Through the full heart ; 'tis wise to take your fill
 Of all she brings, and gently to give way
 To what within your soul she seems to say :
 " The World grows rich in beauty and in bliss,
 Past Springs were welcome, none so much as this."

HOWITT.

ALL Promise is poor dilatory Man,
 And that thro' ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At Thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at Forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At Fifty chides his persifive delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the fame.

DR. YOUNG.

LIFE IS WAR.

HE that is born is lifted : Life is War ;
 A constant War with woe. Who bears it best,
 Deserves it least.

IBID.

AND NATURE HAS ACCOMPLISH'D ALL THE SPRING.

THE FIELDS WITH GRASS ;

THE SOLDIER.

BY FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THERE are always many who are already, even in their tender years, fighting with a mature and manful courage the battle of life. When they feel themselves lonely amidst the crowd—when they are for a moment disheartened by that difficulty which is the rule and rocking-cradle of every kind of excellence—when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial—let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless eye is watching them from above—that their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good. Is not this the life of faith, which walks by your side from your rising in the morning to your lying down at night—which lights up for you the cheerless world, and transfigures all that you encounter, whatever be its outward form, with hues brought down from heaven?—RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

GREAT MEN.



MEN, whom we build our love round like an arch
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way
To glory and to immortality:
Men, whose great thoughts possess us like a passion
Through every limb and the whole heart; whose words
Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air;
Thoughts which command all coming times and minds,
As from a tower a warden.

BAILEY.

THERE are, who nobly strive
To keep the sense of moral worth alive;
Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to live
On what deception and chicanery give;
And these at length succeed; they have their strife,
Their apprehensions, stops, and rubs in life;
But honour, application, care, and skill,
Shall bend opposing fortune to their will.

CRABBE.

LIVES of great men all remind us,
We can make our own sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time.

LONGFELLOW.

FAITH IS THE GRAVE OF CARE.

RESIGN'D IN EVERY STATE,

WITH PATIENCE BEAR, WITH PRUDENCE PUSH YOUR FATE.

HE ACHIEVES WHO DOES NOT TIRE.

ONE contented with what he has done, stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.
The grass is already growing over him. BOVEE.

THE best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a'-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy. BURNS.

GOOD
DERIVABLE FROM MISFORTUNE.

IF Misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Even with the frown beyond the smile of fortune. THOMSON.

NONE EXEMPT FROM CARE.

CARE lives with all, no rules, no precepts save
The wife from woe, no fortitude the brave;
Grief is to man as certain as the grave:
Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,
And hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies;
Some drops of comfort on the favoured fall,
But showers of sorrow are the lot of all. IBID.

THE canker worm
Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,
As well as further drain the withered form.
Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week
His bills in, and, however we may storm,
They must be paid:—though six days smoothly run,
The seventh will bring blue-devils, or a dun. BYRON.

RESUME YOUR COURAGE, AND DISMISS YOUR CARE.

DISCONTENTS ARISE FROM OUR DESIRES

* OFTENER THAN FROM OUR WANTS. *

THE SOLDIER.

VIVRE CE N'EST PAS RESPIRER, C'EST AGIR.

LIFE.

THERE is a greater difference both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish and the best begin anew; and we are desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We labour to get through the moments of our life as we would to get through a crowd. Such is our impatience, such our hatred of procrastination in everything but the amendment of our practices and the adornment of our nature, one would imagine we were dragging Time along by force, and not he us.—W. S. LANDOR.

NOW AND HEREAFTER.



IN EVERY HEART
ARE SOWN THE SPARKS THAT KINDLE FIERY WAR;
OCCASION NEEDS BUT FAN THEM AND THEY BLAZE.

COWPER.

MAN is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
Or—he is formed for abjectness and woe,
To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,
To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
Of natural love in sensualism, to know
That hour as blest when on his worthless days
The frozen hand of death shall set its seal,
Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
The one is man that shall hereafter be;
The other, man as vice has made him now.

SHELLEY.

THE SOLDIER.

CANST thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred;
One that has learnt to treat even foes with kindness,
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself.

OTWAY.

DULCE · ET · DECORUM · EST · PRO · PATRIA · MORI. — HORACE.

It is pleasing and honourable to die for one's country.

A SOLDIER'S HONOUR IS DEARER THAN HIS LIFE.

MEN ARE WHAT THE RESPECTIVE CIRCUMSTANCES OF

THEIR ORGANISATION AND CONDITION MAKE THEM.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE, WHO SINK TO REST,

THOUGH a soldier in time of peace is said to be like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because the almanack tells him it is the middle of June?—TOM BROWN.



COULD all our care elude the greedy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave;
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave, though we fall; and honoured, if we live;
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

POPE.

BEHOLD, in awful march and dread array,
The long-extended squadrons shape their way.
Death in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.

ADDISON.

THEY daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,
And, fearless, for their countries' peace, march hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest:
What labour would these men neglect, what danger?
Where honour fits, though seated on a billow
Rising as high as Heaven, would not these soldiers,
Like so many sea-gods, charge up to it?

BEAUMONT.

GALLANT in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.

HOME.

IN battle brave,
But still serene in all the stormy war;
Like Heaven above the clouds: and after fight
As merciful and kind to vanquished foes,
As a forgiving God.

DRYDEN.

BY ALL THEIR COUNTRY'S WISHES BLEST.

TO LIVE AND CONQUER IS THE NOBLEST FATE;

BUT THE NEXT GLORY IS A GALLANT DEATH.

THE SOLDIER.

PAX POTIOR BELLO.

THE SWORD AND THE PLOUGHSHARE.



ON bivouac before the foe,
One morn a squad of troopers stood ;
With picquets pacing to and fro,
Close by the covert of a wood.
With arms unslung at hand, some sat,
Or lay outstretch'd in brief repose ;
While others stood in thoughtful chat,
Watching the summer sun that rose.
Against a Plough that near them lay,
One trooper's Sword of all the rest,
Was lean'd in contrast strange that day,—
And one, that much my mind impress'd.
Anon, methought I heard the Sword
Address the Ploughshare in a strain
Of haughty scorn ; and word for word
Of all it said, I well retain.

“Thou mean ! thou miserable thing !
I pity thee ! that thou canst lead
A life so low and grovelling,
As turn the clod for boors, indeed !
Behold the splendour of my life !
How bright in Mars' all-conquering hand,
I shine amid the warlike strife,
And honour gain in ev'ry land !
'Tis mine to do the will of kings !—
'Tis dread of my relentless stroke,
Obedience from the nations wrings,
And bows their necks to slavery's yoke !
While thou dost merely turn the sod,
Rivers of blood by me are shed ;
The crops thy toil has raised, down trod,
And cropp'd with heaps of slain instead :
Attendant on my path, bright flames
Consume thy servile industry,
And most the nations boast the Names
Of those who win their fame by me !”

PEACE PREFERABLE TO WAR.

THE BRAVE ABROAD FIGHT FOR THE WISE AT HOME.

* NOR WHEN THE WAR IS OVER—IS IT PEACE! *

WAR IS THE PROVINCE OF AMBITIOUS MAN,

In accents mild, the Ploughshare said:
 "I will admit your boasts are true;
 I've seen the havoc you can spread,
 The fearful deeds that you can do.
 But I abhor your life the more;—
 'Tis one of ruin, death and dearth,
 You've stain'd me oft with human gore
 In ev'ry clime throughout the earth.
 Dear is my lowly lot to me—
 For purer joys therein I find
 To give God's earth fertility,
 And render service to mankind."

WERE half the power that fills this world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and 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!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
 But, beautiful as the songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of Love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

BELLUM · NEC · TIMENDUM, · NEC · PROVOCANDUM. — PLINY.

War is neither to be timidly shunned, nor unjustly provoked.

WHO TEARS THE MISERABLE WORLD FOR EMPIRE.

* * * COMMERCE HAS CONDUCTED TO EMBROID NATIONS * * *

EQUALLY WITH RELIGION AND THE AMBITION OF PRINCES.

THE SOLDIER.

MARRIAGE IS HONOURABLE,

TILL Hymen brought his love—delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower ;
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

CAMPBELL.

CRY the man mercy ; love him, take his offer.—SHAKESPEARE.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IN choice of wife prefer the modest, chaste.
Lilies are fair in show, but foul in smell ;
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced.
Then choose thy wife by wit and loving well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mixed with bitter gall.

D. LODGE.

BUT since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill grounded passions quickly wear away ;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

WILLIAM WALSH.

MARRIAGE.

RECEIVE not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state.
Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a
creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all incon-
veniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds.
Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the Spring, but
commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were
turned into care for their young ones.

THOMAS FULLER.

THREE blessed they that master so their blood—
But earthly happier is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

SHAKESPEARE.

BUT HOUSEKEEPING'S A SHREW.

MARRY, MARRY! AND WHO IS TO MANAGE THE HOUSE?

* AN ILL MARRIAGE IS A SPRING OF ILL-FORTUNE. *

MARRIAGE, WITH PEACE,

IL n'y a plus belle pièce en nôtre société,
Que bien façonner, et bien prendre un mariage.

MONTAIGNE.



HAPPY they ! the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence : for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.—

—What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its follies all !
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven ?

THOMSON.

LA famille bien conduite est la vraie image et modèle de la République,
et la puissance domestique ressemble à la puissance souveraine.

BODIN DE LA RÉPUBL., lib. I., cap. 2.



THOUGH fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

COTTON.

LA plus belle pièce de ménage, est une bonne femme.
The most valuable article of household furniture is a good wife.

IS THIS WORLD'S PARADISE.

MARRIAGE, WITH STRIFE,

THIS WORLD'S PURGATORY.

THE SOLDIER.

EXCESS OF REFINEMENT IS A FALSE DELICACY;

GOOD HUMOUR.

SOME women talk of such and such a style
 Of features in a man—give me good humour;
 That lights the homeliest visage up with beauty,
 And makes the face, where beauty is already,
 Quite irresistible.

KNOWLES.

THE VARNISHES OF LIFE NOT TO BE SCORND.

THOSE who rail at poetry and refinement as superfluous ingredients in every-day happiness, little know what main-props they thus seek to undermine. These will abide, when even principles waver. *Manly delicacy* is as necessary in family life as manly rectitude; and *womanly tact*, as womanly virtue. There is as much happiness wrecked from the absence of the one, as of the other, and perhaps more. Those who neglect the *varnishes* of life commit an insidious sin towards themselves: and these lie in the *mind*, not in the *purse*.

* HANDSOME HE THAT HANDSOME DOES. *

* BEAUTY MAY HAVE FAIR LEAVES, BUT BITTER FRUIT. *



SPRING.



SUMMER.

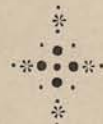


* * * 'Tis in vain
 The course of love and nature to restrain :
 Lo ! when the buds expand the leaves are green,
 Then the first opening of the flower is seen ;
 Then comes the honied breath and rosy smile
 That with their sweets the willing sense beguile ;
 But, as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,
 And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays—
 'Till all is gather'd, and the wintry blast
 Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past.
 So 'tis with beauty—such the opening grace
 And dawn of glory in the youthful face ;
 Then are the charms unfolded to the sight,
 Then all is loveliness and all delight ;
 The nuptial tie succeeds the genial hour,
 And, lo ! the falling off of beauty's flower ;
 So, through all nature is the progress made,—
 The bud, the bloom, the fruit—and then we fade.

CRABBE.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.



BUT TRUE DELICACY IS A SOLID REFINEMENT.

JE tiens pour opinion si tous les sages estoient fondus en une fournaise, qu'ils ne scauroient donner conseil pour faire un bon et parfait mariage.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we plann'd it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear ;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all ! who need, indeed, His care,
And yet I know, the shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know ;
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me !—
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think !
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right ?

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

BULWER LYTTON.

BRISE LE CŒUR OU LE BRONZE.

WE OUGHT TO WEIGH WELL WHAT WE CAN ONLY ONCE DECIDE.

* * * * *
PADLOCK.
* * * * *
A
* * * * *
WEDLOCK'S
* * * * *

THE SOLDIER.

LOVE COMES IN AT THE WINDOWS,

THE DEATHS OF LOVE.



LOVE dies all kinds of death : in some so quick
 It comes—he is not previously sick ;
 But ere the sun has on the couple shed
 The morning rays, the smile of Love is fled.
 And what the cause ? for Love should not expire,
 And none the reason of such fate require.
 Both had a mask, that with such pains they wore,
 Each took it off when it availed no more.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Disguise thrown off, each reads the other's heart,
 And feels with horror that they cannot part.

* * * * *

Love has slow death and sudden : wretches prove
 That fate severe—the sudden death of Love ;
 It is as if, on day serenely bright,
 Came with its horrors instantaneous night :
 Others there are with whom Love dies away
 In gradual waste and unperceived decay ;
 Such is that Death of Love that nature finds
 Most fitted for the use of common minds,
 The natural death ; but doubtless there are some
 Who struggle hard when they perceive it come ;
 Loth to be loved no longer, loth to prove
 To the once dear that they no longer love :
 And some with not successful arts will strive
 To keep the weakening, fluttering flame alive.

CRABBE.

* * * WE might as well retain
 The year's gay prime as bid that love remain,
 That fond, delusive, happy, transient spell,
 That hides us from a world wherein we dwell,
 And forms and fits us for that fairy ground,
 Where charming dreams and gay conceits abound ;
 Till comes at length th' awakening strife and care,
 That we, as tried and toiling men, must share.

IBID.

HE WHO MARRIES FOR WEALTH

* * * SELLS HIS LIBERTY. * *

AND GOES OUT AT THE DOORS.

ADVISE NO ONE TO GO TO THE WARS,

WHO SAYS THAT LOVE CAN DIE?



HEY sin 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,
 Its 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.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrows, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight.

SOUTHEY.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.



SHOULD erring nature casual faults disclose,
 Wound not the breast that harbours your repose,
 For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
 Is one link broken in the chain of love.
 Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
 But pains from those we love are pains that last.
 Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
 Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
 Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
 Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
 And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.

OR TO MARRY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE SURPASSES ALL LOVE.

ADVICE TO ALL, SECURITY FOR NONE.

THIRTY FIVE.



CFT in danger, yet alive,
 We are come to thirty-five;
 Long may better years arrive,
 Better years than thirty-five.
 Could philosophers contrive
 Life to stop at thirty-five,
 Time his hours should never drive
 O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
 High to soar, and deep to dive,
 Nature gives at thirty-five.
 Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
 Trifle not at thirty-five;
 For, how'er we boast and strive,
 Life declines from thirty-five:
 He that ever hopes to thrive
 Must begin by thirty-five;
 And all who wisely wish to wive
 Should not delay at thirty-five.

JOHNSON.

A GENTLE wife
 Is still the stirling comfort of man's life;
 To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
 To those who wisely keep the honeymoon.

JOHN TOBIN.

ERE WE DIE.

WHAT tragic tears bedew the eye!
 What deaths we suffer ere we die!
 Our broken friendships we deplore,
 And loves of youth that are no more!
 No after friendships e'er can raise
 The endearments of our early days,
 And ne'er our hearts such fondness prove,
 As when they first began to love.

LOGAN.

LATE OR NEVER.

WEDLOCK IS A LOTTERY.

MORE BLANKS THAN PRIZES.

THE SOLDIER.

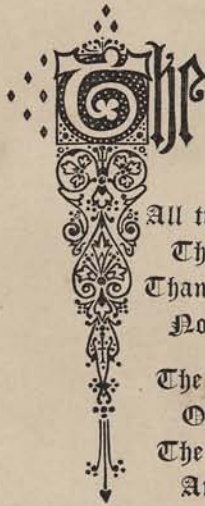
FALSE FRIENDS ARE WORSE THAN OPEN ENEMIES.

FALSE friends, like insects of a Summer's day,
Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower—
Uncertain visitants, they flee away,
Soon as misfortune's cloud begins to lower.

Into Life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall—
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

F. SKURRY.

A Summer Day.



time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they mope or steir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

Alexander Dume.

HONESTIVS · PVTAMVS QVOD · FREQVENTIVS · RECTI · APVD · NOS
LOCVM · TENET · ERROR · VBI · PVBLICVS · FACTVS.

MES, yes, my friend, disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis Fashion guides us still,
Some few there are who, singularly good,
Defy and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood ;
The rest, to wander from their brethren fear,
Like social herrings in large shoals appear.

JOSEPH WARTON.

THE VERY TOP AND DIGNITY OF FOLLY.

WHAT TIME THE GROVES ARE CLAD IN GREEN, THE FIELDS DREST ALL IN FLOWERS,

AND THAT THE SLEEK-HAIR'D NYMPHS ARE SEEN TO SEEK THEM SUMMER BOWERS.

LEVE FIT QUOD BENE FERTUR ONUS.

Enjoy Cheerfully and Rationally
The Good Things of this World.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wabering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine tomorrow;
Be blythe in hearte for any adventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without Gladness abailes no Treasure.

Dunbar.

FORTITUDE AND DEPENDENCE
ON THE SUPREME POWER, MAN'S SUREST STAY
IN ADVERSITY.

REMEMBER then
The vows, the noble uses of affliction;
Preserve the quick humanity it gives;
The pitying social sense of human weakness;
Yet keep thy stubborn fortitude entire.

* * * * *

Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune,
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life; to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys set loose.

* Let devotion to the sovereign mind,
A steady, cheerful, absolute dependence,
In His best, wisest government, possess thee.
In thoughtless gay prosperity, when all
Attends our wish, when nought is seen around us
But kneeling slavery and obedient fortune;
Then are blind mortals apt, within themselves
To fly their stay, forgetful of the giver:
But when thus humbled * as thou art,
When to their feeble natural powers reduced,
'Tis then they feel this universal truth:
That Heaven is all in all, and man is nothing.

MALLET.

* IL FAUT SOUFFRIR CE QU'ON NE PEUT GUÉRIR. *

EVERY MISFORTUNE IS TO BE SUBDUED BY PATIENCE.

THAT LOAD BECOMES LIGHT THAT IS CHEERFULLY BORNE.

THE SOLDIER.

PATIENCE IS SO LIKE FORTITUDE, THAT

PATIENCE IN SUFFERING.



PATIENCE! Why, 'tis the foul of peace :
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven :
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit :
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

THOMAS DEKKER.

UNGOVERNED PASSIONS, THE MOST SURE CURTAILERS OF LIFE.

EXCESSIVE labour, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life ; but they are none of them so bad as violent and uncontrolled passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age : but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of a violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is therefore a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.—BAILEY.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and fear.
A Lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light !
In small proportions we just beauties see :
And in short measures Life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

SHE SEEMS EITHER HER SISTER OR HER DAUGHTER.

LES PASSIONS SONT LES VENTS QUI FONT ALLER NOTRE VAISSEAU,

* ET LA RAISON EST LE PILOTE QUI DOIT LE CONDUIRE. *

VEXATIO DAT INTELLECTUM.



HE groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
 With melody resound. 'Tis silence all,
 As if the lovely songsters, overwhelm'd
 By bounteous Nature's plenty, lay entranc'd
 In drowsy lethargy. * * *

* * * * *

The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.

THOMSON.



INDUSTRY IS FORTUNE'S RIGHT HAND,

* AND FRUGALITY HER LEFT. *

ADVERSITY MAKES A MAN WISE.

THE SEVENTH

THE
MERCHANT
AND
CITIZEN.

JULY.

IN CANCER
ENTERS
LEO
JULY 23.

AGE.



JULY

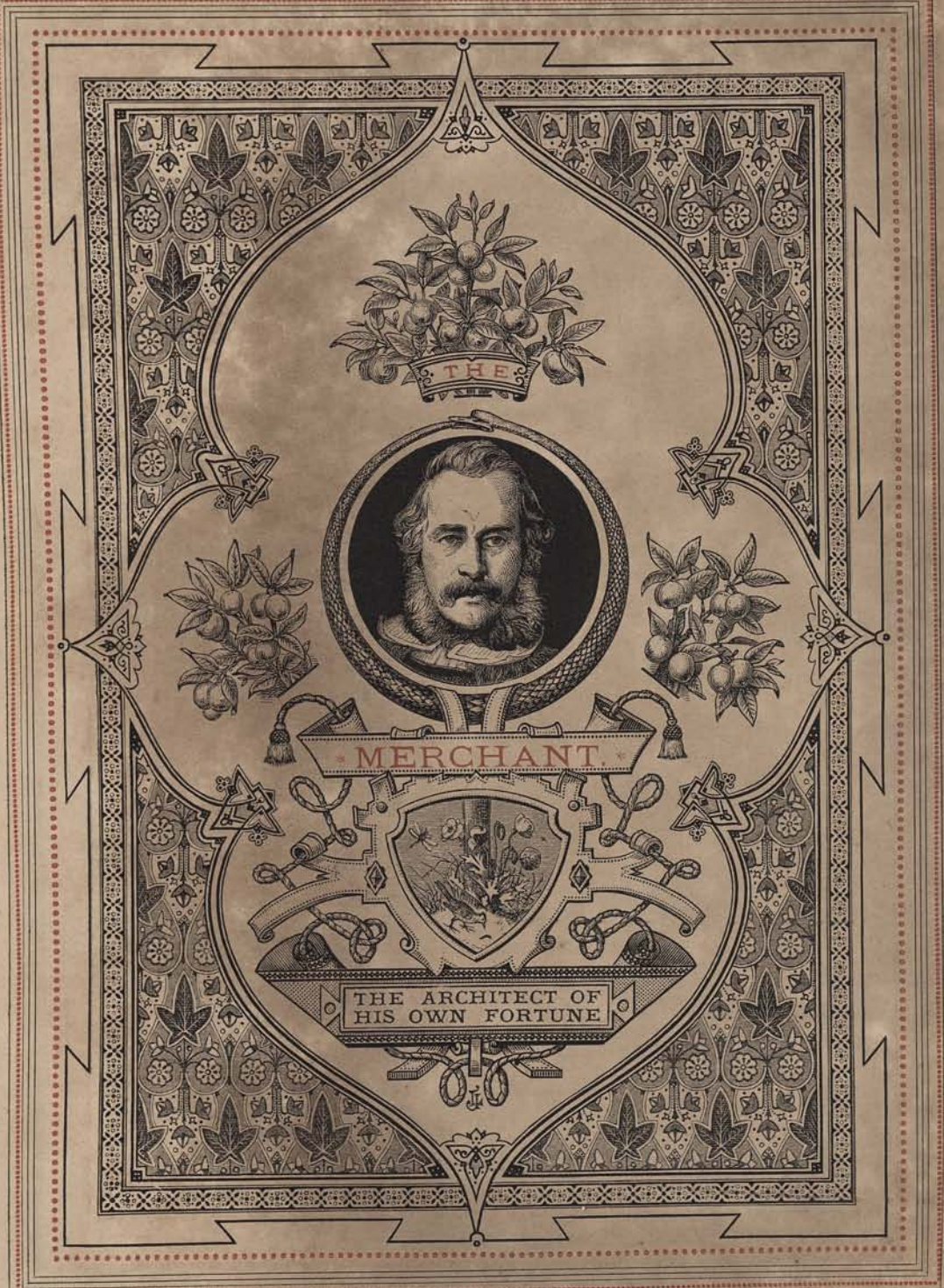
THE MIND SOBERS WITH AGE. GRAVITY AND PRU-
DENCE MARK THE MAN. — THE LADEN TREE
IS LESS AGITATED BY EVERY GENTLE BREEZE.

JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

POUR Y PARVENIR.

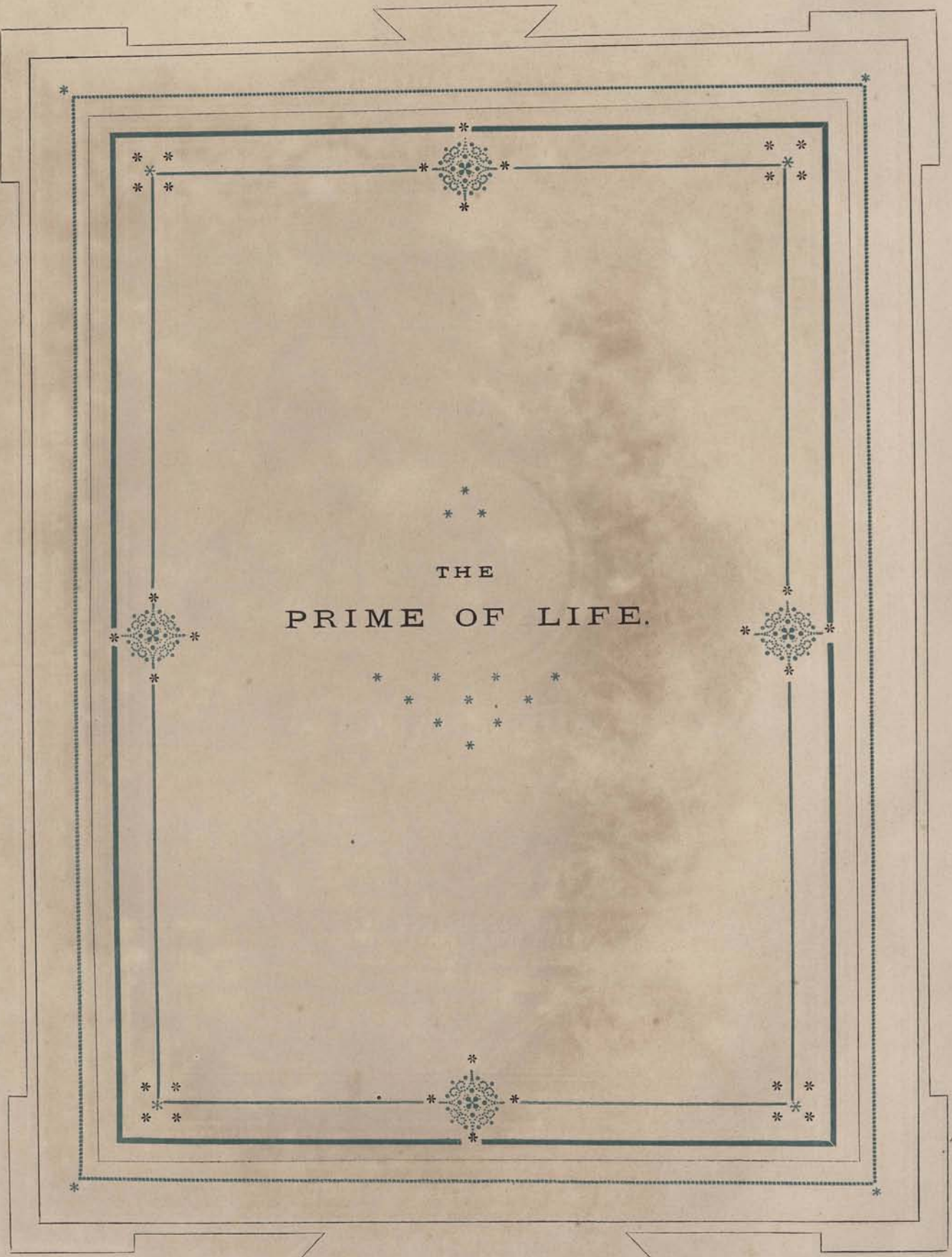
MEN OF THE WORLD

WHO KNOW THE WORLD LIKE MEN.



TO ATTAIN THE OBJECT

THE TREE BEARS FRUIT.



THE
PRIME OF LIFE.

* IF THE FIRST OF JULY IT BE RAINY WEATHER, *
* IF THE FIRST OF JULY IT BE RAINY WEATHER, *



THE MERCHANT.



PRIVATION TEACHES

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

HE BECOMES A MERCHANT

THE OAK

THE BUILDER OAK THE KING OF FORESTS ALL. SPENSER.



He will dare, and bear all,
And let no drop fall:
He will plot and contrive
A fortune to hive.



SCHILLER.



When came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast
Upon a lion raging yet with ire [away;
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the beast that whilom did foray
The Nemean forest, till the Amphitridone
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.
Spenser.



Now sprouting births and beauteous vernal bloom,
By the sun's warmer rays to ripe perfection come.

BLACKMORE.

* * * * Sultry Sirius reigns,
Glow in the air, and fires the thirsty plains.

BROOME.



LEST CORN COME OFF BLUE BY.

TWILL RAIN MORE OR LESS FOR FOUR WEEKS TOGETHER.

CONTENTMENT OPES THE SOURCE OF EVERY JOY.

AS A MOTH FRETS A GARMENT, SO DISTRESSFUL SOLICITUDE



COME to the Woodlands! Summer hath unfurled
 His broad green banner to the breathing wind.
 Come to the Woodlands! leave the ungentle world,
 Where foes are numerous—friends but seldom kind:
 Where Care's sharp arrows ever round are hurled,
 Till unto death the wounded heart hath pined.
 Come where wild blossoms shun the sultry heat,
 And twining boughs in graceful arches meet;
 Where the clear brook with murmuring music flows
 To lave the weary limbs, and give the mind repose.

GIBSON.



MORTAL MAN! who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
 That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
 And certes there is for it reason great:
 For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

THOMSON.

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost
 And ruffled without cause: complaining on—
 Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
 It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
 Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost
 Of our ripe peach; or let the wilful sun
 Shine westward of our window—straight we run
 A furlong's sigh, as if the world were lost.
 But what time through the heart and through the brain
 God hath transfixed us—we, so moved before,
 Attain to calm! Ay, shouldering weights of pain,
 We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore;
 And hear, submissive, o'er the stormy main,
 God's chartered judgments walk for evermore.

E. B. BROWNING.

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*

PREYS UPON THE MIND.

AS A WORM IN THE BUD, SO IS CARE IN THE HEART.

THE MERCHANT

EVERY MAN EITHER MAKES

HUMANÆ fortis non tanta est, quanta videtur
Disparitas; Felix nemo vocandus erit.

HOLBERG.

The disparity in the lot of mankind is not so great in reality as in
seeming; no one can be said to be content and really happy.



ILLE GRAVEM DURO TERRAM QUI VERTIT ARATRO,
PERFIDUS HIC CAUPO, MILES, NAUTÆQUE, PER OMNE
AUDACES MARE QUI CURRUNT, HAC MENTE LABOREM
SESE FERRE, SENES UT IN OTIA TUTA RECEDANT,
AIUNT, CUM SIBI SINT CONGESTA CIBARIA: SICUT
PARVULA (NAM EXEMPLO EST) MAGNI FORMICA LABORIS
ORE TRAHIT QUODCUNQUE POTEST, ATQUE ADDIT ACERVO
QUEM STRUIT, HAUD IGNARA AC NON INCAUTA FUTURI.
QUÆ, SIMUL INVERSUM CONTRISTAT AQUARIUS ANNUM,
NON USQUAM PROREPIT ET ILLIS UTITUR ANTÈ
QUÆSITIS PATIENS; CUM TE NEQUE FERVIDUS ÆSTUS
DEMOVEAT LUCRO, NEQUE HIEMS, IGNIS, MARE, FERRUM:
NIL OBSTET TIBI, DUM NE SIT TE DITIOR ALTER.

HORACE.

THE labourer who turns up the heavy earth with his plough, the knavish tradesman, the
soldier, and the venturesome merchant who traverses the wide seas, all with one voice, say,
that in exposing themselves to so many toils and hardships, it is to secure an easy safe retreat
in old age, when they shall have gained a competent provision for life: in like manner with
that little industrious creature the ant (for it is their common example), which carries in its
mouth everything it can, and adds to the accumulating store, thoughtful and provident for a
future day. But when the approach of winter saddens the revolving year, the ant never
creeps from its place of shelter, but patient and content lives upon its garnered provisions;
whereas, neither the scorching heat of summer, nor the rigour of winter, shipwrecks, fire, or
sword, can divert you from your greed of gain, nor any obstacle appear insurmountable to the
acquisition of yet further riches.

MANKIND, in their restlessness, may be divided into two categories: one, which
seeks continually, and cannot find; the other, which finds, and knows
not how to enjoy. D'HERBELOT, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

OR MARS HIS OWN LOT.

CHACUN EST ARTISAN DE SA FORTUNE.

* SUÆ QUISQUE FORTUNÆ FABER. *

WHEN HONOUR GREW MERCENARY,

THIS IS THE GOLDEN AGE!



DOLIUS.

AUREA SUNT VERÈ NUNC SECLA: PLURIMUS AURO
VENIT HONOS: AURO CONCILIATUR AMOR.



FORTUNATUS.

THIS is the Golden Age; all worship gold:
Honours are purchased, Love and Beauty fold.
Our iron age is grown an age of gold,
'Tis who bids most; for most men would be sold.

DRYDEN.

ALL men have their price; it is only to discover their most selfish passion.



HOW quickly Nature falls into revolt
When Gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry.

SHAKESPEARE.

ONA PARS HOMINUM, DECEPTA CUPIDINE FALSO,
NIL SATIS EST, INQUIT; QUIA TANTI, QUANTUM HABEAS, SIS.

HORACE.

The greater part of mankind, blinded by false views, think they
never can have enough; because, they say, men are
mostly esteemed in proportion to their wealth.

THE trader who keeps his heart in his cash-box, will not be long, whatever
may be his intentions, ere he will find it to be corroded by unjust gains.
If the heart does not sanctify our wealth, we may rest assured that the
wealth we obtain will soon corrupt our affections.



Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life
consisteth not in the abundance of the things which
he possesseth.

Luke, xii. c., v. 6.

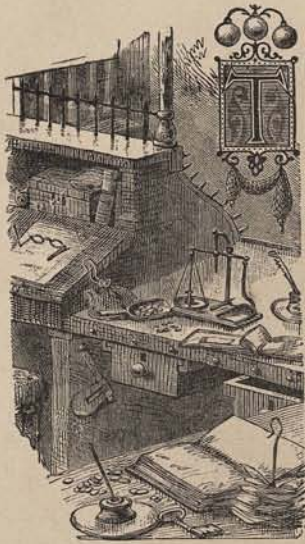
MONEY GREW HONOURABLE.

TRADE KNOWS NEITHER FRIENDS NOR KINSMEN.

* THE MIND'S THE STANDARD OF A MAN. *

THE MERCHANT

A GREAT FORTUNE, IN THE HANDS OF A FOOL,



THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

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 coming from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

ALL fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

GOLDSMITH.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

FOR aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing : it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

SHAKESPEARE.

RICHES are a blessing to those only who make a worthy use of them.

CONTENT.

CONTENT feeds not on glory nor on pelf,
Content can be contented with herself.

BASTARD.

MAN is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions ; and as some set-off against the marvellous things that he has done, we might fairly adduce the monstrous things that he has believed. The more gross the fraud, the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence. REV. C. C. COLTON.

IS A GREAT MISFORTUNE.

* * * 'TIS THE MIND THAT MAKES THE BODY RICH. * * *

THE TRUEST WEALTH IS THAT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

IN EACH RESOLVE UNSTEADY, AND UNFIXT,

MANKIND.



MEN are but children of a larger growth ;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain ;
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.

DRYDEN.

Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré leurs soins, ALL men are mad in more or less degree,
 Ne diffèrent entr'eux, que du plus ou du moins. And differ only as the case may be.

BOILEAU.

HOMO homini aut deus aut lupus.—ERASMUS.

Man is either a god or a wolf to man.

Such is the contrast to be found in the human character ; in some
 a benevolence that consoles and bestows relief, in others
 a destructive perfection of their fellow men.

LANDS intersected by a narrow faith
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations, who had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
 Thus man devotes his brother and destroys ;
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a brute :
 Then what is man ? and what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head to think himself a man ?

COWPER.

AND WHAT HE ONE DAY LOATHES, DESIRES THE NEXT.

BIRDS FEED ON BIRDS, BEASTS ON EACH OTHER PREY,

* * BUT SAVAGE MAN ALONE DOES MAN BETRAY. * *

THE MERCHANT

MANKIND UPON EACH OTHER'S RUIN RISE.

No forest wild, or savage den,
Holds such ferocious Beasts as Men.

Old Play.

NOW poor, how rich, how abject, how unjust,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

YOUNG.

No man can think too highly of his nature, or too meanly of himself.

IBID.

SCANDAL.



HERE is a lust in Man, no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame:
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.

HARV. *fw.*

SLANDER, the worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance in ignoble minds.

IBID.

It is a busy talking World,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

ROWE.

MEN that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.

SHAKESPEARE.

LA moitié du monde prend plaisir à médire, et l'autre moitié à croire les médisances.

One half of the world takes a pleasure in detracting, and the other
half in believing all that detraction utters.

THERE is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaured.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE FARTHER IN, THE DEEPER.

BE THOU CHASTE AS ICE, PURE AS SNOW,

* THOU SHALT NOT ESCAPE CALUMNY. *

WHAT IS BRED IN THE BONE, WON'T OUT OF THE FLESH.

SHOULD any man tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt it if you think fit: but if any one tell you that a man has changed his character, do not believe it.—*This Maxim is attributed to Mahomet.*

THE VARIOUS CONDITIONS, AND EVER-RECURRING
VICISSITUDES OF MAN'S LIFE.



How few Men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by war, or made desolate by popular diseases! If we could from one of the battlements of Heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence, at least in affections and preparation of mind.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

LAW.

LAW was design'd to keep a State in peace;
To punish robbery, that wrong might cease;
To be impregnable; a constant fort,
To which the weak and injur'd might resort:
But some perverted minds its force employ
Not to protect Mankind, but to annoy;
And long as ammunition can be found,
Its lightning flashes and its thunders sound.

CRABBE.

LAWYERS were children once, I suppose?—CHARLES LAMB.

HE THAT CANNOT PAY, LET HIM PRAY.

NOR LOVE THY LIFE, NOR HATE; BUT WHILST THOU LIV'ST,

* LIVE WELL; HOW LONG OR SHORT, PERMIT TO HEAVN. *

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.



THE world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 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!
 And these assume but valour's excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Makes them lightest that wear most of it.
 So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 T' entrap the wisest.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE "SIR ORACLE."

HERE is a class of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,
 And a wilful stillness entertain
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion,
 As who would say "I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

IBID.

* * * HE THAT WOULD THRIVE BY LAW, * * *

* * * MUST FEE HIS ENEMY'S COUNSEL AS WELL AS HIS OWN. * * *

AMBITION.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive, however, may still be the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy action, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

But this passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to ignoble and evil purposes, so that we may account for many of the excellences and follies of life upon the same innate principle—to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition, therefore, is not to be confined only to *one* passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.—JOHN HUGHES.

THE PASSIONS.

WHAT a mistake to suppose that the Passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited—they are more violent and more apparent—but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life. In youth, passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks upon the other, as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood, the great deep flows on more calm but more profound; its serenity is the proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow and the storm to rise.

A young man's ambition is but vanity—it has no definite aim—it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest. In youth, Love is ever on the wing, but like the birds in April, it hath not yet built its nest. With so long a career of summer and hope before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded by the novelty of to-morrow, and the sun that advances to the noon but dries up its fervent tears.—LYTTON BULWER.

LOVE LAUGHS AT ALL THE COUNCILS OF THE WISE.

AMBITION IS LIKE LOVE, IMPATIENT

BOTH OF DELAYS AND RIVALS.

THE MERCHANT

DELIGHT'S THE BENT OF NATURE.

• • • • FESTINAT ENIM DECURRERE VELOX
FLOSCULUS ANGUSTÆ MISERÆQUE BREVISSIMA VITÆ
PORTIO! DUM BIBIMUS, DUM SERTA, UNGUENTA, PUELLAS
POSCIMUS, *OBREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS.*

Juv. Sat. ix.

O! while we give the unregarded hour
To revelry and joy, in Pleasure's bower,
While now, for rosy wreaths our brows to twine,
And now for nymphs we call, and now for wine;
The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And ere we dream of Manhood, Age is nigh.

GIFFORD.

ON our quick'ft attempts,
The noiseless and inaudible foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

So speeds away
Life and its shadows; yet we sit and sing
Stretched in the noon-tide bower, as if the day
Declined not, and we yet might trill our lay
Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
That fans us, while aloft the gay clouds shine!
Oh! ere the coming of the long cold night,
Religion, may we bless thy purer light,
That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
O'er earth's dim hemisphere, and sad we gaze
On the vain visions of our passing days.

BOWLES.

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 that which we may be. Th' eternal surge
Of Time and tide rolls on, and bears aloft
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

BYRON.

A WORLD OF MADNESS, FALSEHOOD AND INJUSTICE.

* THE DATE OF MORTAL LIFE IS FINISH'D SOON; *

SWIFT IS THE RACE, AND SHORT THE TIME TO RUN.

ALL MEN SHOULD WED WITH THEIR SIMILITUDE.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

* * * THOU only bliss
 Of Paradise, that hast survived the Fall!
 Thou art the Nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
 She smiles, appearing (as in truth she is)
 Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
 Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
 That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
 And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
 Of Novelty, her fickle frail support;
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
 And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield. . . .
 It cannot, true, to guilty man restore
 Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
 But it has peace, and much secures the mind
 From all assaults of evil.

COWPER.

Praise of Good Women.



Nothing is to man so dear
 As woman's love in good mannér.
 A good woman is man's bliss,
 Where her love right and stedfast is.
 There is no solace under heaben,
 Of all that a man may neben¹
 That should a man so much glew²
 As a good woman that lobeth true:
 No dearer is none in God's hurd,³
 Than a chaste woman with lobely wurd.

¹ Know.

² Delight.

³ Family.

Robert Manning of Bourne,
 temp. Edward I. & II.

SHE is mine own,
 And I as rich in having such a jewell
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
 The waters nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

SHAKESPEARE.

* * * BUT WIVES, WELL HUMOURD, DUTIFUL AND CHASTE, * * *

SUCH ARE THE LINKS OF LOVE! AND SUCH A LOVE WILL LAST.

TO CHUSE A WIFE, LOVE IS OUR NOBLEST GUIDE.

THE MERCHANT

A WIFE IS THE PECULIAR GIFT OF HEAV'N;

C'EST une force inexpugnable qu'une femme légitime, qui
mettant en elle toutes choses, son favoir, sa noblesse, ses charmes,
voir tout le tiffu même de Vénus, l'étudie par douceur, bonne grace et vertu,
d'acquérir l'amour de son mari. PHILARET,

Precep. de Matrim.



OR 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.

INFELICITOUS WEDLOCK.

TAX not divine disposal, wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise. * *
Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery. * * * *
It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit.
(Which way soever men refer it).

MILTON.

The Heart of Man.



The heart of a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to
give a kite a good meal; yet great in capacity—yea, so indefinite in desire,
that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it!
When it desires more, and cries "Give—Give!" I will set it over
to the infinite good, where the more it hath it may desire more,
and see more to be desired.

Bishop Hall.

A WOMAN'S COUNSEL BROUGHT US FIRST TO WOE,

* AND MADE THE MAN HIS PARADISE FOREGO. *

ALL OTHER GOODS BY FORTUNE'S HAND ARE GIVEN.

MAN, TO WHOM ALONE KIND HEAV'N

MAN'S DESTINY.

LIKE a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the inane ; haste scornfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in ; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence ? Oh heaven ! whither ? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through mystery to mystery, and from God to God.—CARLYLE.

SAY, why was Man so eminently raised
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordain'd
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
 But that the Almighty might send him forth . . .
 To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of Nature, calls him to his high reward—
 The approving smile of Heaven ?

AKENSIDE.

PATRIOTISM.

WHAT constitutes a State ?
 Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No :—Men, high-minded Men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men, who their Duties know,
 But know their Rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain :
 These constitute a State.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHOM HIS GREAT MAKER TOOK SUCH CARE TO MAKE,

* THAT FROM HIMSELF HE DID THE IMAGE TAKE. *

AN EVERLASTING SOUL HAS FREELY GIVEN.

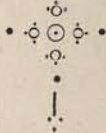
THE MERCHANT

A MAN OF BUSINESS MAY TALK PHILOSOPHY;

THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

WEALTH.

MORE
WISDOM
IS



GAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest'd. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense:
Since not, those pomps, which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng,
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they blest,
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

YOUNG.

A MAN WHO HAS NONE MAY PRACTISE IT.

IF A GOOD MAN THRIVES ALL THRIVE WITH HIM.

GOD HELP THE RICH, THE POOR CAN BEG.

REBUKE OF HUMAN PRIDE.



WE must not, by any means, admit or imagine that all Nature, and this great universe, was made only for the sake of Man, the meanest of all intelligent creatures that we know of; nor that this little planet where we sojourn for a few days, is the only habitable part of the universe: these are thoughts so groundless and unreasonable in themselves, and also so derogatory to the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the First Cause, that as they are absurd in reason, so they deserve far better to be marked and censured for heresies in religion, than many opinions that have been censured for such in former ages. How is it possible that it should enter into the thoughts of vain Man to believe himself the principal part of God's Creation; or that all the rest was ordained for him, for his service or pleasure? Man, whose follies we laugh at every day, or else complain of them; whose pleasures are vanity, and his passions stronger than his reason; who sees himself every way weak and impotent; hath no power over external nature, little over himself; cannot execute so much as his own good resolutions; mutable, irregular, prone to evil. Surely, if we made the least reflection upon ourselves with impartiality, we should be ashamed of such an arrogant thought. How few of these sons of men, for whom, they say, all things were made, are the sons of wisdom! how few find the paths of life! They spend a few days in folly and sin, and then go down to the regions of death and misery. And is it possible to believe that all Nature, and all Providence, are only, or principally, for their sake? Is it not a more reasonable character or conclusion which the prophet hath made, Surely, every Man is Vanity? Man, that comes into the world at the pleasure of another, and goes out by a hundred accidents; his birth and education generally determine his fate here, and neither of those are in his own power; his wit, also, is as uncertain as his fortune; he hath not the moulding of his own brain, however a knock on the head makes him a fool, stupid as the beasts of the field; and a little excess of passion or melancholy makes him worse, mad and frantic. In his best senses he is shallow, and of little understanding; and in nothing more blind and ignorant than in things sacred and divine; he falls down before a stock or a stone, and says: Thou art my God; he can believe nonsense and contradictions, and make it his religion to do so. And is this the great creature which God hath made by the might of his power, and for the honour of his majesty? upon whom all things must wait, to whom all things must be subservient? Methinks, we have noted weaknesses and follies enough in the nature of Man; this need not be added as the top and accomplishment, that with all these he is so vain as to think that all the rest of the world was made for his sake.

DR. THOS. BURNET.

WHAT THE WEAK HEAD WITH STRONGEST BIAS RULES.

* IS PRIDE, THE NEVER-FAILING VICE OF FOOLS. *

THE MERCHANT

THE STRONGEST PASSIONS HAVE THEIR BOUNDS,

WHERE wild Ambition in the heart we find,
Farewell content and quiet of the mind.
For glittering clouds we leave the solid shore,
And wonted happiness returns no more.

DRYDEN, ix *Satire, Juvenal.*

PHYSICAL EVIL THE CAUSE OF MORAL GOOD.



HOW Evil came into the world—for what reason it is that Life is overspread with such boundless varieties of Misery—why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think, merely to be so wretched, and to pass his time from Youth to Age in fearing or in suffering calamities,—is a question which philosophers have long asked, and which philosophy could never answer. Religion informs us that Misery and Sin were produced together. The deprivation of human will was followed by a disorder of the harmony of Nature; and by that Providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poisons, Vice was checked by Misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited dominion. That Misery does not make all Virtuous, experience too clearly informs us; but it is no less certain that, of what Virtue there is, Misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be, therefore, endured with patience, since it is the cause of Moral Good; and Patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which Evil shall be no more.—JOHNSON.

PATIENCE.

MANY are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life:
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion fought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from Above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

MILTON.

AMBITION ONLY KNOWS NONE.

THE HAPPINESS OF HUMAN KIND

CONSISTS IN RECTITUDE OF MIND.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the MOTHER "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a Mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyments; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him—she will be all the world to him.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE best physician is he who insinuates hope into the heart at the same time that he prescribes a cordial for the disease. BOVEE.

AUSPICIOUS HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets in nature's languid hour,
The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower.

CAMPBELL.

OUR powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—JOHNSON.

RECREATION is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the foul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

Spill not the morning, the quintessence of the day, in recreation; for sleep itself is a recreation. Add not therefore fauce to fauces; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing oft-times hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that, by over-heating themselves, they have rung their own passing bell.—THOMAS FULLER.

THE SAFEST HOPE IS IN HEAVEN.

THE LOVE THAT KNOWS NO CHANGE.

L'ARCO SI ROMPE SE STÀ TROPPO TESO.

THE MERCHANT

THE FLYING HOUR IS EVER ON HER WAY.

TO-MORROW.



TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE.



WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, "We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

DRYDEN.

THOUSANDS of Men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of Life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means 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? Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue.—CHALMERS.

THE Sun makes Music as of old,
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed: the angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may:
The World's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at Creation's day.

AND swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently;
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night: the Sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

SHELLEY: GOETHE'S *Faust*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD FILLETH THE WORLD.

* A GOOD LIFE HATH BUT FEW DAYS, *

BUT A GOOD NAME ENDURETH FOR EVER.

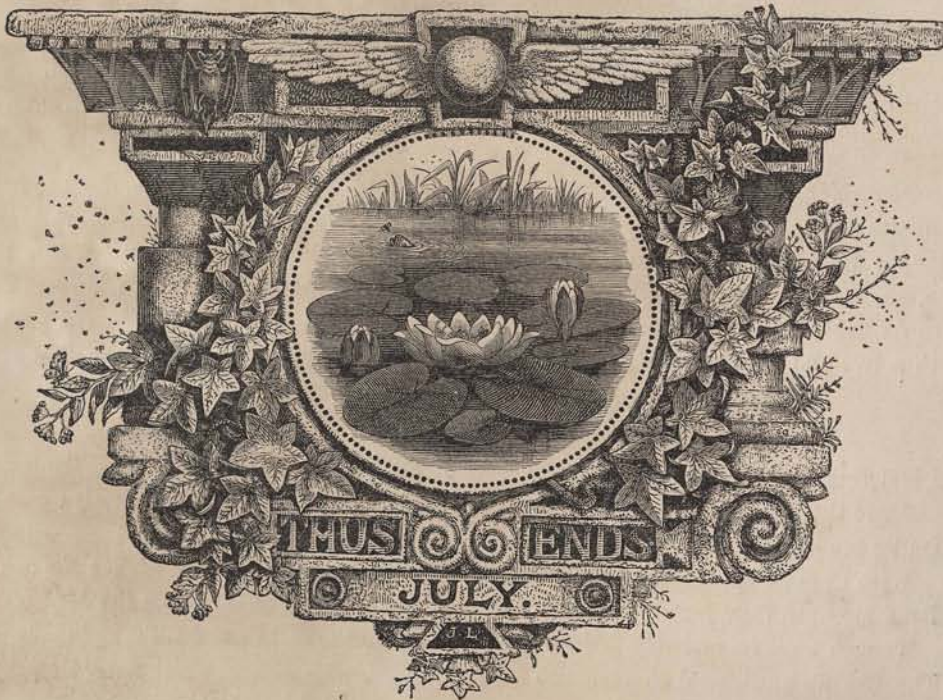
THINK NO LABOUR SLAVERY.

THE Farmer now secure from fear,
Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd year :
And now the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands.

DRYD. *Virgil.*

WELCOME, ye Shades ! ye bow'ry thickets, hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
Ye ashes wild, refounding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the fallying spring.

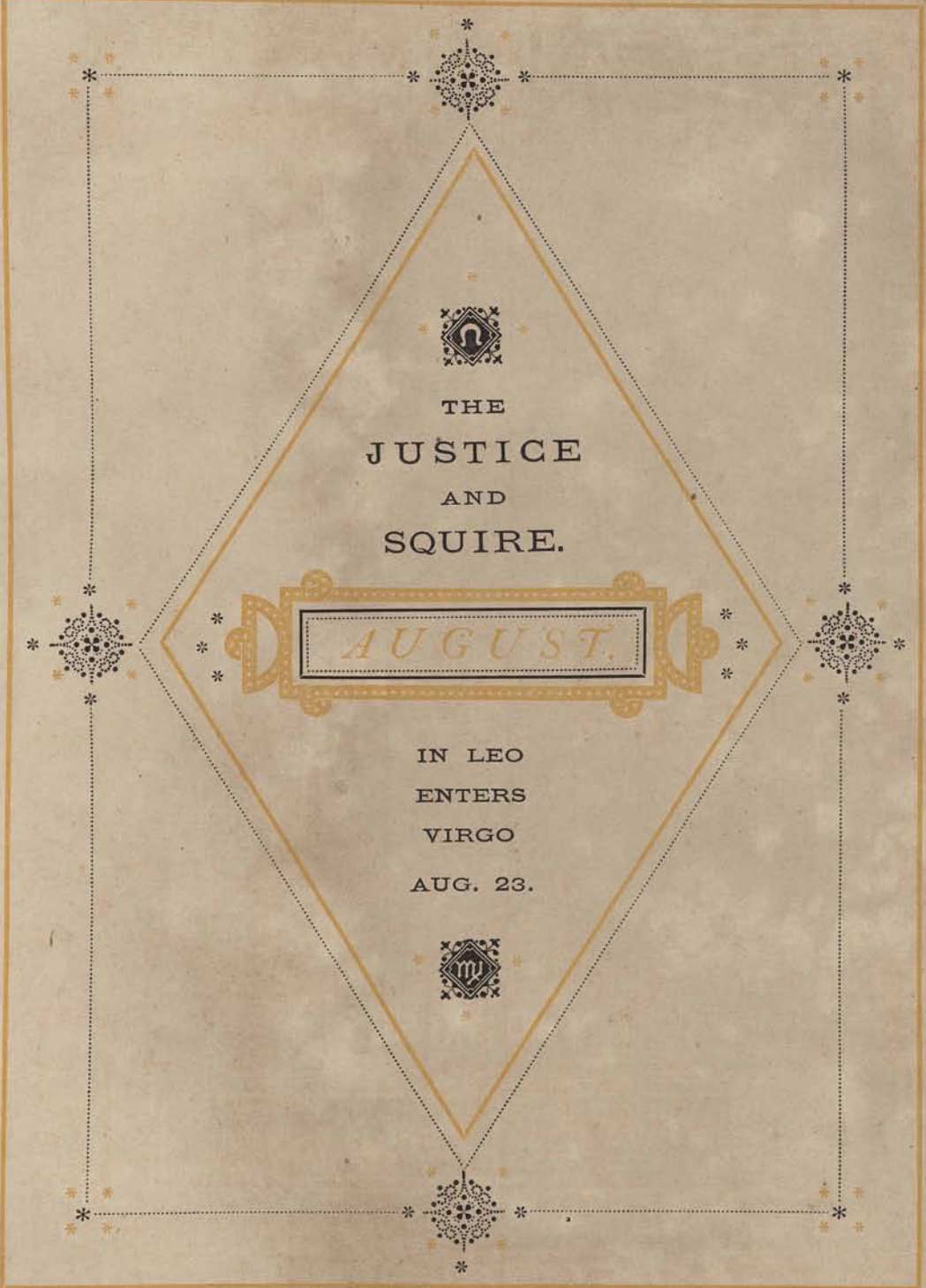
THOMSON.



WHEAT WILL NOT HAVE TWO PRAISES.

LOOK TO THE COW, AND THE WHEAT MOW, AND ALL WILL BE WELL ENOW.

THAT BRINGS IN PENNY SAVERLY.



THE
JUSTICE
AND
SQUIRE.

AUGUST.

IN LEO
ENTERS
VIRGO
AUG. 23.



AUGUST

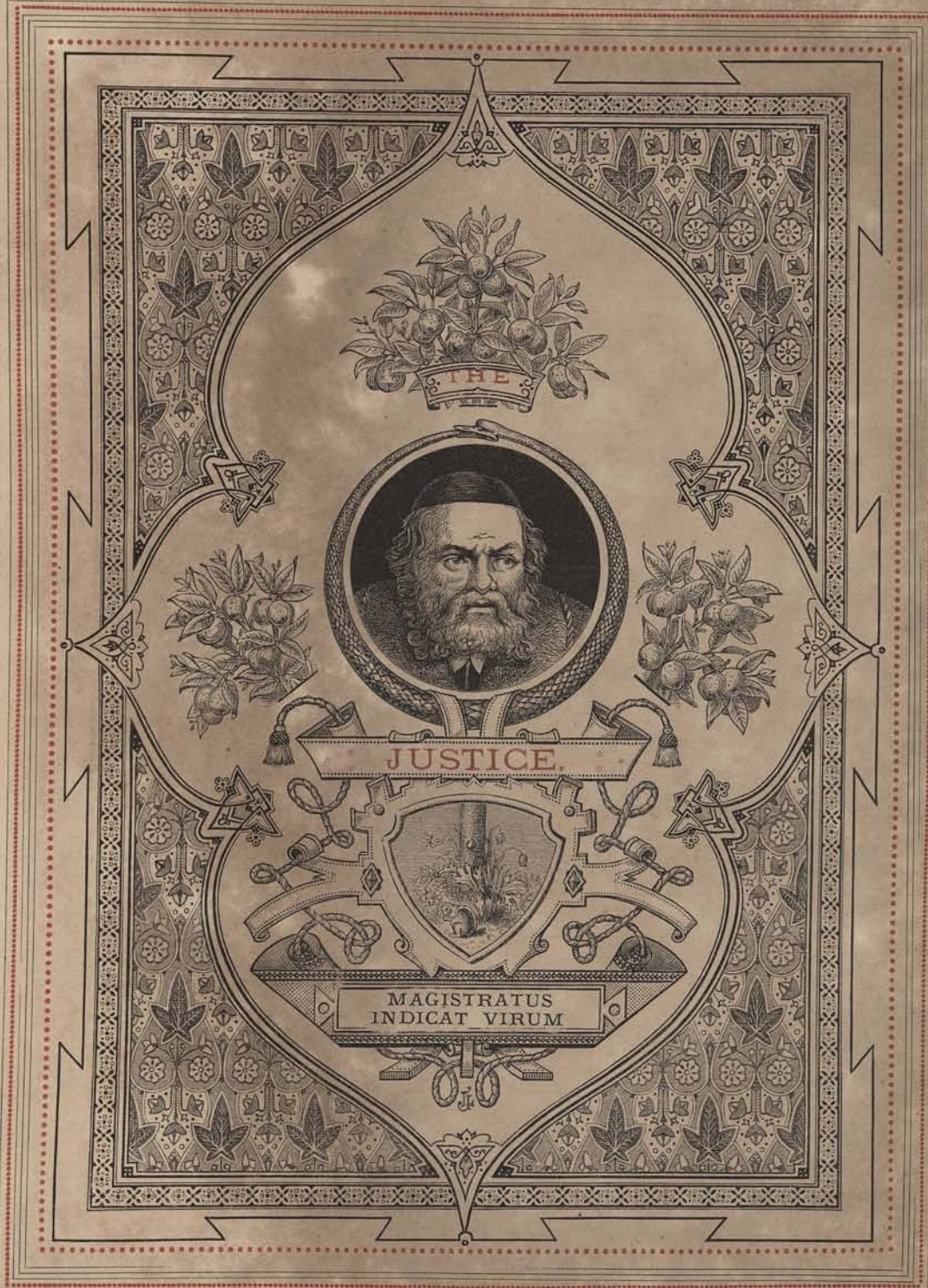
THE PURSUITS OF AN INDUSTRIOUS USEFUL LIFE
TEND TO A PEACEFUL REST,—AS THE FRUITFUL
TREE REPOSES WHILST YET CLOTHED WITH VERDURE.

JOHN LEIGHTON, R.A.

THE SOBER MEAN

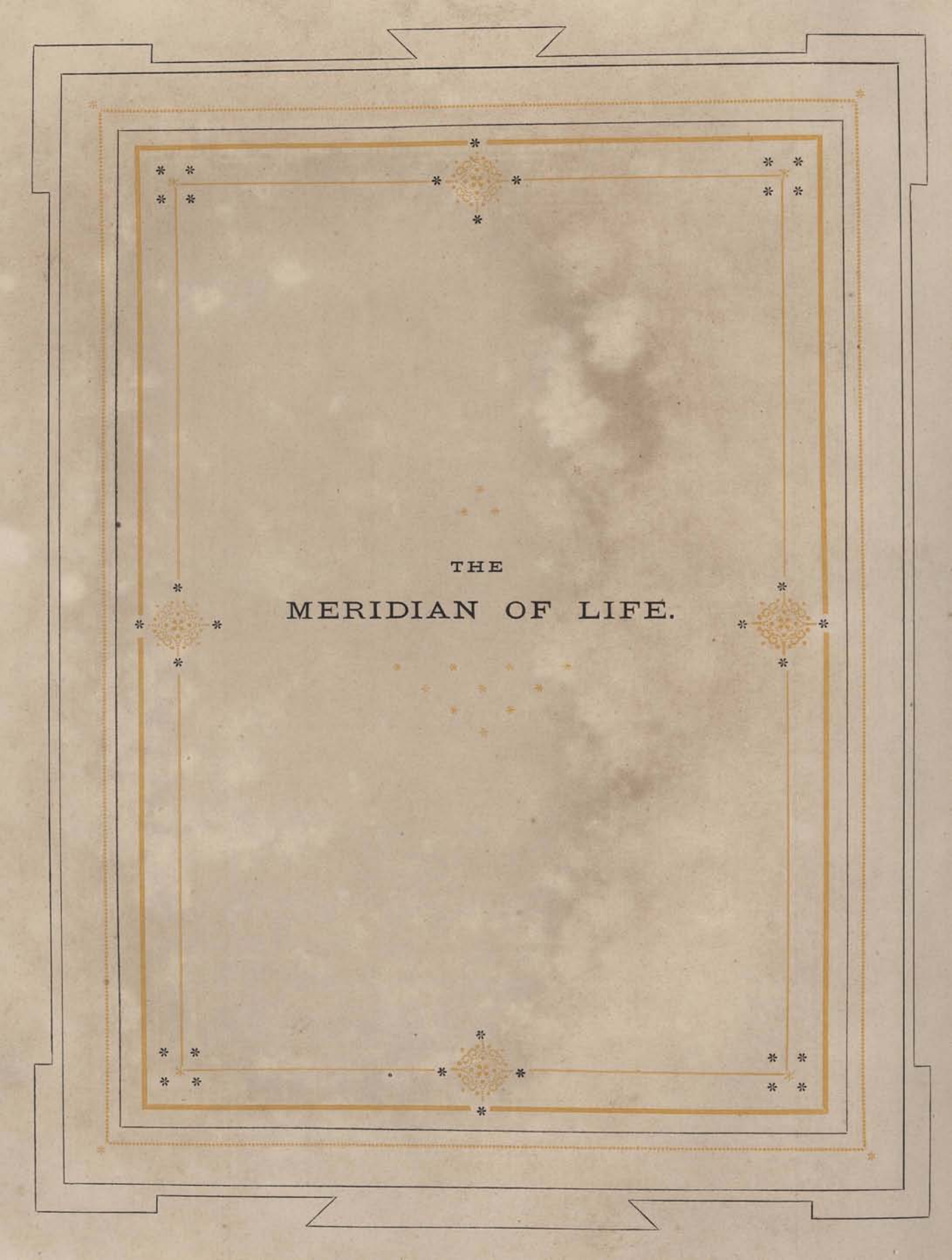
ARBOR EST FRUCTU SUO COGNOSCITUR.

THE TREE IS TO BE KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.



TWIXT YOUTH AND AGE.

THE FRUIT RIPENS.

The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a light beige or cream color. It features a series of concentric rectangular borders. The outermost border is a simple black line. Inside that is a thin dotted gold line. The next border is a solid gold line. The innermost border is another dotted gold line. At the center of the cover, the title "THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE." is printed in a black, serif, all-caps font. The text is arranged in two lines: "THE" on the top line and "MERIDIAN OF LIFE." on the bottom line. There are four large, ornate floral motifs in gold, one in each quadrant. Each motif is a circular, intricate design with a central flower-like shape and radiating lines. Small black asterisks are placed at the corners and midpoints of the inner gold border. In the center of the cover, there are several small, scattered gold dots and a small cluster of three dots. The overall design is elegant and classic.

THE
MERIDIAN OF LIFE.

IF THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF AUGUST BE FAIR AND CLEAR



THE JUSTICE.



TELL Age it daily wasteth ;
 Tell Honour how it alters ;
 Tell Beauty how she blasteth ;
 Tell Favour how she falters :
 And as they each reply,
 Give each of them the lie.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE



BECOMES PEDANTIC



The Eighth was August, being rich array'd
 In garments, all of gold, downe to the
 ground ;
 Yet rode he not, but led a lobely mayd
 Forth by the lily hand, the which was
 crown'd [was found.
 With eares of corne, and full her hand
 That was the Righteous Virgin, which of old
 Lived here on earth and Plenty made abound,
 But after wrong was loved and justice solde
 She left the unrighteous world and was to
 heaven extoll'd. Spenser.

THE OAK-IN ACORN.

JOVE'S SACRED TREE,
 WHENCE DANGLE ACORNS, CRADLED
 IN THEIR BOSSES.

IN every hand the brown and bending grain
 Seems like a waving sea of endless love
 Poured out unmeasured, where our griefs have lain,
 As if our selfish want of faith to prove. M.

DOES HARVEST NO HARM.

* THEN HOPE FOR A PROSPEROUS AUTUMN THAT YEAR. *

SO MANY MEN SO MANY MINDS:

THE INSENSIBILITY OF SOME MEN TO THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

IT is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous; and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steam and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and screaming of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card table!—BEATTIE.

RETROSPECTIONS OF LIFE.



THE MAN — you see, through life retain'd
 The boy's defects; his virtues too remain'd.
 But where are now those minds so light and gay,
 So forced on study, so intent on play,
 Swept, by the world's rude blasts, from hope's dear views
 Some grieved for long neglect in earlier times, [away?
 Some sad from frailties, some lamenting crimes;
 Thinking, with sorrow, on the season lent,
 For noble purpose, and in trifling spent;
 And now, at last, when they in earnest view
 The nothings done—what work they find to do!
 Where is that virtue that the generous boy
 Felt, and resolved that nothing should destroy?
 He who with noble indignation glow'd
 When vice had triumph? Who his tear bestow'd
 On injured merit? He who would possess
 Power but to aid the children of distress!
 Who has such joy in generous actions shown,
 And so sincere, they might be call'd his own.

CRABBE.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

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

LONGFELLOW.

ADAM'S CHILDREN ARE NOT ALL ALIKE.

*
*
THE BOY REVEALS THE FUTURE MAN.
*
*

THE WIND THAT BLOWS OUT CANDLES, KINDLES THE FIRE.

THE JUSTICE.

ALL IS NOT IN YEARS, SOMEWHAT IS IN HOURS WELL SPENT.

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.

THE mere lapse of years is not Life. To eat, drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, Truth, Love, Beauty, Goodness, Faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.—JAMES MARTINEAU.



LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good ; or knowing it, pursue !
How void of reason are our hopes and fears !

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone ?

DRYDEN, *Juvenal.*

LET observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering Man, betray'd by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request,
Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.—JOHNSON.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS CONSTANCY WE CALL;

* FAITH TIES NOT HEARTS, 'TIS INCLINATION ALL. *

ON WHAT STRANGE GROUNDS WE BUILD OUR HOPES AND FEARS.

CHANGE IS FATE, AND NOT DESIGN.

OF chance or change, oh, let no man complain,
 Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
 For, from th' Imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle gale;
 Art, Empire, Earth itself to change are doom'd:
 Earthquakes have raised aloft the humble dale,
 And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd;
 And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

BEATTIE.



MAN is but man; inconstant still, and various;
 There's no to-morrow in him like to-day.
 Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
 Make him think honestly this present hour;
 The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
 May mount aloft; and where's our Egypt then?
 Who would trust chance? Since all men have the seeds
 Of good and ill, which should work upward first.

DRYDEN.

CHANGE.

MEET is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.
 We all are changed by still degrees,
 All but the basis of the soul.
 So let the change which comes be free
 T' ingroove itself with that which flies,
 And work, a joint of state, that plies
 Its office, moved by sympathy.
 A saying hard to shape in act,
 For all the past of Time reveals
 A bridal dawn of thunder peals
 Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.
 Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
 A motion toiling in the gloom—
 The Spirit of the Years to come
 Yearning to mix himself with Life.

TENNYSON.

SINCE 'TIS NATURE'S LAW TO CHANGE,

* CONSTANCY ALONE IS STRANGE. *

OUR FAULTS AND VIRTUES MAKE OUR FATE.

THE JUSTICE.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE IS THE LOT OF LIFE.

TIME goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow ;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

SHAKESPEARE.



LOOK Nature through, 'tis revolution all ;
All change, no death. Day follows night, and night
The sinking day. Stars rise, and set, and rise.
Earth takes th' example ; see, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn. Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away ;
Then melts into the Spring. Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the South,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend :
Emblem of Man, who passes, not expires.

YOUNG.

CORPORIS · ET · FORTVNÆ · BONORVM · VT · INITIVM · FINIS · EST · OMNIA
ORTA · OCCIDVNT · ET · ORTA · SENESCUNT.—SALLUST.

The blessings of health and fortune, as they have a beginning, so they must
also find an end. Everything rises but to fall, and increases but to decay.

HE who hath never warred with misery,
Nor ever tugged with trouble and distress,
Hath had no time, nor any chance to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness ;
Those parts of character which felicity
Keeps close concealed, affliction must express,
And only men in their extremity
Prove what they are—what their ability.

DANIEL.

HE KNOWS NOT THE SWEET, WHO NEVER TASTED THE SOUR.

* * * EXISTENCE IS ONE VAST AND PANTING HEART, * * *

THAT THROBS WITH DOUBT AND WAKING WATCHFULNESS.

LIFE CARES.

BY the cares of yesterday
 Each to-day is heavier made;
 Till at length it is or seems
 Greater than our strength can bear!
 As the burden of our dreams,
 Pressing on us everywhere.

LONGFELLOW.

THE USE OF TEARS.

BE not thy tears too harshly chid,
 Repine not at the rising sigh:
 Who, if they might, would always bid
 The breast be still, the cheek be dry?



How little of ourselves we know,
 Before a grief the heart has felt!
 The lessons that we learn of woe
 May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energy too stern for mirth,
 The reach of thought, the strength of will,
 'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
 Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

Tears at each pure emotion flow;
 They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
 On admiration's fervid glow,
 On Piety's seraphic flame.

Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
 The hope unchequer'd by a pang;
 The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
 And Sappho wept before she sang.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
 The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
 And through the mists of falling tears
 We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

LORD MORPETH.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will
 give you rest."

Matth. xi., xviii.

'TIS A GOOD ILL THAT COMES ALONE.

'TIS BETTER TO SUFFER WRONG, THAN DO IT.

MISFORTUNES TELL US WHAT FORTUNE IS.

THE JUSTICE.

IL Y A DES ÂMES QUE LE MALHEUR PEUT ABATTRE,

THE FOLLY OF REPINING AT DISAPPOINTMENT.

WE, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms which the wise powers
Deny us for our good. So find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

SHAKESPEARE.



THE ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed in errors.
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Loft and bewildered in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

ADDISON.

CEASE NOT TO LABOUR.



WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from Work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hands,
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZ. B. BROWNING.

LE BONHEUR.

Il ne faut jamais renoncer au bonheur. Les sources du bien et du mal sont cachées,
et nous ignorons laquelle doit s'ouvrir pour arroser l'espace de la vie.

MAIS QU'IL N'AVILIT JAMAIS.

*
*
*
TO LABOUR, IS TO LIVE: TO BE IDLE, HALF DEAD.
*
*
*

A MAN'S CUSTOMS ARE THE MOULDS WHERE HIS FORTUNE IS CAST.

CONDITIONS MAK, AN' CONDITIONS BRAK.

LIFE.



THINK ye the joys that fill our early day
 Are the poor prelude to some full repast.
 Think you they *promise*?—Ah! believe they *pay*;
 The purest ever, they are oft the last.
 The jovial swain that yokes the morning team,
 And all the verdure of the field enjoys,
 See him, how languid! when the noontide beam
 Plays on his brow, and all his force destroys.
 So 'tis with us, when, love and pleasure fled,
 We at the summit of our hill arrive:
 Lo! the gay lights of Youth are past—are dead,
 But what still deep'ning clouds of Care survive!

CRABBE.

HOW TO LIVE.

TO act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the World as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

HORACE WALPOLE.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE WITH MOST MEN.

NON PROPTER VITAM FACIUNT PATRIMONIA QUIDAM,
 SED VITIO CÆCI PROPTER PATRIMONIA VIVUNT.

JUVENAL, *Sat.* xii.

Few gain to live, Corvinus, few or none,
 But, blind with avarice, live but to gain alone.

GIFFORD.

ESTIMATES OF HAPPINESS.

SOME persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks—others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species; but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love*. If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—even in the midst of all his profusion of finery and grandeur, I pronounce him a being deep in adversity.—MRS. INCHBALD.

SUUS CUIQUE MOS.

COMMON SENSE IS THE GROWTH OF ALL COUNTRIES.

PROMISES ARE LIKE PIE-CRUST, MADE TO BE BROKEN.

THE JUSTICE.

PURCHASING RICHES WITH OUR TIME AND CARE,

MAMMON—"Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem"—



Sa Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is Mammon. To some their belly is their Mammon, and they serve that; to others their ease, their sports and pastimes are their Mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and the applause of men was the Pharisee's Mammon; in a word, SELF.

The Unity in which the world's Trinity centres—sensual, secular self—is the Mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with Him, and in contradiction to Him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and Mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says: "My son, give me thine heart;" Mammon says: "No—give it me." God says: "Be content with such things as ye have;" Mammon says: "Grasp at all that ever thou canst—'Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem'—Money, money, by fair means or by foul, Money." God says: "Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;" Mammon says: "Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it." God says: "Be charitable;" Mammon says: "Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all." God says: "Be careful for nothing;" Mammon says: "Be careful for everything." God says: "Keep holy the Sabbath day;" Mammon says: "Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world." Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not then halt between God and Baal, but "choose ye this day whom ye will serve, and abide by your choice."

MATTHEW HENRY.

NO man can serve two masters: for he will either hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. He cannot serve God and Mammon. Matt. vi., 24.

LA VERA RICCHEZZA.

*AGLI occhi miei ricco non è colui
Che in molti campi suoi passeggia il suolo;
Ma ricco è quel, a cui ne basta un solo.*

ORSINI.

RICHES, and all that we desire to gain,
Bind their possessors in a golden chain—
'Tis kept in peril, and 'tis lost with pain.

CRABBE.

WE LOSE OUR FREEDOM IN A GILDED SNARE.

*
SONS OF AVARICE WHO BUT SHARE

UNCERTAIN TREASURE WITH A CERTAIN CARE.

'TIS NOT THE ACTION, BUT THE INTENTION,

THE MEN OF OLD.

KNOW not that the Men of old
 Were better than men now,
 Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
 Of more ingenuous brow :
 I heed not those who pine for force
 A ghost of time to raise,
 As if they thus could check the course
 Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
 That I delight to close
 This book of Life self-wise, and new,
 And let my thoughts repose
 On all that humble happiness
 The World has since foregone—
 The day-light of contentedness
 That on those faces shone !

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
 Enjoyed, as far as known—
 With will by no reverse unmanned—
 With pulse of even tone—
 They from to-day, and from to-night,
 Expected nothing more,
 Than yesterday and yesternight
 Had proffered them before.

To them was Life a simple art,
 Of Duties to be done,
 A game where each man took his part,
 A race where all must run ;
 A battle whose great scheme and scope
 They little cared to know,
 Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
 Each with his fronting foe.

LORD HOUGHTON.


THE sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much :
 but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.

THAT IS GOOD OR BAD.

THE JUSTICE.

SLEEP WITHOUT SUPPING.

SLEEP.

he body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's crown.

Earl of Dorset.

COME, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And though Death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, oh how sweet to die!

THOMAS WHARTON.

SWEET is Slumber, it is Life
Without its sorrow, sin, or sighing;
Death without the fearful strife,
The mortal agony of dying.


From the Italian.

DREAMS.

SLEEP hath its own World, and a wide realm of wild realities;
And DREAMS in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of pain.

BYRON.

THE BLESSINGS OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

H! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates;
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
Where care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

SHAKESPEARE.

AND WAKE WITHOUT OWING.

SOMMEIL PAIX DE L'ESPRIT, DON PLUS DOUX DES DIEUX.

'TIS COMPARISON THAT MAKES MEN HAPPY OR MISERABLE.

THERE IS NO GOOD ACCORD

KINGS.

A KING



AN OUTWARD HONOUR
FOR AN INWARD TOIL.
SHAKESPEARE.

is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

SELDEN.

JUSTICE is the centre from which the circumference of a crown is drawn. SAAVEDRA FAXARDO.

* * * ILL fares the State

Where many masters rule: let one be Lord,
One King supreme, to whom wise Saturn's son
In token of his sov'reign power hath given
The Sceptre's sway, and ministry of law.

EARL OF DERBY, *Homer*.

GOVERNMENT.

IN Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature. Wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge: which as long as they give ear to Precepts, to Laws, to Religion, sweetly with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is Society and Peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.

LORD BACON.

LAWS

ARE to Mankind that which the sun is to plants, whilst it cherishes and preserves them. Where they have their force, and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smiles and flourishes; but where they are darkened and not suffered to shine out, it makes everything to wither and decay. They secure men not only against one another, but against themselves too. They are a sanctuary to which the Crown has occasion to resort as often as the People, so that it is an interest, as well as a duty, to preserve them.—MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

WHERE EVERY ONE WOULD BE A LORD.

* IN FORMER TIMES ALL PRINCES JUDGES WERE; *

AND TO SEE JUSTICE DONE WAS ALL THEIR CARE.

THE JUSTICE.

MAGISTRATES ARE TO OBEY AS WELL AS EXECUTE LAWS.

JUSTICE IS A SCIENCE WHICH IS ONLY WELL TAUGHT BY VIRTUE.

IF you command, and hope to be obeyed,
Observe yourself those laws yourself first made.
The people then will due obedience show,
To you who make laws and observe them too.

CLAUDIAN.

THE WISE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE CUNNING MINISTER.

WE may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose, and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of these: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests, and those which the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest, and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event, which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into a dilemma by one series of faults, and out of it by another.

The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see further, because government has a further concern; he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a *single day in the great year of government*; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines therefore, and compresses all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.—BOLINGBROKE.

* * * NO NEGLIGENCE LIKE THE MAGISTRATE'S.

A PATRIOT'S even course he steered,
'Mid Faction's wildest storms unmoved;
By all who marked his mind, revered,
By all who knew his heart beloved.

GENL. R. FITZPATRICK.

IT IS A GREAT THING TO BE ADMIRERD, BUT A GREATER TO BE LOVED.

Nous ne tenons en notre main
 Le jour qui suit le lendemain :
 La Vie n'a point d'assurance,
 Et pendant que nous desirons
 La faveur des Rois, nous mourrons
 Au milieu de notre esperance.

Ronsard, b. C^d. 1^b.

OH, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars and women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

A LITTLE rule, a little sway,
 A funbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and wealthy have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

DYER.

FEW are truly free :
 Who rank the highest find the check of fate,
 And Kings themselves are subject to their state.

CRABBE.

OH ! that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not derived corruptly ; and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.
 How many then would cover, who stand bare !
 How many be commanded, who command !
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour ! And how much honour
 Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnished !

SHAKESPEARE.

FAVOUR IS FORTUNE'S PRIME MINISTER.

THE FAVOUR OF PRINCES IS MORE OF A TAX THAN A FAVOUR.

* THE HORSE WHOSE MASTER IS BLIND SELDOM GETS FAT. *

THE JUSTICE.

TRUE HAPPINESS HAS NO LOCALITY,



RIPENED by the Summer skies,
Rich the golden harvests rise;
While the loaded orchards gleam
Ruddy, 'neath the mellowing beam.

And when ye reap the harvest
of your land, thou shalt not
wholly reap the corners of
thy field, neither shalt thou gather
the gleanings of thy harvest—thou
shalt leave them for the poor and
stranger.—Lev. xix. ix. x.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.



HOW happy is he born, and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

NO TONES PROVINCIAL, NO PECULIAR GARB.

A MAN'S SUCCESS IN THE WORLD DEPENDS NO LESS

* UPON HIS TEMPER THAN GOOD FORTUNE. *

LIFE, LIKE A CLOUD THAT FLEETS BEFORE THE WIND,

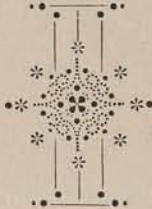
THE COMMON LOT.



ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a Man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate reigned within his breast;
His bliss, and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.



The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.



He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling Seasons, Day and Night,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Earth and Main,
Ere while his portion, Life and Light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.



The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a Man!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NO MARK, NO KIND IMPRESSION LEAVES BEHIND.

* * * 'TIS SCATTERED LIKE THE WINDS THAT BLOW, * *

* * * WHICH KNOW NOT WHENCE THEY COME, NOR WHERE THEY GO. * *

THE JUSTICE.

THE UNEMPLOYED MIND

OH! ye who deem one moment unamused a misery—
 Gay dreamers of gay dreams!
 How will you weather in eternal night?

YOUNG.

COLLECT at evening what the day brought forth,
 Compress the sum into its solid worth;
 And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
 The scales are false, and algebra a lie.

COWPER.

“There are yet greater things than these.”



HERE is an Eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when Nature assumes the appearance of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which in every age the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which naturally follows it: in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with Nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the World withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when Earth is overshadowed Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are “yet greater things than these.”

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

HE that has light within his own clear breast,
 May fit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

MILTON.

IS THE DEVIL'S LABORATORY.

THERE ARE MORE MOCKERS THAN WELL MEANERS.

AND MORE FOOLISH QUIPS THAN GOOD PRECEPTS.

THE HYPOCRITE PAYS TRIBUTE TO GOD,

Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.

Luke xiii. 6.



Hypocrite is the worst kind of Player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, oftentimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while his heart laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of Religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a cornfield, an ill-temper'd candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when angel than when a devil.

Bishop Hall.

RELIGION.

THE true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul. It is not the business of the Gospel to extirpate the natural affections, but to regulate them.—SERJEANT PALMER'S *Aphorisms and Maxims*.

It is a great disgrace to religion to imagine that it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness, and a severe exacter of pensive looks and solemn faces.—IBID.

TRUE religion in a great measure consists of holy affections. A love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency is the spring of all holy affections.—JONATHAN EDWARDS.

TRUE piety does not consist in the disposition to look upon everything with an ascetic eye. No man ever yet gained heaven from God by a morose wailing and rigorous contemning of others. A cheerful heart is beloved of God.

SERMONS.

NOTHING is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis *his* Scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

First in your Sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.—SELDEN.

THAT HE MAY IMPOSE UPON MEN.

MUST A MAN WHO IS RELIGIOUS BE ALWAYS DULL?

* * * * * THE GODLY ROGUE. LIKE THE NO ROGUE * * *

REAPE DOWNE YOUR RIE, AND SCHOCKE YOUR WHEATE,



BE not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The lib'ral handful. Think, oh! grateful, think,
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields!

THOMSON.

FORTY-SIX.



SIX years had passed, and forty ere the six,—
When Time began to play his usual tricks;—
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight, [white;
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.

My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

CRABBE.

DOWN WITH SUCH OTES AS GOD SHALL SEND,

PROVIDED YE MONETH DRAWS TO AN END.

GATHER YE FRUITES, NOW SWEET TO EATE;

AUGUST.

LE MÉRITE DES HOMMES A SA SAISON



THE funny wall
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy fragrant nectarine, and, dark
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

THOMSON.



OW golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.

SOMERVILLE.



* MEN'S MERITS HAVE THEIR SEASON *

AS WELL AS THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

AUSSI BIEN QUE LES FRUITS.



THE
PHILOSOPHER
AND
STATESMAN.

SEPTEMBER.

IN VIRGO
ENTERS
LIBRA
SEPT. 23.





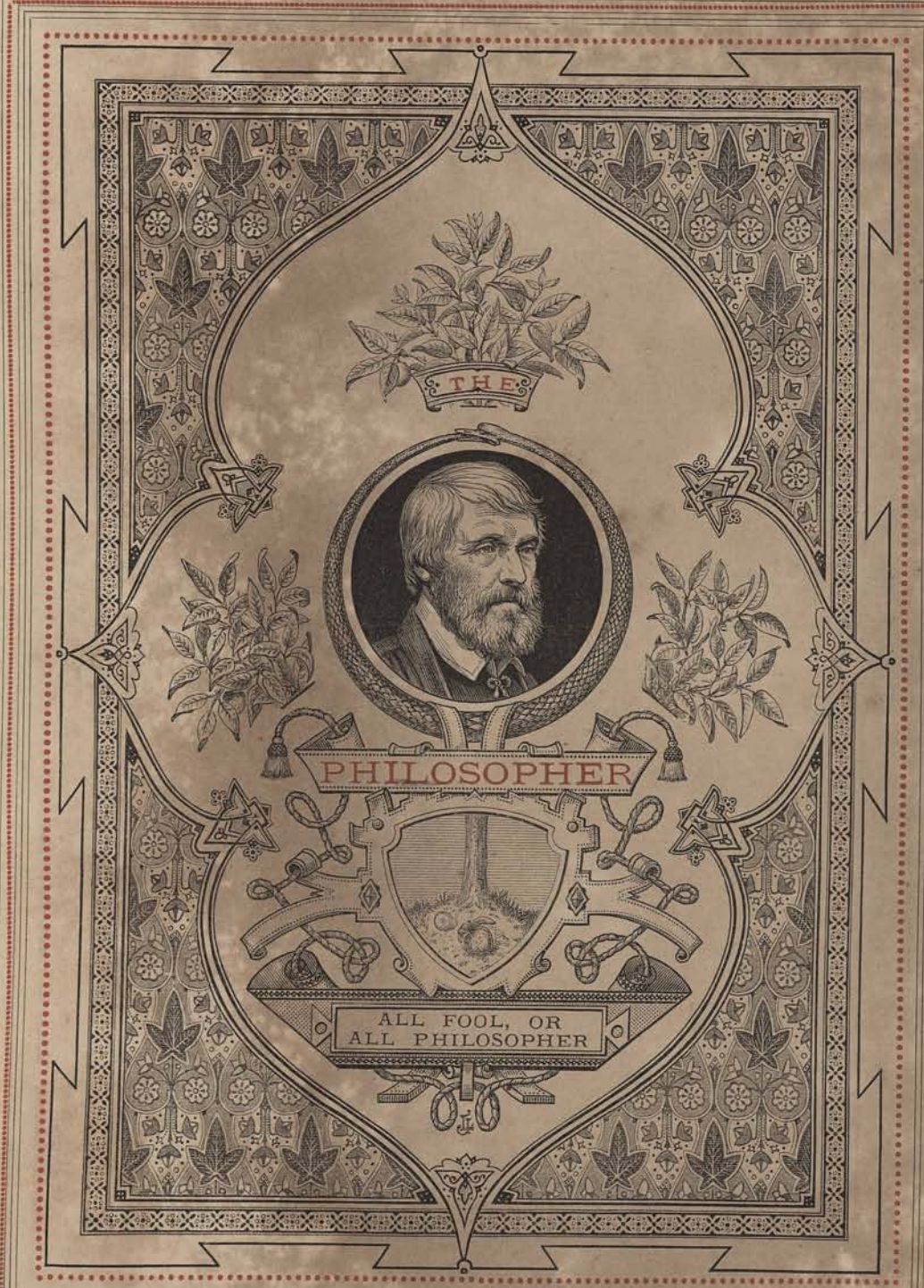
SEPTEMBER

MAN IS BORNE ONWARDS, WISDOM AND CHARITY ARE THE SOLACE OF HIS DECLINING YEARS.— THE TREE REPOSES AFTER FILLING THE GARNER WITH ITS FRUIT.

A SOUL SERENE, A BODY VOID OF PAIN.

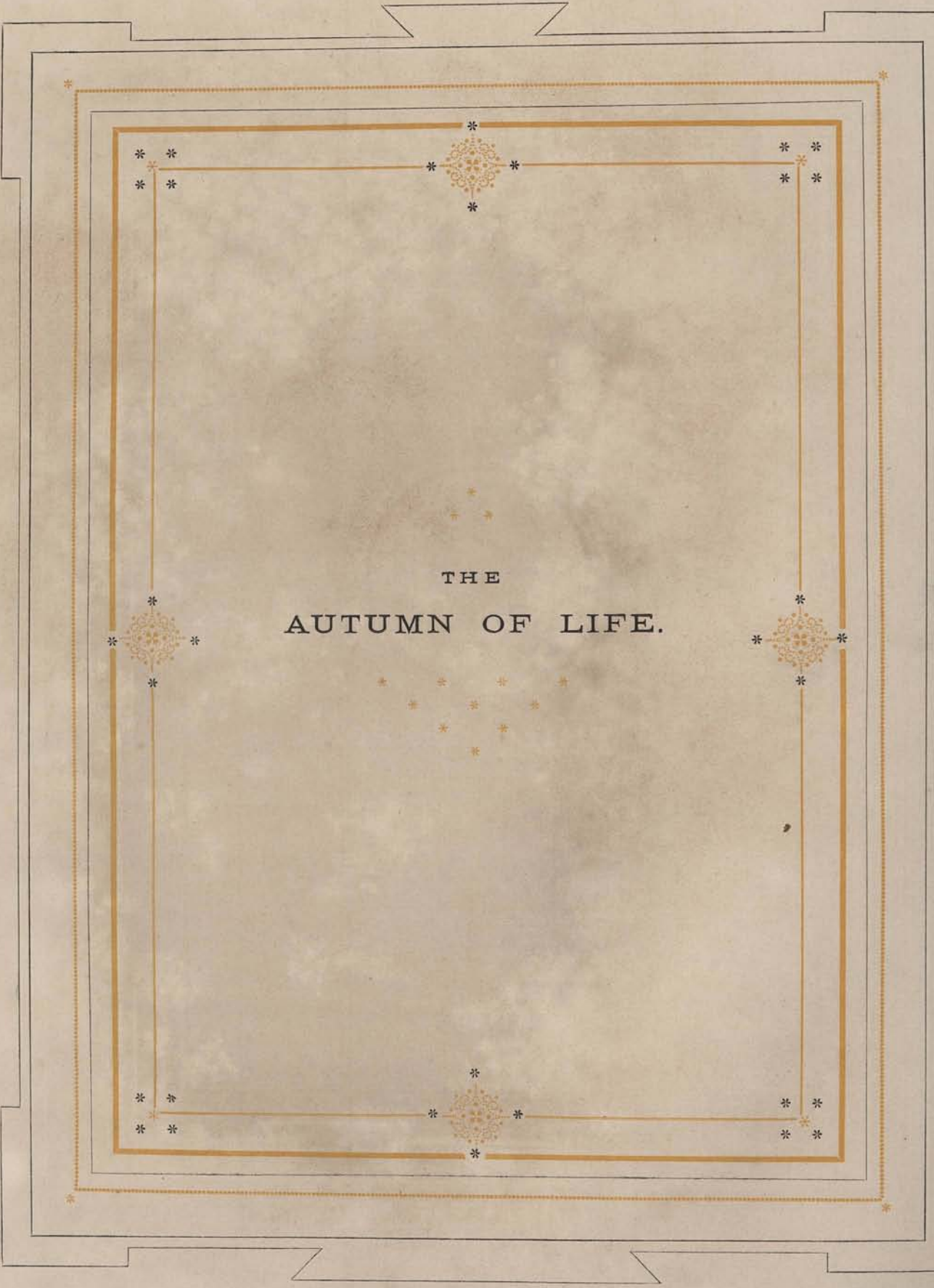
TO CULTIVATE HIS MIND AND LEARN

THE LAWS OF NATURE.




HE, HIS STUDY BENT

THE LEAVES MELLOW.



THE
AUTUMN OF LIFE.



SEPTEMBER'S MORN AND EVE ARE CHILL,



THE LOVE OF EASE
OF TALK & TABLE,



BEGET MENTAL
APATHY



BODILY
INFIRMITY

GARDEN IVY

O'er ruined shrines
The ivy climbs, and clings.

THE PHILOSOPHER.



AIR Summer's pride begins to fade away,
And Night t'encroach upon the hours of day:
The time of declination and decay. ANON.



NEXT him September, marches eke on
[foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harbestes riches which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle;
In his one hand as fit for harbests toyle
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A paire of weights with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse where it in doubt did
stand, [scanned.
And equall gabe to each as justice duly
Spenser.

NOW soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed,
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;
On hazel-boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,
And with the sportsman's war the new-shorn fields resound.

ON DAYS DECREASING LENGTH ENCREACHING.

'TILL THE FRUIT'S IN THE LOFT.

WE ARE AVERSE TO GROW OLD, YET ARE



THE ORCHARD RID WITH BENDING FRUIT.
FROM WHOSE DEEP-LOADED BODIES A MELLOW SHOW'R
INCESSANT MELTS AWAY.—THOMSON.

APPROACHING Autumn just begins to tinge
The leafy verdure with a golden fringe;
Thro' the fair scenes unequal shades appear,
That speak the downfall of the waning year:
The promontory, topt with yellower pine,
The tower, where wreaths of fading ivy twine;
Near the brown elm the berried hollies spread,
And the last rose, that spots the copse with red;
The woodbine's feathery bloom, that, unconfined,
Mounts in the circles of the wasting wind;
While the changed oak in tawny beauty stands,
Proud of his height, and all the grove commands.

HOBHOUSE.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEASONS & THE HARVESTS OF DEATH.

NATURE calls us to meditate on Death by those things which are the instruments of acting it: and God by all the variety of his Providence, makes us see Death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but Death hath two; and the Spring and the Autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the Summer long men are recovering from their evils of the Spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Syrian star makes the Summer deadly; and the fruits of Autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till Winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus Death reigns in all the portions of our time. The Autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the Winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the Spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the Summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the Year; and you can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

TIME driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease.—TENNYSON.

NOT SURE WE SHALL ATTAIN OLD AGE.

THERE IS NOTHING THAT MEN DESIRE MORE TO PRESERVE.

AND WHICH THEY HUSBAND LESS, THAN THEIR OWN HEALTH.

CANST thou rejoice—rejoice that Time flies fast?
 That Night shall shadow soon thy Summer sun?
 That swift the stream of years
 Rolls to eternity?
 If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish—
 If power be thine—remember what thou art—
 Remember thou art Man,
 And Death thine heritage.

SOUTHEY.



THUGHT of the days when to pleasure alone
 My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
 When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
 Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

MOORE.

PLEASURE'S A BUBBLE.

HOW many sick ones
 Wish they were healthy;
 How many poor men
 Wish they were wealthy;
 How many ugly ones
 Wish they were pretty;
 How many stupid ones
 Wish they were witty;

HOW many bachelors
 Wish they were married;
 How many Benedicts
 Wish they had tarried.
 Single or double,
 Life's full of trouble;
 Riches are stubble,
 Pleasure's a bubble!

WILL Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach and no food,—
 Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
 That have abundance and enjoy it not.

SHAKESPEARE.

DESUNT INOPIÆ MULTA, AVARITIÆ OMNIA.—SYRUS.

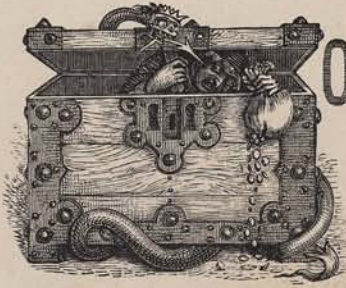
Poverty is in want of much, but Avarice of more.

SEMPER AVARUS EGET.

POST GAUDIA LUCTUS.

AFTER JOY, MOURNING.

LE VRAI CONTENTEMENT NE GÎT EN L'ABONDANCE,



ON sordid Avarice various evils wait,
And gold, false, glittering, is the tempting bait.
Oh cursed gold! in whom our woes combine,
Why dost thou thus with pleasing ruin shine?
Cause of the parents' curse, of brethren's strife,
Wars, murders, and all miseries of life.

— NAM DIVES QUI FIERI VULT,
ET CITÒ VULT FIERI; SED QUÆ REVERENTIA LEGUM,
QUIS METUS, AUT PUDOR EST UNQUAM PROPERANTIS AVARI?
Juv. Sat. xiv.

— He who covets wealth, disdains to wait;
Law threatens, conscience calls, yet on he hies,
And this he silences, and that defies.

GIFFORD.

Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts:
For that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.
Luke, xvi. c., pt. b.

MAN'S THIRST OF GOLD.

THOUGH countless as the grains of sand
That roll at Eurus' loud command;
Though countless as the lamps of night
That glad us with vicarious light;
Fair Plenty, gracious queen, should pour
The blessings of a golden show'r,
Not all the gifts of Fate combin'd
Would ease the hunger of the mind,
But swallowing all the mighty store,
Rapacity would call for more:
For still where wishes most abound
Unquench'd the thirst of gain is found;
In vain the shining gifts are sent,
For none are rich without content.

JOHNSON.

A MAN without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer.—FRAZER.

IL GÎT EN LA MESURE, ET EN LA SUFFISANCE.

CRESCIT AMOR NUMMI QUANTUM IPSA PECUNIA CRESCIT.

* THE LOVE OF MONEY INCREASES WITH THE Pelf. *

THERE'S A CRITICAL MINUTE FOR ALL THINGS.

HABITUAL evils change not on a sudden ;
 How many days must pass, and many sorrows ;
 Poignant remorse and anguish must be felt,
 And death be near, to bend the stubborn will,
 And work a second nature in the soul,
 Ere conscience can resume the sway she lost.

ROWE.

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

WE move along yon busy street with the teeming multitude. It seems like a wave upon the restless sea, heaving and moaning onward ever. Observe the care in each man's face—the busy, troubled eye and anxious glance ; see how hurried are our fellow-men, as though they were engaged in a contest with Time, and it was outstripping them like a racer on the course. See how changing is everything ! Few years may have elapsed since we last looked upon that scene, but at every step we see something new. Old landmarks swept away ; the familiar places of our earlier days have given room to novelties. We look upon the homes where those we loved once lived, but they are gone. Strange faces that stare cold ignorance into our eyes give us no welcome now by the hearth that was our childhood's home, and consecrated with its tenderest remembrances. Our fathers, where are they ? our friends, where are they ? Is Time writing its wrinkles upon every brow ? Death stretching his hand over everything we love ? Change laying its sharp scythe to the roots of all the early objects of our hope ? So it is ; there is nothing permanent : we feel that the very earth beneath us is moving, changing, restless, and trembling under our feet to engulf us, as it soon will : we look above us, now dark, now light, but changing ever ; and we exclaim, " Will nothing endure ? Will nothing stay ? "

BELLEV.

THE INCONSTANCY OF ALL THINGS.

THE World's a scene of changes, and to be
 Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy ;
 For 'twere to break the laws herself has made.
 Our substances themselves do fleet and fade :
 The most fix'd being still does move and fly
 Swift as the wings of Time 'tis measured by.
 T' imagine then that Love should never cease,
 Love, which is but the ornament of these,
 Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
 Beauty and colour stay not when we die.

COWLEY.

EVERY TIDE HATH ITS EBB.

* THERE'S A LIFE FOR A LIVING MAN. *

EVERY CONDITION SITS WELL ON A WISE MAN.



LOVE will expire—the gay, the happy dream
 Will turn to scorn, indiff'rence, or esteem :
 Some favoured pairs, in this exchange, are blest,
 Nor sigh for raptures in a state of rest ;
 Others, ill-match'd, with minds impair'd, repent
 At once the deed, and know no more content ;
 From joy to anguish, they, in haste, decline,
 And, with their fondness, their esteem resign ;
 More luckless still their fate, who are the prey
 Of long protracted hope and dull delay ;
 'Mid plans of bliss the heavy hours pass on,
 Till love is wither'd, and till joy is gone.

CRABBE.

WHAT a strange thing is Man ! and what a stranger
 Is Woman ! What a whirlwind is her head,
 And what a whirlpool, full of depth and danger,
 Is all the rest about her ! Whether wed
 Or widow, maid or mother, she can change her
 Mind like the wind ! whatever she has said
 Or done, is light to what she'll say or do ;—
 The oldest thing on record, and yet new !

BYRON.

OH, most delicate fiend !
 Who is't can read a woman ?

SHAKESPEARE.

Woman's Inconstancy.

I loved thee once, F'll love no more ;
 Thine be the grief as is the blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same ?
 He that can love unloved again,
 Hath better store of love than brain :
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

* * * * *

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 F'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost ;
 The height of my disdain shall be
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging to a beggar's door.

Sir Robert Aytton.

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES SELDOM PROVE HAPPY.

* ALL THE HONESTY IS IN THE PARTING. *

OR HIS WORST, IS A WIFE.

GOLD GOES IN AT ANY GATE EXCEPT HEAVEN'S.

OH! shame that ever this should be;
 Gold thus o'er Faith and Love prevailing!
 Great curse! where can we flee from thee,
 Since even Woman's faith is failing?

L. E. LANDON.



Sit for that, such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
 Or value what is best,
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, war within defensive arms,
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
 Draws him awry enslaved
 With dotage, and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
 Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

MILTON.



FAVOUR'D of Heaven who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth;
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

IBID.

To deplore the loss of one whom we loved is a luxury
 in comparison to living with one we hate.

AS PLIANT WAX THAT NEW IMPRESSIONS TAKES,


AND MORE INCONSTANT THAN THE GIDDY WAVE.

VIRTUE DWELLS NOT IN THE TONGUE, BUT IN THE HEART.

THERE IS NOTHING SO BAD, IN WHICH

CEASE to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

SHAKESPEARE.

i.
his wabering World's wretchedness,
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service pain,
For to consider is ane pain.

ii.
The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The sweir abade,¹ the slightful train,²
For to consider is ane pain.

¹ Delay.

iii.
The sugared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

² Snare.

Wm. Dunbar.

STILL ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE.

IT is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge, than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an influence; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.—SYDNEY SMITH.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.

GOD offers to every mind its choice between Truth and Repose. Take which you please, you can never have both. Between these as a pendulum, Man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of Repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of Truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatisms, and recognise all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinions; but he is a candidate for Truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.—R. W. EMERSON.

THERE IS NOT SOMETHING OF GOOD.

IF THE DEVIL CATCH A MAN IDLE, HE'LL SOON SET HIM AT WORK.

TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD'S TRADE NEEDS A LONG APPRENTICESHIP.

MIDDLE AGE.



AIR time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
 Quiet half-way hostelrie on life's long road,
 In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
 High tableland, to which we have been brought
 By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
 Season when not to achieve is to despair!
 Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
 Only Spring-tide, our freighted aims to bear
 Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! once to our youthful eyes
 Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
 Of sloping Age gave weird and wintry signs;
 But now these trophies ours, we recognise
 Only a voice faint rippling to its shore,
 And a weak tottering step as marks of eld.
 None are so far but some are on before;
 Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
 And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
 Thick green of Summer on the matted bough!
 The languid Autumn mellows round us now:
 Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
 Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
 To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
 And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
 Is all that poor humanity demands
 To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

MAN AND BOY.

HOPE writes the poetry of the Boy, but memory that of the Man. Man looks forward with trust, but backward with sighs. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper; and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not repine when it is taken from our lips.

AND SLOW CONSUMPTION, STEALS THE LEAVES AWAY.

* WHEN THE CLEAR AIR KEEPS A DIVIDED SEAT, *

AFFORDING SOMETIMES COLD, AND SOMETIMES HEAT.

I HOLD THE WORLD BUT AS A STAGE, GRATIANO,



THE WORLD VIEWED FROM AFAR.

'TIS pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

COWPER.

SUCH is Life!

The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attained, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before yet compassed round
With the same dangers and the same dismay;
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find
When life itself is sinking in the strife
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

H. KIRKE WHITE.



Bermain unto this World's Joy,
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy:
Therefore when Joy may not remain,
His very heir, succeeds Pain.

Wm. Dunbar.

HE was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Glos over.
Whatever Sceptics could enquire for,
For ev'ry Why, he had a Wherefore.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Nature by abstracts:
Where Entity, and Quidity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly:
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As Metaphysick Wit can fly.—BUTLER.

WHERE EV'RY MAN MUST PLAY SOME CERTAIN PART.

* IS IT A PRIDE, ALAS! TO PLEASE THE WORLD, *

WHERE HONEST THOUGHTS ARE A REPROACH TO MAN?

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

KNOWLEDGE and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much ;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.



NOW charming is divine Philosophy !—
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual flow of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON.

THE DIVERSITY OF MEN'S MINDS.

THERE is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A serious man cannot conceive the use of a lively wit in society. A person who takes a strong common sense view of a subject is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and most faint analogies. Another man who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no converse with him who feels exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else : whereas, talent is talent, and mind is mind in all its wondrous diversities ! Wit gives to life an agreeable flavour ; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its daily motion ; large and comprehensive views cause its annual progress. Ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere. Subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of Truth ; Analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries ; Feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all ! It is all good ! We must despise no sort of talent ; they all have their separate duties and uses—all of them are more or less conducive to the happiness of man—they all instruct, improve, exalt, and gladden him.

OPINION.

OPINION is the Rate of Things ;
 From whence our Peace doth flow,
 I have a better fate than Kings,
 Because I think it so.

ORINDA.

CANNOT BRING ABOUT, TIME OFTEN WILL.

* * *
 USE SOFT WORDS, AND HARD ARGUMENTS.
 * * *

VENTURE THY OPINION, BUT NOT THYSELF FOR THY OPINION.

WE PERFECTLY KNOW WHAT IS GOOD,


IF what I lose, is in itself no good ;
 But on Opinion founded, and Mistake ;
 Opinion then may all I've lost restore !—
 'Tis but to think that I am not unhappy.

GEN. CONWAY.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

THE World seems every day to stretch unduly the authority of Society over the Individual. If we silence any one man, we rob the human race. For if his opinion is right, they are thereby deprived of the opportunity to exchange error for truth : if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of Truth produced by its collision with error. . . . It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is *individual* in themselves, but by cultivating it, and calling it forth within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation ; and as the works partake of the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating ; promoting more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings ; and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to.

JOHN STUART MILL.

 WHERE is Honour safe ? not with the living ;
 They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,
 And make them Truths : they draw a nourishment
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
 And when they see a Virtue fortified
 Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
 Oh ! how they cast to sink it ; and, defeated,
 Soul-sick with poison, strike the monuments
 Where noble Names lie sleeping, 'till they sweat,
 And the cold marble melt.—BEAUMONT.

LIBERTY.

'TIS Liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what Wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil : hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of Science, blinds
 The eyeballs of discovery, and begets
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind.

COWPER.

AND WHAT IS EVIL ;

AND MAY BE AS CERTAIN IN MORALS,

*
*
AS IN MATHEMATICS.
*
*

THE PHILOSOPHER

THE LIBERTY OF MIND!

FATE HOLDS THE STRINGS; AND MEN LIKE CHILDREN MOVE

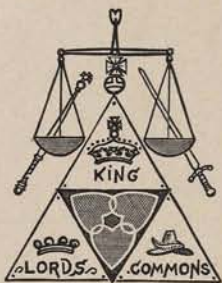
* BUT AS THEY'RE LED: SUCCESS IS FROM ABOVE. *



TRUE LIBERTY.

HIS is true Liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves his praise;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a State like this?

MILTON.



LOYALTY.

* * * We love
The King who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting that he still is man,
We trust him not too far.

COWPER.



TREASON.

TREASON doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

SUCCESS.

MISFORTUNE was his crime.—*Success*
Would have silenced censure.

EN Politique, l'homme qui est coupable aujourd'hui, est innocent demain.

THAT he miscarry'd he was judg'd a villain,
For men judge actions always by events.

GENERAL CONWAY.

If th' end's successful, glorious is the way,
They always have the cause who win the day.

CROWNE.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

LET Truth and Error grapple. Who, on a fair field, ever knew
Truth to be worsted? MILTON.

TRUTH WHICH ITSELF IS LIGHT, DOTHS DARKNESS SHUN.

OH, IMPOTENT ESTATE OF HUMAN LIFE!

WHAT IS THE WORTH OF LIFE?



WHAT is the worth of Life?
 This speck of Time—this atom in its void—
 This faint spark glimmering 'midst perpetual strife
 For toys scarce grasp'd, and not an hour enjoy'd;
 This shifting sand, to none a rest or home,
 Poor isthmus 'twixt two gulfs—the Past and the To-come?

Aye! What is Life to Man?
 There must be *some* Eternity beyond;
 Some boundless contrast to this hair-breadth span
 Of feverish cares, and wishes vainly fond:
 Whate'er its shape or nature, round the Dead
Some Infinite must rise—some vast "For Ever" spread!

It may be (can it be?)
 Infinite nothingness! a World swept o'er
 By one absorbing wreck, one shoreless sea,
 Where Being measures Time and Space no more;
 A blank, where consciousness can never gleam;
 A leaden sleep, that knows no waking and no dream!

If it indeed be thus,
 Then round the festal brow fresh roses twine;
 Then be the paltry Present all to us,
 Steep'd in the reckless merriment of Wine!
 Yet shall each laugh with hollow mockery ring;
 And Death o'er Pleasure's board his forward shadows fling.

But if Man's Life may gain
 (Brief though it be) bliss heav'nly, endless, pure,
 Such as nor eye can see, nor thought attain,
 While Guilt, and Woe, and Darkness, yet endure;
 For this "Hereafter," Virtue's prize on high,
 It is a gain to live, and happiness to die!

REV. J. SHERGOLD BOONE.

WHERE FLEETING JOY DOES LASTING DOUBT INSPIRE,

* AND MOST WE QUESTION WHAT WE MOST DESIRE. *

WHERE HOPE AND FEAR MAINTAIN A CONSTANT STRIFE,

NO RELIGION BUT CAN BOAST OF ITS MARTYRS.

RELIGION.

ALL may of thee partake;
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
 Will not grow bright and clean.

THIS is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold,
 For that which God doth touch and own,
 Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

NOTHING is more common, and more to be pitied, than to see with what a confident contempt and scornful pity some ill-instructed and ignorant people will lament the blindness and ignorance of those who have a thousand times more true knowledge and skill than themselves, not only in all other things, but even in the practice as well as knowledge of the Christian Religion; believing those who do not relish their affected phrases and uncouth forms of speech to be ignorant of the mystery of the Gospel, and utter strangers to the life and power of godliness.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

IN Men this blunder still you find,
 All think their little set Mankind!

HANNAH MORE.

HEART-YOUTHFULNESS.



AN'S heart, if it but will, can keep its Youth
 Unsoil'd, unsear'd, as if it were sixteen;
 As full of impulse, and as fresh and green
 And loveable of beauty, joy, and truth,
 And all things good as it hath ever been!
 Who says that fifty, or five hundred years
 Must make the heart feel old?—those years alone,
 Though set with sorrows and full filled with fears,
 Are powerless to congeal the heart within,
 And turn its early softness into stone;
 Unless to care and grief be added—Sin:
 And, where the present in the past is bold,
 Truly but humbly, having hope to win
 A glorious Future—can that heart feel old?

TUPPER.

*
*
TURNING OF RELIGION'S MADE
*
*

THE MEANS TO TURN AND WIND A TRADE.

OR YOUNG, OR OLD—FIRST IN THE GRAVE QUITE COLD.

THE BLESSED OF GOD.



ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
 And saw, by brilliant moonlight, in his room,
 A vision, like a lily fair in bloom,
 An Angel writing in a book of gold.
 The dream of peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;
 And, to the presence in the room, he said,
 "What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
 And, with a look, all full of sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
 The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a more brilliant light,
 And showed the names of those whom God had blest ;
 When lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

HE that of such a height has built his mind,
 And raised the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
 Of his resolved powers ; nor all the wind
 Of Vanity or Malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the fame :
 What a fair feat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of Man survey !

And with how free an eye doth he look down
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil.
 Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
 On flesh and blood ! where honour, power, renown,
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil :
 Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
 As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
 To little minds who do it so esteem !

A MIND FORTIFIED BY VIRTUE IS INVULNERABLE.

HE WHO REIGNS WITHIN HIMSELF, AND RULES

PASSIONS, DESIRES AND FEARS, IS MORE A KING.

THE PHILOSOPHER

TRUE GREATNESS IS A GIFT WHICH IS DISPLAYED

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies ;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :
Justice he sees, as if reduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill !

* * * * *

He sees the face of Right t'appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain Man ;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires ;
That the high guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks this smoke of wit.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

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

COLERIDGE.

NEC SIBI SED TOTO GENITUM SE CREDERE MUNDO.—LUCAN.

To think that he was born, not for himself but for the world.

WITHOUT great men, great crowds of people in a nation are disgusting ;
like moving cheese, like hills of ants, or of fleas,—the more,
the worse.

EMERSON.

IN ALL THE SITUATIONS OF LIFE, AND ON EVERY STAGE ;

IT IS SHOWN BOTH IN TOIL AND IN REPOSE, AND IS

* AS BRILLIANT IN A COTTAGE, AS IN A SALOON. *

ALL MEN ARE NOT CALLED TO BE PRIME MINISTERS.

MAN ADAPTED TO HIS POSITION.

SOME must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

COWPER.



THE world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of Peace above.

So let us choose the narrow way
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The Hopes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

LONGFELLOW.



THE falling leaf repeats the mournful tale
Of Beauty faded, and retiring joy;
Some golden relics float on every gale,
And Nature's death comes hastening to destroy.

Brief is that death:—and is not ours the same?
The mystic voice, that wakes the newborn year,
With mightier sound shall from the dust reclaim
The friends we mourn in chilly sorrow here.

Oh! as the Spring adorn'd with flow'rs will rise,
So may their virtues bear a deathless bloom:
And spread and brighten in serener skies,
Saved through the silent Winter of the tomb.

REV. FRANCIS HODGSON.

WE SHALL LIE ALL ALIKE IN OUR GRAVES.

CONTENT THESE WITH DOING WELL THE DUTIES OF THY STATION.

* WEALTH AND CONTENT DO NOT ALWAYS LIVE TOGETHER. *

THE TEEMING YEAR, BIG WITH HER RICH INCREASE,

To AUTUMN.

SWEET Sabbath of the Year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the World away.

Amid thy silent bowers
'Tis sad, but sweet to dwell;
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies
Their glories melt in shade,
And, like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As on consumption's waning cheek
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings
Of beauty to decay;
Of fair and early faded things
Too beautiful to stay:

Of joys that come no more—
Of flowers whose bloom is fled—
Of Farewells wept upon the shore,
Of Friends estranged or dead:

Of all that now may seem
To Memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh!

MONTGOMERY.

THE LEASE OF LIFE.



HE lives long that lives well; and time mispent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a greater value.—FULLER.

OH what a Glory doth this World put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a Voice, and give him eloquent teachings:
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

BEARING THE FRUITFUL BURDEN OF HER PRIME.

THEY LIVE LONG, WHO HAPPINESS OUTLIVE.

THE MERIT OF A REPAST IS NOT IN THE NUMBER BUT THE SAVOUR OF THE DISHES.

WHEN Autumn scatters her departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The Swallow people ; and toss'd wide around

O'er the calm sky, in convolutions swift,
The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,
Ere to their Wintry slumbers they retire :
In clusters hung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
And, where unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of Season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back : for, thronging now,
Innum'rous wings are in commotion all.



THOMSON.



* WHEN BIRDS DO CEASE THEIR NOTES,

AND STATELY FORESTS DON THEIR YELLOW COATS.

YET PLEASING STILL!

* *
* *

* *
* *



THE
GRANDSIRE
AND
VETERAN.

OCTOBER.

IN LIBRA
ENTERS
SCORPIO
OCT. 23.



* *
* *

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* *

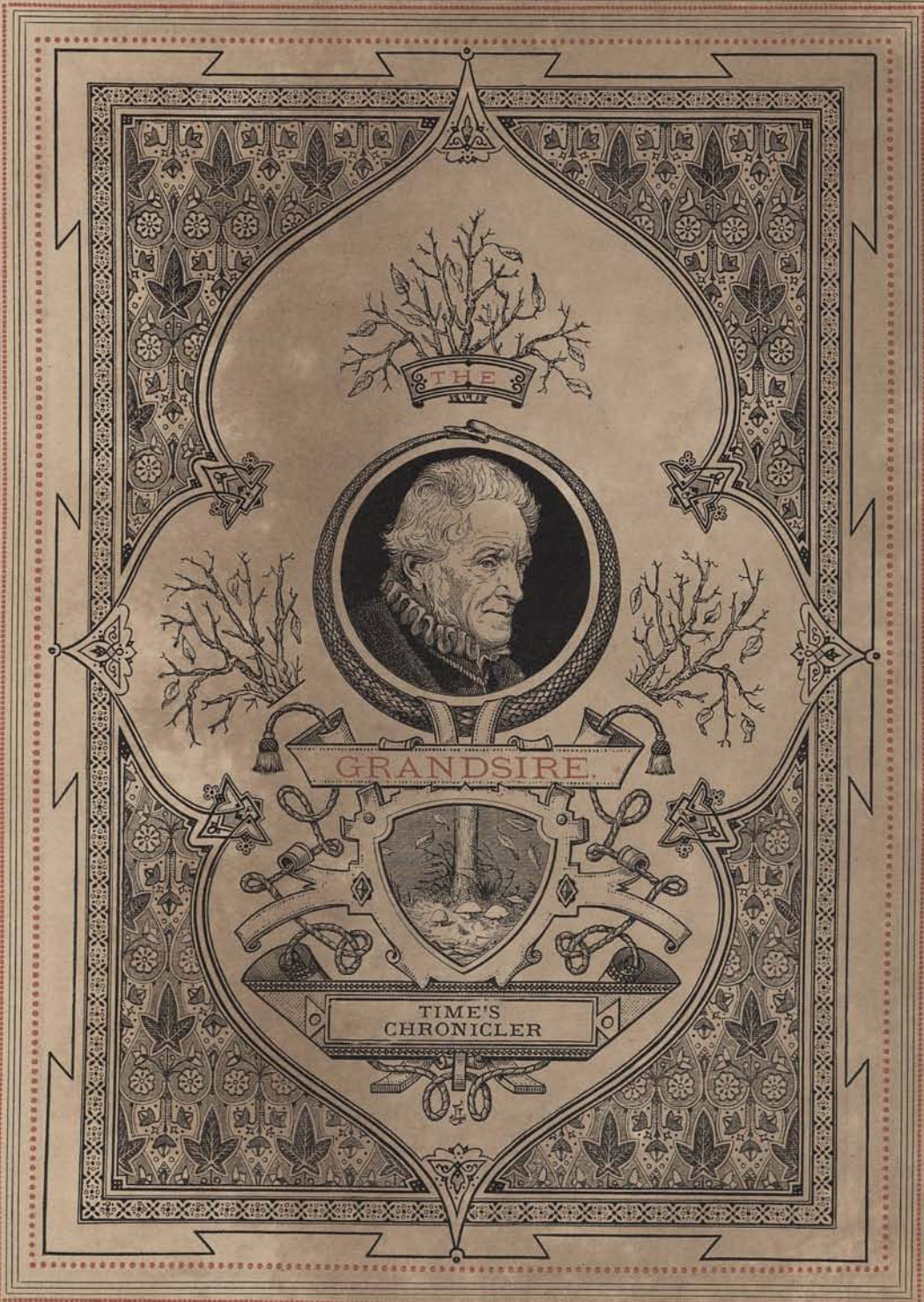


OCTOBER

INFIRMITIES STEAL ON. MAN'S ACTIONS FORM PRECEDENTS FOR HIS GRANDCHILDREN. — AS THE TREE DECAYS, IT ENRICHES THE SOIL FOR A FUTURE GENERATION.

THE GOOD OLD CHRONICLE WHO HAS SO LONG

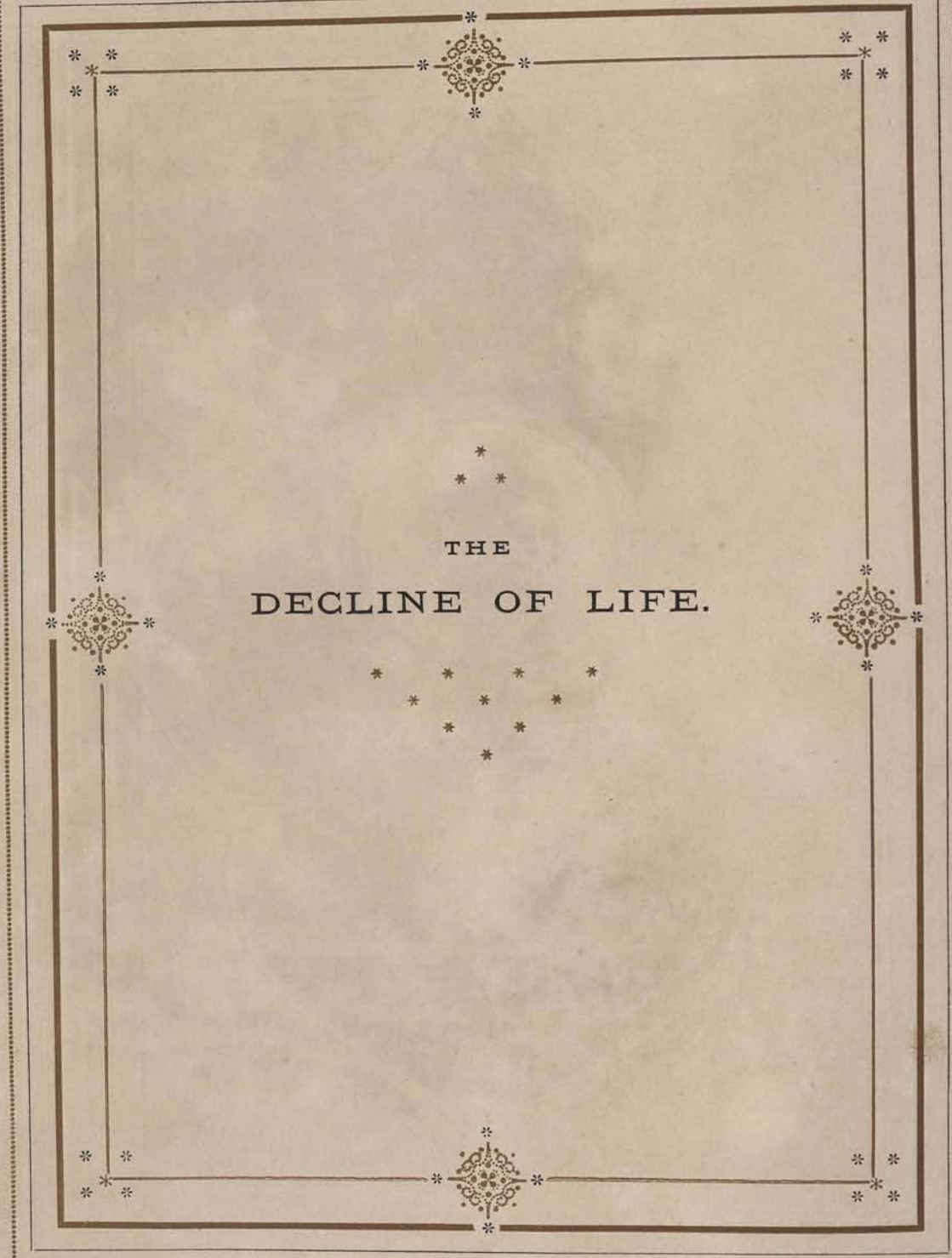
NOW CREEPING AGE AND TIME



HIS STRENGTH HAVE WITHERD, AND CONSUM'D HIS PRIME.

WALKED HAND IN HAND WITH TIME

THE LEAVES FALL.



THE
DECLINE OF LIFE.

GOOD OCTOBER, A GOOD BLAST,

THE GRANDSIRE.

HE BECOMES THE GRANDFATHER
OF MANY CHILDREN.



ALTERNATELY PROSY



IRRITABLE



WILD IVY.

AN AGED ELM IN IVY BOUND.

THE ROSE HAS BUT A SUMMER REIGN.



THE DAISY NEVER DIES.

'TIS past! no more the Summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the Year! LOGAN.



When came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must
Which he was treading in the wine bats sea
And of the joyous yale whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust;
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion, and ecke by his side [tyde.
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready
Spenser.



THE fading many colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of ev'ry hue, from wan declining green
To footy dark. THOMSON.



TO BLOW THE HOG ACORNS AND MAST.

FIÈVRES AUTOMNELLES,

* FIÈVRES MORTELLLES. *

AUTUMN IS COME!—THE GLADNESS OF THE SPRING,



THE Evening of the Year ;
 When Woods with Juniper and Chefnuts crown'd,
 With falling Fruits and Berries paint the ground ;
 And lavish Nature laughs, and strews her stores around.
 When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring ;
 When Fountains open ; when impetuous Rain
 Swells hafty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain :
 When Earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
 And hollow places yield their wat'ry store.

DRYDEN, *Virgil.*



ALAS! with swift and filent pace,
 Impatient Time rolls on the Year ;
 The Seasons change, and Nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

OCTOBER



Mellow
Fruitfulness



'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
 The flowers of Spring are swept away,
 And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high
 And wanton'd in the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As ruffet heaths are wild and bare ;
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
 Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

JOHNSON.

THE course of human life is changeful still,
 As is the fickle wind and wandering rill ;
 Or like the light dance which the wild breeze weaves
 Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves ;
 Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,
 Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.
 Such and so varied the precarious play
 Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day !

SCOTT.

* LIFE-MOTES THAT SPORTED ON LIGHT PLEASURE'S WING, *

DREAM-LIKE ARE PASSED,—THEY REVELLED, THEY ARE DEAD.

THE REVELLINGS OF SUMMER HOURS ARE SPED ;

THE GRANDSIRE

LIFE MAY BE COMPARED TO THE STRINGS

REST.

THERE are halting-places found in the most agitated or most unhappy life. Revolutions of Mind and Body, Passions and Diseases, cannot go on without some moments of rest. Man is a being so weak that he can neither act nor suffer continuously; were he not to halt a little now and then, his strength would be prematurely exhausted.

ED. ABOUT.



WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a Glas of Blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
Let the World's riches which disperfed lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength, first made away;
Then Beauty flowed; then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest, in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my Gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature—
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them with repining restlessness—
Let him be Rich and Weary; that, at least,
If Goodness lead him not, yet Weariness
May tofs him to my brest."

GEORGE HERBERT.

MEN see their friends
Drop off like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the World's hale and undegenerate days
Would scarce have leisure for.

BLAIR.

OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, WHICH IN ORDER

TO PRODUCE A MORE AGREEABLE SOUND REQUIRE

A BEFITTING RELAXATION, AS WELL AS TENSION.

LIFE SPEEDS AWAY.



FROM point to point, though seeming to stand still,
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
 Yet soon Man's hour is up, and we are gone.
 Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
 As these are useless when the sun is set,
 So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.
 Reason should judge in all; in Reason's eye
 That sedentary shadow travels hard.
 But such our gravitation to the Wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
 'Tis later with the wife than he's aware;
 And all Mankind mistake their time of day,
 Even Age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrowed brows. To gentle Life's descent
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in Winter for the Spring,
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
 The disappointment of a promised hour.

YOUNG.

LIFE is not measured by the time we live:
 'Tis not an even course of threescore years,—
 A life of narrow views and paltry fears,
 Grey hairs and wrinkles and the cares they bring,
 That take from Death the terrors or the sting;
 But 'tis the gen'rous spirit, mounting high
 Above the world, that native of the sky,
 The noble Spirit, that, in dangers brave,
 Calmly looks on, or looks beyond the grave.

CRABBE.

In childish days men think of childish things,
 In age, of such as sad experience brings!

IBID.

ENDURE AND—DIE?

* A GOOD LIFE KEEPS OFF WRINKLES. *

WHAT'S TIME, WHEN ON ETERNITY WE THINK?

THE GRANDSIRE

TIME IS BUT A NAME.



TIME, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all Mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

YOUNG.



TIME'S REBUKE.

YE paint me Old! and why?—ye fools short sighted!
Doth then my speed eld's frozen blood betray?
Methinks the storm wind is not swifter flighted,
The rapid lightning scarce o'ertakes my way.
Ye think your hurrying thoughts perchance outrun me!
Go race with sunbeams—and when they've outdone me
Talk of my Age—I fly more swift than they.

Ye call me grey! now, try me—I'll confound ye
With Youth's most vigorous arm. One glance—but one,
O'er the huge tombs of vanished Time around ye,
Mountains of ruins piled up by me alone!
I did it—I smote yesterday—to-morrow
I wait to smite your cities—you; go borrow
Safety and strength—they shall avail you none!

Eternity was mine! and still eternal
I hold my course: God's being is my stay;
I saw worlds fashioned by His Word supernal!
I saw them fashioned—saw them pass away!
I bear upon my cheeks unfading roses;
Man sees me as he flits—and fool! supposes
I have my grave, and limits to my sway.

Take from my front the white locks folly fancies:
My hair is golden! and my forehead curled;
My Youth but sports with years! fire are my glances,
My brow resists the wrinklings of the world.
Not for the Scythe alone my hand was shapen,
'Twas made to crush! give me the club,—that weapon
Oft hath my power in awful moments hurled!

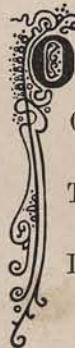
FROM
THE DUTCH.

TIME IS TH' EFFECT OF MOTION.

TIME OF ITSELF IS NOTHING, BUT FROM THOUGHT

RECEIVES ITS RISE, BY LAB'RING FANCY WROUGHT.

BECAUSE MANKIND IN WAYS PRESCRIBED ARE FOUND,

UR fame is in Men's breath, our lives upon
 Less than their breath; our durance upon days,
 Our days on Seasons; our whole being on
 Something which is not *us!* So we are slaves,
 The greatest as the meanest—nothing rests
 Upon our will; the will itself no less
 Depends upon a straw than on a storm;
 And when we think we lead, we are most led.
 BYRON.

SELF-LOVE.



THERE is a Love of Ourselves which is founded in Nature and Reason, and is made the measure of our Love to our Neighbour; for we are to love our Neighbour as ourselves; and if there were no due love of ourselves, there could be none of our Neighbour. This love of ourselves which is so consistent with the love of our Neighbour, can be no enemy to our Peace: for none can live more quietly and peaceably than those who love their neighbour as themselves. But there is a Self-Love which the Scripture condemns, because it makes men froward and peevish, uneasy to themselves and to their neighbours, filling them with jealousies and suspicions of others with respect to themselves; making them mistrustful of the intentions and designs of others towards them, and so producing ill-will towards them; and where that hath once got into men's hearts, there can be no long Peace with those they bear a secret grudge and ill-will to.

The bottom of all is; they have a wonderful value for themselves and those opinions and notions, and parties, and factions they happen to be engaged in, and these they make the measure of their esteem and love of others! As far as they comply and suit with them, so far they love them, and no further. If we ask: Cannot good men differ about some things, and yet be good still? Yes. Cannot such love one another notwithstanding such difference? No doubt *they ought*. Whence comes it, then, that a small difference in opinion is so apt to make a breach in affection?

In plain truth it is: every one would be thought to be Infallible, if for shame they durst pretend to it; and they have so high an opinion of themselves, that they cannot bear such as entertain not the same, and as do not submit to them. From hence arise quarrellings and disputings, and ill-language, not becoming men or Christians. But all this comes from their setting up themselves and their own notions and practices, which they would make a rule to the rest of the world; and if others have the same opinion of themselves, it is impossible but there must be everlasting clashings and disputings, and from thence falling into different parties and factions; which can never be prevented till they come to more reasonable opinions of themselves, and more charitable and kind towards others.—STILLINGFLEET.

LIKE FLOCKS THAT FOLLOW ON A BEATEN GROUND.

*
*
SELF-LOVE IS A MOTE IN EVERY MAN'S EYE.
*
*

L'AMOUR PROPRE EST LE PLUS GRAND DE TOUS LES FLATTEURS.

THE DEFECTS OF THE MIND, LIKE THOSE OF THE FACE,

THE ONLY BLEMISH IN NATURE.

IN Nature, there's no blemish but the Mind ;
None can be called deformed but the Unkind :
Virtue is Beauty ; but the beauteous-Evil
Are crooked trunks, o'er-flourished by the Devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN MAN
RIGHTLY LEARNS
TO LIVE.



WHEN all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of Youth) ;
When the deluded soul, in peace,
Can listen to the voice of Truth ;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
And how to spare, to spend, to give
(Our prudence kind, our pity just),
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

It's when the body weakness feels,
Nor danger in contempt defies ;
To reason when desire appeals,
When, on experience, hope relies ;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend ;
But use it, as it quickly flies,
With sober aim to serious end ;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive ;
When we can calmly gain or lose,—
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Yet thus, when we our way discern,
And can upon our care depend,
To travel safely, when we learn,
Behold! *we're near our journey's end!*
We've trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade ;
And, now the torch of Truth is found,
It only shows us where we stray'd !
Light for ourselves, what is it worth
When we no more our way can choose ?
For others, when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.

CRABBE.

HE that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will
as certainly become worse ; for Vice, Virtue, and Time, are
three things that never stand still.—COLTON.

INCREASE WITH AGE.

GREY AND GREEN MAKE THE WORST MEDLEY.

* AS A MAN LIVES SO SHALL HE DIE. *

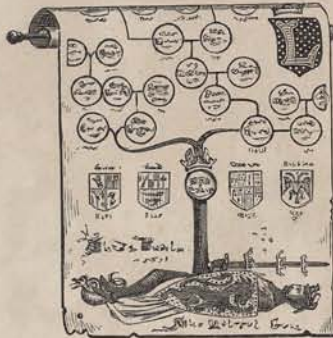
ON N'EST JAMAIS SI HEUREUX

CALIPH ABDALRAHMAN'S
SUMMARY OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

I HAVE now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O Man! place not thy confidence in the present world!

GIBBON.

HIGH BIRTH.



ET high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but Merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall Men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest Men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a Title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.

YOUNG.

OH! MISERAS HOMINUM MENTES, OH! PECTORA CAECA.—LUCRETIVS.

How wretched are the minds of men, how blind their understandings.

IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE is easily led. Yes, and easily misled. Public credulity, which is the offspring of Public Ignorance, is the stock in trade of the Cheat, the Quack, the Impostor. Untaught men, and unreasoning men, are always unreasonable.

REV. J. ASPINALL.

MAN a poor deluded bubble,
Wandering in a mist of lies:
Seeing false, or seeing double,
Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Yet, presuming on his senses,
On he goes most wondrous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

NI SI MALHEUREUX QU'ON S'IMAGINE.

SEEING ARIGHT, WE SEE OUR WOES, THEN WHAT AVAILS US TO HAVE EYES?

FROM IGNORANCE OUR COMFORT FLOWS, THE ONLY WRETCHED ARE THE WISE.

WHO IS THE HAPPY MAN?



HE is the happy man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
Who doomed to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit
Of Virtue, and whom Virtue, fruit of Faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn, while he must,
Below the skies, but having there his home.

COWPER.

Jamais l'homme avant qu'il meure,
Ne demeure
Bien heureux parfaitement :
Toujours avec la tristesse
La liesse
Se mesle secrettement.

Ronsard.



OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions ; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we cannot often remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves ; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

JOHNSON.

THAT loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never Morning wore
To Evening, but some heart did break.

TENNYSON.

* BRIDLE THEIR PASSIONS, AND DIRECT THEIR WILL *

THRO' ALL THE GLITTRING PATHS OF CHARMING ILL.

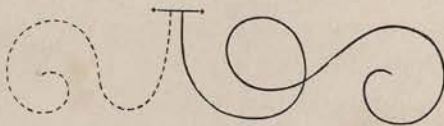
YOUTH AND AGE.



WHEN I was young? Ah woful when!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!
 This breathing house not built by hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
 How lightly then it flashed along!
 Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere!
 Which tells me youth's no longer here!
 Oh Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known that thou and I were one;
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd,
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size;
 But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but Thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew drops are the gems of Morning,
 But the tears of mournful Eve!
 Where no Hope is, Life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,



When we are Old:
 That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking leave;
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismissed,
 Yet hath outstay'd his Welcome-while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

AU SALUT, QUE LA TIÉDEUR

* DES VIEILLES GENS. *

NE SONT GUÈRE PLUS OPPOSÉES

WE ALL LIVE BY MISTAKE; DELIGHT IN DREAMS,

LIKE leaves on trees, the Race of Man is found,
 Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the ground :
 Another Race the following Spring supplies ;
 They fall successive and successive rise :
 So generations in their course decay ;
 So flourish these, when those are past away.

POPE.



LONG-AGO.



IN that deep-retiring shore
 Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
 Where the passion-waves of yore
 Fiercely beat and mounted high :
 Sorrows that are sorrows still,
 Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
 Nothing's altogether ill
 In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
 Ghastly tenements of tears,
 Wear the look of happy shrines
 Through the golden mist of years :
 Death, to those who trust in good,
 Vindicates his hardest blow ;
 Oh ! we would not, if we could,
 Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay
 Shocks the soul where Life is strong,
 Though for frailer hearts the day
 Lingers sad and overlong—
 Still the weight will find a leaven,
 Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
 While the Future has its heaven,
 And the Past its Long-ago.

LORD HOUGHTON.

AYE, there are moments which contain an age
 Of ecstasy, crowding Life's poesy
 In few brief words. Such moments gild our Youth,
 And Age broods o'er them as o'er the memories
 Of a buried love.

REJECTING WHAT WE HAVE, THO' NE'ER SO GOOD,

* AND PRIZING WHAT WE NEVER UNDERSTOOD. *

LOST TO OURSELVES, AND DWELLING IN EXTREMES:

EVERYBODY COMPLAINS OF HIS MEMORY,

OLD MEN ARE FOND OF GIVING GOOD PRECEPTS, TO CONSOLE THEMSELVES



EM'RY looks back and my past life explores :
 A many-colour'd rainbow life, 'tis true,
 Of shifting scenes assuming every hue ;
 With every shade of sorrow or of joy,
 That Man's short life could gladden or annoy.
 Hope, rainbow-like, now vivid, bright as day,
 Dazzling and sparkling, brilliantly gay ;
 Next, sad and fading, all its prospects crost,
 Its lustre vanished, and its brightness lost !
 But the mere passing scenes of Man's brief life
 May well admit this variegated strife.
 One hour of pain, for twenty hours of mirth,
 May serve to check the thoughtless sons of earth.
 If all were Sunshine, few would condescend
 To think upon the darkness of Man's end.
 Few of the young would note the lapse of years,
 Joy would grasp all, and there would be no tears.
 But he who traversing this globe of earth,
 By mere long life survives the days of mirth ;
 The days of thoughtlessness, and careless ease,
 When trifles captivate, and play-things please ;
 Whose "head" by Time, gets "silver'd o'er with age,"
 While care and "long experience" makes him sage ;
 'Tis sad for such to carry back their thoughts
 To years long past, of pleasure, but—of faults !
 To years, when sober Prudence held no check,
 But cast her reins too loosely on the neck,
 When headstrong Youth, impatient of control,
 In peril, not from Vice, but warmth of soul,
 Spake but too freely all its fears and hopes.

CRABBE.



WHAT is every year of a wife man's life but a censure or critic on the past ?
 Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it ; the
 Boy despises the Infant ; the Man the Boy ; the Philosopher both ; and the Christian,
 all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much of a puerility, and you
 will never suffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The toys and baubles of your
 childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining
 years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice.—POPE.

BUT NOBODY COMPLAINS OF HIS JUDGMENT.

*
*
FOR BEING NO LONGER ABLE TO GIVE BAD EXAMPLES.
*
*

THE GRANDSIRE

PRODIGALITY IS THE FAULT OF YOUTH;

VITIUM COMMUNE OMNIUM EST,
QUOD NIMIUM AD REM IN SENECTA ATTENTI SUMUS.—TERENCE.

It is a fault common to all, that in advanced age we are too much devoted
to our interest and property.

QUAND tous péchés font vieux, l'Avarice est encore jeune.

RICHES.



WITH all his heaps did Chremes e'er do good?
No: but they gave him power, if once he would:
'Tis not in Riches to create the will,
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.
It is for gold the lawless villain spoils;
'Tis for the same the honest labourer toils.
Many, no doubt, through power of wealth oppress,
But some, whom Heaven reward, delight to bless!
Then blame not Gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the Man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but feldom will pervert.

DODSLEY.

WHERE shall I find, on all the fleeting earth,
This world of changes and farewells, a Friend,
That will not fail me in his love and worth,
Tender and true, and stedfast to the end?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of rest,
Long on vain idols its devotion shed;
Some have forsaken whom I lov'd the best,
And some deceiv'd, and some are with the dead.

But Thou, my Saviour! Thou my hope and trust,
Faithful art Thou, when friends and joys depart
Teach me to lift these yearnings from the dust,
And fix on Thee, th' unchanging One, my heart!

MRS. HEMANS.

AVARICE THE VICE OF OLD AGE.

TOUT SE DIMINUE EN VIEILLESSE

* HORS AVARICE ET SAGESSE. *

MORE THINGS ARE WROUGHT BY PRAYER

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.



WITHOUT Thy Presence, Wealth is bags of cares ;
 Wisdom but Folly ; Joy disquiet—sadness :
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
 Pleasures but Pain, and Mirth but pleasing madness ;
 Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
 I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

QUARLES.

PRAYERS are the daughters of immortal Jove ;
 But halt, and wrinkled, and of feeble sight
 They plod in Até's track, while Até, strong
 And swift of foot, outstrips their laggard pace,
 And, dealing woe to Man, o'er all the earth
 Before them flies ; they, following, heal his wounds.
 Him who with honour welcomes their approach
 They greatly aid, and hear him when he prays ;
 But who rejects, and sternly casts them off,
 To Saturn's son they go and make *their* prayer,
 That Até follow him, and claim her dues.

EARL DERBY'S *Homer*.

SO live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ! but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

THAN THIS WORLD DREAMS OF.

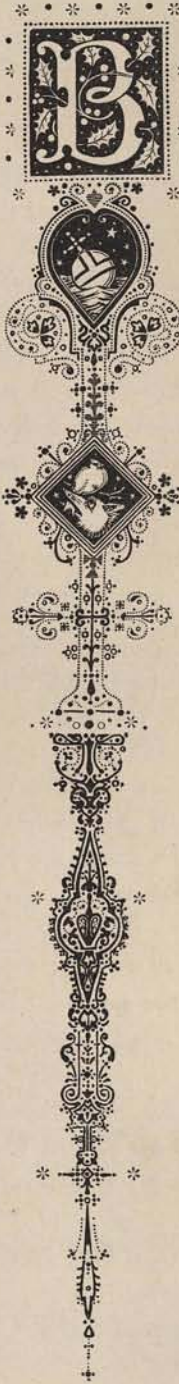
* UN DIEU ETERNEL. MEUT CE MONDE MORTEL. *

NONE CAN PRAY WELL BUT THOSE THAT LIVE WELL.

THE GRANDSIRE

OH! HAPPY IF HE KNEW HIS HAPPY STATE.

THOUGHTS IN THE RETIREMENT OF A COUNTRY LIFE.



LEST be the hand divine, which gently laid
• * My heart at rest beneath this humble shade !
• The World's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
• With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
• Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
• I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
• As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
• And meditate on scenes more silent still ;
• Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of Death.
• Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
• Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
• Eager Ambition's fiery chafe I see ;
• I see the circling hunt of noisy men
• Burst Law's enclosure, leap the mounds of Right,
• Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;
• As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles :
• Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
• Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
• What though we wade in Wealth, or soar in Fame,
• Earth's highest station ends in " here he lies,"
• And " dust to dust " concludes her noblest song.

YOUNG.

THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN.

Paraphrased from the German.

THE Year lies dying in this evening light ;
The Poet, musing in Autumnal woods,
Hears melancholy sighs
Among the wither'd leaves.
Not so ! but, like a spirit glorified,
The Angel of the Year departs ; lays down
His robes, once green in Spring,
Or bright with Summer blue ;
And having done his mission on the earth—
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,
Orchards with rosy fruit,
And scattering flowers around—
He lingers, for a moment, in the West
With the declining Sun, sheds over all
A pleasant, farewell smile—
And so returns to God.

RECEIVES HIS EASY FOOD FROM NATURE'S HANDS,

* AND JUST RETURNS OF CULTIVATED LANDS. *

THE SWAIN, WHO FREE FROM BUSINESS AND DEBATE,

RELIGION NOT HOSTILE TO PLEASURE.



THAT Pleasure is man's chiefest good—because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure—is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one kind of pleasure, such a one as it is. For Pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fruitions belonging to both. Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon Men the exercise of Religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it: amongst which there are none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in *pretence*, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery; with which notion of Religion, Nature and Reason seem to have great cause to be dissatisfied.

For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that, in order to its gratification; can we think that Religion was designed only for a contradiction to Nature, and with the greatest and most irrational Tyranny in the World, to tantalise and tie up men from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment? To place men with the furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up everything that is suitable, under the character of unlawful! For, certainly, first to frame appetites fit to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a 'Touch not, taste not,' can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and, consequently, to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to Religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it upon this: That it interferes not with any rational pleasure; that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his Reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circumstances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then Religion bids him quit it; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and Nature itself does no less.

Religion, therefore, intrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures; it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.—DR. SOUTH.

IN NOTHING SO MUCH AS THEIR RELIGION;

THE GRANDSIRE

AUTUMNUS LIBITINÆ QUESTUS ACERBÆ.



The sere leaf, flitting on the blast ;
The hips and haws in every hedge,
Bespeak October's come ! At last
We stand on Winter's crumbling edge :
Like Nature's op'ning grave, we eye
The two brief months not yet gone by.
BARTON.

WHERE are the Songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou (Autumn) hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue :
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
The Redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering Swallows twitter in the skies.
KEATS.

TIME hurries on
With a refittless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.

BLAIR.

THE PACES OF TIME.

BUT why has Time a pace
That seems unequal in our mortal race ?
Quick is that pace in early life, but slow,
Tedious and heavy, as we older grow ;
But yet, though slow, the movements are alike,
And with no force upon the memory strike ;
And therefore tedious as we find them all,
They leave us nothing we in view recall ;
But days that we so dull and heavy knew
Are now as moments passing in review,
And hence arises ancient men's report,
That days are tedious, and yet years are short.

CRABBE.

THE AUTUMN IS THE HARVEST OF GREEDY DEATH.

* A SHADY HARVEST LIES DISPERS'D AROUND, *

AND LOFTY RUIN LOADS TH' INCUMBER'D GROUND.

AUTUMN

AND THE DECAY OF LIFE.



NATURE now calls to supper, to refresh
 The Spirits of the flesh ;
 The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
 To taste the slipp'ry streams :
 The droiling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry whining guests :
 The boxbill ousel, and the dappled thrush,
 Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
 To cobweb every green ;
 And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
 The fast-declining year :
 The sapless branches doff their summer suits
 And wain their winter fruits ;
 And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
 To the next-door to Night ;
 Her sprightless flame, grown with great snuff, doth turn
 Sad as her neighb'ring urn :
 Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
 Lights but to further pains,
 And in a silent language bids her guest
 Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful Age hath pitched her painful plough
 Upon the furrowed brow ;
 And snowy blasts of discontented care
 Have blanched the falling hair ;
 Suspicious envy mixed with jealous spite
 Disturbs his weary night :
 He threatens Youth with Age ; and now, alas !
 He owns not what he is, but vaunts the Man he was.

C'EST UNE FOLIE DE SAFFLIGER DE CE QU'ON A PERDU,

* AU LIEU DE SE REJOUIR DE CE QUI NOUS RESTE. *

ITS OUTWARD, AND ITS INNER CHANGE!

THE GRANDSIRE

GREY HAIRS ARE DEATH'S BLOSSOMS.

Grey hairs, peruse thy days, and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last :
 Those hasty wings that hurried them away
 Will give these days no day :
 The constant wheels of Nature scorn to tire
 Until her works expire :
 That blast that nipped thy youth will ruin thee ;
 That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.



FRANCIS QUARLES.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.



FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;
 Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles !
 Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold, pure clay ;
 Honour the darling but of one short day ;
 Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damasked skin ;
 State but a golden prison to live in
 And torture free-born minds ; embroidered trains
 But pageants merely for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood allied to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own :
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

SIR H. WOOTTON.

SIC VITA.



LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood :
 Ev'n such is Man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
 The Spring entombed in Autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
 The flight is past—and Man forgot.

DR. HENRY KING.

VITA ROSA EST—DUM SURGIT ABIIT.

* VANITÉ DES VANITÉS, TOUT EST VANITÉ. *

NO WISE MAN EVER WISHED TO BE YOUNGER.

OCTOBER.

EVERY AGE CONFUTES OLD ERRORS,

NOW by the cool declining Year condens'd
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
* * * * * Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain ;
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress, the Sun
Sheds, weak and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broad arc'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic.

THOMSON.



* EVERY THING HAS ITS OLD AGE; THE PERIODS MAY DIFFER, *

BUT THE END IS THE SAME. ALL THAT IS, SHALL BE NO MORE.

AND BEGETS NEW.



THE
CENSOR
AND
OLD MAN.



IN SCORPIO
ENTERS
SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 24.





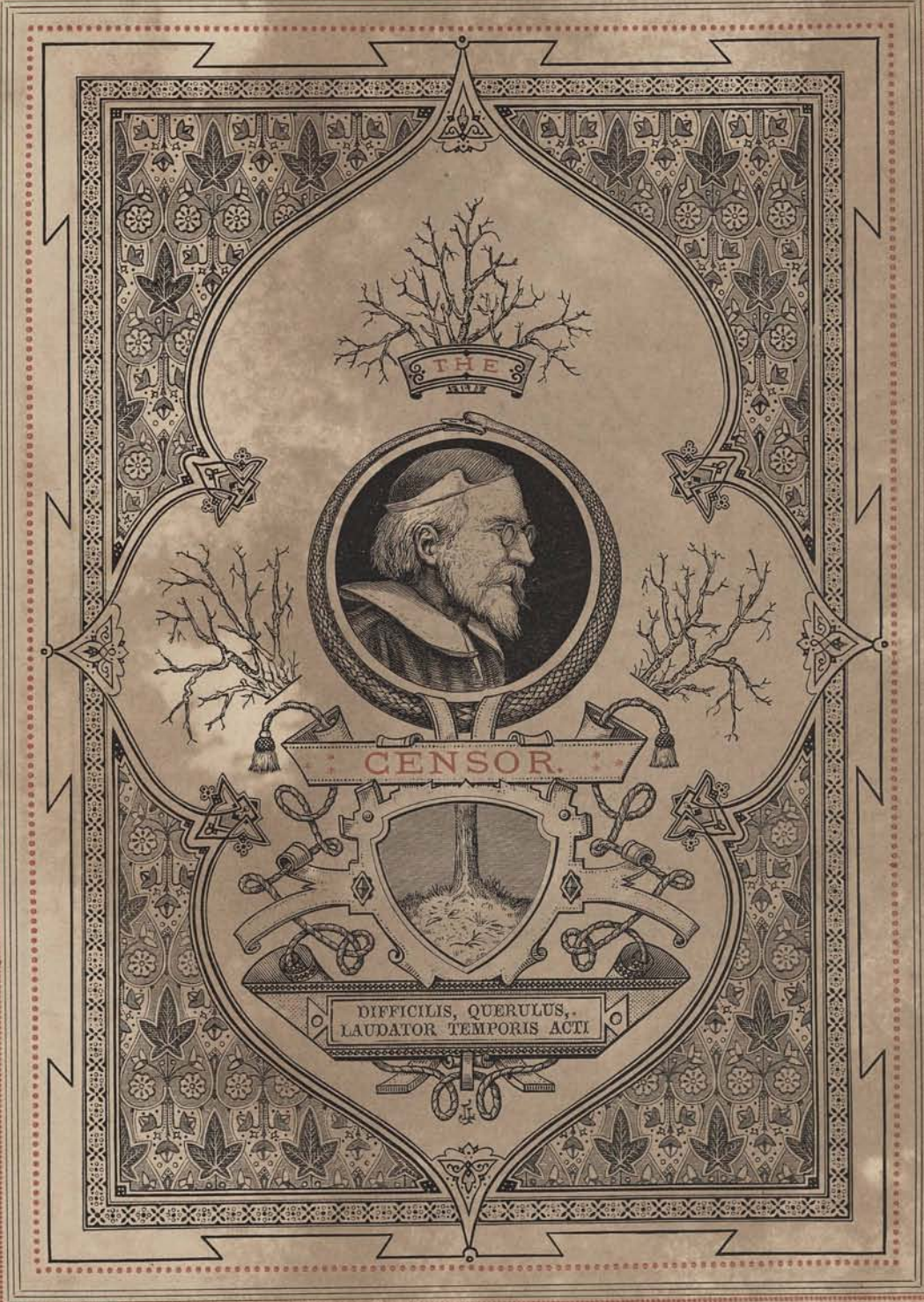
NOVEMBER

THE SENSES GROW DIM, AND STRENGTH GRADUALLY FAILS.—THE VENERABLE TREE, UNABLE LONGER TO SUPPORT ITSELF, REQUIRES AID.

SENILIS STULTITIA.

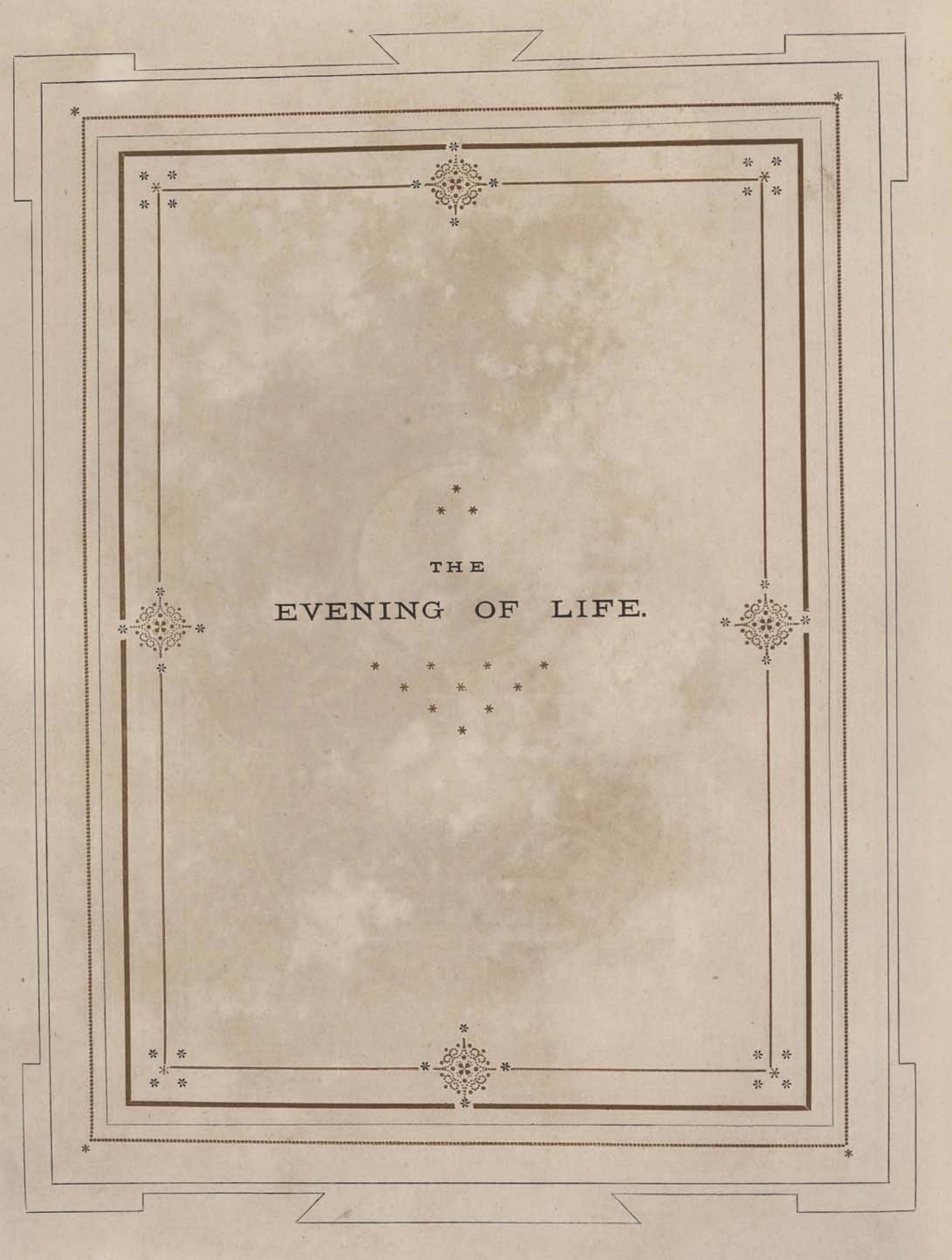
ANTIQUUM VOLO.

I. AM FOR THE OLD WAY.



GROWN OLD AND OUT OF DATE.

THE TREE DECAYS.



THE
EVENING OF LIFE.

SE PUERO, CENSOR, CASTIGATORQUE MINORUM.

THE CENSOR.

INCLINED TO PARSIMONY
& HOARDING



CHARITABLE
AT HEART



HE VIEWS THE WORLD
AS USED UP
A THING



OAK GREY YET GREEN

* GREEN AND GREY
* SET NOT WELL ALWAY. *

NONE led through life a gayer life than he,
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
But with Old Age its vices came along,
And in narration he's extremely long,
Exact in circumstance and nice in dates,
On every subject he his tale relates.



NEXT was November, he full grosse
and fat, [might seeme,
As fed with lard, and that right well
For he had been a fattening hogs of late
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and
steem, [bream;
And yet the season was full sharp and
In planting ecke he took no small delight;
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme,
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Pais, Chiron
hight. Spenser.



* * * Now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
THOMSON.



LET SHIPS NO MORE SAIL.

* THE CENSOR, AND CHIDER OF YOUTH. *

NOVEMBER.

NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear.

* * * * *

The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold:
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

SCOTT.

NOW happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When phlegm has quench'd our passions, trifling out
The feeble remnant of our filly days
In follies such as Dotage best is pleas'd with!
Free from the wounding and tormenting cares
That tofs the thoughtful, active, busy mind!

OTWAY.

DIFFICILIS, QUERULUS, LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.—HORACE.

Harsh, querulous, and the eulogist of the times which are past.

WHERE now the vital energy that moved,
While Summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through th' imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It sleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific Winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide.
But let the Months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restored. The naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish, even to the distant eye,
Its family and tribe.

COWPER.

LES VIEUX FOUS SONT PLUS FOUS QUE LES JEUNES.

THE LATTER PART OF A WISE MAN'S LIFE SHOULD BE DEVOTED TO

CORRECTING THE FALSE OPINIONS HE HAD CONTRACTED IN HIS YOUTH.

WHAT TUTOR SHALL WE FIND

OUR Passions gone, and Reason in her throne,
Amazed we see the mischiefs we have done :
After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

WALLER.

THE MORN, AND EVENING TIDES OF LIFE.

I SAW from the beach, when the Morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on :
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

Ah! such is the fate of our Life's early promise,
So passing the Spring-tide of Joy we have known :
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets in Love's exquisite flame !

MOORE.

WONDER not, Mortal, at thy quick decay—
See! men of marble piecemeal melt away ;
When whose the image we no longer read,
But monuments themselves memorials need !

* * * * *

Death levels Man—the wicked and the just,
The wise, the weak, lie blended in the dust ;
And by the honours dealt to every name,
The King of Terrors seems to level fame.

CRABBE.

FOR A CHILD OF SIXTY YEARS OLD?

* YES!—ALL THESE SHADOWS THAT FOR THINGS WE TAKE, *

ARE BUT THE EMPTY DREAMS WHICH IN DEATH'S SLEEP AWAKE.

OUR HOPES, LIKE TOW'RING FALCONS, AIM

WORLDLY HOPES.

WORLDLY hopes expire in old age; and if he who has attained that period has not provided himself with another hope, a man of years, and a man of misery, mean the same thing. ANON.



WHO so bold
To uphold
What the Lindian Sage has told?
Who will dare
To compare
Works of Man, that fleeting are,
With the smooth perpetual flow
Of swift rivers, or the glow
Of the eternal sun, or light
Of the golden orb of night?

Spring renews
The flowret's hues
With her sweet refreshing dews;
Ocean wide
Bids his tide
With returning current glide.
The sculptured tomb is but a toy:
Man may fashion, man destroy.
Eternity in stone or brass?
Go, go! who said it was an ass.

SIMONIDES.

QUANDO QUIDEM DATA SUNT IPSIS QUOQUE FATA SEPULCHRIS.—JUV. *Sat.* x. 1.

For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
And, with the dust they hide, are swept away.

GIFFORD.

O'ER the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.

THOMSON.

IN groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy Man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

JOHNSON.

AT OBJECTS IN AN AIRY FLIGHT;

BUT ALL THE PLEASURE OF THE GAME,

IS AFAR OFF TO VIEW THE FLIGHT.

ALL IS NOT JUSTLY ACQUIRED



HOPE humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar :
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never Is, but always To be blest ;
 The soul uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

POPE.

L'AVARIZIA.

*SCEMA in noi coll' etade ogni nequizia :
 Solo più viva cresce l' Avarizia.*

RONCALLI.

THE AVARICE OF THE MISER.



AVARICE begets more Vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead ; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the Martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method ; for although the Miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the God of this World, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a mean to happiness, and by a common, but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich ! and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother-slave to liberate it from the mine. The Avarice of the Miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—Wealth, strength, and talent ; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.—COLTON.

THE MISER IS HIS OWN EXECUTIONER.

A BEGGAR IN THE MIDST OF WEALTH.

THAT IS PUT IN THE PURSE.

DEATH FINDS US AMIDST OUR PLAY-THINGS.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!—WALSH.



OLD AGE AND DEATH OF AVARICE.

FNUMBER'D maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

JOHNSON.



ALL born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes.
Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:
But Heaven defies its power. There angels sing
Immortal: to that World direct thy flight,
My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy flight:
There Virtue finds reward; eternal joy,
Unknown on Earth, shall the full soul employ.
This glebe of Death we tread, these shining skies
Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes,
The Sun still travels his celestial round,
While Ages bury Ages under ground:
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor glitters and still Sirius burns,
Light reigns through worlds above, and Life with all her
Yet Man lies grovelling on the earth, [springs:
The soul forgets its heavenly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her wings.

WATTS.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

* WHAT NOW AVAILETH ALL HIS HOARDED GOLD, *

WILL IT PURCHASE HIM A PASSPORT TO HEAVEN?

THE CENSOR.

ON THE TREE OF LIFE ETERNAL,

DE • MORTVIS • NIL • NISI • BONVM.

Of the Dead, let nothing be spoken but what is *favourable*.

CINERES • CREDIS • CVRARE • SEPVLTO?

Dost thou think that the Dead can be affected by this?

POOOR honest Truth! thou writ'st of living men,
And art a railer and detractor then;
They die, again to be described, and now
A foe to merit and Mankind art thou!

Why banish Truth? It injures not the dead,
It aids not them with flattery to be fed;
And when Mankind such perfect pictures view,
They copy less, the more they think them true.
Let us a mortal as he was behold,
And see the dross adhering to the gold;
When we the errors of the virtuous state,
Then erring men their worth may emulate.

CRABBE.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

IF you listen even to David's harp you shall hear as many hearfe-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Spirit hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and difasters; and Adversity is not without comfort and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a light-some ground: Judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are crushed: for Prosperity doth best discover Vice, but Adversity doth best discover Virtue.

LORD BACON.

The Lot of Life.

* * * * *
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.
Robert Southwell.

MAN, LET ALL THY HOPE BE STAYED,

* WHICH, ALONE FOR EVER VERNAL, *

BEARS A LEAF THAT WILL NOT FADE.

NOTHING IS MORE RARE THAN GENUINE KINDNESS;

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—SIR H. DAVY.

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

NOW see more Good and more Evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for Grace to make advantage of, and more to testify, for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of Religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of Religion had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in Religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly Godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the Godly and the Ungodly, may as well go about to lay Heaven and Hell together.

RICHARD BAXTER.

A JUNE DAY IN NOVEMBER.



LOVE the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
 In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
 It seems a straggler, from the files of June,
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
 And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
 Finding its old companions gone away,
 It joined November's troop, then marching past;
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
 And all the while it holds within its hand
 A few half-withered flowers!—ALEX. SMITH.

HAVE GENERALLY NOTHING MORE THAN COMPLAISANCE,

*
*
OR A MERE WEAKNESS OF CHARACTER.
*
*

THOSE EVEN WHO THINK THEY POSSESS IT,

WHAT CAN BE SWEETER THAN OUR NATIVE HOME?



THE LAST AUTUMNAL DAY.

BARE
RUINED
CHOIRS WHERE
LATE
THE SWEET
BIRDS
SANG.

NOVEMBER



THE lengthen'd Night elap'd, the Morning
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright, [shines
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day ;
And now the mounting Sun dispels the fog :
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,
And hung on ev'ry spray, on ev'ry blade
Of grafs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

* * * In penfive guise
Oft let me wander o'er the ruffet mead, [heard
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is
One dying strain, to cheer the Woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse ;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shiv'ring fit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And naught save chatt'ring discord in their note.

THOMSON.

THE WOODMAN.

I THINK I see him seated in his chair,
Taking the bellows up the fire to blow ;
I think I hear him joke and chatter there,
Telling his children news they wish to know ;
With leather leggings on, that stopt the snow,
And broad-brimmed hat, uncouthly shapen round :
Nor would he, I'll be bound, if it were so,
Give twopence for the chance, could it be found,
At that same hour to be the King of England crown'd.

The Woodman smokes, the brats in mirth and glee,
And artless prattle, Even's hours beguile,
While love's last pledge runs scrambling up his knee,
The nightly comfort from his weary toil :
His chuff cheeks dimpling in a fondling smile,
He claims his kiss, and says his scraps of Prayer ;
Begging his Daddy's pretty song the while,
Playing with his jacket-buttons and his hair ;—
And thus in Wedlock's joys the labourer drowns his care.

CLARE.

HOME IS THE SACRED REFUGE OF OUR LIFE,

SECURE FROM ALL APPROACHES BUT A WIFE.

THITHER FOR EASE, AND SOFT REPOSE WE COME.

DEATH KEEPS NO CALENDAR.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.



THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when Passions are no more.

For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
The Soul with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The Body stooping, does herself erect.
Clouds of affections from our younger eyes,
Conceal that Happiness which Age descries :
The Soul's dark dwelling, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light through chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser Men become
As they draw near to their Eternal Home :
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the New.

WALLER.

FAMILIAR WITH DEATH
AND NEIGHBOUR TO THE GRAVE.



THESE words have shaken mighty human souls ;
Like a Sepulchre's echo drear they sound ;
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble ? Can the soul decay ?
Or that which thinks and feels, in aught e'er fade away ?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a brighter, better world than this ?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steeped in deeper bliss ?
Who gave us these ? What are they ? Soul, on thee
The bud is budding now for Immortality !

ROBERT NICOLL.

NIPT by the year the forest fades ;
And, flaking to the wind,
The leaves tost to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

LOGAN.

THE SENSE OF DEATH IS MOST IN APPREHENSION.

COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES BEFORE THEIR DEATHS.

MEN FEAR DEATH, AS CHILDREN TO GO IN THE DARK.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.



HIGH thoughts!
 They visit us
 In moments when the Soul is dim and darkened;
 * They come to bless,
 After the Vanities to which we hearkened:
 When weariness has come upon the spirit—
 (Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
 Bursts there not through, a glint of warm sunshine,
 A wingèd thought, which bids us not repine?
 * In joy and gladness,
 | In mirth and sadness,
 * Come signs and tokens;
 | Life's angel brings
 | Upon its wings
 | Those bright communings
 * The soul doth keep—
 * Those thoughts of Heaven,
 So pure and deep!

ROBERT NICOLL.

ONE of the finest sights in the world is a Christian at the end of a long course, with an unsullied reputation; his hair may be white, but his leaf is still green.
 JAY.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of Righteousness.
 Prob. xvi. c. xxxi. b.

THE EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.

I ENVY no quality of the mind or intellect of others; not genius, will or fancy; but if I would choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm Religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes discipline of good, creates new hopes, when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens Life in Death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune and of shame, the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic only view gloom, decay, annihilation and despair!

SIR H. DAVY.

JEST NOT WITH THE EYE, NOR RELIGION.

GOOD WORDS WITHOUT DEEDS,

* ARE RUSHES, AND REEDS. *

WHO LIVES WELL SEES AFAR OFF.

THROW thyself on thy God, nor mock Him with feeble denial;
 Sure of His Love, and oh! sure of His Mercy at last.
 Bitter and deep though the draught, yet shun not the cup of thy trial;
 But in its healing effect, smile at its bitterness past.

Pray for that Holier Cup while sweet with bitter lies blending,
 Tears in the cheerful eye, smiles on the sorrowing cheek,
 Death expiring in Life, when the long drawn struggle is ending;
 Triumph and joy to the strong, strength to the weary and weak.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

MAN'S LIFE.



INUTELY trace Man's Life; Year after Year
 Through all his days let all his deeds appear,
 And then, though some may in that life be strange,
 Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change;
 The links that bind those various deeds are seen,
 And no mysterious void is left between.

But let those binding links be all destroy'd,
 All that through years he suffer'd or enjoy'd:
 Let that vast gap be made, and then behold—
 This was the Youth, and he is thus when Old;
 Then we at once the work of Time survey,
 And in an instant see a Life's decay:
 Pain mix'd with Pity in our bosoms rise,
 And Sorrow takes new sadness from surprise.

CRABBE.

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

WHAT are the trophies gained
 By Power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
 To that meek wreath, unstained,
 Won by the Charities that gladden life?

BARTON.

The Revision of the Judgments of the World.

The day will come when God will judge oer again all those things
 which are judged amiss.

St. Bernard.

IT IS NOT HOW LONG, BUT HOW WELL, WE LIVE.

* LIFE IS HALF SPENT BEFORE WE KNOW WHAT IT IS. *

THE LIFE OF MAN IS A WINTER'S DAY AND A WINTER'S WAY.

Enter not into
judgment
with Thy servant:
for in Thy sight
shall no man
living be justified.

Ps. cxlii. ii. b.



THEY who bring the whole of their conduct, their deeds, and their words, the glances of their eye, all the inward workings of their affections, and examine them by the pure and straight rule of Divine law, so as to perceive how many and how great errors attend every most cautious day; and they who feel how wavering and weak their Faith is, how luke-warm, at least, if not how cold, their piety and Charity, how ardent their love of this world still continues, how untamed the flesh, how unguarded the senses, how unbridled the affections, how attentive their hearts to trifles, while in Prayer so light and so wandering; they, I say, who perceive and reflect on this, with what poignant grief, with what overwhelming shame, must they be seized, and how earnestly and how justly will they cry out, "If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand!"

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

ICH, tessellated, marble-paved the hall,
And quaint-carved screens of time-worn oak were
And pictured on the convent-chapel wall, [there;
"Guidos" and "Raphaels" beautiful and rare.

Musing and prayerful in the cloisters' shade,
Tinged here and there with parti-coloured light,
Which through the stained glass windows feebly played,
Painting the altar-cloth with prisms bright,—

An aged lady walked, within whose hand,
Withered, yet white, a crucifix was pressed:
Meek, yet withal a certain mild command
Seemed to be native to that noble breast.

Ancient she was; but dignity sat throned
Upon the silver braids of her grey hair:
Some secret sin, long done, not yet atoned,
Gave to her calm pale brow a saddened air.

Yet was she noble; nobler far than they
Who wear the purple and the imperial crown;
For long, long years, she curbed her passions' sway,—
One heart her kingdom, and *that* heart her own!

ANON.

* PARDON ALL MEN, BUT NEVER THYSELF. *

NO ONE KNOWS THE WEIGHT OF ANOTHER'S BURDEN.

BY INCHES, AND HOURS.

To
THE PAST.



THOU unrelenting Past!
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
 And fetters sure and fast
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign:
 Thou hast my better years,
 Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind—
 Yielded to thee with tears—
 The venerable form, th' exalted mind.
 My spirit yearns to bring
 The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
 And struggles hard to wring
 Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.
 In vain! Thy gates deny
 All passage save to those who hence depart;
 Nor to the streaming eye
 Thou givest them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
 Beauty and excellence unknown: to thee
 Earth's wonder and her pride
 Are gathered as the waters to the sea.
 Labour's of good to Man,
 Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,
 Love that midst grief began
 And grew with years and faltered not in death.
 Full many a mighty name
 Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
 With thee are silent, Fame,
 Forgotten, Arts, and Wisdom disappeared.
 Thine for a space are they,
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!
 All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb, from earliest time
 Shall then come forth to wear
 The glory and the beauty of their prime.

* STEP AFTER STEP THE LADDER IS ASCENDED. *

THIS WORLD IS NOTHING EXCEPT IT TEND TO ANOTHER.

They have not perished—no!
 Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
 Smiles radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat,—
 All shall come back—each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again;
 Alone shall Evil die,
 And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

ANON.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

I.

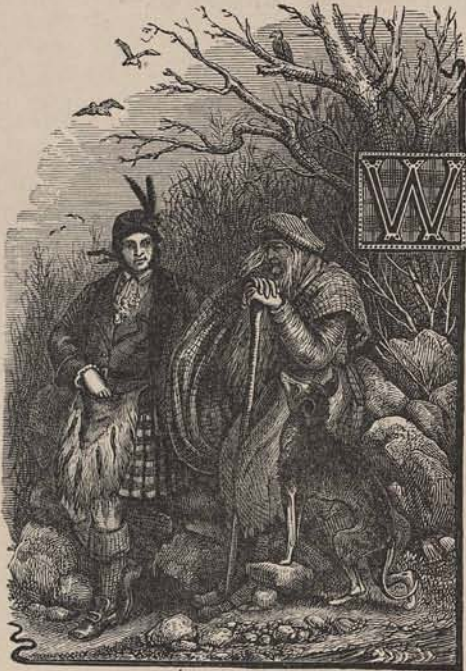
WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man whose aged step
 Seemed weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

“Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?”
 Began the reverend Sage:
 “Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man.

III.

“The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride:
 I've seen yon weary Winter-sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proofs
 That Man was made to mourn.



*
*
*
*
NO DAY PASSETH WITHOUT SOME GRIEF.
*
*
*
*

I WEPT WHEN I WAS BORN, AND EVERY DAY SHOWS WHY.

THE CENSOR.

A GREAT PART OF OUR LIVES IS PASSED IN DOING EVIL:

AND WERE ALL WE HAVE DONE THROUGH LIFE DULY WEIGHED,



IV.
 "O Man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time,
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn.



V.
 "Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or Manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right:
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn;
 Then Age and Want—Oh ill-matched
 Show Man was made to mourn. [pair!—

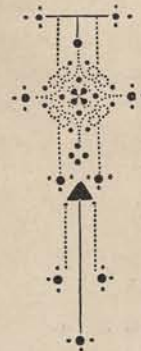
VII.
 "Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame;
 More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame.
 And Man, whose heaven-directed face
 The smiling Love adorn,—
 Man's inhumanity to Man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

VI.
 "A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land,
 All wretched and forlorn,
 Through weary Life this lesson learn,
 That Man was made to mourn.

VIII.
 "See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.



IX.
 "If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law designed—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn?
 Or why has Man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?"



IT WOULD BE FREQUENTLY FOUND THE REVERSE OF OUR DUTIES.

A GREATER PART IS LOST IN DOING NOTHING:

FEW MEN TAKE LIFE IN EARNEST.

x.

* "Yet let not this too much, my son,
 * Disturb thy youthful breast;
 * This partial view of human-kind
 * Is surely not the last?
 * The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 * Had never, sure, been born,
 * Had there not been some recompense
 * To comfort those that mourn!



xI.

* "O Death! the poor Man's dearest
 * The kindest and the best! [friend—
 * Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 * Are laid with thee at rest!
 * The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 * From pomp and pleasure torn;
 * But oh! a blest relief to those
 * That weary-laden mourn."

BURNS.

*THE UNREASONABLENESS OF COMPLAINTS OF THE
 SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.*



* THINK very differently from most men of the time we have to pass,
 * and the business we have to do in this world. I think we have more of
 * one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of
 * time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-
 * place complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the
 * grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they
 * are impertinent and impious in both. . . . Theophrastus thought it extremely
 * hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live
 * in it. His master, Aristotle, found fault with Nature for treating man in this respect
 * worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the
 * better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. . . . That life which seems to
 * our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even
 * with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view,
 * to all the ends of our creation, and of a just proportion in the successive generations.
 * The term itself is long; we make it short; and the want we complain of flows from our
 * profusion, not from our poverty. We are all arrant spendthrifts; some of us dissipate
 * our estates upon trifles, some on the superfluities, and then we all complain that we
 * want the necessaries of life. The much greater part never reclaim, but die bankrupts
 * to God and man. Others reclaim late, and they are apt to imagine, when they make
 * up their accounts, and see how their fund is diminished, that they have not enough
 * remaining to live upon, because they have not the whole. But they deceive themselves;
 * they were richer than they thought, and they are not yet poor. If they husband well
 * the remainder, it will be found sufficient for all necessaries, and for some of the super-
 * fluities, and trifles too, perhaps, of life; but then the former order of expense must be
 * inverted, and the necessaries of life must be provided, before they put themselves to
 * any cost for the trifles and superfluities.—BOLINGBROKE.

IT IS WEEL WARD THAT WASTERS WANT.

FEW MEN WILL BE BETTER THAN THEIR INTEREST AND HABITS BID THEM.

IT IS NA GUDE TO WANT AND TO HAE.

Prayer for
an Amendment of Life.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

* . * . * . * . *
The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat:
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

¶ * . * . * . * . *
If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart;
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

Robert Southwell.

WE are born; we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?—
Alas! not I!

PROCTER.



* THE VERY BEST MEN STAND IN NEED OF PARDON.

FEW MEN ARE FIT TO BE ENTRUSTED WITH THEMSELVES.

NOVEMBER.

AS LENGTH OF LIFE



WHEN the year resigns
The glorious Sun up to the wat'ry Signs,
Which through the clouds look on the earth in scorn :
The little birds, yet to salute the morn,
Upon the naked branches set their foot,
The leaves now lying on the mossy root,
And there a feely chirping do they keep,
As though they fain would sing, yet fain would weep,
Praising fair Summer that too soon is gone,
Or sad for Winter's too fast coming on.

POOLE'S *Parnassus*.



WE SHOULD AT LEAST DO SOMETHING

* TO SHOW THAT WE HAVE LIVED. *

IS DENIED TO US;

PR.



THE
PATRIARCH
AND
THE END.



DECEMBER.

IN SAGITTARIUS
ENTERS
CAPRICORNUS
DEC. 22.



RHS

Herwin Shoy

Rustanpa



DECEMBER

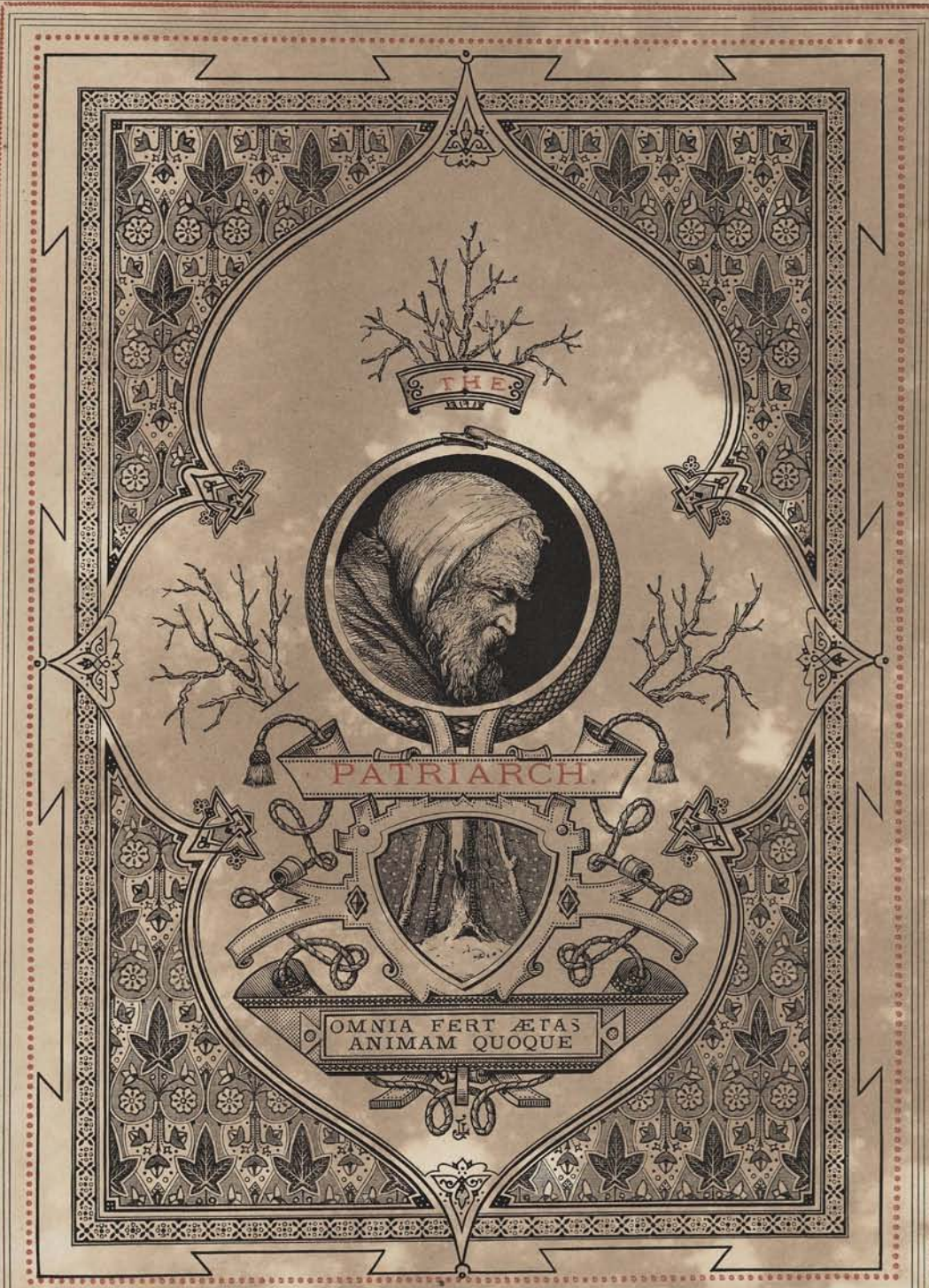
THE FLAME OF LIFE DEPARTS FROM THE
BODY, THE SPIRIT FLIES,—AS THE WITHERED
TRUNK IS PROSTRATED BEFORE THE GALE.

JOHN LEIGHTON. F.S.A.

SUM QUOD ERIS.

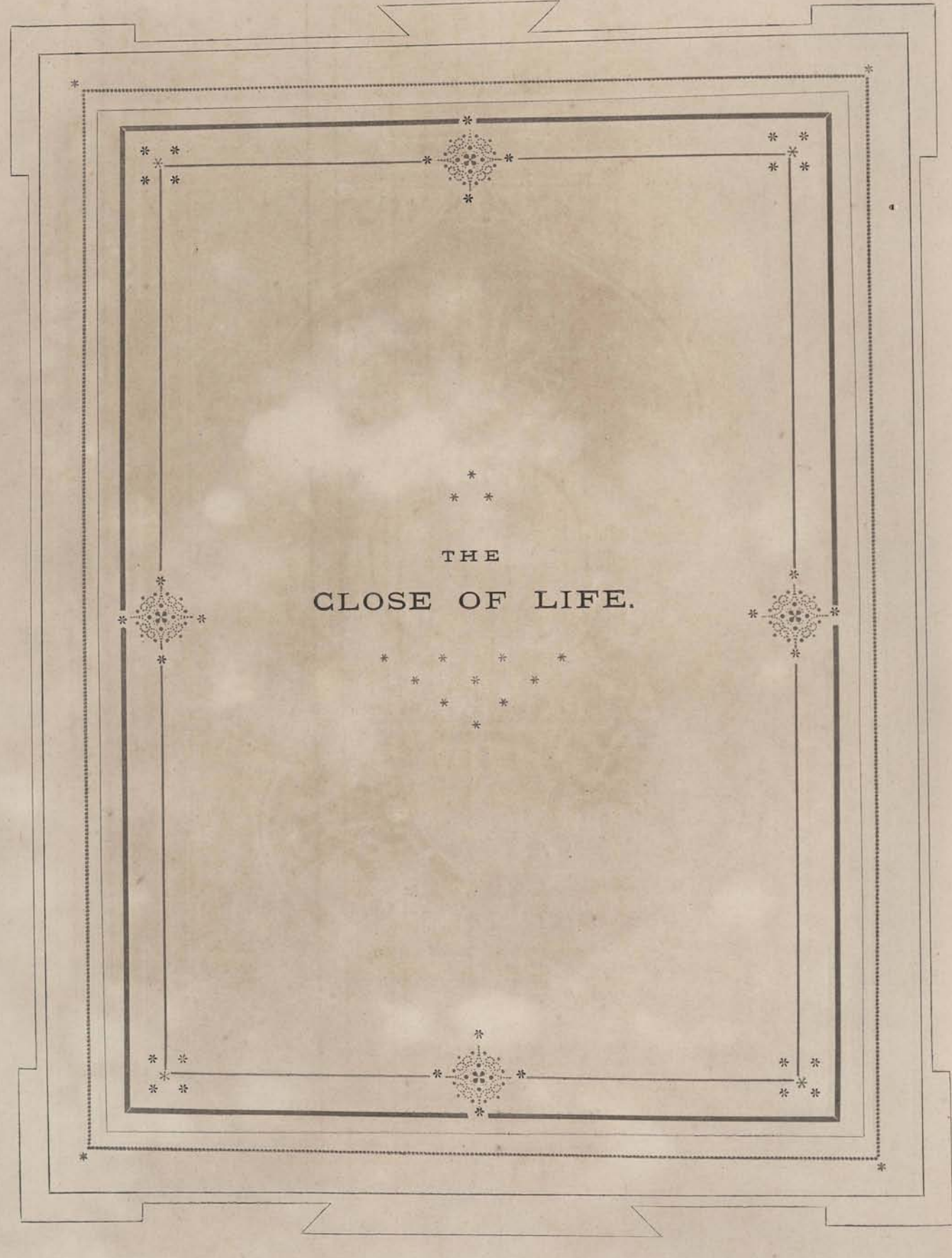
I AM WHAT THOU SHALT BE.

I HAVE BEEN WHAT THOU ART.



FUI QUOD SIS.

THE TREE DIES.

The page is framed by a decorative border consisting of multiple lines. The innermost border is a simple line. The next is a dotted line. The outermost border is a solid line with small rectangular tabs at the top and bottom. Small star symbols are placed at the corners and midpoints of the dotted and solid lines. Four large, intricate floral motifs are positioned at the center of each side of the inner frame. The text is centered within the frame.

THE
CLOSE OF LIFE.

*
* *

* * * *
* * * *
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* *

WHEN WINTER, LIKE POOR PILGRIM OLD,

THE PATRIARCH.



THE CYPRESS

THE FUNERAL CYPRESS,
TAP'RING TO THE SEY,
EMBLEM OF DEATH
AND DREAD ETERNITY.



HE mighty winds their deafening horrors blow,
And gentle life, and all sweet song are dead!
I often wonder where the children go
When all the other sunny things are fled. THOMASON.



And after him came next the chill December :
Yet he, through merry feasting which he
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode, [glad :
The same wherewith Dan Jobe in tender years
They say was nourisht by th' Kean Mayd,
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his
peeres. Spenser.



DECEMBER closes on the scene,
And what appear the Months gone past ?
Fragments of Time which once have been !
Succeeding slowly, fled too fast !
Their minutes, hours, and days appear
Viewless in that small point, a Year.
BARTON.



* WINTER IS SUMMER'S HEIR. *

NO WEATHER IS ILL IF THE WIND BE STILL.

SHAKES HIS SILVER BEARD WITH COLD.

DECEMBER.

THE RAIN AND WIND BEAT DARK DECEMBER.



O WINTER! ruler of th' inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of Age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along thy slipp'ry way;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art.

COWPER.

EVERY Year steals away something from us. In one
 we lose a relation, in the next a friend; health grows
 more precarious, and pleasure less alluring, till by
 degrees the whole little mass of happiness we had
 been gathering, drops from us insensibly, and that
 grave, which we had once looked on with so much
 horror, becomes at last our refuge and shelter.

H World! Oh Life! Oh Time!
 On whose last steps I climb
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hour,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more!

SHELLEY.

LO! all grow old and die—but see, again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful Youth
 In all its charming forms.

BRYANT.

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

TIME THAT DEVOURS ALL THINGS.

TRUDITUR DIES DIE.

OLD MEN ARE TWICE CHILDREN.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

CHILDHOOD is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered—
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

LONGFELLOW.

WE yet may see the Old Man in a Morning,
Lufty as health, come ruddy to the field,
And there pursue the chase, as if he meant
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again.

OTWAY.

A CHEERFUL TEMPER LIGHTENS THE WEIGHT OF YEARS.



SMALL cause, I ween, has lufty Youth to plain,
Or who may, then, the weight of Age sustain,
When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load preffeth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in Autumn, bend,
Spite of my snowy head and icy veins,
My Mind a cheerful temper still retains;
And why should Man, mishap what will, repine,
Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine?

PHILLIPS.

— HOC EST VIVERE BIS
VITA POSSE PRIORE FRUI.
MARTIAL.

When Years no more of active life retain,
'Tis Youth renewed to laugh them o'er again.

“Written by Mancroix at Eighty Years of Age.”

CHAQUE Jour est un bien que du Ciel je reçois :
Je jouis Aujourd'hui de celui qu'il me donne ;
Il n'appartient pas plus aux Jeunes gens qu'à moi ;
Et celui de Demain n'appartient à personne.

As a Heavenly Gift I receive ev'ry Day :
And joy in the gift of To-Day as a boon ;
It belongs to the Youthful no more than to me ;
And that of To-morrow belongeth to none.

STRENGTH IS FROM ABOVE.

AS IN A GREEN OLD AGE HIS HAIR JUST GRISLED.

* OLD AGE, THOUGH DESPISED, IS COVETED BY ALL. *

DODDERED WITH AGE,

DISEASES, Ills, and Troubles numberless
 Attend old men, and with their age increase :
 In painful toil they spend their wretched years,
 Still heaping wealth, and with that wealth, new cares :
 Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy ;
 Slow and suspicious in their manag'ry ;
 Full of delays, and hopes, lovers of ease,
 Greedy of Life, morose, and hard to please ;
 Envious at pleasures of the young and gay ;
 Where they themselves now want a stock to play.

OLDHAM.

THE LUXURY OF THE RICH AVAILETH NO MORE.

"Enlarge my Life with multitude of days!"

H health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That Life protracted is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy.
 In vain their gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
 The fruitful Autumn, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense ;
 Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

DR. JOHNSON.

*
*
THE GLOOMY EVE OF ENDLESS NIGHT.
*
*

OLD MEN GO TO DEATH; BUT DEATH COMES TO YOUNG MEN.

THE WINTER OF MAN'S LIFE!

THE PATRIARCH

THE WISEST AND THE BEST



GAIN Man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot?
Look back on ancient times, primæval years,
All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
Heroes and Kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of Heaven, and friends of God!
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly?
Moses is dead! Thy Saviour deign'd to die!
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end;
Live well the time thou liv'st, and Death's thy friend:
Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
And die resign'd, O Man ordain'd to die.

BROOME.

THOUGH savage Winter's iron reign
Chase every flow'ret from the distant plain,
Again the Spring shall twine her early wreath,
Again the Rose her Summer fragrance breathe,
While by each gushing fountain's mossy side
Again shall blow the lily's snowy pride:
But we, the brave, the beautiful, the great,
Yield, slowly lingering, to eternal fate,
While o'er the sickening gleam of faded light
Oblivion pours the vale of endless night.

J. G. PHILLIMORE.

NOW when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn, the centaur archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted Year:
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day;
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays!

THOMSON.

SOME FEAR MAY SHOW,

NO MARK OF VEGETABLE LIFE IS SEEN.

NO noise is here, or none that hinders thought:
 The red-breast warbles still, but is content
 With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd;
 Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
 From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
 That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

COWPER.



ON naked buds, whose shady leaves are lost,
 Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
 And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
 Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower:
 I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
 Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

All so my lustful life is dry and sere,
 My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
 The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
 With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted,
 And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
 As on your boughs the icicles depend.

Spenser.

IN verdant Spring, the breeze which gently blew,
 Woke in the heart blithe echoes as it passed,
 Young Hope's fond flatteries, whisp'ring all would last!—
 But wing'd with pleasures, fresh, and fair, and new,
 And bright, and lovely—Oh! how Spring-time flew!
 Then like full Manhood bursting from a Boy,
 Summer shone out—so rife in flowery joy,
 That scarce the bosom own'd what well it knew,
 How soon pale Autumn, like a dying friend,
 Engendering solemn thoughts of Life's decay,
 Would come, and—withering—withering—day by day
 Bring dark December, on, and lo! the end!
 Leafless, and fruitless, the Year's pride is gone;
 And wintry Man looks round, and finds himself alone!

ANON.

NO BIRD TO BIRD REPEATS HIS TUNEFUL CALL,

* SAVE THE DARK LEAVES OF SOME RUDE EVERGREEN, *

SAVE THE LONE RED-BREAST ON THE MOSS GROWN WALL.

THE PATRIARCH

GOOD MEN ARE SCARCE INDEED,

THE WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD.

INFINITE Beauty! Everlasting Love!
 How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from Thee!
 Th' Eternal God furrounds us; yet we rove
 In chafe of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

Oh! could I cry and make the Nations hear,
 From North to South my voice should teach Thy name;
 I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
 And pay immortal souls for glittering dust or fame.

Almighty Power, break off these chains of sense,
 Melt them away with Love's celestial fire,
 Create Man's heart anew; let Man commence
 A Seraph here on Earth, ere he to Heaven aspire.

DR. WATTS.

IN THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

MAN'S REASON MORE FALLACIOUS THAN THE INSTINCT
 OF THE BRUTE.



DECLARE, ye Sages, if ye find
 'Mongst animals of every kind,
 Of each condition, sort, and size,
 From whales and elephants to flies,
 A creature that mistakes his plan,
 And errs so constantly as Man.

Each kind pursues his proper good,
 And seeks enjoyment, rest, and food,
 As Nature points, and never errs
 In what it chooses or prefers;
 Man only blunders, though possess'd
 Of Reason, far above the rest.

Descend to instances and try:
 An ox will not attempt to fly,
 Or leave his pasture in the wood
 With fishes to explore the flood.
 Man only acts, of every creature,
 In opposition to his nature;
 Or, if not, it's very plain
 His nature is most cross-in-grain.
 The happiness of human kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind,
 A will subdued to Reason's sway,
 And Passions practis'd to obey;

SCARCELY MORE IN NUMBER

THAN THE (SEVEN) GATES OF THEBES,

* OR MOUTHS OF THE RICH NILE. *

An open and a generous heart
 Refined from selfishness and art;
 Patience, which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
 And Wisdom, never sad nor sour:
 In these consist Man's proper bliss;
 Else Plato reasons much amiss.

But foolish mortals still pursue
 False happiness in place of true;
 Ambition serves us for a guide,
 Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
 While Reason no assent can gain,
 And revelation warns in vain.

Hence through our lives in every stage,
 From Infancy itself to Age
 We toil a happiness to find
 Which still avoids us like the wind;
 Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
 At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
 You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
 All Epictetus in my verse;
 And if I fondly hope to please
 With dry reflections, such as these,
 So trite, so hacknied, and so stale?
 I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One evening, as a simple swain
 His flocks attended on the plain,
 The brilliant bow he saw on high,
 Which warns us when a shower is nigh;
 With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
 Its distance, eighty yards or so.
 This shepherd had, it seems, been told
 The story of the cup of gold,
 Which fame reports is to be found
 Just where the Rainbow meets the ground.
 He therefore felt the sudden itch
 To seize the goblet, and be rich;
 Hoping (though hopes so oft are vain)
 No more to toil through wind and rain,
 But sit indulging by the fire,
 Midst ease and plenty, like a squire.

He mark'd the very spot of land
 On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
 And stepping forward at his leisure,
 Expected to have found the treasure.
 But as he moved, the colour'd ray
 Still changed its place, and slipt away,
 As seeming his approach to shun;
 From walking, he began to run,
 But all in vain, it still withdrew
 As nimbly as he could pursue;
 At last through many a bog and lake,
 Rough craggy glen, and thorny brake
 It led the easy fool, till night
 Approach'd, then vanish'd to his sight,
 And left him to compute his gains
 With nought but labour for his pains.

DR. WILKIE.

* YOU SHALL HERE SEE *

YOUR FOLLIES REFLECTED.

THE PATRIARCH

GOOD MEN MUST DIE,

THE OLD AGE THAT ADORNS, AND WINS ALL LOVE,
HAS STILL ITS CROSS OF SORROWS.



GRANTED the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an Age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An Age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful days Benevolence endears,
Whose nights congratulating conscience cheers ;
The general favourite, as the general friend :
Such Age there is, and who could wish its end !
Yet, even on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
Now Sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chafes Year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulph of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end ;
In life's last scene what prodigies surprize,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wife ?
From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

DR. JOHNSON.

NOW humid fogs hang in the thickened air,
As if old Time were whispering with Death,
That they—shut out from Heaven—in strong despair
Cast on the earth their life-destroying breath.

THOMASON.

BUT DEATH KILLS NOT THEIR NAMES.

HODIE MIHI,

CRAS TIBI.

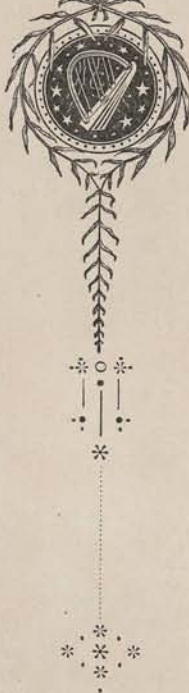
A PRAYER IN OLD AGE.



WITH Years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray :
To Thee my withered hands arise ;
To Thee I lift these failing eyes :
Oh, cast me not away !



Thy Mercy heard my Infant prayer ;
Thy Love, with all a Mother's care
Sustained my Childish days ;
Thy Goodness watched my ripening Youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.



O Saviour ! has Thy Grace declined ?
Can years affect the Eternal Mind,
Or Time its Love destroy ?
A thousand ages pass Thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, e'en in Age and Grief Thy Name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee :
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
Have yet a strain for Thee !

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy Goodness, tried so long :
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

FOR what are Men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?

TENNYSON.

L'HOMME MEURT ET S'ANÉANTIT ;

*
*
RIEN NE LUI SURVIT,
*
*
*
*
*

QUE LE BIEN OU LE MAL QU'IL A FAIT.

THE PATRIARCH

HIM THAT COMETH TO ME,

The Burning Babe.



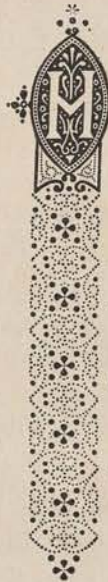
In hoary Winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty Babe all burning bright,
 Did in the air appear;
 Who, scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed, [flames,
 As though his floods should quench his
 Which with his tears were bred.
 "Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born,
 In fiery heats I fry,
 For none approach to warm their hearts
 Or feel my fire, but I;

My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel, wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
 The ashes, shames and scorns;
 The fuel Justice layeth on,
 And Mercy blows the coals,
 The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are Men's defiled souls:
 For which as now on fire I am,
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in my blood."

With this he vanished out of sight,
 And swiftly shrunk away;
 And straight I called unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

Robert Southwell.



NOW joyously the lady bells
 Shout, though the bluff north breeze
 Loudly his boisterous bugle swells!
 And though the brooklets freeze,
 How fair the leafless hawthorn-tree
 Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
 While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
 Sparkles so far transcending gems,
 The bard would gloze who said their sheen
 Did not out-diamond
 All brightest gauds that man hath seen
 Worn by Earth's proudest king or queen,
 In pomp and grandeur throned!

COOPER.

I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.

CHARITY AND PRIDE HAVE DIFFERENT AIMS,



CHRISTMAS DAY.

LOVE to see this day well kept by rich and poor: it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

AND well our Christian Sires of old Loved when the Year its course had rolled And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and Religious rite
Gave honour to the Holy night:
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green.
Forth to the Wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of Rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village-partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "Post and Pair."
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the Happy Night
That to the Cottage, as the Crown,
Brought tidings of Salvation down.

SCOTT.

Good Tidings of great joy shall be to all people—for unto us this day is born a Saviour—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to all men.

Luke, ii. c., 1—14. b.

*
*
*
YET BOTH FEED THE POOR.
*
*
*

CHARITY IS THE SCOPE OF ALL GOD'S COMMANDS.

THE PATRIARCH

SOCIETY, LIKE SHADED SILK,



H! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround ;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste ;

Ah ! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, Death
And all the sad variety of Pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in Want, and Dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the Mind,
Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
How many racked with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the *death-bed* of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought, fond Man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render Life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the Social Passions work.

THOMSON.

IN ALL ITS SITUATIONS,

OR ITS COLOURS WILL DECEIVE US.

MUST BE VIEWED

MORS ULTIMA LINEA RERUM EST.

PALLIDA MORS ÆQUO PULSAT PEDE PAUPERUM
REGUMQUE TURRES. [TABERNAS,

HORACE.

Pale Death approaches with equal step, and knocks
indiscriminately at the door of the cottage,
and the portals of the palace.



THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

T READ softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.



2.
Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow ;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

3.
Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state :
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

4.
That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread ;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

5.
No mingling voices sound—
An Infant wail alone ;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

6.
Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now—
Beyond the stars!

7.
Oh! change, stupendous change!
There lies the soul-less clod :
The sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

CO, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the towering feat,
The roofs of costly form, the fretwork and the gold ;
Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek, and paint it gay,
When Death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale and cold?

WATTS.

DEATH IS THE LAST BOUNDARY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

PAUPERIAS FUGITUR, TOTOQUE ARCESSITUR ORBE.

POVERTY IS SHUNNED AND PROSECUTED ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THE PATRIARCH

THERE IS MANY A TRUE TALE TOLD IN JEST.

INSENSIBILITY.

IF the Man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his Father dies ;
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his Father.

DR. JOHNSON.

OF *such* value oft, a Father
Proveth to his son while living!—
And too oft the children rather
Mourn the Life of such Men's giving.

ANON.



IN the corrupted currents of this World,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice ;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the Law : But 'tis not so Above !
There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
In its true Nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our Faults,
To give in Evidence. What then ? What rests ?
Try what Repentance can ! What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh, wretched State ! Oh bosom black as Death !
Oh limed foul ! that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd. Help, Angels ! make essay !
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as finews of the new-born Babe :
All may be well.

SHAKESPEARE.

A Winter Night ! the stormy wind is high,
Rocking the leafless branches to and fro ;
The Sailor's wife shrinks as she hears it blow,
And mournfully surveys the starless sky.
The hardy Shepherd turns out fearlessly
To tend his fleecy charge in drifted snow :
And the poor homeless, houseless Child of Woe
Sinks down, perchance, in mute despair to die !
Happy the fire-side Student ; happier still
The social-circle round the blazing hearth,—
If, while these estimate aright the worth
Of every blessing which *their* cup may fill,
Their grateful hearts with Sympathy can thrill
For every form of Wretchedness on earth.

BARTON.

HE BENEFITS HIMSELF THAT DOTHS GOOD TO OTHERS.

In this dim World of clouding cares,
 We rarely know, till wildered eyes
 See white wings lessening up the skies,
 The Angel's with us unawares.

* * * * *
 Strange glory streams through Life's wild rents,
 And through the open door of Death,
 We see the heaven that beckoneth
 To the beloved, going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed ;
 The best fruit loads the broken bough ;
 And in the wounds our sufferings plough
 Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land !
 Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And scattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, Oh ! thither,
 Into the Silent Land ?

* * * * *

Oh Land ! Oh Land !
 For all the broken-hearted,
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed,
 Into the Silent Land.

SALIS, translated by LONGFELLOW.



When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
 The Man as much to all intents is dead,
 Who dies to-day, and will as long be so
 As he who died a thousand years ago.

DRYDEN.

ALL DEATH IS SUDDEN

TO THE UNPREPARED.

THE PATRIARCH

EXITUS ACTA PROBAT.

THE LIFE OF THE DEAD IS PLACED IN THE MEMORY OF THE LIVING.



NIGHT tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low;
By which a grey-hair'd Man is mournful dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark, and he returns no more.

CHARLES SWAIN.

LIFE.

AND such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale—brief though it be—as strange,
As full methinks of wild and wondrous change
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old in hall or bower
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour.

ROGERS.



I HAVE lived my Life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure!

* * * * *

Pray for my soul.

* * *



TENNYSON.

DIED POOR.

AS if anybody could die Rich, and in that act of dying did not loose the grasp upon title-deed and bond, and go away a pauper out of time! No gold, no jewels, no lands or tenements. And yet Men have been buried who *did* die Rich—died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes of glory.

THE GRAVE.

IT buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

LA FIN FAIT TOUT.

* * * * * VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS. * * * * *

AND MAN'S LIFE PASSETH THUS AWAY,

THE HOLLY-TREE.

THE READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The Holly-tree?
 The eye that contemplates it will perceive
 Its glossy leaves;
 Order'd by an Intelligence so wise
 As might confound an Atheist's sophistries.
 Below, a circling fence its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

SOUTHEY.



THE EARTH HE TREADS UPON TO-DAY,

* SHALL BE HIS GRAVE TO-MORROW. *

A THING OF JOY AND SORROW;

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The Authors in this book will be found printed in the text of their periods; Translations in the character of the Translator's time. The Bible Texts are all in Black Letter.

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